START

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DECEMBER 1993

Camera Operator:
Kathy Wilder

MASTER NEGATIVE NUMBER: BSO-56-005

MICROFILMED
August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

A Cooperative Project Between the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives and the Boston Public Library (August 1993 - April 1994)

The Microfilming Project incorporates two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection of the Boston Public Library (BPL) Music Department. Their call number is **M.125.5. **The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Press Clippings collection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives. They have the designation** Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repository:

Music Department
Boston Public Library
Post Office Box 286
Boston, MA 02117

Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOKS

1889 - 1973

132 VOLUMES

Source: Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives

FINDING AID

Boston Symphony Orchestra Scrapbooks (Series 56, Sub-Series 1)

Source: Press Office (Office of the Public Relations Director)

The BSO scrapbooks comprise part of one series in the BSO Archives. Series 56, Press Clippings, is divided by format into 3 sub-series: 1) Scrapbooks, 1889-1973 (132 volumes); 2) Loose Clippings, 1931-1991 (9 record cartons); and 3) Oversize Newspapers and Journals, 1919-1979 (1 oversize box). Each sub-series is arranged chronologically.

The scrapbooks contain concert notices and reviews, record reviews, and feature articles. Early scrapbooks may also contain programs, tickets, and subscription orders. Materials are organized by concert season into the following categories: BSO (including tours); Kneisel Quartet (and later Boston Symphony Chamber Players); Boston Pops (referred to in early years as Promenade concerts); and Tanglewood (including the Tanglewood Music Center, the Tanglewood Festival, Tanglewood-on-Parade, and the Fromm Festival of Contemporary Music).

Reviews and articles cover a wide range of subjects: Founder H.L. Higginson; BSO conductors, players, trustees, and other personnel; guest artists and composers; BSO and Pops performances and recordings; U.S. and overseas tours; BSO/Cecilia Society joint performances; open rehearsals; and special events connected to anniversary celebrations and fundraising.

Feature stories document changes in the size, composition, and location of the orchestra. Topics include the hiring of women and minorities; the unionization of players; controversies (such as the internment of conductor Karl Muck during World War II); the sale of the old Music Hall; and the construction of Symphony Hall and other structures (such as the Koussevitsky Music Shed at Tanglewood).

Reproductions of the materials in the collection may not be made without permission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives.

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Institution: **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

Series Name: **PRESS CLIPPINGS**
Series Number: **56**
Series Dates: **1889-1991**

Sub-series Name: **SCRAPBOOKS**
Sub-series Number: **1**
Sub-series Dates: **1889-1973**

VOLUME LISTING

VOL	TITLE	DATES
1	BSO	1889-1890
2	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1890-1891
3	BSO	1891-1892
4	Promenade (Pops)	1892
5	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1892-1893
6	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1893-1894
7	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1894-1895
8	BSO	1895-1896
9	Promenade (Pops)	1895-1896
10	BSO	1896-1897
11	BSO	1897-1898
12	Promenade (Pops)	1897-1898
13	BSO	1898-1899
14	BSO	1899-1900
15	Pops	1899-1900
16	BSO	1900-1901
17	BSO	1901-1902
18	Pops	1901-1903
19	BSO	1902-1903
20	BSO	1903-1904
21	BSO	1904-1905
22	Pops	1904-1905
23	BSO	1905-1906
24	BSO	1906-1907
25	BSO	1907-1908
26	BSO	1908-1909
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28	BSO Pops	1910-1911
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30	BSO Pops	1911-1912
31	BSO Pops	1912-1913
32	BSO Pops	1913-1914
33	BSO Pops	1914-1915
34	BSO Pops	1915-1916
35	BSO Pops	1916-1917
36	BSO Pops	1917-1918
37	Karl Muck	1918
38	BSO Pops	1918-1919
39	BSO Pops	1919-1920
40	BSO Advertisements	1919-1920
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45	BSO Pops	1924
46	BSO BSO Advertisements Pops Advertisements	1924-1926
47	BSO Pops	1925-1926
48	BSO Advertisements Pops Advertisements	1926-1927
49	BSO Pops	1926-1928
50	BSO	1928
51	BSO Pops	1928-1929
52	BSO Pops U.S. Tour	1929-1930
53	BSO	1930-1931
54	BSO Pops	1931-1932
55	BSO Pops	1932-1933
56	BSO	1933-1934
57	BSO	1934-1935
58	BSO	1935-1936
59	BSO	1936-1937

VOL	TITLE	DATES
60	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1936-1937
61	BSO	1937
62	BSO	1937-1938
63	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1938
64	BSO	1938-1939
65	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1939
66	BSO	1939-1940
67	Tanglewood	1939-1941
68	BSO	
	Pops	1940
69	BSO	1940-1941
70	Tanglewood	1940-1944
71	BSO	1941-1942
72	BSO	1942-1943
73	BSO	1943-1944
74	BSO	
	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1944-1945
75	BSO	
	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1945-1946
76	BSO	
	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1946-1947
77	Tanglewood	1947-1948
78	BSO	1947-1949
79	Tanglewood	1949-1950
80	BSO	1949-1951
81	Tanglewood	1950-1951
82	BSO	
	Pops	1951-1952
83	BSO	
	Pops	1952-1953
84	Tanglewood	1952-1953
85	BSO	1953-1955
86	Tanglewood	1953-1954
87	Tanglewood	1954-1955
88	BSO	
	Pops	1955-1956
89	Tanglewood	1955-1956
90	Tanglewood	1955-1956
91	European Tour	1956
92	European Tour	1956-1957
93	BSO	
	Pops	1956-1957
94	Tanglewood	1957
95	BSO	1957-1958
96	BSO	
	Pops	1958-1959
97	BSO	1958-1959
98	Tanglewood	1958-1959
99	Tanglewood	1959
100	BSO	
	Pops	1959-1960
101	Tanglewood	1959-1960
102	Far Eastern Tour	1959-1960
103	BSO	
	Pops	1960-1961
104	Tanglewood	1961
105	BSO	
	Pops	1961-1962
106	Tanglewood	1962
107	BSO	
	Pops	1962-1963
108	Tanglewood	1963
109	BSO	
	Pops	1963-1964
110	Tanglewood	1963-1964
111	BSO	
	Pops	1964-1966
112	Tanglewood	1965
113	BSO 85th Anniversary	1965
114	BSO	
	Pops	1965-1966
115	Tanglewood	1966
116	BSO	
	Pops	1966-1967
117	Tanglewood	1967
118	BSO	
	Pops	1967-1968
119	Tanglewood	1968-1969
120	BSO	
	Pops	1968-1969
121	Tanglewood	1969
122	BSO	
	Pops	1969-1970
123	Tanglewood	1970
124	BSO	
	Pops	1970-1971
125	Tanglewood	1971
126	BSO	
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128	European Tour	1971
129	Tanglewood	1972
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	Pops	1972-1973
131	Tanglewood	1973
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MATERIALS NOT FILMED

SUB-SERIES NUMBER	SUB-SERIES NAME	SUB-SERIES DATES
2	Loose Clippings	1931-1991
3	Oversize Newspapers and Journals	1919-1979

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TECHNICAL DATA

IMAGE PLACEMENT: (IA) IB IIA IIB

REDUCTION RATION: 12X

FILM STOCK:

REEL 5

Volume 7-8

BSO, Kneisel
1894-1895
to
BSO
1895-1896

2.5 mm
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890

2.0 mm
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz1234567890

1.5 mm
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz1234567890

PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

150 mm

100 mm

A5

A4

1.0 mm

1.5 mm

2.0 mm

2.5 mm

PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

Century

1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

4.5 mm
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890

3.5 mm
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz1234567890

MULTIPLE EXPOSURES DUE TO COLOR VARIATIONS AND OVERLAPPING MATERIAL

VOLUME 7

BSO
KNEISEL QUARTET

1894 - 1895

SHIPMAN'S
Invoice & Scrap
BOOK

MUSIC HALL. | **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

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Soloists: Mesdames EAMES, JUCH, NORDICA, BEACH, Messrs. BEN DAVIES, YSAYE, CESAR, THOMSON, BAERMANN, HUSS, MOLE, KNEISEL, SCHROEDER, and others.

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HERALD - SEPTEMBER 16.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FOURTEENTH SEASON.

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TIMES, SUNDAY,

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BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1894.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16.

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SUNDAY HERALD - SEPTEMBER 16.

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BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1894.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FOURTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR,

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

On Consecutive Saturday Evenings, from Oct. 13, 1894, to April 27, 1895, Omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, 1894, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, 1895, and

TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

On Consecutive Friday Afternoons, from Oct. 12, 1894, to April 26, 1895, Omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, 1894, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 15, 1895.

SOLOISTS---Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Cesar, Thomson, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and Others.

TICKETS for the Series of CONCERTS and for the Series of REHEARSALS, **$12.00** *and* **$7.50,** *According to Location.*

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16.

MUSIC HALL. | **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

On Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, and and March 16).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

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[2]

BOSTON
MUSIC HALL

FOURTEENTH SEASON,
. . 1894-95 . .

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

ON CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM OCTOBER 13, 1894, TO APRIL 27, 1895, OMITTING NOV. 3, DEC. 8, 1894, JAN. 12, FEB. 9, AND MARCH 16, 1895, AND

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Gazette
SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.
BOSTON, SEPT. 23, 1894

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MR. EMIL PAUR . . . Conductor.

14th Season.

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Boston Commonwealth.
SEPTEMBER 22, 1894

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FOURTEENH SEASON.

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The Boston Commercial
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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FOURTEENTH SEASON.

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BOSTON COURIER,
SUNDAY MORNING,
SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR. Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-5.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

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Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1894.

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Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

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JOURNAL-
-SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FOURTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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[3]

BOSTON
MUSIC HALL

FOURTEENTH SEASON,
. . 1894-95 . .

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

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14th Season, 1894-95.
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on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).
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Gazette
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Boston Commonwealth.
SEPTEMBER 22, 1894

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FOURTEENH SEASON.

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The Boston Commercial
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

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BOSTON COURIER, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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JOURNAL-
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

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BOSTON JOURNAL—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

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GLOBE—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

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SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1894.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

BOSTON POST.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON, September 24th, 1894.

Auction Sale of $12 Season Tickets for the Friday Afternoon PUBLIC REHEARSALS at Music Hall, this (Monday) morning, beginning at TEN o'clock.

THE SUNDAY HERALD — BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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BOSTON JOURNAL---SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
SEASON 1894-95.
REHEARSALS. 265
No.
Premium
Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
SEASON 1894-95. 625
REHEARSALS.
No.
Premium,
Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
SEASON 1894-95.
CONCERTS. 701
No.
Premium,
Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
SEASON 1894-95.
CONCERTS. 426
No.
Premium,
Name,

X
M

Boston Music Hall
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor
Tuesday Afternoon, January 29
At 2.30
- - ADMIT ONE - -
C. A. ELLIS, Manager

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

... FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 ...

TEN CONCERTS IN SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

Thursday Evening, October 18.
Thursday Evening, November 8.
Thursday Evening, November 22.
Thursday Evening, December 13.
Thursday Evening, January 3.
Thursday Evening, January 24.
Thursday Evening, February 14.
Thursday Evening, March 7.
Thursday Evening, April 4.
Thursday Evening, April 25.

SOLO ARTISTS:

MRS. JULIE M. WYMAN.
MR. BEN DAVIES.
MR. E. A. MAC DOWELL.
MR. T. ADAMOWSKI.
MR. EUGENE YSAYE.
And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of ten concerts, $7.50.

☞The sale of season tickets opens at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, Saturday, October 13, at 8 A.M.

A limited number of reserved seats have been reserved for College Officers and invited guests.

Pawtucket Tribune

PAWTUCKET, THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,
MR. EMIL PAUR.....Conductor.
FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95
6 GRAND CONCERTS
IN INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE.
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

SOLO ARTISTS—MME. JULIE M. WYMAN, MISS GERTRUDE FRANKLIN, MONS POL PLANÇON (the distinguished Baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.), MR. CARL GAERMANN, MR. CESAR THOMSON (the famous Belgian Violinist), and others.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95.

REHEARSALS. 265

No.

Premium.

Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95. 625

REHEARSALS.

No.

Premium,

Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95.

CONCERTS. 701

No.

Premium,

Name,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95. 426

CONCERTS.

No.

Premium,

Name,

X

M

Boston Music Hall

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor

Tuesday Afternoon, January 29

At 2.30

- - ADMIT ONE - -

C. A. ELLIS, Manager

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

... FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 ...

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The following works will be included in the programmes: —

SYMPHONY No. 7,	*Beethoven*
SYMPHONY No. 8,	*Beethoven*
SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR,	*Haydn*
SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR,	*Schumann*
ITALIAN SYMPHONY,	*Mendelssohn*
SYMPHONY IN E MINOR, No. 4,	*Brahms*
SYMPHONY IN D (first time),	*Sgambati*
SYMPHONY, "From the New World,"	*Dvorak*
OVERTURE, "Fidelio,"	*Beethoven*
" "Magic Flute,"	*Mozart*
" "Carlo Broski,"	*Auber*
" "Hebrides,"	*Mendelssohn*
" "Genoveva,"	*Schumann*
" "Carnaval Romain,"	*Berlioz*
TRAGIC OVERTURE,	*Brahms*
OVERTURE, "Carnaval" (new),	*Dvorak*
OVERTURE, "Sappho" (new),	*Goldmark*
PRELUDE, "The Deluge,"	*Saint-Saëns*
PASSACAGLIA,	*Bach*
CONCERTO GROSSO,	*Handel*
ENTR'ACTE ROSAMUNDE,	*Schubert*
OVERTURE, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March from the "Midsummer-Night's Dream,	*Mendelssohn*
SUITE,	*Lachner*
SYMPHONIC POEM,	*Smetana*
BALLET MUSIC, "Daemon,"	*Rubinstein*
SUITE L'ARLESIENNE,	*Bizet*
SEEBILDER,	*Paine*
VARIATIONS FOR ORCHESTRA,	*Knorr*

One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95.

CONCERTS.

426

No. .....

Premium, ...

Name, ...

Pawtucket Tribune

PAWTUCKET, THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95

6 GRAND CONCERTS

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Boston Music Hall

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor

Tuesday Afternoon, January 29

At 2.30

- - ADMIT ONE - -

C. A. ELLIS, Manager

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
L. SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

Tenth Season, 1894-95

EIGHT CONCERTS

In Union Hall, 48 Boylston St., on Monday Evenings,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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ASSISTING ARTISTS, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mr. Leon Pourtan, and others to be announced.

The following is a partial list of the works to be performed:

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BRAHMS	Quartet, B-flat; Clarinet Quintet, B minor; Piano Quintet, F minor.
MOZART	Quartet, A major; Quintet, G minor.
HAYDN	Quartets: E-flat; G major.
SVENDSEN	Octet for Strings.
RUBINSTEIN	Piano Trio.

NOVELTIES.

SGAMBATI	Quartet, D-flat major.
BORODINE	Quartet, D major.
HANS KOESSLER	Quartet (manuscript).
C. M. LOEFFLER	Quintet (manuscript).
A. KAHN	Piano Trio
ED. SCHUETT	Piano Quartet, F major.

Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series, $8.00, on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Monday, October 15, at 9 a.m.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

... FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 ...

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

THE NEWS, PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Fourteenth Season, 1894-95.

6=GRAND CONCERTS=6

IN INFANTRY HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

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...Hall, MONDAY MORNING, Oct. 15, at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair ...
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

[6]

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FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
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ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

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MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
Fourteenth Season, 1894-95.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

(87 PERFORMERS.)

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

. . . FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 . . .

FIVE CONCERTS IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Thursday Evening, November 1.

Thursday Evening, December 6.

Thursday Evening, January 10.

Thursday Evening, February 7.

Thursday Evening, March 14.

SOLO ARTISTS:

MME. NORDICA. MR. POL PLANCON.

MR. CÉSAR THOMSON. MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

And Others.

Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7.50, $6, $5, and $3, and boxes $50, $40, and $30, according to location, will be on sale at Schuberth's, 23 Union Square, and at the Box Office, Metropolitan Opera House, on and after Monday, Oct. 22.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

. . . FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 . . .

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PROGRAMMES

Thursday Evening, November 1.

SYMPHONY IN D (first time) . . . . . *Sgambati*
ARIA.
Mons. PLANCON.
TAMBOURIN, GAVOTTE, AND CHACONNE . . . . *Gluck*
SYMPHONIC POEM, "Phaëton" . . . . . *Saint-Saëns*
ARIA.
Mons. PLANCON.
OVERTURE, "Sappho" (first time) . . . . . *Goldmark*

Thursday Evening, December 6.

SYMPHONY No. 7 . . . . . *Beethoven*
CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN
Mr. CÉSAR THOMSON.
OVERTURE, "Wem die Krone" (first time) . . . . . *Ritter*
CARNIVAL IN PARIS . . . . . *Svendsen*
SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Préludes" . . . . . *Liszt*

Thursday Evening, January 10.

. . GRAND WAGNER PROGRAMME . .

Soloist, Mme. NORDICA.

Thursday, February 7.

SYMPHONY No. 3 (Eroica) . . . . . *Beethoven*
CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO (MS., first time) . *C. M. Loeffler*
Mr. SCHROEDER.
SUITE, "L'Arlésienne" . . . . . *Bizet*
OVERTURE, "Genoveva" . . . . . *Schumann*

Thursday, March 14.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE . . . . . *Berlioz*
BALLET MUSIC, "Die Rebe" . . . . . *Rubinstein*
OVERTURE, "Lenore No. 2" . . . . . *Beethoven*

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

6=GRAND CONCERTS=6

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ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

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RUBINSTEIN	Piano Trio.

NOVELTIES.

SGAMBATI	Quartet, D-flat major.
BORODINE	Quartet, D major.
HANS KOESSLER	Quartet (manuscript).
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SYMPHONY No. 9,	*Schubert*
SYMPHONY No. 3,	*Brahms*
SYMPHONY, "From the New World,"	*Dvorak*
SYMPHONY IN D (new),	*Sgambati*
OVERTURE, "Egmont,"	*Beethoven*
" "Carnaval Romain,"	*Berlioz*
" "Hebrides,"	*Mendelssohn*
" "Teufels,"	*Auber*
SUITE,	*Gluck*
SUITE, "L'arlesienne,"	*Bizet*
SUITE,	*Monsigny*
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY,	*Liszt*
BALLET MUSIC, "Damon,"	*Rubinstein*
DANSE MACABRE,	*Saint-Saëns*

One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1894-95.

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[6]

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95.

6 GRAND CONCERTS

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

(87 PERFORMERS.)

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

. . . FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 . . .

FIVE CONCERTS IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA

Monday Evening, October 29.

Monday Evening, December 3.

Monday Evening, January 7.

Monday Evening, February 4.

Monday Evening, March 11.

SOLO ARTISTS.

Mrs. JULIE M. WYMAN.
Mr. EUGENE YSAYE.
(His first appearance in Philadelphia.)
Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.
And Others to be announced.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BACH. PASSACAGLIA.

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE. "Fidelio."

BRAHMS. SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Andante moderato.
III. Allegro giocoso.
IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

BERLIOZ. OVERTURE. "Carnaval Romain."

Second Concert Thursday, November 8. Solo Artist, Mr. E. A. MACDOWELL.

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SUNDAY TELEGRAM, PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER 14,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95.

6 GRAND CONCERTS

IN INFANTRY HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, OCT. 24, NOV. 14, DEC. 19, JAN. 16, FEB. 20, MAR. 20

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. JULIE M. WYMAN,
Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN,
Mons. POL PLANCON,
(The distinguished baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.)
Mr. CARL BAERMANN,
Mr. CESAR THOMPSON.
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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BACH — PASSACAGLIA

BEETHOVEN. — OVERTURE, "EGMONT."

BRAHMS — SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Andante moderato.
III. Allegro giocoso.
IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

BERLIOZ. — OVERTURE, "Carnaval Romain."

Second Concert Thursday, November 8. Solo Artist, Mr. E. A. MACDOWELL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95.

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PROGRAMMES

Monday Evening, October 29.

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser" . . . . . *Wagner*
ARIA from "Le Prophète" . . . . . *Meyerbeer*
Mrs. WYMAN.
SYMPHONY in C major . . . . . *Schumann*
TAMBOURIN, GAVOTTE, and CHACONNE . . . . . *Gluck*
SONGS WITH PIANO.
Mrs. WYMAN.
OVERTURE, "Sappho" (first time) . . . . . *Goldmark*

Monday Evening, December 3.

SYMPHONY in D (first time) . . . . . *Sgambati*
CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN
Mr. YSAYE.
ENTR'ACTE from "Rosamunde" . . . . . *Schubert*
MARCH in B minor . . . . . *Schubert–Liszt*
CARNIVAL IN PARIS . . . . . *Svendsen*
OVERTURE, "Egmont" . . . . . *Beethoven*

Monday Evening, January 7.

SYMPHONY No. 7 . . . . . *Beethoven*
CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE
Miss AUS DER OHE.
OVERTURE, "Carnaval" (first time) . . . . . *Dvorak*
OVERTURE, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March from the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Monday Evening, February 4.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

SUITE . . . . . *Lachner*
OVERTURE, "Wem die Krone" (first time) . . . . . *Ritter*
SYMPHONY in F major . . . . . *Brahms*

Monday Evening, March 11.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

RIGADON . . . . . *Monsigny*
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY, No. 2 . . . . . *Lisst*
SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE . . . . . *Berlioz*

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, AT 7.45, P. M.

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BACH. PASSACAGLIA.

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE. "Fidelio."

BRAHMS. SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.
I. Allegro non troppo.
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III. Allegro giocoso.
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BERLIOZ. OVERTURE. "Carnaval Romain."

Second Concert Thursday, November 8. Solo Artist, Mr. E. A. MacDowell.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

. . . FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95 . . .

FIVE CONCERTS IN METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON

Tuesday Evening, October 30.

Tuesday Evening, December 4.

Tuesday Evening, January 8.

Tuesday Evening, February 5.

Tuesday Evening, March 12.

SOLO ARTISTS.

Mrs. JULIE M. WYMAN.

Mr. CÉSAR THOMSON.
(His first appearance in Washington.)

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

And Others to be announced.

Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7 and $5, according to location.

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C. A. ELLIS, *Manager.*

Boston Symphony Orchestra

(EIGHTY-SEVEN PERFORMERS),

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

Fourteenth Season, 1894-95.

FIVE CONCERTS IN NEW MUSIC HALL

(Facing Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues),

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 31. Wednesday Evening, Dec. 5.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 9. Wednesday Evening, Feb. 6.

Wednesday Evening, March 13.

. . . SOLO ARTISTS . . .

MME. MELBA. MME. NORDICA. MME. SCALCHI.
MR. MAUGIERE. MR. PLANCON.
MR. CÉSAR THOMSON. MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.
And others to be announced.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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MME. MELBA (The world-renowned Prima Donna Soprano, her first appearance in Baltimore).

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MONS. MAUGIERE, Tenor.
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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, October 22, at 8.

First Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin.
L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Max Zach.

Programme.

HAYDN. **QUARTET in G major, op. 77, No. 1.**
Allegro moderato.—Adagio.—Menuetto (Presto). Finale. (Presto).

SGAMBATI. **QUARTET in D-flat major, op. 17.**
Adagio.—Vivace ma non troppo.—Prestissimo.—Andante sostenuto.—Allegro.
(First time at these concerts.)

MOZART. **QUINTET in G minor.**
Allegro.—Menuetto (Allegretto).—Adagio ma non troppo.—Adagio.—Allegro.
Second Viola: Mr. MAX ZACH.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

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. . . SOLO ARTISTS. . . .

MME. MELBA. MME. NORDICA. MME. SCALCHI.
MR. MAUGIERE. MR. PLANCON.
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SOLO ARTISTS:

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Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE,

AND OTHERS TO BE ANNOUNCED.

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OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin.
L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Max Zach.

Programme.

HAYDN. QUARTET in G major, op. 77, No. 1.
Allegro moderato.—Adagio.—Menuetto (Presto).
Finale. (Presto)

SGAMBATI. QUARTET in D-flat major, op. 17.
Adagio.—Vivace ma non troppo.—Prestissimo.—
Andante sostenuto.—Allegro.
(First time at these concerts.)

MOZART. QUINTET in G minor.
Allegro.—Menuetto (Allegretto).—
Adagio ma non troppo.—Adagio.—Allegro.
Second Viola: Mr. MAX ZACH.

PROGRAMMES

Tuesday Evening, October 30.

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser"	*Wagner*
ARIA from "Le Prophète"	*Meyerbeer*
Mrs. WYMAN.	
SYMPHONY in C major	*Schumann*
SONGS WITH PIANO.	
Mrs. WYMAN.	
ENTR'ACTE, "Gwendoline" (first time)	*Chabrier*
OVERTURE, "Sappho" (first time)	*Goldmark*

Tuesday Evening, December 4.

SYMPHONY in D (first time)	*Sgambati*
CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN	
Mr. CÉSAR THOMSON.	
ENTR'ACTE from "Rosamunde"	*Schubert*
CARNIVAL IN PARIS	*Svendsen*
OVERTURE, "Egmont"	*Beethoven*

Tuesday Evening, January 8.

GRAND WAGNER PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Evening, February 5.

SYMPHONY No. 7	*Beethoven*
SOLO FOR VIOLIN	
Mr. ADAMOWSKI.	
OVERTURE, "Wem die Krone" (first time)	*Ritter*
SUITE	*Lachner*

Tuesday Evening, March 12.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

OVERTURE, "Lenore, No. 2"	*Beethoven*
RIGODON	*Monsigny*
SYMPHONY, "From the New World"	*Dvorak*
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY, No. 2	*Liszt*

Among the works to be included in the programmes are the following:—

SYMPHONY No. 7	*Beethoven*
SYMPHONY in F major	*Brahms*
SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE	*Berlioz*
OVERTURE, "Lenore," No. 2	*Beethoven*
OVERTURE, "Wem die Krone" (first time)	*Ritter*
ACADEMIC OVERTURE	*Brahms*
KAISERMARSCH	*Wagner*
CARNIVAL IN PARIS	*Svendsen*
SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Préludes"	*Liszt*
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY, No. 2	*Liszt*
RIGODON	*Monsigny*
SUITE, "L'Arlésienne"	*Bizet*

The first concert will be devoted largely to operatic selections.

The third concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme, with solo numbers by MME. NORDICA.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Max Zach.

Programme.

HAYDN.	QUARTET in G major, op. 77, No. 1. Allegro moderato.—Adagio.—Menuetto (Presto). Finale. (Presto).
SGAMBATI.	QUARTET in D-flat major, op. 17. Adagio.—Vivace ma non troppo.—Prestissimo.—Andante sostenuto.—Allegro. (First time at these concerts.)
MOZART.	QUINTET in G minor. Allegro.—Menuetto (Allegretto).—Adagio ma non troppo.—Adagio.—Allegro. Second Viola: Mr. MAX ZACH.

PROGRAMMES

I. Concert, Friday and Saturday, November 2 and 3.

KAISERMARSCH . . . . . *Wagner*
ARIA, from "Le Prophète" . . . . . *Meyerbeer*

Mrs. WYMAN.

SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR . . . . . *Schumann*
SONGS WITH PIANO.

Mrs. WYMAN.

TAMBOURIN, GAVOTTE, AND CHACONNE . . . *Gluck*
OVERTURE, "Carnaval Romain" . . . . . *Berlioz*

II. Concert, Friday and Saturday, January 11 and 12.

Soloist.

SYMPHONY No. 7 . . . . . *Beethoven*
CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE.

Miss AUS DER OHE.

PRELUDE, "The Deluge" . . . . . *Saint-Saëns*
OVERTURE, "Carnival" (first time) . . . . . *Dvorak*
OVERTURE, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March, from "Midsummer-night's Dream" . . . . *Mendelssohn*

III. Concert, Friday and Saturday, February 8 and 9.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

SUITE . . . . . *Lachner*
SYMPHONY IN A MAJOR . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
ENTR'ACTE, from "Rosamunde" . . . . . *Schubert*
OVERTURE, "Sappho" . . . . . *Goldmark*

IV. Concert, Friday and Saturday, March 15 and 16.

SOLO ARTIST TO BE ANNOUNCED.

OCEAN SYMPHONY . . . . . *Rubinstein*
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 2 . . . . . *Liszt*
OVERTURE, "Lenore No. 2" . . . . . *Beethoven*

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MOZART. **QUINTET in G minor.**
Allegro.—Menuetto (Allegretto).—Adagio ma non troppo.—Adagio.—Allegro.
Second Viola: Mr. MAX ZACH.

[8]

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

HOTEL LIST.

E. Paur.

I. Schnitzler. / P. Fiumara.

A. Goldstein. / S. Goldstein.

F. R. Comee. / C. M. Loeffler.

H. D. Simpson. / E. B. Marble.

A. Litke. / F. Müller.

Fr. Kneisel.

E. Fiedler. / A. Moldauer.

A. Kolster. / M. Kluge.

T. Adamowski. / J. Adamowski.

E. M. Heindl.

J. E. Eichler. / W. Krafft.

A. Schroeder.

P. Metzger. / R. Kurth.

C. Mole.

E. Golde. / W. A. Field.

A. Hackebarth.

G. Bareither. / S. Elkind.

L. Pourtau.

H. Schuecker. / J. Hoffmann.

G. Gerhardt. / H. Hoyer.

L. Svecenski. / O. Roth.

F. Mahn. / H. Berger.

H. J. Butler. / A. Reinhart.

E. Grunberg. / M. Zach.

A. Rigg. / J. Abloescher.

W. W. Swornsbourne. / F. E. Schuchmann.

E. Mingels. / E. Loeffler.

G. Strube.

C. Barleben. / A. Nagel.

F. E. Hahn. / H. Eichheim.

J. Knecht. / G. Sauer.

K. Rissland. / Carl Barth.

J. Akeroyd,

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

October-November Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, October 28, 7.30 P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Monday, October 29, at 7, A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Rehearsal, Academy of Music at 7, P.M.
Concert at 8, P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, October 30, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 7.40 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, at 10.15 A.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R. at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.40 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
Rehearsal at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 10.30, A.M.
Concert at 8, P.M.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Thursday, November 1, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Public Rehearsal at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, Nov. 2, at 3 P.M.
Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Saturday, November 3, at 8.15. P.M.
Leave New York, Saturday, November 3, midnight. Grand Central Depot.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, November 4, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, October 27, 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

January Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, January 6, 7.30 P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Monday, January 7, at 7, A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 8, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 7.50 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 10.15 A.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R. at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.40 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, Wednesday, January 9, at 8. P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Thursday, January 10, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Rehearsal, at Metropolitan Opera House at 5, P.M.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Public Rehearsal at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, Jan'y 11, at 3 P.M.
Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Saturday, January 12, at 8.15. P.M.
Leave New York, Saturday, January 12, midnight. Grand Central Depot, 42d St.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, January 13, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, January 5, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

December Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, December 2, 7.30 P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Monday, December 3, at 7, A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at 8, P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, December 4, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 7.40 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, at 10.15 A.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Rehearsal, at Music Hall at 12, noon.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R. at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.40 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, Wednesday, December 5, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Thursday, December 6, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave New York, Friday, December 7, Grand Central Depot, 42d St. 1, P.M.
Arrive Hartford, 4.40. P.M.
ALLYN HOTEL.
Concert at Foot Guard Armory at 8, P.M.
Leave Hartford Saturday, December 8, at 3.50 P.M.
Arrive New Haven at 5.05, P.M.
NEW HAVEN HOUSE.
Concert at Hyperion Theatre at 8, P.M.
Sleeping Cars ready directly after the concert.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, December 9, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, December 1, 1894.

. . BOSTON MUSIC HALL . .

TUESDAY AFTERNOON
JANUARY 29, AT 2.30 .

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR

. . AND . .

= MELBA =

EXTRA POPULAR MATINEE

Tickets with reserved seats, $2, $1.50, and $1, according to location, now on sale at the Box Office.

The Kneisel Quartet . . of Boston

Season 1893=94

Under the management of
C. A. ELLIS
Music Hall, Boston

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

February Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, Febr'y 3, at 12, midnight. Providence Depot.
Arrive Grand Central Depot, New York, Monday, Feb'y 4, at 7, A.M.
Leave New York, Central Railroad of New Jersey; Depot foot of, Liberty Street, 9 A.M.
Arrive Philadelphia, at 11.23 A.M. Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Depot, 12th and Market Streets.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 5, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 7.50 A.M.
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Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Public Rehearsal at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, Feb'ry 8, at 3 P.M.
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C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, February 2, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

March Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, March 10, at 7.30, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia Monday, March 11, at 7 A.M. Broad St. Station Penna. R. R.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 12, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 7.50 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 10.15 A.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R at 6 P.M.
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Concert at Music Hall, at 8, P.M.
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Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Thursday, March 14, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Public Rehearsal at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, March 15, at 3 P.M.
Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Saturday, March 16, at 8.15. P.M.
Leave New York, Saturday, March 16, midnight. Grand Central Depot, 42d St.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, March 17, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
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C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, March 9, 1895.

[10]

TUESDAY AFTERNOON
JANUARY 29, AT 2.30

. . Programme . .

OVERTURE, "Fra Diavolo"	*Auber*
ARIA from "Les Huguenots"	*Meyerbeer*
MME. MELBA	
BALLET MUSIC from "Coppelia"	*Delibes*
MAD SCENE from "Lucia"	*Donizetti*
MME. MELBA	
a. ENTR'ACTE from "Gwendoline"	*Chabrier*
b. SCHERZO (new, first time)	*Goldmark*
SONG, "Se seran Rose"	*Arditi*
MME. MELBA	
WALTZ, "Southern Roses"	*Joh. Strauss*
OVERTURE, "Mignon"	*A. Thomas*

The Kneisel Quartet . . of Boston

Season 1893=94

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C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, February 2, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

March Itinerary.

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C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, March 9, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

14th SEASON, 1894-95.

October-November Itinerary.

Leave Boston Sunday, October 28, 7.30 P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Monday, October 29, at 7, A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Rehearsal, Academy of Music at 7, P.M.
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Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, October 27, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartet was organized in 1884 by Franz Kneisel, who came to America in that year to accept an appointment as Concertmeister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and to establish a series of Chamber Music Concerts in Boston, to be of the same high standard as those of the larger organization.

The Quartet includes the leading Viola and the leading 'Cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is made up of the following artists:

Franz Kneisel, 1st Violin.
Otto Roth, 2d Violin.
L. Svecenski, Viola.
Alwin Schroeder, Violoncello.

Its annual series of concerts in Boston, New York, and other cities attract the attention of connoisseurs and professionals alike, and have been pronounced by the most exacting critics to be unexcelled by those of any similar organization in the world.

.. BOSTON MUSIC HALL ..

TUESDAY AFTERNOON
JANUARY 29, AT 2.30 ..

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR
.. AND ..

= MELBA =

EXTRA POPULAR MATINEE

Tickets with reserved seats, $2, $1.50, and $1, according to location, now on sale at the Box Office.

.. Press Notices ..

.....

"In all these works the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his fellows was quite beyond praise, altogether lovely in tone and sentiment, and finished in execution. The audience was rapturous in its applause after each movement."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

.....

"It is not too much to say that the Beethoven quartet was played divinely."—*N. Y. Times.*

.....

"This Quartet [Kneisel] is the greatest in America; and, allied to its beauty of tone production,—a true quartet tone,—its interpretations are always significant and truthful."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

.....

"Everything that Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski, and Schroeder select is sure to be well played."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

.....

"The fifth quartet of the series which forms Beethoven's Op. 18 was given with a perfection that aroused the audience (which was as large as the hall would allow) to the most fervid applause at the end of each movement. Such marvellous ensemble, such exquisite shading, require something more graphic than type for adequate description."—*Boston Advertiser.*

.....

"The Dvorák quartet was given with a perfection that makes all criticism ridiculous. Never have the Kneisels done a finer piece of artistic work."—*Boston Transcript.*

.....

"It is no hyperbole to say that the playing of the Kneisel Quartet at their fourth concert was perfect."—*Boston Beacon.*

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVII., NO. 13.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1895.

THE TRIUMPH OF M. YSAYE.

The Great Violinist Holds His Hearers Spellbound.

Tremendous Enthusiasm at His Recital in Music Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

M. Ysaye gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Music Hall, which held an enormous audience, every seat and all the available standing room being occupied. It was not only a huge company, but its enthusiasm was tremendous. M. Ysaye was assisted by Miss Theodora Pfaffin, soprano, and Mr. Aime Lachaume, pianist. The programme played was:

Sonata for piano and violin.....Cesar Franck
Air from "Samson and Delila"...Saint-Saens
Fantasie appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Ballade, B minor, No. 3.....Chopin
Sonata, D minor, Sarabande, Gigue, Chaconne.....Bach
Pastorale.....Bizet
Les Filles de Cadis.....Delibes
Scene au Berceau.....Ysaye
Mazurka (Dans le lointain).....Ysaye
Saltarelle Carnavalesque.....Ysaye

The French sonata was given for the first time here. It is in the extreme modern school, and is a carefully written work, with many beautiful movements in it; but on a first hearing it seems rambling, rhapsodic, formless and without meaning. The only movement that says anything clear is the finale, but even here the composer seems to be trammelled by the task he has imposed on himself of trying to be coherent. The general color of the work is poetic—that is, it has a melancholy unmeaning. Now and then the violin part is so brilliant, so difficult and so prominent that the sonata takes on the aspect of a violin concerto with a pianoforte obstruction. Its originality, however, is unquestionable, and a better acquaintance with it would doubtless make it more interesting than it appeared to be on this occasion. Of the playing of M. Ysaye, —who, by the way, was received with overwhelming cordiality it is difficult to write without exhausting the vocabulary of superlatives reserved for the greatest artists. The largeness and exquisite purity of his tone, his wonderful bowing, the ease with which he performs marvels with his left hand, the fascinating truth of his intonation, and, above all, the breadth, warmth and manliness of his style are indescribable. Criticism is out of the question. Through the whole recital one could only listen, admire and wonder.

His reading and playing of the Vieuxtemps Fantasie held every hearer fairly and irresistibly spellbound. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pathos he threw into his rendering of the more cantabile movements of the work. He was, however, at his best in the Bach sonata. There he was heard without accompaniment, and the nobility of his style and his keen artistic sympathy with what is highest and most worthy in his art were made delightfully apparent. The chacoune was given with amazing fertility of resource in variety of expression, and the extraordinary technique of the artist was displayed at its finest in what is, perhaps, the most exacting work ever written for the violin. At the close of his performance he was rewarded with an outburst of applause that was almost deafening, and he was recalled again and again. His own compositions are very charming. It is true that they are mainly of a virtuoso nature, but their melodies are flowing, unconventional and dignified, and they are dignified in character. The Cradle Song is especially pretty and interesting, and the dainty mazourka has a peculiarly piquant grace in the pianissimo that prevails through it. The Saltarelle is a bit of pyrotechnics for fingers and bow, in his playing of which the artist dazzled and almost bewildered his audience by his appeal to both eyes and ears. Again he was greeted with a storm of plaudits, and was recalled many times. The concert was, perhaps, somewhat too long, but it is not every day that one hears an Ysaye.

Miss Pfaffin's singing was pleasantly received. Her voice is somewhat thin and wiry in quality, but she sings tunefully and with spirit, and she found favor with the audience. Mr. Lachaume's playing throughout was artistic in feeling and his technique is admirable. His performance of the Chopin ballad was somewhat more robust than is the custom, but it was thoughtful and had a welcome freedom from affectation.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23, a second recital will be given by the same artists. M. Ysaye will be heard in the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven; a sonata by Bach, Beethoven's Romanza in F, a paraphrase from Wagner's "Parsifal," another of the Siegfried idyls, and the "Zigeuner Weiser," by Sarasate.

[illegible] HERALD.
[illegible] 1895.
The Cheapest Paper of the State.

MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 14, 1895.

AN ISAYE CRAZE

SEEMS TO BE COMING IN BOSTON.

The Violinist's First Concert Given in Music Hall Saturday—The Programme Chiefly of the French School, with a Back Number to Flavor It—New Music.

Unless signs fail, an Isaye craze is setting in, similar to the Paderewski furore. Music Hall was crowded in every part Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the first concert given by the great violinist. The audience was not such as one finds at the usual "miscellaneous concert," and while there was abundance of applause, the encore fiend was conspicuous by his absence.

The programme was chiefly of the French school, yet the one Bach number was sufficient to put the stamp of classicality upon the entire proceedings. The first number of the programme might also fairly be called classical, although it was not in the regular sonata form. It was a sonata for violin and piano, by Cesar Franck, and was heard for the first time here. It was solid and true music, not giving the melodic grace of a Massenet or the sparkle of a St. Saens, but presenting well developed ideas, good figure treatment and well chosen contrasts. Its last movement was its strongest and had some interesting imitative work between violin and piano. At the latter instrument sat a young artist not unknown to Boston; when "L'Enfant Prodigue" was given at the Boston Museum some time ago, there was an artist at the piano who chiefly carried that graceful pantomime to success; his name was Aimé Lachaume, and when he reappeared in this more legitimate musical atmosphere he was most cordially welcomed. His playing was as intelligent and as poetic as ever, but he was somewhat overweighted in the second and last movements of this sonata. Of M. Isaye's violin work in this one can only speak in terms of enthusiasm; the work is one which would probably make but a dry effect in any but the greatest hands, and the delicacy of shading and sweetness of tone had much to do with winning the work the success it achieved. M. Isaye's next number was of a very different character; it it was Vieuxtemps Fantasie appassionata; Vieuxtemps is really worthy of his name, since his music represents a bygone epoch, an era of violin fireworks, a time when virtuosity was its own reward. Of course every technical barricade was captured with exciting energy, and the violinist frankly paused with expectation of applause (which he received galore), even in the midst of the work, regardless of the fact that the hard-worked M. Lachaume was still laboring at the keyboard.

Musical greatness M. Isaye undoubtedly has, and it stood forth in all its glory in the performance of the Bach sonata in D minor. This was a gradual ascent to Olympus, for the first movement, the Sarabande, was powerful; the second, a Gigue, was still more so, and the great Chaconne was a culmination which was not to be surpassed. This Chaconne, universally recognized as one of the most difficult violin works in existence, is Joachim's favorite *chevul de bataille*, but Isaye is not inferior to the great Hungarian in this number; it is not too much to say that this was the greatest performance of this work that has yet been heard in America. M. Isaye himself might be characterized as a younger Joachim, in that he so thoroughly combines technique with artistic expression. He is not yet so broad in tone as Joachim, he does not rival the late Wieniawski in this direction, but he combines Sarasate's tenderness of tone and showy technique, with something more manly than Sarasate can give, and there is more sincerity and enthusiasm in his playing than one gets from most of the great masters of the violin. The amount of shading and expression which he put into the Bach Chaconne may not have been in line with tradition, but it is a modernization which is commendable nevertheless.

The recalls after this number were too numerous to be counted, but no attempt was made to force an encore. The last numbers of the programme were three pieces of M. Isaye's own composition. All three were graceful, although none was great. The *Scene au Berceau* was a romantic bit of the modern French school, introducing plenty of work with the mute. The exquisite quality of the artist's tone was remarkable in this. The Mazurka, which came next, had more of technical display, and the full tones of the G string, the rapidity and surety of the double-stopping, and the fine harmonics, deserve chronicling. Finally a showy Saltarelle with some phenomenal combinations of bow and pizzicato brought the great violinist's work to a close. One can only say as a summing up, that it is an open question whether M. Isaye is not at present the world's greatest violinist.

Miss Theodora Pfaffin gave some songs of the modern French school. She has a very agreeable voice, sufficiently flexible, sure in intonation, and catches up the spirit of what she sings in a praiseworthy fashion. "Agreeable" is, however, the strongest adjective that may be applied as yet, for of passion or of *verve* there is much promise rather than full attainment, although the sweetness and purity of the voice are very charming.

M. Lachaume deserves praise for the conscientious way in which he performed his manifold duties. He was musician-of-all-work during the concert, but appeared once as a soloist in Chopin's ballade in B minor. This he performed with some freedom of phrasing, but with a poetry and caprice that made amends for the fault. He was heartily applauded and recalled at the end of the number. Miss Pfaffin also received enthusiastic recalls after her songs.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1895.

The First Concert Given by Ysaye in Music Hall.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, violinist, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfaffiin, soprano, and Mr. Aimé Lachaume, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano.....Cesar Franck
(First Time.)
Messrs. Ysaye and Lachaume.
Air, "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saens
Miss Pfaffiin.
Fantasia Appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Ballade, in A flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Lachaume.
Sonata, in D minor, Sarabande, Gigue, Chaconne, for violin alone.....Bach
Mr. Ysaye.
a Pastorale.....Bizet
b "Les filles de Cadiz".....Delibes
Miss Pfaffiin.
Soli for violin, Scene au Berceau; Mazurka, No. 3 ("Dans le lointain"); Saltarelle Carnavalesque.....Ysaye
Mr. Ysaye.

Glorious and entrancing as was the playing of Ysaye, the virtuoso, the feature of the concert was the sonata of César Auguste Franck as played by Ysaye and Lachaume. For here, at last, was an opportunity of hearing in its perfection a masterpiece by one of the greatest composers of this century. These are big words. Time will nod his head to the truth of the statement.

How quiet and how useful was the life of this modest musician, who is almost unknown in this country, although a few organists appreciate the worth of the pieces written for their instrument by him. He was born in Liège, as was Ysaye. The year of his birth was 1822, and when he was 15 he entered the Paris Conservatory. In Paris he spent the rest of his life, and there he died in 1890. In Paris he was not appreciated by the public while he was alive, and yet his beautiful oratorio "Ruth" was produced as long ago as 1846. In 1872 he was nominated professor of the organ at the Conservatory, and thus he influenced modern French music; for to many young composers who wished to devote themselves to orchestral compostion he was the beloved and revered "Père Franck."

This is not the place to give a list of his orchestral and choral works, his songs and chamber music. Each year they are heard more frequently, and in Germany he has obtained his just rating. It is enough to say here that the sonata for violin and piano is one of his later works.

The most serious-minded of French musicians admit his pre-eminence in absolute music in France. Conservatives and radicals agree in this. It was Chabrier who spoke in the name of the Société Nationale at his grave. Among the illustrious pupils are Fawré, Bruneau, Messager, Vincent d'Indy, Coquard, Camille Benoit, Hue, Pierné, Tiersot, Augusta Holmés; it is a long list.

The chief characteristic of this sonata so superbly played by pianist as well as violinist is its intense purity. Here is music free from earthly dross. In an age when all Frenchmen as Matthew Arnold said are given up apparently to the worship of the goddess Lubricity, here is music without suggestion of woman, without a trace of human passion. To some perhaps the themes may seem cold; say, rather, mystical. But how noble, how spiritual are themes and developments. Here is nothing carelessly contrived for the display of virtuosity. On the contrary, there is absolute finish without thought of personal display for the interpreters. How lovely, how musical the canon in the finale; but would a careless hearer have ever suspected that the flowing measures were a triumph of scholastic skill?

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There is nothing new to be said of Ysaye's performance. He was tested yesterday in every way, and in every way he acquitted himself manfully and artistically. His greatest popular success was undoubtedly in the piece by Vieuxtemps, although he was recalled again and again after the Bach chaconne. It is easy to prophesy that some will never be satisfied with his playing of Bach. They will complain of elegance, of sentiment, of a lack of scratching virility, and heaven knows what beside. The trouble with these good people is that they have evolved a Bach out of their inner consciousness, and then they fit the player to their idea of the composer. But was Bach as dry as they pretend? Had he not feeling, passions, soul, aspirations, doubts? Why should he be hammered out, or dried and salted? And yet some would say seriously, "When you play Bach, shut your eyes, saw away, keep time with your foot, and breathe hard. Remember that Bach must not be played as though he were a modern." To which a polite though not forcible enough answer is "Fudge."

Mr. Ysaye's pieces were chiefly interesting on account of the fact that they were played by the composer. They are pretty enough and catchy—and that is all.

Admirable in all respects was the piano playing of Mr. Lachaume. When he was at the Boston Museum as the pianist of the "Enfant Prodigue" Company he delighted by his skill and sympathetic treatment. Yesterday he showed a finely-developed technique, artistic intelligence and indisputable musical feeling. He is, indeed, a welcome visitor.

As for Miss Pfaffin she sang the passionate aria from "Samson and Delilah" with the coquetry of a canary bird. In the other selections she was heard to greater advantage.

PHILIP HALE.

The Evening Standard.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 14.

THE YSAYE CONCERTS.

So great was the demand in Boston the past week for tickets to the Ysaye concert, and many being unable to secure the seats they desired, that the management has arranged for two additional concerts in Boston—a matinee Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23d, at Music hall, and a Sunday evening concert at the Boston theater, Jan. 20th. There will be an entire change of programme at each of these concerts, the matinee numbers including several novelties in the way of violin music, sure to attract the attention of violin students, while M. Lachaume and Miss Pfaffiin will be heard in choice selections. For the concert at the Boston theater next Sunday evening, in addition to these artists, a large and efficient orchestra of picked musicians from America's principal musical organization will assist under the leadership of the great Boston favorite, Mr. T. Adamowski, who makes this his only appearance as a conductor outside of the summer promenade concerts, and the orchestral numbers will be of the same nature, brilliant and popular as at these concerts.

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Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13, 1895.

Ysaye Gives a Concert in Music Hall.

The distinguished Belgian pianist, Eugene Ysaye, whose appearance at a recent symphony concert made a profound impression here, gave a recital in Music hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfaffin, soprano, and Mr Aime Lachaume, pianist.

The audience was very large and unusually demonstrative in expressing appreciation of all that was offered. Had the artists complied with the demands for encore numbers the concert would have been twice the proper length. As will be seen by the following the original program was of great length:

Sonata for violin and piano .....Cesar Franck
Messrs Ysaye and Lachaume
Air de Samson et Dalila .....C S Saint-Saens
Miss Pfaffiin
Fantasia Appassionata .....Vieuxtemps
Mr Ysaye
Ballade, in B minor, No. 3 .....Chopin
Mr Lachaume
Sonata, in D minor .....Bach
Mr Ysaye
Pastorale .....Bizet
Les Filles de Cadiz .....Delibes
Miss Pfaffiin
Scene au Berceau .....E Ysaye
Mazurka, No. 3 (Dans le lointain) .....E Ysaye
Saltarelle Carnavalesque .....E Ysaye
Mr Ysaye

There was no doubt left regarding Mr Ysaye's standing as an artist after his playing with the symphony orchestra, but yesterday the varied program offered opportunities of enjoying to the full his superb technique, his grand style, force, depth of sentiment and incomparable beauty and purity of tone.

The Cesar Franck sonata is not an especially interesting or comprehensive composition, but it offers a good many opportunities for the performer to display his virtuosity, and in consequence was listened to with rapt attention yesterday afternoon. The pianist was inclined to use the pedal too much, and frequently drowned the tone of the violin altogether.

The Vieuxtemps fantasia, as played by Mr Ysaye, was a dazzling exhibition of virtuosity, and was remarkable for its correctness of intonation. The Bach sonata for violin alone is a most trying work, and consequently is not often performed. Ysaye played it superbly yesterday, giving the three movements, sarabande, gigne and chaconne, with splendid expression and in true classic style.

The three original compositions are pleasing works, and are written in a free and graceful style, possessing considerable melody and offering admirable opportunities for display of the performer's virtuosity. As played by their composer they are indeed charming.

Mr Lachaume played Ysaye's accompaniments with excellent judgment and fine effect. He also made a rather favorable impression by his solo performance of the Chopin ballad. His playing was technically correct, but lacked color and warmth of expression.

Miss Pfaffiin has a light and pleasing voice which she uses generally with good effect. She was not heard to particular advantage in the "Samson et Dalila" aria, but made a better impression in the song by Delibes.

Two more concerts will be given in Boston by M Ysaye, the first on Sunday evening, Jan 20, at the Boston theater, and the second on Wednesday afternoon, Jan 23, at Music hall. At the first concert M Ysaye will be assisted by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr Adamowski. At the afternoon concert M Ysaye will present several novelties and some well-known compositions, both of great interest to violin players and musicians.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, JAN. 27, 1895

The Ysaye Recital.

The second Ysaye concert was given at Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, with the following programme: Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; Paraphrase de Parsifal, Siegfried Idyll, Wagner-Wilhelmj; Scherzo in B-flat minor, Chopin, played by Mr. Lachaume; Sonata in B-flat Bach; Romance in F, Beethoven; Zigeuner Weisen, Sarasate.

The Kreutzer sonata was finely played both by Mr. Ysaye and by Mr. Lachaume, and it aroused the wildest enthusiasm. It is in all-sufficing pleasure to listen to the delightful tones that Mr. Ysaye draws from his violin, but when to this are added surpassing technique, the rarest sympathetic insight and the capacity in the artist to produce all the effects intended by the composer a degree of satisfaction is reached that can be expressed only by praise that savors of adulation. What, for example, shall be said of the marvellous playing of the Bach sonata? Here there was no tampering with classic dignity and severity, but what a wonderful transformation was brought about. Bach eagerly and hungrily listened to by the average lover of music; a work that the average interpreter converts into an arid desert, transformed into a paradise. In the playing of this one work alone, Mr. Ysaye vindicated the justice of all the praise that was or could be bestowed on him. Broadness, dignity, impressiveness, full comprehension, full powers of expression, the most skilled fingers, a magic bow, and a violin gifted with a responsive soul. As Mr. Wegg would say, this is dropping into poetry; but cold, formal criticism is an insult to this fine artist, who can raise even indifference to the pitch of fine frenzy. Almost equal to the Bach interpretation was the playing of the Wilhelmj arrangements of Wagner; difficulties were there, and in abundance, and how easily they were conquered no one noticed in the larger pleasure of yielding to the emotions that the playing called forth. Throughout, the most exacting criticism was more than satisfied, and nothing remains to be done but to heap praise on, praise.

The work performed by Mr. Lachaume, as accompanist, is of high quality; he was particularly admirable in the Kreutzer sonata, and demonstrated that he had not only skilled fingers, but the rarer gift of high artistic intelligence and conscience. His solo number—Chopin's B-flat minor Scherzo—was also an admirable piece of work, somewhat marred by forced and obtrusive emphasis.

Miss Priscilla White sang an aria by Handel, and two songs by Mrs. Beach. The distinguishing trait of Miss White, as an artist, is her confidence in herself; whether in tune or out of tune, whether she runs away from or lags behind the accompanying piano, whether or not she trills on a right or a wrong note, makes no difference to her, she airily finishes her work according to her own ideas, and if she is wrong, that is the fault of the composer. The hearty manner in which she misinterpreted Handel was admirable; the debonair manner in which she took her breath in the wrong places, the gay carelessness of her phrasing, the originality of her trilling on the wrong notes, and her innocent satisfaction in finishing a piece according to a new method, are pleasant memories. And yet Miss White has very much to learn before she can be accepted as a solo singer; she sings out of tune, she has no ear for rhythm, her phrasing is faulty, and there is no evidence of an inspiration that will partly excuse a bad method.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVII., NO. 13.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1895.

THE TRIUMPH OF M. YSAYE.

The Great Violinist Holds His Hearers Spellbound.

Tremendous Enthusiasm at His Recital in Music Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

M. Ysaye gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Music Hall, which held an enormous audience, every seat and all the available standing room being occupied. It was not only a huge company, but its enthusiasm was tremendous. M. Ysaye was assisted by Miss Theodora Pfaffin, soprano, and Mr. Aime Lachaume, pianist. The programme played was:

Sonata for piano and violin.....Cesar Franck
Air from "Samson and Delila"...Saint-Saens
Fantasie appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Ballade, B minor, No. 3.....Chopin
Sonata, D minor, Sarabande, Gigue, Chaconne .....Bach
Pastorale .....Bizet
Les Filles de Cadiz.....Delibes
Scene au Berceau.....Ysaye
Mazurka, (Dans le lointain).....Ysaye
Saltarelle Carnavalesque.....Ysaye

The French sonata was given for the first time here. It is in the extreme modern school, and is a carefully written work, with many beautiful movements in it; but on a first hearing it seems rambling, rhapsodic, formless and without meaning. The only movement that says anything clear is the finale, but even here the composer seems to be trammelled by the task he has imposed on himself of trying to be coherent. The general color of the work is poetic—that is, it has a melancholy unmeaning. Now and then the violin part is so brilliant, so difficult and so prominent that the sonata takes on the aspect of a violin concerto with a pianoforte obstruction. Its originality, however, is unquestionable, and a better acquaintance with it would doubtless make it more interesting than it appeared to be on this occasion. Of the playing of M. Ysaye, —who, by the way, was received with overwhelming cordiality it is difficult to write without exhausting the vocabulary of superlatives reserved for the greatest artists. The largeness and exquisite purity of his tone, his wonderful bowing, the ease with which he performs marvels with his left hand, the fascinating truth of his intonation, and, above all, the breadth, warmth and manliness of his style are indescribable. Criticism is out of the question. Through the whole recital one could only listen, admire and wonder.

His reading and playing of the Vieuxtemps Fantasie held every hearer fairly and irresistibly spellbound. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pathos he threw into his rendering of the more cantabile movements of the work. He was, however, at his best in the Bach sonata. There he was heard without accompaniment, and the nobility of his style and his keen artistic sympathy with what is highest and most worthy in his art were made delightfully apparent. The chacoune was given with amazing fertility of resource in variety of expression, and the extraordinary technique of the artist was displayed at its finest in what is, perhaps, the most exacting work ever written for the violin. At the close of his performance he was rewarded with an outburst of applause that was almost deafening, and he was recalled again and again. His own compositions are very charming. It is true that they are mainly of a virtuoso nature, but their melodies are flowing, unconventional and dignified, and they are dignified in character. The Cradle Song is especially pretty and interesting, and the dainty mazourka has a peculiarly piquant grace in the pianissimo that prevails through it. The Satanelle is a bit of pyrotechnics for fingers and bow, in his playing of which the artist dazzled and almost bewildered his audience by his appeal to both eyes and ears. Again he was greeted with a storm of plaudits, and was recalled many times. The concert was, perhaps, somewhat too long, but it is not every day that one hears an Ysaye.

Miss Pfaffin's singing was pleasantly received. Her voice is somewhat thin and wiry in quality, but she sings tunefully and with spirit, and she found favor with the audience. Mr. Lachaume's playing throughout was artistic in feeling and his technique is admirable. His performance of the Chopin ballad was somewhat more robust than is the custom, but it was thoughtful and had a welcome freedom from affectation.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23, a second recital will be given by the same artists. M. Ysaye will be heard in the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven; a sonata by Bach, Beethoven's Romanza in F, a paraphrase from Wagner's "Parsifal," another of the Siegfried Idyls, and the "Zigeuner Weiser," by Sarasate.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 14, 1895.

AN ISAYE CRAZE

SEEMS TO BE COMING IN BOSTON.

The Violinist's First Concert Given in Music Hall Saturday—The Programme Chiefly of the French School, with a Back Number to Flavor It—New Music.

Unless signs fail, an Isaye craze is setting in, similar to the Paderewski furore. Music Hall was crowded in every part Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the first concert given by the great violinist. The audience was not such as one finds at the usual "miscellaneous concert," and while there was abundance of applause, the encore fiend was conspicuous by his absence.

The programme was chiefly of the French school, yet the one Bach number was sufficient to put the stamp of classicality upon the entire proceedings. The first number of the programme might also fairly be called classical, although it was not in the regular sonata form. It was a sonata for violin and piano, by Cesar Franck, and was heard for the first time here. It was solid and true music, not giving the melodic grace of a Massenet or the sparkle of a St. Saens, but presenting well developed ideas, good figure treatment and well chosen contrasts. Its last movement was its strongest and had some interesting imitative work between violin and piano. At the latter instrument sat a young artist not unknown to Boston; when "L'Enfant Prodigue" was given at the Boston Museum some time ago, there was an artist at the piano who chiefly carried that graceful pantomime to success; his name was Aime Lachaume, and when he reappeared in this more legitimate musical atmosphere he was most cordially welcomed. His playing was as intelligent and as poetic as ever, but he was somewhat overweighted in the second and last movements of this sonata. Of M. Isaye's violin work in this one can only speak in terms of enthusiasm; the work is one which would probably make but a dry effect in any but the greatest hands, and the delicacy of shading and sweetness of tone had much to do with winning the work the success it achieved. M. Isaye's next number was of a very different character; it it was Vieuxtemps Fantasie appassionata; Vieuxtemps is really worthy of his name, since his music represents a bygone epoch, an era of violin fireworks, a time when virtuosity was its own reward. Of course every technical barricade was captured with exciting energy, and the violinist frankly paused with expectation of applause (which he received galore), even in the midst of the work, regardless of the fact that the hard-worked M. Lachaume was still laboring at the keyboard.

Musical greatness M. Isaye undoubtedly has, and it stood forth in all its glory in the performance of the Bach sonata in D minor. This was a gradual ascent to Olympus, for the first movement, the Sarabande, was powerful; the second, a Gigue, was still more so, and the great Chaconne was a culmination which was not to be surpassed. This Chaconne, universally recognized as one of the most difficult violin works in existence, is Joachim's favorite *cheval de bataille*, but Isaye is not inferior to the great Hungarian in this number; it is not too much to say that this was the greatest performance of this work that has yet been heard in America. M. Isaye himself might be characterized as a younger Joachim, in that he so thoroughly combines technique with artistic expression. He is not yet so broad in tone as Joachim, he does not rival the late Wieniawski in this direction, but he combines Sarasate's tenderness of tone and showy technique, with something more manly than Sarasate can give, and there is more sincerity and enthusiasm in his playing than one gets from most of the great masters of the violin. The amount of shading and expression which he put into the Bach Chaconne may not have been in line with tradition, but it is a modernization which is commendable nevertheless.

The recalls after this number were too numerous to be counted, but no attempt was made to force an encore. The last numbers of the programme were three pieces of M. Isaye's own composition. All three were graceful, although none was great. The *Scene au Berceau* was a romantic bit of the modern French school, introducing plenty of work with the mute. The exquisite quality of the artist's tone was remarkable in this. The Mazurka, which came next, had more of technical display, and the full tones of the G string, the rapidity and surety of the double-stopping, and the fine harmonics, deserve chronicling. Finally a showy Saltarelle with some phenomenal combinations of bow and pizzicato brought the great violinist's work to a close. One can only say as a summing up, that it is an open question whether M. Isaye is not at present the world's greatest violinist.

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LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Journal.
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a Pastorale .....Bizet
b "Les filles de Cadiz".....Delibes
Miss Pfaffin.
Soli for violin, Scene au Berceau; Mazurka, No. 3 ("Dans le lointain"); Saltarelle Carnavalesque .....Ysaye
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Glorious and entrancing as was the playing of Ysaye, the virtuoso, the feature of the concert was the sonata of César Auguste Franck as played by Ysaye and Lachaume. For here, at last, was an opportunity of hearing in its perfection a masterpiece by one of the greatest composers of this century. These are big words. Time will nod his head to the truth of the statement.

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PHILIP HALE.

The Evening Standard.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 14.

THE YSAYE CONCERTS.

So great was the demand in Boston the past week for tickets to the Ysaye concert, and many being unable to secure the seats they desired, that the management has arranged for two additional concerts in Boston—a matinee Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23d, at Music hall, and a Sunday evening concert at the Boston theater, Jan. 20th. There will be an entire change of programme at each of these concerts, the matinee numbers including several novelties in the way of violin music, sure to attract the attention of violin students, while M. Lachaume and Miss Pfaffin will be heard in choice selections. For the concert at the Boston theater next Sunday evening, in addition to these artists, a large and efficient orchestra of picked musicians from America's principal musical organization will assist under the leadership of the great Boston favorite, Mr. T. Adamowski, who makes this his only appearance as a conductor outside of the summer promenade concerts, and the orchestral numbers will be of the same nature, brilliant and popular as at these concerts.

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, JAN. 13, 1895.

Ysaye Gives a Concert in Music Hall.

The distinguished Belgian pianist, Eugene Ysaye, whose appearance at a recent symphony concert made a profound impression here, gave a recital in Music hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfaffin, soprano, and Mr Aime Lachaume, pianist.

The audience was very large and unusually demonstrative in expressing appreciation of all that was offered. Had the artists complied with the demands for encore numbers the concert would have been twice the proper length. As will be seen by the following the original program was of great length:

Sonata for violin and piano .....Cesar Franck
Messrs Ysaye and Lachaume
Air de Samson et Dalila .....C S Saint-Saens
Miss Pfaffin
Fantasia Appassionata .....Vieuxtemps
Mr Ysaye
Ballade, in B minor, No. 3 .....Chopin
Mr Lachaume
Sonata, in D minor .....Bach
Mr Ysaye
Pastorale .....Bizet
Les Filles de Cadiz .....Delibes
Miss Pfaffin
Scene au Berceau .....E Ysaye
Mazurka, No. 3 (Dans le lointain) .....E Ysaye
Saltarelle Carnavalesque .....E Ysaye
Mr Ysaye

There was no doubt left regarding Mr Ysaye's standing as an artist after his playing with the symphony orchestra, but yesterday the varied program offered opportunities of enjoying to the full his superb technique, his grand style, force, depth of sentiment and incomparable beauty and purity of tone.

The Cesar Franck sonata is not an especially interesting or comprehensive composition, but it offers a good many opportunities for the performer to display his virtuosity, and in consequence was listened to with rapt attention yesterday afternoon. The pianist was inclined to use the pedal too much, and frequently drowned the tone of the violin altogether.

The Vieuxtemps fantasia, as played by Mr Ysaye, was a dazzling exhibition of virtuosity, and was remarkable for its correctness of intonation. The Bach sonata for violin alone is a most trying work, and consequently is not often performed. Ysaye played it superbly yesterday, giving the three movements, sarabande, gigne and chaconne, with splendid expression and in true classic style.

The three original compositions are pleasing works, and are written in a free and graceful style, possessing considerable melody and offering admirable opportunities for display of the performer's virtuosity. As played by their composer they are indeed charming.

Mr Lachaume played Ysaye's accompaniments with excellent judgment and fine effect. He also made a rather favorable impression by his solo performance of the Chopin ballad. His playing was technically correct, but lacked color and warmth of expression.

Miss Pfaffin has a light and pleasing voice which she uses generally with good effect. She was not heard to particular advantage in the "Samson et Dalila" aria, but made a better impression in the song by Delibes.

Two more concerts will be given in Boston by M Ysaye, the first on Sunday evening, Jan 20, at the Boston theater, and the second on Wednesday afternoon, Jan 23, at Music hall. At the first concert M Ysaye will be assisted by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr Adamowski. At the afternoon concert M Ysaye will present several novelties and some well-known compositions, both of great interest to violin players and musicians.

Gazette
SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.
BOSTON, JAN. 27, 1895

The Ysaye Recital.

The second Ysaye concert was given at Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, with the following programme: Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; Paraphrase de Parsifal, Siegfried Idyll, Wagner-Wilhelmj; Scherzo in B-flat minor, Chopin, played by Mr. Lachaume; Sonata in B-flat Bach; Romance in F, Beethoven; Zigeuner Weisen, Sarasate.

The Kreutzer sonata was finely played both by Mr. Ysaye and by Mr. Lachaume, and it aroused the wildest enthusiasm. It is in all-sufficing pleasure to listen to the delightful tones that Mr. Ysaye draws from his violin, but when to this are added surpassing technique, the rarest sympathetic insight and the capacity in the artist to produce all the effects intended by the composer a degree of satisfaction is reached that can be expressed only by praise that savors of adulation. What, for example, shall be said of the marvellous playing of the Bach sonata? Here there was no tampering with classic dignity and severity, but what a wonderful transformation was brought about. Bach eagerly and hungrily listened to by the average lover of music; a work that the average interpreter converts into an arid desert, transformed into a paradise. In the playing of this one work alone, Mr. Ysaye vindicated the justice of all the praise that was or could be bestowed on him. Broadness, dignity, impressiveness, full comprehension, full powers of expression, the most skilled fingers, a magic bow, and a violin gifted with a responsive soul. As Mr. Wegg would say, this is dropping into poetry; but cold, formal criticism is an insult to this fine artist, who can raise even indifference to the pitch of fine frenzy. Almost equal to the Bach interpretation was the playing of the Wilhelmj arrangements of Wagner; difficulties were there, and in abundance, and how easily they were conquered no one noticed in the larger pleasure of yielding to the emotions that the playing called forth. Throughout, the most exacting criticism was more than satisfied, and nothing remains to be done but to heap praise on, praise.

The work performed by Mr. Lachaume, as accompanist, is of high quality; he was particularly admirable in the Kreutzer sonata, and demonstrated that he had not only skilled fingers, but the rarer gift of high artistic intelligence and conscience. His solo number—Chopin's B-flat minor Scherzo—was also an admirable piece of work, somewhat marred by forced and obtrusive emphasis.

Miss Priscilla White sang an aria by Handel, and two songs by Mrs. Beach. The distinguishing trait of Miss White, as an artist, is her confidence in herself; whether in tune or out of tune, whether she runs away from or lags behind the accompanying piano, whether or not she trills on a right or a wrong note, makes no difference to her, she airily finishes her work according to her own ideas, and if she is wrong, that is the fault of the composer. The hearty manner in which she misinterpreted Handel was admirable; the debonair manner in which she took her breath in the wrong places; the gay carelessness of her phrasing, the originality of her trilling on the wrong notes, and her innocent satisfaction in finishing a piece according to a new method, are pleasant memories. And yet Miss White has very much to learn before she can be accepted as a solo singer; she sings out of tune, she has no ear for rhythm, her phrasing is faulty, and there is no evidence of an inspiration that will partly excuse a bad method.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 13, 1895.

If anything could reconcile one to making a part of even a large and yet not densely crowded audience in Music Hall at a concert of strictly solo music, it would be when Mr. Ysaye was the chief performer, as he was yesterday afternoon on the occasion of his second Boston appearance. Full enjoyment is usually possible there only when either an orchestral or choral band performs or when so many people are present that there are no great gaps among them which a common feeling cannot cross unitingly. But this artist's tone is so continuously large, rich, persuasive and commanding and the magnetism of his absorption into his playing of the soul of his music, that even scattered and remote hearers are touched by his personality and respond to the musical message he diffuses among them. There was a better test of his quality and his authority in this concert than at his debut, when he had a crowded and eager assembly before him and a sympathetic and encouraging orchestral support around him. Accordingly he newly demonstrated his right to stand somewhat apart by reason of his personal values in the small group of pre-eminent contemporary masters of the violin. His list of selections named: The "Fantasia Appassionata" of Vieuxtemps; a sonata and three dance forms by Bach; a pastoral scene, a mazurka and a saltarello of his own writing, and a sonata for violin and piano, by Cesar Franck, which was new to Boston. In this last he had the assistance of M. Lachaume, who also played Chopin's B-minor Ballade, No. 30. Singing varied the progress of the programme, as Miss Theodora Pfafflin contributed the familiar scene from Saint Saens's "Sampson and Delilah," and a couple of songs by Bizet and Delibes. She came a stranger, but her sweet and sympathetic voice and nice, although not forcible style, made friends for her at once and insured her a welcome when she shall return.

The sonata, which had its first presentation, proved to be a thoughtful work, polished in style, not over-rich in material or much varied in style, but well considered in detail and having one movement—a "fantasia-recitative"—particularly suiting with the violinist's emotional disposition and manner of expression by the shifting phases of its romantic roaming. M. Ysaye's own pieces were pleasant and graceful, setting out their notions in smooth periods well placed upon the instrument and affording clever opportunities for the display of virtuosity of the less dazzling and imposing kind.

Of course the performance was for the majority of the audience of more consequence than the mere music, and equally of course M. Ysaye carried all before him by those strong elements of character and representation for which he has already become a celebrity. His absolute devotion and unreserve, his fervor and fullness, intensifying the freedom and facility of his method, were all recognized and his hearers gave him while he played an attention as flattering as their subsequent applause. The delicacy and elegance of M. Lachaume's technique and his quick spirit of intuition and accordance were delightfully felt when he accompanied "The Prodigal Son" at the Museum, and they shone forth again with a fine, soft, warm, penetrating light in his part of the concert. He seconded the violinist and the singer as if they had been doing a pantomime of passion and sentiment. Can we describe and praise his work better?

THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY

THUBSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1895.

Ysaye Farewell Matinee.

The attendance at the three concerts already given in Boston, by M. Ysaye, the great violinist, has been so very large, and requests for another concert have been so very numerous, that Mr. Ellis has arranged for a farewell matinee at Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, February 9th, at popular prices, and this being the week the orchestra is away and the last opportunity to hear the great artist at a recital, a tremendous sale is anticipated. M. Ysaye will be heard in works by Raff, Greig, Vieuxtemps, Joachim, and M. Lachaume will also assist.

The vocalist on this occasion will be Watkin Mills, the celebrated English baritone, who makes his first concert appearance in Boston at this recital, although his work in the Christmas performances of the Handel and Haydn society was the subject of great praise and fine notices from the entire Boston press. Mr. Mills divides with Santley and Green the bass work at all the prominent English festivals and concerts, and is today one of the most popular singers known in England or America.

Saturday VoxPopuli

LOWELL, MASS., FEB. 2, 1895.

The attendance at the three concerts already given in Boston, by M. Ysaye, the great violinist, has been so very large, and requests for another concert so numerous, that Mr. Ellis has arranged for a farewell matinee at Music hall, next Saturday afternoon, at popular prices, and this being the week the orchestra is away and the last opportunity to hear the great artist at a recital, a tremendous sale is anticipated. M. Ysaye will be heard in works by Raff, Greig, Vieuxtemps, Joachim, and M. Lachaume will also assist. The vocalist on this occasion will be Mr. Watkins Mills, the celebrated English baritone, who makes his first concert appearance in Boston at this recital.

MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY.

BOSTON, Mass., January 13, 1895.

Music Hall was crowded yesterday afternoon, for Ysaye fiddled. He was assisted by Miss Pfafflin and Mr. Aimé Lachaume. The program was as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano (first time).....César Franck
Messrs. Ysaye and Lachaume.
Air, "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saëns
Miss Pfafflin.
Fantasia Appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Ballade, in A flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Lachaume.
Sonata, in D minor.....Bach
Mr. Ysaye.
Pastorale.....Bizet
"Les filles de Cadiz".....Delibes
Miss Pfafflin.
Scene au Berceau.....
Mazurka, No. 3 (Dans le lointain).....Ysaye
"Saltarelle Carnavalesque".....
Mr. Ysaye.

I have seldom heard such music of pure, sexless, unearthly intensity as the noble sonata for violin and piano by César Franck, that great musician who even now, after his death, is appreciated only by a few, although his fame is growing steadily. Here is music by a Frenchman, for Franck, although born in Liège, was practically a Frenchman, without the float and odor of hair, the delirious attraction of accentuated hips. Call not this sonata austere; call it not passionless. But it is not of the earth, earthy. Its flight is far beyond the world's din and distraction. It is the music of thoughtful purity, without regret or sigh. There is no suggestion of other composers who lived before him or by his side. Do you ask for technical skill? Examine that charming canon.

* * *

Such music agrees with the eulogy pronounced on the composer by "L'Ouvreuse du Cirque d'Été."

Franck was a pure artist. In days when so many only exist for puffery and by puffery, publish with success and pecuniary reward their works that are the most destitute of worth, make capital out of their movements, health and amorous adventures; when masters, or men at least who should deserve the name, show the spirit of fakirs; Franck remained honest without blemish, proudly devoted to the thankless labor, zealous for his art and that alone. He wished to ignore the choice of the crowd, the delights of the dilettanti, more unjust perhaps than the crowd. And had he known them, he would not have been anxious to satisfy them. He lived away from the world, a stranger to the quarry of appetites; composers hunting bravos, they that exploit the Muse and compel her to prostitute herself to all, could not sufficiently disdain, mock and pity contemptuously this poor genius.

Now he is dead, loved, oh! how devotedly and profoundly by a little band of disciples, to whom ten masterpieces of his heart and brain have revealed a new universe, sovereign impressions, ineffable emotions. When his death was reported, few really knew the loss to art. Even cultured amateurs asked in astonishment who was Franck, and what did he write? Some actually knew: he was a professor 'way over on the left bank of the Seine, a conscientious man, who charged much less for lessons than Marmontel. Even at the funeral ceremonies, in the procession to the grave, the management of the Conservatory, which he honored by teaching there, did not dream of being represented. To-day no one disputes the claim of this master. Orchestral leaders, amateurs, critics, the public, all who forgot Franck living or looked down on this admirable artist for whom the composition of a sonata was the great event of existence, try to play, appreciate and understand his works. The history of genius among us is the story of the Knight of the Swan. 'The day he is recognized he must leave you.'"

* * *

To speak of Ysaye's performance throughout would be to take down all the old familiar superlatives, brush them, furbish them and arrange them, if possible, in a new order. Of his own pieces it may be said that they are pretty and catchy as played by him.

M. Lachaume in the sonata and as an accompanist was of invaluable assistance. In ensemble, solo and accompaniment he displayed highly developed modern technic, intelligence, taste and true musical instinct.

Miss Pfafflin was heard to greater advantage in the songs than in the air from "Samson et Delila," which she delivered as though the affair were a June flirtation.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1895.

YSAYE CONCERT.

Music Hall was crowded yesterday afternoon at the last concert of the renowned violinist, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, assisted by Mr. Mills, the English baritone. Mr. Lachaume was to have played, but was delayed by the storm in Pennsylvania, which necessitated a slight change in the programme, although Mr. Mollenhauer was secured to appear at the last moment. Mr. Ysaye played with his accustomed finish and artistic technical detail, and all his efforts were heartily applauded. Some slight changes were made in the programme, but all the selections were most pleasing.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 10.

The Ysaye Concert.

The last matinee of Mr. Eugene Ysaye was given in Music Hall, yesterday afternoon, but the published programme was changed, owing to the absence of Mr. Lachaume. The programme, as given, included Vieuxtemps' E-major Concerto for violin and piano; Spohr's D-minor Concerto; Walther's Prize Song, Wagner-Wilhelmj; Prelude and Fugue, G-minor, Bach, and two movements from a suite, by Vieuxtemps. Mr. Watkin Mills sang a number of songs, and Mr. E. Mollenhauer was the accompanist.

The playing of Mr. Ysaye lost none of its charm and power to stir an audience into enthusiasm, even though Mr. Thompson has appeared in Boston. It is very difficult to resist the temptation to draw a comparison between the two artists, but as, thus far, Mr. Thompson has been heard only once, the Plutarch vein would be unjust to him.

As for Mr. Ysaye, criticism can only repeat itself, and praise be heaped on praise. He is the artist from every viewpoint. His technical knowledge may not be so great as that of Mr. Thompson, but it is ample for all the needs of true art, after which superfluity is simply waste.

The Vieuxtemps concerto gave Mr. Ysaye opportunity to display one aspect of his many moods, the romantic, and herein he stands easily first. The fine Bach prelude and fugue gave the chance for a display of classicism, and again demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, that the artist of many moods is the artist of many styles. Mr. Ysaye possesses the rare merit, born of faultless taste, of not confounding the classic with the cold, and of treating classic compositions as if the music died with the composers. The Bach playing was of surpassing merit throughout. It was broad, dignified and *human*, which, after all, is better than the so-called "angelic" playing, about which we have heard something of late; that is, the bodiless, soulless playing addressed to cherubs faulty in their anatomy, and to saints struggling with demons. It is Mr. Ysaye's merit—some consider it is fault—that he puts, at need, grace, feeling, calm beauty and passionate fire into his playing; and, while under the spell, one can readily forgive him for not standing as impassive as a granite sphinx while he is indulging in double stopping and in double octaves. Nothing finer than Mr. Ysaye's Bach playing has been heard in Boston. The Spohr concerto proved a most charming work in Mr. Ysaye's hands. The first movement begins well, but it is padded out to make it of the requisite length. The second movement is thoroughly delightful; the rondo was charming, and it was played with dazzling brilliancy by Mr. Ysaye, who aroused additional enthusiasm by refraining from treating double stopping as if it were a problem in Euclid. In all his concerts Mr. Ysaye has proved himself the thorough, conscientious artist, and it is to be hoped that in a short time Boston music lovers may again have the pleasure of hearing him.

Mr. Watkin Mills has a fine, cultivated voice. The perfect manner in which he enunciates his words is a pleasurable novelty. His intonation is not always pure, and his singing of the "Erl King" was singularly and painfully insufficient. He was more successful in the Gounod song, and appeared at his best in the "O tu Palermo," from the Sicilian Vespers, and in "Still as Night," by Bohm.

Great praise is due to the accompanist, Mr. E. Mollenhauer, who assumed his duties at a moment's notice, yet showed himself the thoroughly competent artist.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 41.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1895.

THE YSAYE RECITAL.

M. Ysaye played before another large audience in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Lachaume, who was to have assisted on this occasion, having been, according to the announcement made, snowed up somewhere in the wilds surrounding Philadelphia, a change was necessitated in the programme, so, instead of the Raff sonata for piano and violin, was given Vieuxtemps' concerto No. 1 in E, op 10; and for another number Spohr's 9th concerto in D minor was substituted and the Grieg sonata in G minor was replaced by the Vieuxtemps Suite in the old style. There is nothing new that can be said regarding the playing of M. Ysaye. It can be spoken of only in superlatives and these have been exhausted on it. Nothing could have been more pure in taste, style, tone and execution than his performance of the still beautiful Spohr concerto, especially in the more cantabile moments of the first movement, and notably throughout the whole of the charming slow movement, which was given with exquisite warmth, delicacy and tenderness and with a finesse of bowing that was fascinating. The artist was not in his best mood, probably owing to the suddenness with which he was compelled to change his selections, but his playing was none the less masterly and none the less satisfying. That he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled will, of course, be taken for granted. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, who replaced the absent Mr. Lachaume, acquitted himself with admirable technical skill and in a thoroughly musicianly manner. It was a difficult task that unexpectedly fell to his lot, but he proved fully equal to it, and is entitled to the heartiest compliments for the precision, the artistic quality and the ability of his efforts.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang songs by Gounod, Verdi and Bohm, in his first group, and Handel's "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," Schubert's "The Erl King" and Pinsuti's "The Bedouin's Love Song" in his second. He has a full and resonant baritone voice of large compass and excellent in its clearness. He sings with ease, with perfect intonation and with well-trained technique; but, unfortunately, his style is dry and rigid and is monotonous in color. Something more of life and expression in his singing would make it really worth the hearing. As it is, however, his performances are far from interesting. He received very cordial applause, and was also recalled. The hall was inadequately heated, and the artists seemed to be as much disturbed by the chilly atmosphere as did the audience. Something should be attempted to make the place more comfortable during the frigid season.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1895.

The Last Ysaye Recital in Music Hall—A Sudden Change of Program on Account of the Blizzard.

Music Hall was cold and full of draughts yesterday afternoon. Although the concert was announced as beginning at 2.30, it was 2.45 before Mr. Arthur appeared on the platform and said that Mr. Lachaume was detained by the snow "somewhere in the wilderness that surrounds Philadelphia." As the music of the Raff sonata, op. 70, was in Mr. Lachaume's trunk, bag or pocket, the program was changed materially.

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the excellent and versatile musician, took Mr. Lachaume's place at short notice; and he played the accompaniments to violinist and singer exceedingly well.

Mr. Ysaye played the great first movement from Vieuxtemps's E major concerto, the one that envious musicians about 1840 falsely declared was composed by Charles Mayer; Spohr's D minor concerto; a fugue in G minor by Bach; Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Preislied from "the Mastersingers;" and a suite by Vieuxtemps. There is nothing to be said at this late day about Mr. Ysaye's playing. Vieuxtemps once said that Marsick of Paris understood his E major concerto better than any other violinist; but he said this before Ysaye had shown his strength. Having heard Ysaye, one knows why Vieuxtemps in his old age, far from home, longed to listen again to Ysaye's chanterelle. Beautiful, too, was the performance of the old-fashioned concerto of Spohr. All in all, perhaps it was the most delightful exhibition of the violinist's peculiar qualities that has been given at these recitals.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang the bass air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "Calm Is the Night," Bohm; "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," Schubert's "Erl King," Pinsuti's "Bedouin Song." He showed, as do so many English singers, excellent enunciation. Furthermore, his technique was adequate, and his phrasing artistic. But his singing was for the most part dry and phlegmatic. The hearer could say constantly "Well done. You sing like a manly Englishman, who probably plays cricket and golf, and reverences his Queen." It's a pity that Mr. Mills has apparently neither by birth nor purchase a temperament.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10, 1895.

Ysaye's Concert.

The renowned Belgian violinist Ysaye attracted another large audience to Music hall yesterday afternoon, when he gave his last matinee performance in this city. The superb work of the artist was received with as much favor as at the previous concerts, and the pleasure of the audience was doubly enhanced by the vocalizing of the distinguished English baritone Watkin Mills, whose numbers evoked most hearty applause.

Mr. Aime Lachaume was unable to appear, being storm-bound somewhere in the west, and the piano accompaniments were played by Mr Emil Mollenhauer. The program was slightly changed in consequence, manager Arthur announcing the changes from the platform.

Mr Ysaye's selections were a movement from E major concerto, and suite in old style, by Vieuxtemps, concerto in D minor by Spohr, a Bach prelude and fugue, and the prize song from "The Meistersinger." The command this artist has over the violin is wonderful, and no difficulties of fingering appear to be obstacles to him. His runs are true in tone, even, and light and shades are preserved without sacrificing rapidity of execution. The encomiums showered upon Mr Ysaye in this city are deserved, and to state briefly that yesterday he repeated his former successes is giving him praise of the highest order.

The magnificent singing by Mr Watkin Mills evoked hearty applause. His voice is rich and sweet, with a bass quality which imparts a resonance to his vocalizing only found in artists of the front rank. Equal commendation is due Mr Mills for his singing of an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," Schubert's "Ere King" and the Bedouin love song, by Pinsuti.

The flexibility and evenness of his voice is quite marked for a baritone, and his phrasing and enunciation shows that not only is his method admirable, but his control of his tones is as nearly perfect as one can expect to achieve. The concert was thoroughly enjoyable in every way.

[13]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 13, 1895.

If anything could reconcile one to making a part of even a large and yet not densely crowded audience in Music Hall at a concert of strictly solo music, it would be when Mr. Ysaye was the chief performer, as he was yesterday afternoon on the occasion of his second Boston appearance. Full enjoyment is usually possible there only when either an orchestral or choral band performs or when so many people are present that there are no great gaps among them which a common feeling cannot cross unitingly. But this artist's tone is so continuously large, rich, persuasive and commanding and the magnetism of his absorption into his playing of the soul of his music, that even scattered and remote hearers are touched by his personality and respond to the musical message he diffuses among them. There was a better test of his quality and his authority in this concert than at his debut, when he had a crowded and eager assembly before him and a sympathetic and encouraging orchestral support around him. Accordingly he newly demonstrated his right to stand somewhat apart by reason of his personal values in the small group of pre-eminent contemporary masters of the violin. His list of selections named: The "Fantasia Appassionata" of Vieuxtemps; a sonata and three dance forms by Bach; a pastoral scene, a mazurka and a saltarello of his own writing, and a sonata for violin and piano, by Cesar Franck, which was new to Boston. In this last he had the assistance of M. Lachaume, who also played Chopin's B-minor Ballade, No. 30. Singing varied the progress of the programme, as Miss Theodora Pfafflin contributed the familiar scene from Saint Saens's "Sampson and Delilah," and a couple of songs by Bizet and Delibes. She came a stranger, but her sweet and sympathetic voice and nice, although not forcible style, made friends for her at once and insured her a welcome when she shall return.

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THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY

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Saturday VoxPopuli

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Sonata for violin and piano (first time).....César Franck
Messrs. Ysaye and Lachaume.
Air, "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saëns
Miss Pfafflin.
Fantasia Appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Ballade, in A flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Lachaume.
Sonata, in D minor.....Bach
Mr. Ysaye.
Pastorale.....Bizet
"Les filles de Cadiz".....Delibes
Miss Pfafflin.
Scene au Berceau.....
Mazurka, No. 3 (Dans le lointain).....Ysaye
"Saltarelle Carnavalesque".....
Mr. Ysaye.

I have seldom heard such music of pure, sexless, unearthly intensity as the noble sonata for violin and piano by César Franck, that great musician who even now, after his death, is appreciated only by a few, although his fame is growing steadily. Here is music by a Frenchman, for Franck, although born in Liège, was practically a Frenchman, without the float and odor of hair, the delirious attraction of accentuated hips. Call not this sonata austere; call it not passionless. But it is not of the earth, earthy. Its flight is far beyond the world's din and distraction. It is the music of thoughtful purity, without regret or sigh. There is no suggestion of other composers who lived before him or by his side. Do you ask for technical skill? Examine that charming canon.

* * *

Such music agrees with the eulogy pronounced on the composer by "L'Ouvreuse du Cirque d'Été."

Franck was a pure artist. In days when so many only exist for puffery and by puffery, publish with success and pecuniary reward their works that are the most destitute of worth, make capital out of their movements, health and amorous adventures; when masters, or men at least who should deserve the name, show the spirit of fakirs; Franck remained honest without blemish, proudly devoted to the thankless labor, zealous for his art and that alone. He wished to ignore the choice of the crowd, the delights of the dilettanti, more unjust perhaps than the crowd. And had he known them, he would not have been anxious to satisfy them. He lived away from the world, a stranger to the quarry of appetites; composers hunting bravos, they that exploit the Muse and compel her to prostitute herself to all, could not sufficiently disdain, mock and pity contemptuously this poor genius.

Now he is dead, loved, oh! how devotedly and profoundly by a little band of disciples, to whom ten masterpieces of his heart and brain have revealed a new universe, sovereign impressions, ineffable emotions. When his death was reported, few really knew the loss to art. Even cultured amateurs asked in astonishment who was Franck, and what did he write? Some actually knew: he was a professor 'way over on the left bank of the Seine, a conscientious man, who charged much less for lessons than Marmontel. Even at the funeral ceremonies, in the procession to the grave, the management of the Conservatory, which he honored by teaching there, did not dream of being represented. To-day no one disputes the claim of this master. Orchestral leaders, amateurs, critics, the public, all who forgot Franck living or looked down on this admirable artist for whom the composition of a sonata was the great event of existence, try to play, appreciate and understand his works. The history of genius among us is the story of the Knight of the Swan. 'The day he is recognized he must leave you.'"

* * *

To speak of Ysaye's performance throughout would be to take down all the old familiar superlatives, brush them, furbish them and arrange them, if possible, in a new order. Of his own pieces it may be said that they are pretty and catchy as played by him.

M. Lachaume in the sonata and as an accompanist was of invaluable assistance. In ensemble, solo and accompaniment he displayed highly developed modern technic, intelligence, taste and true musical instinct.

Miss Pfafflin was heard to greater advantage in the songs than in the air from "Samson et Delila," which she delivered as though the affair were a June flirtation.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1895.

YSAYE CONCERT.

Music Hall was crowded yesterday afternoon at the last concert of the renowned violinist, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, assisted by Mr. Mills, the English baritone. Mr. Lachaume was to have played, but was delayed by the storm in Pennsylvania, which necessitated a slight change in the programme, although Mr. Mollenhauer was secured to appear at the last moment. Mr. Ysaye played with his accustomed finish and artistic technical detail, and all his efforts were heartily applauded. Some slight changes were made in the programme, but all the selections were most pleasing.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 10.

The Ysaye Concert.

The last matinee of Mr. Eugene Ysaye was given in Music Hall, yesterday afternoon, but the published programme was changed, owing to the absence of Mr. Lachaume. The programme, as given, included Vieuxtemps' E-major Concerto for violin and piano; Spohr's D-minor Concerto; Walther's Prize Song, Wagner-Wilhelmj; Prelude and Fugue, G-minor, Bach, and two movements from a suite, by Vieuxtemps. Mr. Watkin Mills sang a number of songs, and Mr. E. Mollenhauer was the accompanist.

The playing of Mr. Ysaye lost none of its charm and power to stir an audience into enthusiasm, even though Mr. Thompson has appeared in Boston. It is very difficult to resist the temptation to draw a comparison between the two artists, but as, thus far, Mr. Thompson has been heard only once, the Plutarch vein would be unjust to him.

As for Mr. Ysaye, criticism can only repeat itself, and praise be heaped on praise. He is the artist from every viewpoint. His technical knowledge may not be so great as that of Mr. Thompson, but it is ample for all the needs of true art, after which superfluities simply waste.

The Vieuxtemps concerto gave Mr. Ysaye opportunity to display one aspect of his many moods, the romantic, and herein he stands easily first. The fine Bach prelude and fugue gave the chance for a display of classicism, and again demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, that the artist of many moods is the artist of many styles. Mr. Ysaye possesses the rare merit, born of faultless taste, of not confounding the classic with the cold, and of treating classic compositions as if the music died with the composers. The Bach playing was of surpassing merit throughout. It was broad, dignified and *human*, which, after all, is better than the so-called "angelic" playing, about which we have heard something of late; that is, the bodiless, soulless playing addressed to cherubs faulty in their anatomy, and to saints struggling with demons. It is Mr. Ysaye's merit—some consider it is fault—that he puts, at need, grace, feeling, calm beauty and passionate fire into his playing; and, while under the spell, one can readily forgive him for not standing as impassive as a granite sphinx while he is indulging in double stopping and in double octaves. Nothing finer than Mr. Ysaye's Bach playing has been heard in Boston. The Spohr concerto proved a most charming work in Mr. Ysaye's hands. The first movement begins well, but it is padded out to make it of the requisite length. The second movement is thoroughly delightful; the rondo was charming, and it was played with dazzling brilliancy by Mr. Ysaye, who aroused additional enthusiasm by refraining from treating double stopping as if it were a problem in Euclid. In all his concerts Mr. Ysaye has proved himself the thorough, conscientious artist, and it is to be hoped that in a short time Boston music lovers may again have the pleasure of hearing him.

Mr. Watkin Mills has a fine, cultivated voice. The perfect manner in which he enunciates his words is a pleasurable novelty. His intonation is not always pure, and his singing of the "Erl King" was singularly and painfully insufficient. He was more successful in the Gounod song, and appeared at his best in the "O tu Palermo," from the Sicilian Vespers, and in "Still as Night," by Bohm.

Great praise is due to the accompanist, Mr. E. Mollenhauer, who assumed his duties at a moment's notice, yet showed himself the thoroughly competent artist.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 41.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1895.

THE YSAYE RECITAL.

M. Ysaye played before another large audience in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Lachaume, who was to have assisted on this occasion, having been, according to the announcement made, snowed up somewhere in the wilds surrounding Philadelphia, a change was necessitated in the programme, so, instead of the Raff sonata for piano and violin, was given Vieuxtemps' concerto No. 1 in E, op 10; and for another number Spohr's 9th concerto in D minor was substituted and the Grieg sonata in G minor was replaced by the Vieuxtemps Suite in the old style. There is nothing new that can be said regarding the playing of M. Ysaye. It can be spoken of only in superlatives and these have been exhausted on it. Nothing could have been more pure in taste, style, tone and execution than his performance of the still beautiful Spohr concerto, especially in the more cantabile moments of the first movement, and notably throughout the whole of the charming slow movement, which was given with exquisite warmth, delicacy, and tenderness and with a finesse of bowing that was fascinating. The artist was not in his best mood, probably owing to the suddenness with which he was compelled to change his selections, but his playing was none the less masterly and none the less satisfying. That he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled will, of course, be taken for granted. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, who replaced the absent Mr. Lachaume, acquitted himself with admirable technical skill and in a thoroughly musicianly manner. It was a difficult task that unexpectedly fell to his lot, but he proved fully equal to it, and is entitled to the heartiest compliments for the precision, the artistic quality and the ability of his efforts.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang songs by Gounod, Verdi and Bohm, in his first group, and Handel's "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," Schubert's "The Erl King" and Pinsuti's "The Bedouin's Love Song" in his second. He has a full and resonant baritone voice of large compass and excellent in its clearness. He sings with ease, with perfect intonation and with well-trained technique; but, unfortunately, his style is dry and rigid and is monotonous in color. Something more of life and expression in his singing would make it really worth the hearing. As it is, however, his performances are far from interesting. He received very cordial applause, and was also recalled. The hall was inadequately heated, and the artists seemed to be as much disturbed by the chilly atmosphere as did the audience. Something should be attempted to make the place more comfortable during the frigid season.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1895.

The Last Ysaye Recital in Music Hall—A Sudden Change of Program on Account of the Blizzard.

Music Hall was cold and full of draughts yesterday afternoon. Although the concert was announced as beginning at 2.30, it was 2.45 before Mr. Arthur appeared on the platform and said that Mr. Lachaume was detained by the snow "somewhere in the wilderness that surrounds Philadelphia." As the music of the Raff sonata, op. 70, was in Mr. Lachaume's trunk, bag or pocket, the program was changed materially.

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the excellent and versatile musician, took Mr. Lachaume's place at short notice; and he played the accompaniments to violinist and singer exceedingly well.

Mr. Ysaye played the great first movement from Vieuxtemps's E major concerto, the one that envious musicians about 1840 falsely declared was composed by Charles Mayer; Spohr's D minor concerto; a fugue in G minor by Bach; Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Preislied from "the Mastersingers;" and a suite by Vieuxtemps. There is nothing to be said at this late day about Mr. Ysaye's playing. Vieuxtemps once said that Marsick of Paris understood his E major concerto better than any other violinist; but he said this before Ysaye had shown his strength. Having heard Ysaye, one knows why Vieuxtemps in his old age, far from home, longed to listen again to Ysaye's chanterelle. Beautiful, too, was the performance of the old-fashioned concerto of Spohr. All in all, perhaps it was the most delightful exhibition of the violinist's peculiar qualities that has been given at these recitals.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang the bass air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "Calm Is the Night," Bohm; "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," Schubert's "Erl King," Pinsuti's "Bedouin Song." He showed, as do so many English singers, excellent enunciation. Furthermore, his technique was adequate, and his phrasing artistic. But his singing was for the most part dry and phlegmatic. The hearer could say constantly "Well done. You sing like a manly Englishman, who probably plays cricket and golf, and reverences his Queen." It's a pity that Mr. Mills has apparently neither by birth nor purchase a temperament.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10, 1895.

Ysaye's Concert.

The renowned Belgian violinist Ysaye attracted another large audience to Music hall yesterday afternoon, when he gave his last matinee performance in this city. The superb work of the artist was received with as much favor as at the previous concerts, and the pleasure of the audience was doubly enhanced by the vocalizing of the distinguished English baritone Watkin Mills, whose numbers evoked most hearty applause.

Mr Aime Lachaume was unable to appear, being storm-bound somewhere in the west, and the piano accompaniments were played by Mr Emil Mollenhauer. The program was slightly changed in consequence, manager Arthur announcing the changes from the platform.

Mr Ysaye's selections were a movement from E major concerto, and suite in old style, by Vieuxtemps, concerto in D minor by Spohr, a Bach prelude and fugue, and the prize song from "The Meistersinger." The command this artist has over the violin is wonderful, and no difficulties of fingering appear to be obstacles to him. His runs are true in tone, even, and light and shades are preserved without sacrificing rapidity of execution. The encomiums showered upon Mr Ysaye in this city are deserved, and to state briefly that yesterday he repeated his former successes is giving him praise of the highest order.

The magnificent singing by Mr Watkin Mills evoked hearty applause. His voice is rich and sweet, with a bass quality which imparts a resonance to his vocalizing only found in artists of the front rank. Equal commendation is due Mr Mills for his singing of an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," Schubert's "Ere King" and the Bedouin love song, by Pinsuti.

The flexibility and evenness of his voice is quite marked for a baritone, and his phrasing and enunciation shows that not only is his method admirable, but his control of his tones is as nearly perfect as one can expect to achieve. The concert was thoroughly enjoyable in every way.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 10 1895.

The blizzard upset the programme for Mr. Ysaye's last concert—given in Music Hall yesterday afternoon before a very large audience—by blockading M. Lachaume somewhere in Pennsylvania. At short notice Mr. E. Mollenhauer was induced to act for him; but in consequence of the extremely short time which could be had for rehearsal, it was necessary to make a substitution of a suite of Vieuxbemps in place of a Grieg concerto which had been proposed and to rearrange the remaining numbers. But Mr. Mollenhauer proved himself so ready and capable at the piano that the great violinist could play with all fullness and freedom, demonstrating to the renewed delight of his hearers how deep and fine is his talent, how broad and beautiful his art and how sincere is his devotion of his talent and his accomplishments to the cause of what is best in musical art. Indeed, he seemed at times to be giving himself with unusual fervor, strength and grace to his work, as if determined to compensate in his single self for any disappointment which might be felt on account of the absence of his usual adjutor. He carried his auditors with him in every bar he played and received the warmest tributes of applause in return. The vocalist of the day was Mr. Watkins Mills, who sang the popular bass air from "The Queen of Sheba," an air from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," "O Ruddier than the Cherry," "The Erl King," Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song," and a ditty by Bohm. In all of these he was successful and approved, and he availed himself quickly and surely to show far better than he could in "The Messiah," the quality and cultivation of his voice and the spirit in which he could approach and treat with authors so diverse. He left the impression of a first-rate "all-round" singer, intelligent and correct in rendering various styles of music faithfully, and also possessed of energy and animation, although not quite impassioned in his delivery and some times a bit formal in his vocalization.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1895.

Music Hall: The Ysaye Concert.

Mr. Eugène Ysaÿe, assisted by Mr. Watkin Mills, gave a concert before a large audience in the Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, the programme being as follows:

First Movement from the Violin Concerto in E major.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Air, "She alone charmeth my sadness," from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Air, "O tu Palermo," from "I Vespri Siciliani"...Verdi
Song, "Still as the night".....Bohm
Mr. Mills.
Violin Concerto No. 3, in D minor.....Spohr
Mr. Ysaye.
Air, "O ruddier than the cherry," from "Acis and Galatea".....Handel
The Erl-King.....Schubert
The Bedouin's Love Song.....Pinsuti
Mr. Mills.
Prelude and Fugue in G minor, for Violin alone..Bach
Walther's Prize Song.....Wagner-Wilhelmj
Mr. Ysaye.

The great violinist again worked wonders. Both in the Vieuxtemps movement and in the Spohr concerto,—only the Finale of which sounded antiquated and out of date—his playing was immensely fine. Such brilliancy of *bravura*, such grace and charm of phrasing, come only from a great artist. His playing of the prelude and fugue by Bach—and most especially of the latter—seemed to us far and away the finest Bach playing he has done here; in vigor of accent, manliness, and ever-growing force, it left nothing to be desired. He also played Wilhelmj's transcription of the *Preislied* from the "Meistersinger" exquisitely, if with somewhat less power of effect than the "Parsifal" and "Siegfried" transcriptions he gave us on his last visit.

Mr. Watkin Mills has a fine baritone voice, which he uses uncommonly well; in all that pertains to the production of tone his singing is fairly masterly, and his *coloratura*—as shown in Polyphemus's song from "Acis and Galatea" is fluent, smooth, clear, and true to pitch. The trail of the oratorio is, however, over him to a considerable extent; there is a certain Anglo-Saxon stiffness in his singing of the French and Italian things which distorts their true character. He sings them as with the conviction of an Englishman that true excellence does not need to be charming. In the songs by Bohm and Pinsuti his manner is more germane to the matter; and in the Handel song he was distinctly admirable.

A word of high praise is due Mr. Mollenhauer for his excellent playing of the often complex and difficult accompaniments.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 11, 1895.

THE YSAYE CONCERT.

STORM OCCASIONS SOME CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Not Even Unfavoring Elements Can Prevent the Violinist from Giving a Concert and a Good One—Mr. Watkin Mills in Good and Bad Numbers—Musical Notes.

Music Hall was well filled Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the last Ysaye matinee. The concert began *molto ritenuto*, about 20 minutes later. Just as the audience were wondering how many more measures of rest they were to count, a speech was made in which it was stated that M. Lachaume, the utility pianist, was lost somewhere in the storm, and that substitutions were therefore necessary. These substitutions resulted in Mr. Emil Mollenhauer becoming the pianist, in Grieg and Raff disappearing from the programme, and in a little more Vieuxtemps and a Spohr concerto endeavoring to take their place. Mr. Mollenhauer did his part commendably, considering that he was called to the task without rehearsal, and in the "Preislied" and in a Vieuxtemps Gavotte he was as effective as M. Lachaume could have been. But the audience felt the *rechauffée*-like character of the programme, and refused to grow enthusiastic. Possibly M. Ysaye also felt the "Boston chill" with which outsiders charge our audiences, and was not at his ease, for he certainly played out of tune once or twice in the earlier numbers of the concert. The revised programme began with the first movement of Vieuxtemps violin concerto in E major. This work, although allopathic in showy passages, is homœopathic in ideas, and has very little to say to the auditor of classical proclivities. It gave opportunity for M. Ysaye to do some wonderful work in *glissando* double-stopped phrases, in harmonics, in very delicate scale-work, and especially in some *martellato* bowing.

Now followed Mr. Watkin Mills, who made such a good impression here in oratorio recently. It was made evident, on this occasion, that in spite of the possession of certain estimable qualities, the singer lacks emotional power. His singing is sturdy, sometimes too sturdy, but also stolid. Nevertheless, in the appropriate pieces, one can heartily enjoy his manly power, his sure intonation, and, above all, his careful phrasing and distinct enunciation. A selection from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" failed to reveal any romance or emotion. Verdi's "O tu Palermo" was much better, and Bohm's best song, "Still as the Night" (the accompaniment of which revels in the very depths of the modern pianoforte), was excellently sung.

Now followed Spohr's concerto for violin, in D minor, in which M. Ysaye did some very fine playing. The slow movement was given with ineffable sweetness, and there was a praiseworthy delicacy and caprice in the finale, but Spohr is not a name to conjure with in these latter days, and the calm of the audience was not greatly disturbed, although the violinist was recalled twice or thrice.

Mr. Watkin Mills then came again, and this time in force, for he sang "Oh Ruddier Than the Cherry" in a most masterly manner. This number has not been sung so well here since Santley came among us in his prime. Every phrase was intact, uncut, and every word was intelligible. The difficult accompaniment was well rendered; it contains some florid work for flute, which nowadays misguided conductors give on piccolo. After this number Mr. Mills boldly attacked Schubert's "Erl-king." One could recognize the fact that it was the "Erl-king" by the triplets in the accompaniment rather than by anything done by the voice. Liberties were taken with the tempo, the erl-king coaxed the child with an eminently proper Sunday-school-teacher sweetness, and the youngster, although spasmodic, was still robust and rather unconcerned; it was altogether the worst piece of work that this excellent artist has given us, and came in the nature of a most disagreeable surprise. The present writer is unfamiliar with the translation used, but in one or two points it resembled that horrible one in the Pauer edition of Schubert. In that edition Goethe is "upset into English" in a manner that abolishes Schubert's intentions finely. Where Schubert has given a sentence to the father the translator gives it to the child, where the child should speak one hears the sturdy tones of the father; and there is one verse which must make the superintendent of our weather bureau green with envy; it runs thus:—

"'O father, my father, and saw you not plain
The erlking's pale daughter glide fast through the rain?'
'O no, my heart's treasure, I knew it full soon,
It was the grey willow that danced *to the moon*.'"

In which we have a rainstorm by moonlight, which even our blizzard makers have not yet succeeded in producing.

Following this number Mr. Mills sang with excellent effect Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song," (a setting inferior to that made by the unfortunate Pease) after which he was recalled with well deserved fervor. Now came Ysaye at his very best. In Bach's prelude and Fugue in G minor the great artist reached his height. Of course some concessions have to be made when a fugue is played on an instrument which, like the violin, is intended rather for melody than for polyphonic work, but such clearness in double stopping one may not hear often in a lifetime. It was one of the greatest exhibitions of his art that M. Ysaye has yet given here. Now followed "Walther's Prize-song" from "The Mastersingers," and it was played with great expression and beauty. Not since Wilhelmj played it in Boston has it been so well rendered here upon the violin. At the end of this the public, which had become dazed at the changes made upon the programme, thought the concert ended and began filing out. There was, however, one number announced to follow, and this number was an especially interesting one. It was a Suite in the old style, by Vieuxtemps, and it displayed that florid composer in a much better light than some of his concertos do. Unfortunately, seeing the mistake made by the audience, M. Ysaye felt that he could not [illegible] entire composition, therefore only two of the four movements were given. These were an aria and a gavotte, and it was astonishing to see how well the composer had entered into the spirit of the old school; the aria was quaint and preluding in style, and formed an excellent foil to the skipping character of the gavotte. This latter gave some fine passages on the G string, and was a perfect *etude* in long skips, which were all given with absolute surety. The classical purity of the two movements given made one long to hear the complete work, but with this dainty specimen of Vieuxtemps' best handiwork and of Ysaye's most effective playing this almost impromptu concert came to an untimely end. Yet it was all very enjoyable, and when M. Lachaume is thawed out of the snowdrifts he will learn with astonishment that not even the loss of a pianist, not the elements themselves, can stop M. Ysaye when he desires to give a concert.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL COURIER.

Ysaye gave the last of his recitals in Music Hall the 9th. Mr. Lachaume was detained by the blizzard, and Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, that most excellent and versatile musician, took his place at short notice. He played the accompaniments delightfully.

Ysaye played the first movement from Vieuxtemps' E major concerto; Spohr's concerto in D minor; fugue, G minor, Bach; Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Preislied, and Vieuxtemps' Suite in the Old Manner. There is nothing new to be said about his performance. The tone was beautiful in sensuousness or in crystalline purity, and technic was forgotten in the ease with which he conquered difficulties.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," Gounod; "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "Still as the Night," Bohm; "O Ruddier than the Cherry," Händel; "The Erl King," Schubert, and "The Bedouin's Love Song," Pinsuti. His enunciation was a pleasure, and his vocal technic was almost always admirable. In the air from "The Queen of Sheba" he did not shake off the constitutional English phlegm, but his phrasing was artistic and his bearing manly.

* * *

Mr. E. Mollenhauer, who was to play the accompaniments for Mr. Watkin Mills' songs this afternoon at the Ysaye concert, was obliged at a moment's notice to also play the accompaniments for Ysaye. The greater portion of the music could not be rehearsed, the concerto being the only piece they ran through—no, "rushed through."

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Boston Courier.

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Walther's Prize Song.....Wagner-Wilhelmj
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STORM OCCASIONS SOME CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Not Even Unfavoring Elements Can Prevent the Violinist from Giving a Concert and a Good One—Mr. Watkin Mills in Good and Bad Numbers—Musical Notes.

Music Hall was well filled Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the last Ysaye matinee. The concert began *molto ritenuto*, about 20 minutes later. Just as the audience were wondering how many more measures of rest they were to count, a speech was made in which it was stated that M. Lachaume, the utility pianist, was lost somewhere in the storm, and that substitutions were therefore necessary. These substitutions resulted in Mr. Emil Mollenhauer becoming the pianist, in Grieg and Raff disappearing from the programme, and in a little more Vieuxtemps and a Spohr concerto endeavoring to take their place. Mr. Mollenhauer did his part commendably, considering that he was called to the task without rehearsal, and in the "Preislied" and in a Vieuxtemps Gavotte he was as effective as M. Lachaume could have been. But the audience felt the *re-hanffée*-like character of the programme, and refused to grow enthusiastic. Possibly M. Ysaye also felt the "Boston chill" with which outsiders charge our audiences, and was not at his ease, for he certainly played out of tune once or twice in the earlier numbers of the concert. The revised programme began with the first movement of Vieuxtemps violin concerto in E major. This work, although allopathic in showy passages, is homœopathic in ideas, and has very little to say to the auditor of classical proclivities. It gave opportunity for M. Ysaye to do some wonderful work in *glissando* double-stopped phrases, in harmonics, in very delicate scale-work, and especially in some *martellato* bowing.

Now followed Mr. Watkin Mills, who made such a good impression here in oratorio recently. It was made evident, on this occasion, that in spite of the possession of certain estimable qualities, the singer lacks emotional power. His singing is sturdy, sometimes too sturdy, but also stolid. Nevertheless, in the appropriate pieces, one can heartily enjoy his manly power, his sure intonation, and, above all, his careful phrasing and distinct enunciation. A selection from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" failed to reveal any romance or emotion. Verdi's "O tu Palermo" was much better, and Bohm's best song, "Still as the Night" (the accompaniment of which revels in the very depths of the modern pianoforte), was excellently sung.

Now followed Spohr's concerto for violin, in D minor, in which M. Ysaye did some very fine playing. The slow movement was given with ineffable sweetness, and there was a praiseworthy delicacy and caprice in the finale, but Spohr is not a name to conjure with in these latter days, and the calm of the audience was not greatly disturbed, although the violinist was recalled twice or thrice.

Mr. Watkin Mills then came again, and this time in force, for he sang "Oh Ruddier Than the Cherry" in a most masterly manner. This number has not been sung so well here since Santley came among us in his prime. Every phrase was intact, uncut, and every word was intelligible. The difficult accompaniment was well rendered; it contains some florid work for flute, which nowadays misguided conductors give on piccolo. After this number Mr. Mills boldly attacked Schubert's "Erl-king." One could recognize the fact that it was the "Erl-king" by the triplets in the accompaniment rather than by anything done by the voice. Liberties were taken with the tempo, the erlking coaxed the child with an eminently proper Sunday-school-teacher sweetness, and the youngster, although spasmodic, was still robust and rather unconcerned; it was altogether the worst piece of work that this excellent artist has given us, and came in the nature of a most disagreeable surprise. The present writer is unfamiliar with the translation used, but in one or two points it resembled that horrible one in the Pauer edition of Schubert. In that edition Goethe is "upset into English" in a manner that abolishes Schubert's intentions finely. Where Schubert has given a sentence to the father the translator gives it to the child, where the child should speak one hears the sturdy tones of the father; and there is one verse which must make the superintendent of our weather bureau green with envy; it runs thus:—

"'O father, my father, and saw you not plain
The erlking's pale daughter glide fast through the rain?'
'O no, my heart's treasure, I knew it full soon,
It was the grey willow that danced *to the moon*.'"

In which we have a rainstorm by moonlight, which even our blizzard makers have not yet succeeded in producing.

Following this number Mr. Mills sang with excellent effect Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song," (a setting inferior to that made by the unfortunate Pease) after which he was recalled with well deserved fervor. Now came Ysaye at his very best. In Bach's prelude and Fugue in G minor the great artist reached his height. Of course some concessions have to be made when a fugue is played on an instrument which, like the violin, is intended rather for melody than for polyphonic work, but such clearness in double stopping one may not hear often in a lifetime. It was one of the greatest exhibitions of his art that M. Ysaye has yet given here. Now followed "Walther's Prize-song" from "The Mastersingers," and it was played with great expression and beauty. Not since Wilhelmj played it in Boston has it been so well rendered here upon the violin. At the end of this the public, which had become dazed at the changes made upon the programme, thought the concert ended and began filing out. There was, however, one number announced to follow, and this number was an especially interesting one. It was a Suite in the old style, by Vieuxtemps, and it displayed that florid composer in a much better light than some of his concertos do. Unfortunately, seeing the mistake made by the audience, M. Ysaye felt that he could not detain them with the entire composition, therefore only two of the four movements were given. These were an aria and a gavotte, and it was astonishing to see how well the composer had entered into the spirit of the old school; the aria was quaint and preluding in style, and formed an excellent foil to the skipping character of the gavotte. This latter gave some fine passages on the G string, and was a perfect *etude* in long skips, which were all given with absolute surety. The classical purity of the two movements given made one long to hear the complete work, but with this dainty specimen of Vieuxtemps' best handiwork and of Ysaye's most effective playing this almost impromptu concert came to an untimely end. Yet it was all very enjoyable, and when M. Lachaume is thawed out of the snowdrifts he will learn with astonishment that not even the loss of a pianist, not the elements themselves, can stop M. Ysaye when he desires to give a concert.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL COURIER.

Ysaye gave the last of his recitals in Music Hall the 9th. Mr. Lachaume was detained by the blizzard, and Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, that most excellent and versatile musician, took his place at short notice. He played the accompaniments delightfully.

Ysaye played the first movement from Vieuxtemps' E major concerto; Spohr's concerto in D minor; fugue, G minor, Bach; Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Preislied, and Vieuxtemps' Suite in the Old Manner. There is nothing new to be said about his performance. The tone was beautiful in sensuousness or in crystalline purity, and technic was forgotten in the ease with which he conquered difficulties.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," Gounod; "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "Still as the Night," Bohm; "O Ruddier than the Cherry," Händel; "The Erl King," Schubert, and "The Bedouin's Love Song," Pinsuti. His enunciation was a pleasure, and his vocal technic was almost always admirable. In the air from "The Queen of Sheba" he did not shake off the constitutional English phlegm, but his phrasing was artistic and his bearing manly.

* * *

Mr. E. Mollenhauer, who was to play the accompaniments for Mr. Watkin Mills' songs this afternoon at the Ysaye concert, was obliged at a moment's notice to also play the accompaniments for Ysaye. The greater portion of the music could not be rehearsed, the concerto being the only piece they ran through—no, "rushed through."

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SUNDAY HERALD.

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VOL. XCVI., NO. 57.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1894.

Element of Lightness to Be Infused Into the Symphony Programmes—

While it is yet too early to announce in detail the concert projects in contemplation for the forthcoming musical season, enough is already known to justify the statement that it will be an exceptionally busy one. Of course, and as usual, the 24 concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra are of the first importance. We understand that Mr. Emil Paur in arranging the programmes for this year's series, has been moved by a desire to maintain their classical character, and yet, at the same time, to infuse into them an element of lightness that has been lacking hitherto. These concerts last only 1½ hours each, but it has been found that much musical weariness of ear and of soul can be compressed into that brief space of time. The wish to make the concerts educational, primarily, seems to have pushed into the background the thought of making them interesting as well, and while the result has been much fine music there has also been much that was dreary in effect. It requires no little skill and discretion to combine the educational and the entertaining, and these qualities have not always been brought to bear on the Symphony orchestra programmes. Then, too, there has not been a broad and generous recognition of the fact that genius, musical or otherwise, is of no nationality, but is the possession of the whole world. It is indisputable that to Germany belongs the foremost rank as the producer of the master composers for the orchestra; but there are, nevertheless, composers of note in other lands, who have recently come prominently to the front, and whose works have not, as yet, had a hearing in this city. In fact, at the present moment it is questionable if Germany holds with as firm a hand as she has held it in the past the supremacy on which she justly prided herself. The revolution that has overtaken the modern French school and also the modern Italian school has given a powerful impetus to musical art in both countries, and now their leading composers turn their attention to orchestral music with a zeal and an ambition they have not before manifested in this direction. Their works are certainly entitled to a hearing here.

We understand that Mr. Paur has taken these facts into serious consideration and that it is his intention to impart a large spirit of eclecticism to the symphony programmes this season. Composers, French and Italian, are to have a fair representation in important orchestral works, and we have heard that large compositions by Chabrier, Reber and Sgambati are to be among the more striking novelties of the season. Most surprising of all, and not the least welcome, if rumor may be believed, there are to be from time to time, light overtures of the French school, and possibly, mirabile dictu, an Auber overture, occasionally. Soloists of established rank, several of whom have not yet been heard in this country, will, it is said on good authority, appear at these concerts, in addition to many of the more prominent artists of home repute.

Chamber concerts, from present indications, will be in great profusion, the most important of which, however, will be the Kneisel concerts. Among the

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season on Oct. 12. The scheme for the season includes the usual series of concerts in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence and Cambridge, with single concerts in several other cities. Very few changes have been made in the membership of the organization since last season. The most important new men are the clarinetists, who are believed to be admirable artists.

The orchestra has been maintained for thirteen years exclusively for concert purposes. It now holds undisputedly the first place among the musical organizations of the country. The plans for the home concerts are already nearly completed. As usual, twenty-four public rehearsals will be given on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings.

The programs have been carefully chosen, and the added interest of great and famous soloists will make the concerts brilliant and attractive. The scale of prices for season tickets both for concerts and rehearsals will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7 50 seats for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

"Ten years ago, when the position of concert-meister of the great Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin was vacant, two talented young violinists were taken under consideration for the place. One was Herr Fritz Kneisel, who at the time was concert-meister of a small orchestra in Berlin. The other was Herr Ludwig Bleuer. The rivalry between these young artists was strong, and one of them was bound to be bitterly disappointed when the choice was made. It was Fritz Kneisel who had to drink from the cup of disappointment, for Bleuer received the coveted appointment. Herr Kneisel remained in Berlin only for a few seasons after his rival was made concert-meister of the great orchestra there. Then he came to America. In this country he prospered, and soon became concert-meister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization undoubtedly superior to the one in Berlin. * * * Wouldn't it be funny if these two eminent violinists should some day become rivals for the position which Herr Kneisel now holds in the Boston orchestra! It is no secret that Conductor Paur and Concert-Meister Kneisel are not friends. Paur has a long contract. Supposing that the ill-feeling should increase during the present season, and a successor to Kneisel should be thought advisable. What more natural than that the man who was chosen in preference to him for the Berlin orchestra should be considered for the position? To be sure, this is rather far-fetched supposition, and it may never be more than that. But wilder prophecies have been fulfilled." It is not likely, however, that Mr. Kneisel will lose flesh because Mr. Bleuer has chosen to live in Detroit, although it is highly probable that the laurels of Kneisel will not let Bleuer sleep.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 9, 1894.

Symphony Concerts.

The Boston symphony orchestra will give the first concert of its 14th season at Music hall Saturday evening, Oct 13, preceded by the public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct 12. The changes in the membership of the organization have been few since last season, in fact there seemed to be little room for improvement in the makeup of this splendid body of players.

Conductor Paur has devoted himself this summer to the selection of the most attractive and varied program possible. With everything at his command that goes to make ideal performances and with the disposition to give the public the best in the field of orchestral music, it is expected that he will make the coming series of concerts the most satisfactory in the history of the organization. The superb ability of the orchestra is too well known to require comment. It will be supplemented by the services of many eminent soloists, some of whom have never been heard in this city.

Twenty-four public rehearsals and 24 concerts will be given, as usual. The scale of prices for season tickets both for rehearsals and concerts will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7.50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept 24, at 10 a m, the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, Sept 25, at 10 a m, the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, Sept 27, at 10 a m, and the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, Sept 28, at the same hour.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programs, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons—$12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7 50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 13, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 14th season Oct. 12, and will give the customary series of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings at Music Hall. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programmes and many novelties have been secured for performance during the season. The list of soloists, it is believed, is more attractive than in any previous year and embraces many famous artists, several of whom will make their Boston debut in these concerts. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as usual, $12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold Monday, Sept. 24; the $7 50 seats for rehearsals, Tuesday, Sept. 25; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held in Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A.M.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 13, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE OF SEASON TICKETS.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will take place in Music Hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28, beginning at 10 o'clock each morning. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25; on Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 seats for the concerts. As in past years, bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for choice, and no more than four will be sold on one bid. The seats to be sold will be shown on a diagram and marked off as sold.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 64

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The 14th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open Oct. 13, and the arrangements already completed give promise of a series of concerts that for interest and attractiveness will go quite beyond those of any previous year of the orchestra's existence. The expressed intention of Mr. Paur to lighten the programmes will probably meet the approval of a majority of his patrons, as will also his disposition to include more French and American compositions than has hitherto been customary.

The orchestra has been strengthened, it is believed, at some few points, notably in the clarinets, though it long ago reached a standard of excellence that left little room for improvement in its membership. Indeed it may truly be said that Boston possesses an orchestra which has hardly an equal on either side of the Atlantic. The performances of the superb body of 85 musicians will be supplemented by the services of the best soloists available, including many eminent artists, some of whom will be heard in these concerts for the first time here.

The number of performances will be the same as usual: Twenty-four public rehersals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. Season tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall, for rehearsals on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25, and for concerts on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27 and 28.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 71.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will enter upon its 14th season with practically the same magnificent body of artists that has composed its membership for the last three years. This organization, by the superiority of its performances, may be said to have placed itself beyond all rivalry, and the series of concerts that it offers to Boston music lovers cannot be matched in any city of the world. Rehearsals will begin about Oct. 1, and by the time of the first concert (the date of which is Oct. 13) the orchestra will be in the best possible form. Mr. Paur's single season as conductor has given him an acquaintance with the tastes of the public and has enabled him to arrange programmes which in interest and attractiveness are far beyond those of last season. He has devoted himself during the summer to the study of new compositions which have been played abroad with success as well as to the examination of scores submitted to him by native composers, and has found in both classes enough meritorious works to justify the promise of a goodly number of novelties during the season. Engagements have been made with many distinguished soloists, whose appearances will prove a feature of notable interest. As usual, 24 public rehearsals will be given on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The scale of prices both for concerts and rehearsals will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7.50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M., the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M., the $12 seats for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 seats for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

HOME JOURNAL

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning, Oct. 13 (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, and March 16).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **MONDAY**, Sept 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **TUESDAY**, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **THURSDAY**, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **FRIDAY**, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. 37m

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season at Music Hall on Oct. 13. As in past seasons, there will be twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts. Both in an artistic sense and considered as a popular attraction, this organization has long held first place among the musical enterprises of this country. Judging from the large number of inquiries made at Music Hall the past week, regarding the annual sale of season tickets by auction, there will be a lively demand for seats.

.....

The dates for this sale are announced as Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28. On Monday, Sept. 24, the $12 season tickets for the Friday afternoon public Rehearsals will be sold. Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7.50 Rehearsal tickets. On Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 Concert tickets, and Friday the $7.50 Concert tickets. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning, and no more than four seats will be sold to one bidder.

.....

The members of the orchestra, with very few exceptions, will remain the same as last year. Mr. Paur has spent a large portion of his time during the summer months in the preparation of programs to be given. A large number of novelties are to be heard in addition to standard works. American composers will also have a place on the programs. A number of distinguished soloists new to Boston audiences are engaged, and will be announced during the coming week. The orchestra is in fine condition, and the season of 1894-95 promises to be as interesting as any in the history of the concerts.

.....

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 16, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will take place in Music hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28, beginning at ten o'clock each morning. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25; on Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 seats for the concerts. As in past years, bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for choice, and no more than four will be sold on one bid. The seats to be sold will be shown on a diagram and marked off as sold.

The coming season promises to be the equal of any in the brilliant past record. The best available soloists have been engaged and Mr. Paur has devoted much time and thought to the preparation and arrangement of the programmes. Many novelties will be introduced in addition to the standard works. The makeup of the orchestra is essentially the same as last year, although there is to be a slight change among the clarinets. It may not be generally known that outside of the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts in Music hall each season there are also nearly fifty performances given at various intervals, divided among the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Cambridge.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XOVL, NO. 57.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1894.

Element of Lightness to Be Infused Into the Symphony Programmes—

While it is yet too early to announce in detail the concert projects in contemplation for the forthcoming musical season, enough is already known to justify the statement that it will be an exceptionally busy one. Of course, and as usual, the 24 concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra are of the first importance. We understand that Mr. Emil Paur in arranging the programmes for this year's series, has been moved by a desire to maintain their classical character, and yet, at the same time, to infuse into them an element of lightness that has been lacking hitherto. These concerts last only 1½ hours each, but it has been found that much musical weariness of ear and of soul can be compressed into that brief space of time. The wish to make the concerts educational, primarily, seems to have pushed into the background the thought of making them interesting as well, and while the result has been much fine music there has also been much that was dreary in effect. It requires no little skill and discretion to combine the educational and the entertaining, and these qualities have not always been brought to bear on the Symphony orchestra programmes. Then, too, there has not been a broad and generous recognition of the fact that genius, musical or otherwise, is of no nationality, but is the possession of the whole world. It is indisputable that to Germany belongs the foremost rank as the producer of the master composers for the orchestra; but there are, nevertheless, composers of note in other lands, who have recently come prominently to the front, and whose works have not, as yet, had a hearing in this city. In fact, at the present moment it is questionable if Germany holds with as firm a hand as she has held it in the past the supremacy on which she justly prided herself. The revolution that has overtaken the modern French school and also the modern Italian school has given a powerful impetus to musical art in both countries, and now their leading composers turn their attention to orchestral music with a zeal and an ambition they have not before manifested in this direction. Their works are certainly entitled to a hearing here.

We understand that Mr. Paur has taken these facts into serious consideration and that it is his intention to impart a large spirit of eclecticism to the symphony programmes this season. Composers, French and Italian, are to have a fair representation in important orchestral works, and we have heard that large compositions by Chabrier, Reber and Sgambati are to be among the more striking novelties of the season. Most surprising of all, and not the least welcome, if rumor may be believed, there are to be from time to time, light overtures of the French school, and possibly, mirabile dictu, an Auber overture, occasionally. Soloists of established rank, several of whom have not yet been heard in this country, will, it is said on good authority, appear at these concerts, in addition to many of the more prominent artists of home repute.

Chamber concerts, from present indications, will be in great profusion, the most important of which, however, will be the Kneisel concerts. Among the

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

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The orchestra has been strengthened, it is believed, at some few points, notably in the clarinets, though it long ago reached a standard of excellence that left little room for improvement in its membership. Indeed it may truly be said that Boston possesses an orchestra which has hardly an equal on either side of the Atlantic. The performances of the superb body of 85 musicians will be supplemented by the services of the best soloists available, including many eminent artists, some of whom will be heard in these concerts for the first time here.

The number of performances will be the same as usual: Twenty-four public rehersals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. Season tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall, for rehearsals on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25, and for concerts on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27 and 28.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season on Oct. 12. The scheme for the season includes the usual series of concerts in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence and Cambridge, with single concerts in several other cities. Very few changes have been made in the membership of the organization since last season. The most important new men are the clarinetists, who are believed to be admirable artists.

The orchestra has been maintained for thirteen years exclusively for concert purposes. It now holds undisputedly the first place among the musical organizations of the country. The plans for the home concerts are already nearly completed. As usual, twenty-four public rehearsals will be given on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings.

The programs have been carefully chosen, and the added interest of great and famous soloists will make the concerts brilliant and attractive. The scale of prices for season tickets both for concerts and rehearsals will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7 50 seats for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

"Ten years ago, when the position of concert-meister of the great Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin was vacant, two talented young violinists were taken under consideration for the place. One was Herr Fritz Kneisel, who at the time was concert-meister of a small orchestra in Berlin. The other was Herr Ludwig Bleuer. The rivalry between these young artists was strong, and one of them was bound to be bitterly disappointed when the choice was made. It was Fritz Kneisel who had to drink from the cup of disappointment, for Bleuer received the coveted appointment. Herr Kneisel remained in Berlin only for a few seasons after his rival was made concert-meister of the great orchestra there. Then he came to America. In this country he prospered, and soon became concert-meister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization undoubtedly superior to the one in Berlin: * * * Wouldn't it be funny if these two eminent violinists should some day become rivals for the position which Herr Kneisel now holds in the Boston orchestra! It is no secret that Conductor Paur and Concert-Meister Kneisel are not friends. Paur has a long contract. Supposing that the ill-feeling should increase during the present season, and a successor to Kneisel should be thought advisable. What more natural than that the man who was chosen in preference to him for the Berlin orchestra should be considered for the position? To be sure, this is rather far-fetched supposition, and it may never be more than that. But wilder prophecies have been fulfilled." It is not likely, however, that Mr. Kneisel will lose flesh because Mr. Bleuer has chosen to live in Detroit, although it is highly probable that the laurels of Kneisel will not let Bleuer sleep.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XOVI., NO. 71.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will enter upon its 14th season with practically the same magnificent body of artists that has composed its membership for the last three years. This organization, by the superiority of its performances, may be said to have placed itself beyond all rivalry, and the series of concerts that it offers to Boston music lovers cannot be matched in any city of the world. Rehearsals will begin about Oct. 1, and by the time of the first concert (the date of which is Oct. 13) the orchestra will be in the best possible form. Mr. Paur's single season as conductor has given him an acquaintance with the tastes of the public and has enabled him to arrange programmes which in interest and attractiveness are far beyond those of last season. He has devoted himself during the summer to the study of new compositions which have been played abroad with success as well as to the examination of scores submitted to him by native composers, and has found in both classes enough meritorious works to justify the promise of a goodly number of novelties during the season. Engagements have been made with many distinguished soloists, whose appearances will prove a feature of notable interest. As usual, 24 public rehearsals will be given on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The scale of prices both for concerts and rehearsals will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7.50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M., the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M., the $12 seats for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 seats for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 9, 1894.

Symphony Concerts.

The Boston symphony orchestra will give the first concert of its 14th season at Music hall Saturday evening, Oct 13, preceded by the public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct 12. The changes in the membership of the organization have been few since last season, in fact there seemed to be little room for improvement in the makeup of this splendid body of players.

Conductor Paur has devoted himself this summer to the selection of the most attractive and varied program possible. With everything at his command that goes to make ideal performances and with the disposition to give the public the best in the field of orchestral music, it is expected that he will make the coming series of concerts the most satisfactory in the history of the organization. The superb ability of the orchestra is too well known to require comment. It will be supplemented by the services of many eminent soloists, some of whom have never been heard in this city.

Twenty-four public rehearsals and 24 concerts will be given, as usual. The scale of prices for season tickets both for rehearsals and concerts will be the same as in former seasons, $12 and $7.50, accrding to location. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music hall. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept 24, at 10 a m, the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, Sept 25, at 10 a m, the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, Sept 27, at 10 a m, and the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, Sept 28, at the same hour.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Boston Journal.

TEN PACES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programs, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons—$12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7 50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 13, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 14th season Oct. 12, and will give the customary series of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings at Music Hall. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programmes and many novelties have been secured for performance during the season. The list of soloists, it is believed, is more attractive than in any previous year and embraces many famous artists, several of whom will make their Boston debut in these concerts. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as usual, $12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold Monday, Sept. 24; the $7 50 seats for rehearsals, Tuesday, Sept. 25; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held in Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A.M.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 13, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE OF SEASON TICKETS.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will take place in Music Hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28, beginning at 10 o'clock each morning. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25; on Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 seats for the concerts. As in past years, bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for choice, and no more than four will be sold on one bid. The seats to be sold will be shown on a diagram and marked off as sold.

HOME JOURNAL

A PAPER FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning, Oct. 13 (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, and March 16).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **MONDAY,** Sept 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **TUESDAY,** Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **THURSDAY,** Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **FRIDAY,** Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. 37m

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season at Music Hall on Oct. 13. As in past seasons, there will be twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts. Both in an artistic sense and considered as a popular attraction, this organization has long held first place among the musical enterprises of this country. Judging from the large number of inquiries made at Music Hall the past week, regarding the annual sale of season tickets by auction, there will be a lively demand for seats.

.....

The dates for this sale are announced as Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28. On Monday, Sept. 24, the $12 season tickets for the Friday afternoon public Rehearsals will be sold. Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7.50 Rehearsal tickets. On Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 Concert tickets, and Friday the $7.50 Concert tickets. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning, and no more than four seats will be sold to one bidder.

.....

The members of the orchestra, with very few exceptions, will remain the same as last year. Mr. Paur has spent a large portion of his time during the summer months in the preparation of programs to be given. A large number of novelties are to be heard in addition to standard works. American composers will also have a place on the programs. A number of distinguished soloists new to Boston audiences are engaged, and will be announced during the coming week. The orchestra is in fine condition, and the season of 1894-95 promises to be as interesting as any in the history of the concerts.

.....

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 16, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will take place in Music hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28, beginning at ten o'clock each morning. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25; on Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 seats for the concerts. As in past years, bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for choice, and no more than four will be sold on one bid. The seats to be sold will be shown on a diagram and marked off as sold.

The coming season promises to be the equal of any in the brilliant past record. The best available soloists have been engaged and Mr. Paur has devoted much time and thought to the preparation and arrangement of the programmes. Many novelties will be introduced in addition to the standard works. The makeup of the orchestra is essentially the same as last year, although there is to be a slight change among the clarinets. It may not be generally known that outside of the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts in Music hall each season there are also nearly fifty performances given at various intervals, divided among the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Cambridge.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XOVI., NO. 76.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

What Conductor Paur Will Offer the Musical Public.

Attractive List of Novelties and a Fine Selection of Standard Works—Complete Programmes of the First Five Concerts—Distinguished Artists Who Are to Appear—Sale of Seats.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, which now ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world, and is the largest, the most prosperous, as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, is on the verge of beginning its 14th season. For nearly a decade and a half its concerts have exercised a marked influence on musical progress here, and it may be justly claimed that it has accomplished more than has any other one factor for the advancement of musical art in this country. It has given Boston the foremost rank among the musical centres of the nation, and its fame is scarcely less excelled abroad than it is at home. The highest standard attainable has been established for these concerts, and the arrangements made for 1894-95 show that this standard is to be fully maintained, and bids fair to make this season the most notable in the history of the organization. As the opening of the new season is so close at hand, the particulars that follow cannot fail to prove welcome to that very large community here to which the Symphony concerts appeal with special force.

Twenty-four Public Rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, and 24 concerts

EMIL PAUR.

will be given on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 13. On Friday afternoons, Nov. 2 and Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 19 there will be no public rehearsals, as the orchestra will be on the road; and there will be no concerts on Saturday evenings, Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, for the same reason.

In addition to the performances in this city, five concerts will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; five at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; five at the new Music Hall, Baltimore; five at Metzerott Hall, Washington; four public rehearsals and four concerts under the aupices of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; 10 concerts at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge; six concerts at Infantry Hall, Providence, and single concerts in various other cities.

THE ORCHESTRA

will number 82 musicians, and is made up as follows: Sixteen 1st violins, 14 2d violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 8 bassos, 1 harp, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 1 English horn, 2 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 contra bassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 tuba and 4 percussion instruments. The engagement of 10 new members, it is believed, will improve the orchestra at certain points. The most important acquisition is the new 1st clarinet player, M. Pourtan, who has

FRANZ KNEISEL.

filled a similar position in the Symphony orchestra and the Grand Opera at Lyons, where he is held in high esteem by his fellow artists.

The following list, showing in full the personnel of the orchestra, may not prove without interest:

First violins—Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schnitzler, Roth, Kuntz, Mo[illegible]ger, Fiedler Ondricek, Krafft, Hoffmann, Mahn, Strube, Eichheim, Knoch[illegible]

Violins—Messrs. Sy[illegible]nski, Zach, H. Heindl, Barleben, Gruenberg, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Sauer, Krauss.

Violoncellos—Messrs. Schroeder, Schulz, J. Adamowski, Mi[illegible]els, Rose, E. Loeffler, C. Barth, Nagel.

Basses—Messrs. A. Goldstein, Elkind, Barcither, Seydel, Barth, Gerhardt, Reinhardt, Butler.

Harp—Mr. H. Schnecker.
Flutes—Messrs. Mo e, E. M. Heindl, Fox.
Oboes—Messrs. Sautet, Demuth.
English horn—Mr. F. Muller.
Drums—Mr. H. D. Simpson.
Clarinets—Messrs. Pourtan and Metzger.
Bassoons—Messrs. Litke and Guenzel.
Horns—Messrs. Hackebarth, Lorbeer, Hain and Schumann.
Trumpets—Messrs. P. Mueller and Mand.
Trombones: Messrs. Hampe, Ablo[illegible]scher and Rigg.
Tuba—Mr. E. Golde.
Tympani—C. R. Ludwig.

Mr. Paur's experience during his first year as conductor made him acquainted with the tastes of his public, and has been a great aid to him in the preparation of his programmes. He has devoted a great deal of time to this important duty during the summer. From a very large number of scores which he has examined he has chosen

THE FOLLOWING NOVELTIES

for performance during the season:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D	Sgambati
Wallenstein symphony	D'Indy
New prize symphony	Geo. W. Chadwick
Overture, "Sappho"	Goldmark
Overture, "Wem die Krone"	Ritter
Overture, "Corsaire"	Berlioz
Overture, "Carneval"	Dvorak
Overture, "Otello"	Dvorak
Overture, "In der Natur"	Dvorak
Overture, "Elegie"	Kahn
Overture	Rietz
Prelude, "Dornroeschen"	Langer
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Variations for orchestra	Knorr

M. YSAYE.

Symphonic poem	Smetana
Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours"	Reinecke
Poeme symphonique for flute and orchestra,	Benoit

STANDARD WORKS.

Among the standard works are:

Beethoven	Symphonies Nos. 2, 3 and 7
Haydn	Symphonies G major, E flat
Ph. Em. Bach	Symphonies D major
Mozart	Symphonies E flat
Schubert	Unfinished symphony B minor
Schumann	Symphonies C major and Rhenish
Mendelssohn	Symphonies A major
Raff	Symphonies "Im Walde"
Volkman	Symphonies
Brahms	Symphonies No. 3
Rubinstein	Symphonies "Ocean"
Dvorak	Symphonies "From the New World"
Saint-Saens	Symphonies A minor
Overture, "Fidelio"	Beethoven
Overture, "Lenore No. 2"	Beethoven
Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Overture, "Carneval Romaine"	Berlioz
Overture, "Don Giovanni"	Mozart
Overture, "Freischuetz"	Weber
Overture, "Die Meistersingers"	Wagner
Overture, "Melusine"	Mendelssohn
Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"	Smetana
Overture, "Hans Heiling"	Marschner
Overture, "Carlo Broski"	Auber
Overture, "L'Enfant Prodigue"	Auber
Overture, "Jessonda"	Spohr
Hirtenmusik	J. Seb. Bach
Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"	Liszt
Hungarian Rhapsody	Liszt
Carneval in Paris	Svendsen
Serenade	Brahms
Suite, "Aus Holbergs Zeit"	Grieg
Suite	Lachner
Suite, "Aus Thuringen"	Raff
Suite, "L'Arlesienne"	Bizet
Serenade No. 2	Volkmann

CESAR THOMSON.

Serenade for wind instruments	Mozart
Kaisermarsch	Wagner
Entr'Acte, "Rosamunde"	Schubert
Ballet music, "Demon"	Rubinstein

As will be seen, the season's music will be not lacking in agreeable variety, strong contrasts and a welcome representation of the different musical nationalities.

ALL THE SOLOISTS

have not yet signed contracts, but those who have are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear, and their names will be announced as soon as their contracts are signed. Of those named, the famous violinists, Ysaye and Thomson, have not yet been heard in this country.

Mons. Ysaye after graduating at the conservatory in Liege, and studying for a year with Wieniawski, completed his education under Vieuxtemps, and is said by constant association to have imbibed the manners and methods of that great genius. The characteristics of his playing are broadness of conception, a clearness of execution rarely heard, and great personal magnetism. He is a young man of striking appearance, and has won an almost sensational success in his various concert tours in Europe.

Mr. Thompson, like Ysaye, is a Belgian who comes to us with the prestige of a long series of successes in Europe. His technique is said to be astounding, and is the envy of all violinists who hear him.

COMPLETE PROGRAMMES

for the first five concerts are appended:

FIRST CONCERT.

Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tambourin, gavotte and chaconne	Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"	Chabrier
Kaisermarsch	Wagner

SECOND CONCERT.

Soloist, Mme. Emma Juch.

Overture, "Carneval Romaine"	Berlioz
Aria	
Symphony (new)	G. W. Chadwick
Aria	
Ballet music, "Demon"	Rubinstein

EMMA EAMES.

THIRD CONCERT.

Soloist, Mr. Carl Baermann.

Unfinished symphony in B minor	Schubert
Concerto for pianoforte in E flat major	Beethoven
Symphony in C major	Schumann

FOURTH CONCERT.

Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"	Smetana
Symphony in D (first time)	Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlesienne"	Bizet

FIFTH CONCERT.

Soloist, Mme. Emma Eames.

Symphony in E flat	Mozart
Aria	
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"	Schubert
March in B minor	Schubert-Liszt
Aria	
Overture, "Carlo Broski"	Auber

THE SCALE OF PRICES

for season tickets for rehearsals or for concerts will be the same as last year, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction. The sales will be held at Music Hall, and will be conducted by Mr. H. W. Jackson. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuseday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28, at the

EMMA JUCH.

same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Sept. 15, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 13, (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, MONDAY, Sept 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, TUESDAY, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on THURSDAY, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on FRIDAY, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The musical people of Boston may well feel proud of the world-famed organization which had its birth in this city fourteen years ago. It has grown from year to year, until now, not only in this country but in Europe, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is recognized as one of the leading organizations for the performance of orchestral music. The coming season promises to be the equal of any in the brilliant past record. The best available soloists have been engaged, and Mr. Paur has devoted much time and thought in the preparation of the different programmes. Many novelties will be introduced, together with the standard works.

The make-up of the orchestra is essentially the same as last year, although there is to be a slight change among the clarinets. It may not be generally known that outside of the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts in Music Hall each season there are also nearly fifty performances given at various intervals, divided among the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Cambridge.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the concerts and public rehearsals to be given in Boston is announced to take place at Music Hall on September 24, 25, 27 and 28. On September 24 and 25 the public rehearsal tickets will be sold and on the 27th and 28th the concert tickets. The same rules as in past seasons will govern the sale.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The musical season in Boston will begin with the opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is announced for Oct. 13. This fine body of instrumentalists is not only a local pride to Bostonians, but to all music lovers in this country. Celebrated musicians from the art centres of Europe, who have heard them in the performance of the works of the great composers, attest that this is the equal of any orchestra in the world.

With the opening concert it enters upon the fourteenth season. As in the past, this season promises much of interest to our local music lovers.

There will be twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals on consecutive Friday afternoons from Oct. 12, 1894, to April 26, 1895, omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, 1894, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 15, 1895, and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts from Oct. 13, 1894, to March 16, 1895, omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, 1894, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, 1895.

Able soloists have been secured, and Mr. Paur promises many new compositions never before given in Boston.

The annual auction sale of season tickets is announced to take place in Music Hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25, the rehearsal tickets will be sold, and on Thursday and Friday, the concert tickets, beginning at 10 o'clock each morning.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, SEPT. 16, 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, will begin on October 12, Friday afternoon, public rehearsal, and on October 13, Saturday night. It will, as usual, include twenty-four concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at weekly intervals, with some lapses, to be hereafter announced. The sales, by auction, of the season tickets, are thus appointed: Monday, September 24, twelve dollar seats for the public rehearsals; September 25, seven dollar and a half rehearsal seats; September 27, twelve dollar concert seats; September 28, seven dollar and a half concert seats. The bids will be for premiums, and not more than four seats will be sold to a single bidder. The sale will be held in Music Hall.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

What Conductor Paur Will Offer the Musical Public.

Attractive List of Novelties and a Fine Selection of Standard Works—Complete Programmes of the First Five Concerts—Distinguished Artists Who Are to Appear—Sale of Seats.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, which now ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world, and is the largest, the most prosperous, as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, is on the verge of beginning its 14th season. For nearly a decade and a half its concerts have exercised a marked influence on musical progress here, and it may be justly claimed that it has accomplished more than has any other one factor for the advancement of musical art in this country. It has given Boston the foremost rank among the musical centres of the nation, and its fame is scarcely less excelled abroad than it is at home. The highest standard attainable has been established for these concerts, and the arrangements made for 1894-95 show that this standard is to be fully maintained, and bids fair to make this season the most notable in the history of the organization. As the opening of the new season is so close at hand, the particulars that follow cannot fail to prove welcome to that very large community here to which the Symphony concerts appeal with special force.

Twenty-four Public Rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, and 24 concerts

EMIL PAUR.

will be given on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 13. On Friday afternoons, Nov. 2 and Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 19 there will be no public rehearsals, as the orchestra will be on the road; and there will be no concerts on Saturday evenings, Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, for the same reason.

In addition to the performances in this city, five concerts will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; five at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; five at the new Music Hall, Baltimore; five at Metzerott Hall, Washington; four public rehearsals and four concerts under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; 10 concerts at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge; six concerts at Infantry Hall, Providence, and single concerts in various other cities.

THE ORCHESTRA

will number 82 musicians, and is made up as follows: Sixteen 1st violins, 14 2d violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 8 bassos, 1 harp, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 1 English horn, 2 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 contra bassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 tuba and 4 percussion instruments. The engagement of 10 new members, it is believed, will improve the orchestra at certain points. The most important acquisition is the new 1st clarinet player, M. Pourtan, who has

FRANZ KNEISEL.

filled a similar position in the Symphony orchestra and the Grand Opera at Lyons, where he is held in high esteem by his fellow artists.

The following list, showing in full the personnel of the orchestra, may not prove without interest:

First violins—Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schnitzler, Roth, Kuntz, Mosdauer, Fiedler Ondricek, Krafft, Hoffmann, Malm, Strube, Eichheim, Knecht, Hahn.

Second violins—Messrs. Akeroyd, Fiumara, Sverensky, Marble, Schuchmann, J. Kneisel, Tischer-Zietz, S. Goldstein, Zahn, Kurth, Reisland, Eichler, Michael, Berger.

Violas—Messrs. Svecenski, Zach, H. Heindl, Barleben, Gruenberg, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Sauer, Krauss.

Violoncellos—Messrs. Schroeder, Schulz, J. Adamowski, Minkels, Rose, E. Loeffler, C. Barth, Nagel.

Basses—Messrs. A. Goldstein, Elkind, Barzthes, Seydel, Barth, Gerhardt, Reinhardt, Butler.

Harp—Mr. H. Schuecker.
Flutes—Messrs. Moe, E. M. Heindl, Fox.
Oboes—Messrs. Sautet, Demuth.
English horn—Mr. F. Muller.
Drums—Mr. H. D. Simpson.
Clarinets—Messrs. Pourtan and Metzger.
Bassoons—Messrs. Litke and Guenzel.
Horns—Messrs. Hackebarth, Lorbeer, Hein and Schumann.
Trumpets—Messrs. P. Mueller and Mand.
Trombones: Messrs. Hampe, Abloescher and Rigg.
Tuba—Mr. E. Golde.
Tympani—C. R. Ludwig.

Mr. Paur's experience during his first year as conductor made him acquainted with the tastes of his public, and has been a great aid to him in the preparation of his programmes. He has devoted a great deal of time to this important duty during the summer. From a very large number of scores which he has examined he has chosen

THE FOLLOWING NOVELTIES

for performance during the season:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D	Sgambati
Wallenstein symphony	D'Indy
New prize symphony	Geo. W. Chadwick
Overture, "Sappho"	Goldmark
Overture, "Wem die Krone"	Ritter
Overture, "Corsaire"	Berlioz
Overture, "Carneval"	Dvorak
Overture, "Otello"	Dvorak
Overture, "In der Natur"	Dvorak
Overture, "Elegie"	Kahn
Overture	Rietz
Prelude, "Dornroeschen"	Langer
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Variations for orchestra	Knorr

M. YSAYE.

Symphonic poem	Smetana
Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours"	Reinecke
Poeme symphonique for flute and orchestra,	Benoit

STANDARD WORKS.

Among the standard works are:

Beethoven	Symphonies Nos. 2, 3 and 7
Haydn	Symphonies G major, E flat
Ph. Em. Bach	Symphonies D major
Mozart	Symphonies E flat
Schubert	Unfinished symphony B minor
Schumann	Symphonies C major and Rhenish
Mendelssohn	Symphonies A major
Raff	Symphonies "Im Walde"
Volkman	Symphonies
Brahms	Symphonies No. 3
Rubinstein	Symphonies "Ocean"
Dvorak	Symphonies "From the New World"
Saint-Saens	Symphonies A minor
Overture, "Fidelio"	Beethoven
Overture, "Lenore No. 2"	Beethoven
Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Overture, "Carneval Romaine"	Berlioz
Overture, "Don Giovanni"	Mozart
Overture, "Freischuetz"	Weber
Overture, "Die Meistersingers"	Wagner
Overture, "Melusine"	Mendelssohn
Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"	Smetana
Overture, "Hans Helling"	Marschner
Overture, "Carlo Broski"	Auber
Overture, "L'Enfant Prodigue"	Auber
Overture, "Jessonda"	Spohr
Hirtenmusik	J. Seb. Bach
Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"	Liszt
Hungarian Rhapsody	Liszt
Carneval in Paris	Svendsen
Serenade	Brahms
Suite, "Aus Holbergs Zeit"	Grieg
Suite	Lachner
Suite, "Aus Thuringen"	Raff
Suite, "L'Arlesienne"	Bizet
Serenade No. 2	Volkmann

CESAR THOMSON.

Serenade for wind instruments	Mozart
Kaisermarsch	Wagner
Entr'Acte, "Rosamunde"	Schubert
Ballet music, "Demon"	Rubinstein

As will be seen, the season's music will be not lacking in agreeable variety, strong contrasts and a welcome representation of the different musical nationalities.

ALL THE SOLOISTS

have not yet signed contracts, but those who have are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear, and their names will be announced as soon as their contracts are signed. Of those named, the famous violinists, Ysaye and Thomson, have not yet been heard in this country.

Mons. Ysaye after graduating at the conservatory in Liege, and studying for a year with Wieniawski, completed his education under Vieuxtemps, and is said by constant association to have imbibed the manners and methods of that great genius. The characteristics of his playing are broadness of conception, a clearness of execution rarely heard, and great personal magnetism. He is a young man of striking appearance, and has won an almost sensational success in his various concert tours in Europe.

Mr. Thompson, like Ysaye, is a Belgian who comes to us with the prestige of a long series of successes in Europe. His technique is said to be astounding and is the envy of all violinists who hear him.

COMPLETE PROGRAMMES

for the first five concerts are appended:

FIRST CONCERT.

Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tambourin, gavotte and chaconne	Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"	Chabrier
Kaisermarsch	Wagner

SECOND CONCERT.

Soloist, Mme. Emma Juch.

Overture, "Carneval Romaine"	Berlios
Aria	
Symphony (new)	G. W. Chadwick
Aria	
Ballet music, "Demon"	Rubinstein

EMMA EAMES.

THIRD CONCERT.

Soloist, Mr. Carl Baermann.

Unfinished symphony in B minor	Schubert
Concerto for pianoforte in E flat major	Beethoven
Symphony in C major	Schumann

FOURTH CONCERT.

Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"	Smetana
Symphony in D (first time)	Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlesienne"	Bizet

FIFTH CONCERT.

Soloist, Mme. Emma Eames.

Symphony in E flat	Mozart
Aria	
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"	Schubert
March in B minor	Schubert-Liszt
Aria	
Overture, "Carlo Broski"	Auber

THE SCALE OF PRICES

for season tickets for rehearsals or for concerts will be the same as last year, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction. The sales will be held at Music Hall, and will be conducted by Mr. H. W. Jackson. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuseday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28, at the

EMMA JUCH.

same hour. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, SEPT. 16, 1894

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, will begin on October 12, Friday afternoon, public rehearsal, and on October 13, Saturday night. It will, as usual, include twenty-four concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at weekly intervals, with some lapses, to be hereafter announced. The sales, by auction, of the season tickets, are thus appointed: Monday, September 24, twelve dollar seats for the public rehearsals; September 25, seven dollar and a half rehearsal seats; September 27, twelve dollar concert seats; September 28, seven dollar and a half concert seats. The bids will be for premiums, and not more than four seats will be sold to a single bidder. The sale will be held in Music Hall.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Sept. 15, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-95.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 (omitting Nov 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 13, (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, MONDAY, Sept 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, TUESDAY, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on THURSDAY, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on FRIDAY, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The musical people of Boston may well feel proud of the world-famed organization which had its birth in this city fourteen years ago. It has grown from year to year, until now, not only in this country but in Europe, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is recognized as one of the leading organizations for the performance of orchestral music. The coming season promises to be the equal of any in the brilliant past record. The best available soloists have been engaged, and Mr. Paur has devoted much time and thought in the preparation of the different programmes. Many novelties will be introduced, together with the standard works.

The make-up of the orchestra is essentially the same as last year, although there is to be a slight change among the clarinets. It may not be generally known that outside of the twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts in Music Hall each season there are also nearly fifty performances given at various intervals, divided among the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Cambridge.

The annual auction sale of season tickets for the concerts and public rehearsals to be given in Boston is announced to take place at Music Hall on September 24, 25, 27 and 28. On September 24 and 25 the public rehearsal tickets will be sold and on the 27th and 28th the concert tickets. The same rules as in past seasons will govern the sale.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The musical season in Boston will begin with the opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is announced for Oct. 13. This fine body of instrumentalists is not only a local pride to Bostonians, but to all music lovers in this country. Celebrated musicians from the art centres of Europe, who have heard them in the performance of the works of the great composers, attest that this is the equal of any orchestra in the world.

With the opening concert it enters upon the fourteenth season. As in the past, this season promises much of interest to our local music lovers.

There will be twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals on consecutive Friday afternoons from Oct. 12, 1894, to April 26, 1895, omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, 1894, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 15, 1895, and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts from Oct. 13, 1894, to March 16, 1895, omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, 1894, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, 1895.

Able soloists have been secured, and Mr. Paur promises many new compositions never before given in Boston.

The annual auction sale of season tickets is announced to take place in Music Hall on Sept. 24, 25, 27 and 28. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25, the rehearsal tickets will be sold, and on Thursday and Friday, the concert tickets, beginning at 10 o'clock each morning.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR. Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-5.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 13, (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16),

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall, MONDAY, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, TUESDAY, Sept. 25, at 10 A.M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at Music Hall, on THURSDAY, Sept. 27, at 10 A.M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on FRIDAY, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selections of programmes, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons—$12 and $7.50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, September 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M. As usual, bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The same great interest attending the Symphonies in former years is again to be demonstrated in this the fourteenth season and the concerts by this unrivalled orchestra, will be the great feature in musical and social circles during the winter.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 16, 1894.

Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the first of its annual series of 24 concerts at Music hall on Saturday evening, Oct 13, preceded by the usual public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct 12. The plans, as far as completed, indicate that the 14th season of this organization will be in many respects of exceptional brilliancy and interest. The efficiency of the orchestra has been improved in some departments by the engagement of 10 new members.

The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. The unrivaled body of first violins will be the same as last season, and the size of the orchestra will be the same It will number 84 players.

The management has been fortunate in being able to secure a number of soloists whose appearance will add very much to the attractiveness of the concerts. Among these are Messrs Ysaye and Cesar Thompson, two Belgians who rank among the greatest of living violinists. Neither of these artists has yet been heard in America, but each comes with the prestige of extraordinary successes won in European capitals.

Engagements have also been made with Mmes Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs Ben Davis, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroder and others.

The program will include besides the usual variety of standard works the following novelties:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D	Sgambati
Wallenstein symphony	d'Indy
Prize symphony (new)	Geo. W. Chadwick
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Overture, Sappho	Goldmark
Corsaire	Berlioz
Wem die Krone	Ritter
Carneval	Dvorak
Otello	Dvorak
In der Natur	Dvorak
Elegie	Kahn
Variations for orchestra	Knorr
Entr'acte, Gouveneur von Tours	Reinecke

The prices of season tickets for the series of 24 concerts and for the series of 24 rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to the location of seats. All season tickets will be sold by auction at Music hall.

The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept 24, the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept 25, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept 27, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept 28. The sales will begin each day at 10 a m. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Circulars giving full information may be had at Music hall.

Boston ...

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.

UNDER PAUR.

Soloists That Will Appear at the Symphony Concerts.

Sketches of the Great Fiddlers, Thomson and Ysaye.

Nove'ties of Interest That Will Be Played Here.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are well calculated to maintain the great interest which its concerts have attracted for so many years.

The orchestra will be the same in size as last season, and will number 84 players. Of these 10 will be new-comers. The most

YSAYE.

important acquisitions are a first clarinet, Mr. Pourtan, who comes from Lyons, and a first bassoon player, Mr. Litke, from one of the New York orchestras.

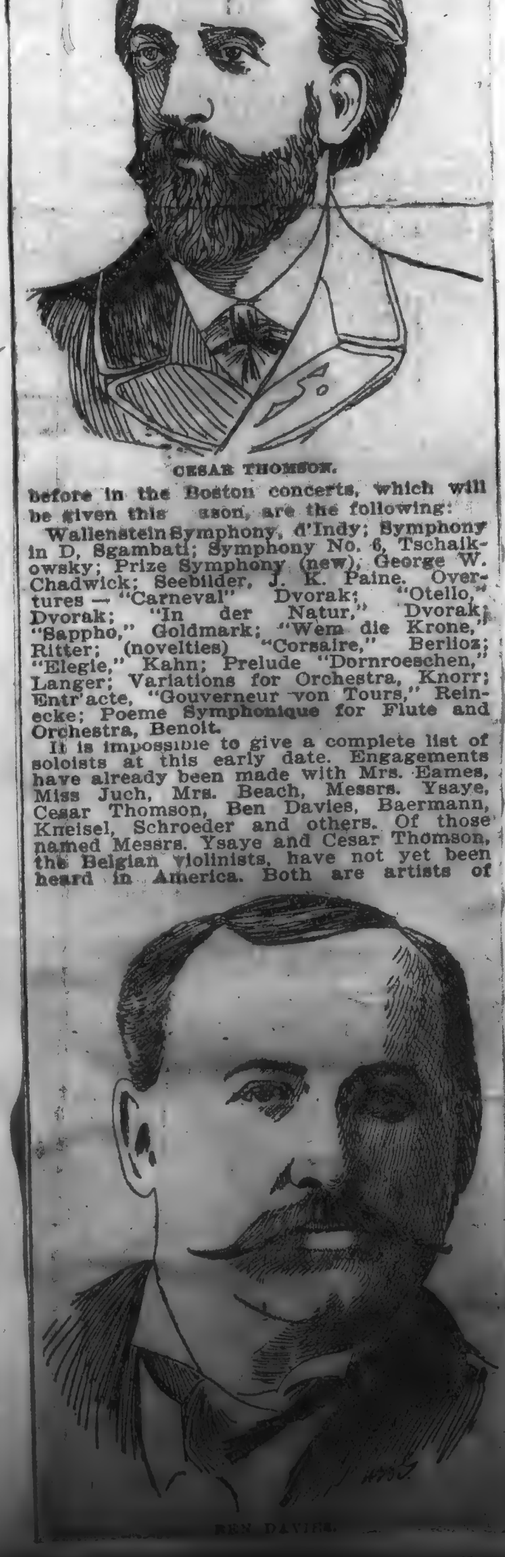
The Boston season will consist as usual of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning October 12, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning October 13. In addition to these performances the monthly performances will be continued in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, with the customary series in Cambridge and Providence, and single concerts in other cities. Among the novelties or works not played

CESAR THOMSON.

before in the Boston concerts, which will be given this season, are the following:

Wallenstein Symphony, d'Indy; Symphony in D, Sgambati; Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; Prize Symphony (new), George W. Chadwick; Seebilder, J. K. Paine. Overtures — "Carneval" Dvorak; "Otello," Dvorak; "In der Natur," Dvorak; "Sappho," Goldmark; "Wem die Krone," Ritter; (novelties) "Corsaire," Berlioz; "Elegie," Kahn; Prelude "Dornroeschen," Langer; Variations for Orchestra, Knorr; Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra, Benoit.

It is impossible to give a complete list of soloists at this early date. Engagements have already been made with Mrs. Eames, Miss Juch, Mrs. Beach, Messrs. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Ben Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others. Of those named Messrs. Ysaye and Cesar Thomson, the Belgian violinists, have not yet been heard in America. Both are artists of



BEN. DAVIES.

Cesar Thomson, mentioned above, is one of the most distinguished violinists now living. He was born in Luettich, Belgium, March 17, 1857. His father taught him at first, and the boy, when 7 years old, went to the Luettich Conservatory, where he studied under Dupuis and Leonard. In 1873 he went as "chamber musician" to the Baron von Derwiest to Lugano, Italy, and there in 1877 he was married. Afterward he was concert-meister of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. In 1883 he was appointed a teacher of the violin at the Luettich Conservatory, where he has since remained, with the exception of concert-tours.

Eugene Ysaye, a most famous violin virtuoso, was born July 16, 1858, in Luettich, Belgium. His first lessons were taken at the Luettich Conservatory, and afterward he studied under Vieuxtemps in Brussels. He was afterward and until '81 concert-meister of the Bilse Orchestra in Berlin. He then traveled extensively, and in 1886 he was appointed first teacher of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, where he is still engaged. Ysaye has written six violin concertos, variations on a theme of Paganini, and other pieces, but few have been published.

Mr. Davies, the Welsh tenor, was heard here last season at Handel and Haydn concerts and he then made a favorable impression.

There is naturally speculation concerning the auction sale of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Concerts.

Some—they are in all probability few in number—object to the proposed introduction of "light" music. By "light" they mean French; for to certain hearers who have been led to believe that music was invented and patented for all time by the Germans, light or French are synonyms. Therefore they shy at the announcement that Mr. Paur purposes to broaden and enliven his programs.

These same objectors have listened patiently in the past to "light" music, or stupid music composed by Germans or Americans. Do they then prefer Humperdink to Massenet or Chabrier, and Mr. Clayton Jones to Auber?

There will be natural curiosity also to see and hear the new members of the orchestra. The first clarinet is a Frenchman, Mr. Pourton, from Lyons. Let us trust that his performance will belie the pun that occurs to even the humblest.

Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which won the prize offered in competition by the National Conservatory, will be played at an early date. Thomson and Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian fiddlers, will be heard during the season.

THE SYMPHONY SEATS.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programs, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given in Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons—$12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7 50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

The Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season at Music Hall on Oct. 12, and will give the usual series of twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings. The orchestra will comprise eighty-four players, ten of the number being new-comers. The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. With these exceptions, all the principal artists have been reëngaged. The concerts extend over so many weeks that it is impossible to give at this time all the programmes or a complete list of soloists, but sufficient is known to warrant the belief that the coming season will equal in interest and attractiveness any in the history of the organization.

Conductor Paur's programmes will cover a wide range of orchestral literature and the adherents of each school will find especially attractive features in them. The standard works of the great composers will, of course, be fully represented. A partial list of the novelties to be given is as follows:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Wallenstein Symphony	D'Indy
Symphony in D	Sgambati
New (Prize) Symphony	George W. Chadwick
Overture "Sappho"	Goldmark
"Carneval"	Dvorak
"Otello"	Dvorak
"In der Natur"	Dvorak
"Corsaire"	Berlioz
"Wem die Krone"	Ritter
"Elegie"	Kahn
Prelude "Dornroeschen"	Langer
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Variations for Orchestra	Knorr
Symphonic Poem	Smetana
Entr'Acte "Gouverneur von Tours"	Reinecke
Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra	Benoit

The list of solo artists is particularly attractive. Among those already engaged are Messrs. Ysaye and Cesar Thomson, who are to visit America for the first time this season These Belgian artists rank among the greatest of living violinists and come to us with the prestige of extraordinary success in European cities. Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others will also appear.

The scale of prices for season tickets for the series of twenty-four concerts and for the series of twenty-four rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50 according to the location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25; the $12 seats for concerts, on Thursday, Sept. 27; and the $7.50 concert seats, on Friday, Sept. 28. The sale will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be resold.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

SYMPHONY AUCTION NEXT MONDAY

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall will begin on Oct. 12 with the public rehearsal. As in past seasons, there will be 24 public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts.

The auction sale of season tickets is to take place in Music Hall beginning Monday, Sept. 24, when the $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, following on Tuesday with the $7 50 seats. Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts, and on Friday, the 28th, the $7 50 seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1894.

The number of inquiries daily received at Music hall augurs well for the success of the coming series of Symphony concerts. These concerts have now been an established and valued institution for 13 years, and have been attended by an ever widening circle of music lovers. While the chief interest lies in the playing of this superb body of 80 artists, the appearance of many famous soloists engaged for the coming season will add much to the enjoyment of subscribers. The sales of season tickets for both rehearsals and concerts will be held next week at Music hall.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's announcement for the coming season is most attractive, and there is every indication that the coming concerts will prove as attractive as in any previous year. The auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning next Monday morning at 10 o'clock, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, the cheaper or $7 50 tickets, and on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27 and 28, the concert seats. Ladies who are unfamiliar with auction sales need not hesitate to attend these, for their bids will be carefully watched for, and it is unnecessary to say every advantage will be given them by their gentlemen competitors.

Boston Journal.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1894.

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The bid is the premium to be added to the price of the seat. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7 50 rehearsal tickets will be sold. Thursday and Friday, the Saturday evening concert tickets. It must be remembered that the tickets are delivered at time of sale, and must be paid for as soon as bought, otherwise they will be immediately resold. It is the custom for ladies to attend and bid.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCVI., NO. 80.

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The announcements that have been published concerning the coming series of Symphony concerts have aroused a great deal of interest and are being widely discussed in musical circles. Mr. Paur's programmes cover a wide range of orchestral literature and the adherents of each school will find especially attractive features in them. A number of distinguished artists have been engaged as soloists. Subscribers to these concerts will be offered a series of performances which for excellence, variety and attractiveness it is safe to say can be surpassed in no other city in the world.

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The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past years, $12, and $7 50, according to location. The sale of season tickets by auction will be held in Music Hall, commencing next Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold. The $7 50 rehearsal tickets will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 25. The $12 season tickets for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 season tickets for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, will be sold.

[18]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1894.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR. Conductor.

14th Season, 1894-5.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, (omitting Nov. 2, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 15).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 13, (omitting Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16),

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall, MONDAY, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, TUESDAY, Sept. 25, at 10 A.M.

The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at Music Hall, on THURSDAY, Sept. 27, at 10 A.M.

The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on FRIDAY, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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Boston Sunday Globe.

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Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the first of its annual series of 24 concerts at Music hall on Saturday evening, Oct 13, preceded by the usual public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct 12. The plans, as far as completed, indicate that the 14th season of this organization will be in many respects of exceptional brilliancy and interest. The efficiency of the orchestra has been improved in some departments by the engagement of 10 new members.

The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. The unrivaled body of first violins will be the same as last season, and the size of the orchestra will be the same It will number 84 players.

The management has been fortunate in being able to secure a number of soloists whose appearance will add very much to the attractiveness of the concerts. Among these are Messrs Ysaye and Cesar Thompson, two Belgians who rank among the greatest of living violinists. Neither of these artists has yet been heard in America, but each comes with the prestige of extraordinary successes won in European capitals.

Engagements have also been made with Mmes Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs Ben Davis, Baerman, Kneisel, Schroder and others.

The program will include besides the usual variety of standard works the following novelties:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D	Sgambati
Wallenstein symphony	d'Indy
Prize symphony (new)	Geo. W. Chadwick
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Overture, Sappho	Goldmark
Corsaire	Berlioz
Wem die Krone	Ritter
Carneval	Dvorak
Otello	Dvorak
In der Natur	Dvorak
Elegie	Kahn
Variations for orchestra	Knorr
Entr'acte, Gouverneur von Tours	Reinecke

The prices of season tickets for the series of 24 concerts and for the series of 24 rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to the location of seats. All season tickets will be sold by auction at Music hall.

The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept 24, the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept 25, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept 27, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept 28. The sales will begin each day at 10 a m. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Circulars giving full information may be had at Music hall.

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.

UNDER PAUR.

Soloists That Will Appear at the Symphony Concerts.

Sketches of the Great Fiddlers, Thomson and Ysaye.

Nove'ties of Interest That Will Be Played Here.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are well calculated to maintain the great interest which its concerts have attracted for so many years.

The orchestra will be the same in size as last season, and will number 84 players. Of these 10 will be new-comers. The most

YSAYE.

important acquisitions are a first clarinet, Mr. Pourtan, who comes from Lyons, and a first bassoon player, Mr. Litke, from one of the New York orchestras.

The Boston season will consist as usual of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning October 12, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning October 13. In addition to these performances the monthly performances will be continued in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, with the customary series in Cambridge and Providence, and single concerts in other cities. Among the novelties or works not played

CESAR THOMSON.

before in the Boston concerts, which will be given this season, are the following:

Wallenstein Symphony, d'Indy; Symphony in D, Sgambati; Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; Prize Symphony (new), George W. Chadwick; Seebilder, J. K. Paine. Overtures — "Carneval" Dvorak; "Otello," Dvorak; "In der Natur," Dvorak; "Sappho," Goldmark; "Wem die Krone," Ritter; (novelties) "Corsaire," Berlioz; "Elegie," Kahn; Prelude "Dornroeschen," Langer; Variations for Orchestra, Knorr; Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra, Benoit.

It is impossible to give a complete list of soloists at this early date. Engagements have already been made with Mrs. Eames, Miss Juch, Mrs. Beach, Messrs. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Ben Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others. Of those named Messrs. Ysaye and Cesar Thomson, the Belgian violinists, have not yet been heard in America. Both are artists of

BEN DAVIES.

great distinction, who have made sensational successes in Europe.

The program of the first concert, Saturday, Oct. 13, will be as follows:

Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne	Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"	Chabrier
Kaisermarsch	Wagner

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Cesar Thomson, mentioned above, is one of the most distinguished violinists now living. He was born in Luettich, Belgium, March 17, 1857. His father taught him at first, and the boy, when 7 years old, went to the Luettich Conservatory, where he studied under Dupuis and Leonard. In 1873 he went as "chamber musician" to the Baron von Derwiest to Lugano, Italy, and there in 1877 he was married. Afterward he was concert-meister of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. In 1883 he was appointed a teacher of the violin at the Luettich Conservatory, where he has since remained, with the exception of concert-tours.

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Eugene Ysaye, a most famous violin virtuoso, was born July 16, 1858, in Luettich, Belgium. His first lessons were taken at the Luettich Conservatory, and afterward he studied under Vieuxtemps in Brussels. He was afterward and until '81 concert-meister of the Bilse Orchestra in Berlin. He then traveled extensively, and in 1886 he was appointed first teacher of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, where he is still engaged. Ysaye has written six violin concertos, variations on a theme of Paganini, and other pieces, but few have been published.

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Mr. Davies, the Welsh tenor, was heard here last season at Handel and Haydn concerts and he then made a favorable impression.

There is naturally speculation concerning the auction sale of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Concerts.

Some—they are in all probability few in number—object to the proposed introduction of "light" music. By "light" they mean French; for to certain hearers who have been led to believe that music was invented and patented for all time by the Germans, light or French are synonyms. Therefore they shy at the announcement that Mr. Paur purposes to broaden and enliven his programs.

These same objectors have listened patiently in the past to "light" music, or stupid music composed by Germans or Americans Do they then prefer Humperdink to Massenet or Chabrier, and Mr. Clayton Jones to Auber?

There will be natural curiosity also to see and hear the new members of the orchestra. The first clarinet is a Frenchman, Mr. Pourton, from Lyons. Let us trust that his performance will belie the pun that occurs to even the humblest.

Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which won the prize offered in competition by the National Conservatory, will be played at an early date. Thomson and Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian fiddlers, will be heard during the season.

***

THE SYMPHONY SEATS.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programs, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given in Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons —$12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7 50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

The Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season at Music Hall on Oct. 12, and will give the usual series of twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings. The orchestra will comprise eighty-four players, ten of the number being new-comers. The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. With these exceptions, all the principal artists have been reëngaged. The concerts extend over so many weeks that it is impossible to give at this time all the programmes or a complete list of soloists, but sufficient is known to warrant the belief that the coming season will equal in interest and attractiveness any in the history of the organization.

Conductor Paur's programmes will cover a wide range of orchestral literature and the adherents of each school will find especially attractive features in them. The standard works of the great composers will, of course, be fully represented. A partial list of the novelties to be given is as follows:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Wallenstein Symphony	D'Indy
Symphony in D	Sgambati
New (Prize) Symphony	George W. Chadwick
Overture "Sappho"	Goldmark
"Carneval"	Dvorak
"Otello"	Dvorak
"In der Natur"	Dvorak
"Corsaire"	Berlioz
"Wem die Krone"	Ritter
"Elegie"	Kahn
Prelude "Dornroeschen"	Langer
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Variations for Orchestra	Knorr
Symphonic Poem	Smetana
Entr'Acte "Gouverneur von Tours"	Reinecke
Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra	Benoit

The list of solo artists is particularly attractive. Among those already engaged are Messrs. Ysaye and Cesar Thomson, who are to visit America for the first time this season These Belgian artists rank among the greatest of living violinists and come to us with the prestige of extraordinary success in European cities. Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others will also appear.

The scale of prices for season tickets for the series of twenty-four concerts and for the series of twenty-four rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50 according to the location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept, 25; the $12 seats for concerts, on Thursday, Sept. 27; and the $7.50 concert seats, on Friday, Sept. 28. The sale will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be resold.

[18]

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

SYMPHONY AUCTION NEXT MONDAY

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall will begin on Oct. 12 with the public rehearsal. As in past seasons, there will be 24 public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts.

The auction sale of season tickets is to take place in Music Hall beginning Monday, Sept. 24, when the $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, following on Tuesday with the $7 50 seats. Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts, and on Friday, the 28th, the $7 50 seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1894.

The number of inquiries daily received at Music hall augurs well for the success of the coming series of Symphony concerts. These concerts have now been an established and valued institution for 13 years, and have been attended by an ever widening circle of music lovers. While the chief interest lies in the playing of this superb body of 80 artists, the appearance of many famous soloists engaged for the coming season will add much to the enjoyment of subscribers. The sales of season tickets for both rehearsals and concerts will be held next week at Music hall.

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The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. The unrivaled body of first violins will be the same as last season, and the size of the orchestra will be the same It will number 84 players.

The management has been fortunate in being able to secure a number of soloists whose appearance will add very much to the attractiveness of the concerts. Among these are Messrs Ysaye and Cesar Thompson, two Belgians who rank among the greatest of living violinists. Neither of these artists has yet been heard in America, but each comes with the prestige of extraordinary successes won in European capitals.

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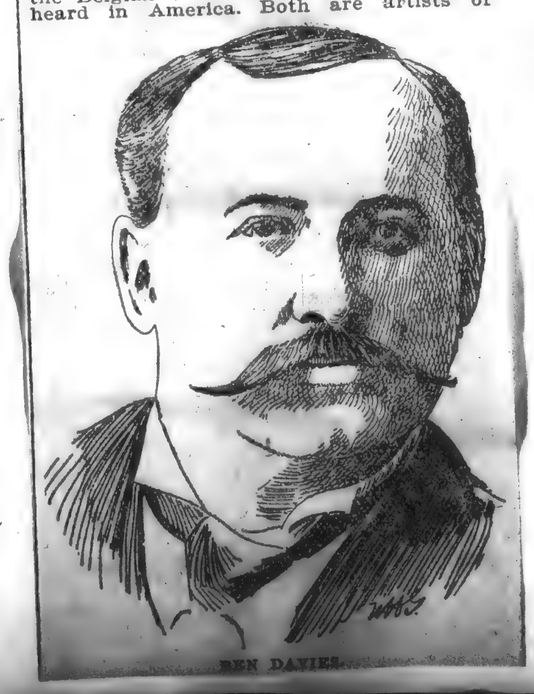

BEN DAVIES.

great distinction, and have made sensational successes in Europe.

The program of the first concert, Saturday, Oct. 13, will be as follows:

Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne	Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"	Chabrier
Kaisermarsch	Wagner

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Cesar Thomson, mentioned above, is one of the most distinguished violinists now living. He was born in Luettich, Belgium, March 17, 1857. His father taught him at first, and the boy, when 7 years old, went to the Luettich Conservatory, where he studied under Dupuis and Leonard. In 1873 he went as "chamber musician" to the Baron von Derwiest to Lugano, Italy, and there in 1877 he was married. Afterward he was concert-meister of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. In 1883 he was appointed a teacher of the violin at the Luettich Conservatory, where he has since remained, with the exception of concert-tours.

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There is naturally speculation concerning the auction sale of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Concerts.

Some—they are in all probability few in number—object to the proposed introduction of "light" music. By "light" they mean French; for to certain hearers who have been led to believe that music was invented and patented for all time by the Germans, light or French are synonyms. Therefore they shy at the announcement that Mr. Paur purposes to broaden and enliven his programs.

These same objectors have listened patiently in the past to "light" music, or stupid music composed by Germans or Americans Do they then prefer Humperdink to Massenet or Chabrier, and Mr. Clayton Jones to Auber?

There will be natural curiosity also to see and hear the new members of the orchestra. The first clarinet is a Frenchman, Mr. Pourton, from Lyons. Let us trust that his performance will belie the pun that occurs to even the humblest.

Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which won the prize offered in competition by the National Conservatory, will be played at an early date. Thomson and Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian fiddlers, will be heard during the season.

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THE SYMPHONY SEATS.

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra insure a series of brilliant performances. Great care has been exercised in the selection of programs, and many famous names figure in the list of soloists who have been engaged. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given in Music Hall on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 12 and 13. The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past seasons —$12 and $7 50, according to location. All tickets will be sold by auction. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, the $7 50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 26, the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28. The auction sales will be held at Music Hall, and will begin each day at 10 A. M.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

The Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its fourteenth season at Music Hall on Oct. 12, and will give the usual series of twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings. The orchestra will comprise eighty-four players, ten of the number being new-comers. The most important changes are in the positions of first clarinet and first bassoon. With these exceptions, all the principal artists have been reëngaged. The concerts extend over so many weeks that it is impossible to give at this time all the programmes or a complete list of soloists, but sufficient is known to warrant the belief that the coming season will equal in interest and attractiveness any in the history of the organization.

Conductor Paur's programmes will cover a wide range of orchestral literature and the adherents of each school will find especially attractive features in them. The standard works of the great composers will, of course, be fully represented. A partial list of the novelties to be given is as follows:

Symphony No. 6	Tschaikowsky
Wallenstein Symphony	D'Indy
Symphony in D	Sgambati
New (Prize) Symphony	George W. Chadwick
Overture "Sappho"	Goldmark
"Carneval"	Dvorak
"Otello"	Dvorak
"In der Natur"	Dvorak
"Corsaire"	Berlioz
"Wem die Krone"	Ritter
"Elegie"	Kahn
Prelude "Dornroeschen"	Langer
Seebilder	J. K. Paine
Variations for Orchestra	Knorr
Symphonic Poem	Smetana
Entr'Acte "Gouverneur von Tours"	Reinecke
Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra	Benoit

The list of solo artists is particularly attractive. Among those already engaged are Messrs. Ysaye and Cesar Thomson, who are to visit America for the first time this season These Belgian artists rank among the greatest of living violinists and come to us with the prestige of extraordinary success in European cities. Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others will also appear.

The scale of prices for season tickets for the series of twenty-four concerts and for the series of twenty-four rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50 according to the location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction at Music Hall. The $12 seats for rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals, on Tuesday, Sept, 25; the $12 seats for concerts, on Thursday, Sept. 27; and the $7.50 concert seats, on Friday, Sept. 28. The sale will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be resold.

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

SYMPHONY AUCTION NEXT MONDAY.

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall will begin on Oct. 12 with the public rehearsal. As in past seasons, there will be 24 public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts.

The auction sale of season tickets is to take place in Music Hall beginning Monday, Sept. 24, when the $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, following on Tuesday with the $7 50 seats. Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 seats for the concerts, and on Friday, the 28th, the $7 50 seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1894.

The number of inquiries daily received at Music hall augurs well for the success of the coming series of Symphony concerts. These concerts have now been an established and valued institution for 13 years, and have been attended by an ever widening circle of music lovers. While the chief interest lies in the playing of this superb body of 80 artists, the appearance of many famous soloists engaged for the coming season will add much to the enjoyment of subscribers. The sales of season tickets for both rehearsals and concerts will be held next week at Music hall.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's announcement for the coming season is most attractive, and there is every indication that the coming concerts will prove as attractive as in any previous year. The auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning next Monday morning at 10 o'clock, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, the cheaper or $7 50 tickets, and on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27 and 28, the concert seats. Ladies who are unfamiliar with auction sales need not hesitate to attend these, for their bids will be carefully watched for, and it is unnecessary to say every advantage will be given them by their gentlemen competitors.

Boston Journal.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT AUCTION.

Next Monday morning at 10 o'clock the sale of the $12 seats for the Symphony rehearsals will begin at Music Hall. The tickets will be sold at auction and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. To those not acquainted with these sales it may be mentioned that the seats are sold in their regular order, and not for choice. A large diagram is erected on the stage, showing the exact location of each seat. Mr. Jackson, who has been the auctioneer in past seasons, will officiate in the same capacity at the coming sale.

The bid is the premium to be added to the price of the seat. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7 50 rehearsal tickets will be sold. Thursday and Friday, the Saturday evening concert tickets. It must be remembered that the tickets are delivered at time of sale, and must be paid for as soon as bought, otherwise they will be immediately resold. It is the custom for ladies to attend and bid.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCVI., NO. 80.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The announcements that have been published concerning the coming series of Symphony concerts have aroused a great deal of interest and are being widely discussed in musical circles. Mr. Paur's programmes cover a wide range of orchestral literature and the adherents of each school will find especially attractive features in them. A number of distinguished artists have been engaged as soloists. Subscribers to these concerts will be offered a series of performances which for excellence, variety and attractiveness it is safe to say can be surpassed in no other city in the world.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 20, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT TICKETS.

The announcement for the 14th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been commented on most favorably. The programme for the series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts will be of genuine excellence. The soloists already engaged will add greatly to the enjoyment of the concerts.

The scale of prices for season tickets will be the same as in past years, $12, and $7 50, according to location. The sale of season tickets by auction will be held in Music Hall, commencing next Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold. The $7 50 rehearsal tickets will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 25. The $12 season tickets for the concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7 50 season tickets for the concerts on Friday, Sept. 28, will be sold.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its fourteenth season October 12-13. The new first clarinet is Mr. Pourtan, of Lyons, and the new first bassoon, Mr. Litke, is no stranger to you.

Mr. Paur contemplates giving the following novelties (in Boston) during the season:

Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; symphony in D, Sgambati; Wallenstein symphony, D'Indy; new prize symphony, Geo. W. Chadwick; overture, "Sappho," Goldmark; overture, "Wem die Krone," Ritter; overture, "Corsaire," Berlioz; overture, "Carneval," Dvorák; overture, "Otello," Dvorák; overture, "In der Natur," Dvorák; overture, "Élégie," Kahn; overture, Rietz; prelude, "Dornroeschen," Langer; Seebilder, J. K. Paine; variations for orchestra, Knorr; symphonic poem, Smetana; Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; poème symphonique for flute and orchestra, Benoit.

All the soloists have not yet signed contracts, but those who have are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, Ysaye, César Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Molé, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder.

These are the programs of the first five concerts:

FIRST CONCERT.

Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tambourin, gavot and chaconne	Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"	Chabrier
"Kaisermarsch"	Wagner

SECOND CONCERT.

Soloist, Emma Juch.

Overture, "Carneval Romaine"	Berlioz
Aria	
Symphony (new)	G. W Chadwick
Aria	
Ballet music, "Demon"	Rubinstein

THIRD CONCERT.

Soloist, Carl Baermann.

Unfinished symphony in B minor	Schubert
Concerto for piano in E flat major	Beethoven
Symphony in C major	Schumann

FOURTH CONCERT.

Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"	Smetana
Symphony in D (first time)	Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlésienne"	Bizet

FIFTH CONCERT.

Soloist, Emma Eames.

Symphony in E flat	Mozart
Aria	
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"	Schubert
March in B minor	Schubert-Liszt
Aria	
Overture, "Le Part du Diable"	Auber

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Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7 50 seats for the public rehearsals.

The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7 50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall showing the division between the $12 and $7 50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 20, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The thousands of patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the auction sale of season tickets for the public rehearsals and Saturday evening concerts will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. Mr. Paur has spent a great deal of his time this summer in examining new works, many of which will be produced with a fair proportion of standard works by the old masters. Circulars giving full particulars at Music Hall.

Boston Daily Globe.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1894.

The sale of seats for the symphony concerts will begin next Monday morning at Music hall. The first rehearsal and concert will be given Oct 12 and 13.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 20, 1894.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at ten o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction; on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line. On Thursday, Sept. 27, at ten o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall showing the division between the $12 and $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

BOSTON DAILY TRAVELLER.

PUBLISHED BY TRAVELLER PUBLISHING CO., AT 307 WASHINGTON STREET, OPP. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

First Public Rehearsal to be Held Oct. 12.

DIRECTOR PAUR'S WORK

Has Shown Himself to be a Popular Conductor.

Many Soloists of Great Prominence Engaged for this Season—Prices of Seats.

The time for the opening of the 14th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is close at hand, the date of the first public rehearsal being Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and the first concert Saturday evening, Oct. 13.

The inquiries concerning this season's series and the already large number of orders placed with the ticket speculators indicate that the interest of the public in these opportunities offered by Mr. Higginson is as active as in past seasons, and the probabilities are that good financial results will follow the annual auction sale of tickets for the rehearsals and concerts both. The success of Mr. Emil Paur with the orchestra last season established his reputation as an able and competent conductor, a musician of fine musical instincts and deep feeling and master, as well, of the forces under his baton, the orchestra under his guidance playing with precision and with dynamic effect quite in contrast with the manner in which it drifted or moved at its own will under Mr. Paur's predecessor.

Mr. Paur's weak point last season was the monotonous character of his programmes, but he has promised to remedy that matter during the coming season, by extending the scope of his selections, and becoming to a marked degree more catholic in the character of the works to be presented.

This is most encouraging evidence of the desire upon the part of Mr. Paur to shake off the shackles of his German antecedents, and become cosmopolite in his sojourn among us, as regards his intention not to be nationally partisan in the composers to be represented in his programmes. With such liberal, progressive and broadminded competitors as Theodore Thomas and Walter Damrosch, it would be professional suicide for Mr. Paur to do otherwise than try to meet the demands of the advanced taste of critical, unpartisan American audiences.

When we consider this promise of a liberal course upon the part of Conductor Paur to meet every taste of his audience, and also the high degree of excellence to which he raised the concerted efforts of the superb body of players under his guidance, after four years of slipshod work under his predecessor, there is every reason to believe that the public will recognize its good fortune in the possession of such an able and conscientious musician and conductor, and their appreciation thereof in eagerly obtaining places at the sales of the coming series of rehearsals and concerts.

The composition of the orchestra this season will be essentially the same as last year. There will be about 10 new members only, and mostly among the second violins and lower stringed instruments. Among the principal instruments the only changes will be in the engagement of a new first clarinet and a new first bassoon player.

The former, M. Pourtan, comes from Lyons, France, and enjoys a good reputation as first clarinet in both the Symphony Orchestra and the Grand Opera of that city.

With the advent of Mr. Nikisch the Boston Symphony Orchestra was unfortunate in the possession of a first clarinet player whose ability was that only of a clever amateur. It was said that he came here as a personal friend of Nikisch, and was but a graduate from the Leipsic conservatory without the necessary skill and experience for the position he assumed.

Whether this be true or not, he certainly was not equal to the situation, for he had not the technical skill to cope with the difficulties of his part and he played often a little flat of the pitch, thereby putting the woodwind out of tune, for of what use was the correct intimation of his associate players if his own efforts were untuneful? The false intonation of one player alone among the woodwind would ruin the ensemble. It must have been extremely exasperating to such artists as M. Moll and M. Sautet to have to perform under such trying circumstances.

With the coming of M. Pourtan the first flute, oboe and clarinet players will be Frenchmen, and it is acknowledged by the Germans themselves that the French excel as wind players.

The new bassoon player is Mr. Litke, who has held first positions with both Thomas and Damrosch.

Among the soloists to appear will be Mrs. Emma Eames, Mrs. Emma Juch and Mr. Ben Davies as vocalists; Mr. Carl Baermann and Mrs. Beach as pianists; the renowned violinists, Cesar Thomson and M. Ysaye, and other eminent foreign performers, besides our local artists, Mr. Kneisel, Schroeder and others.

It will be seen that the season at hand, as regards the work of the orchestra and the ability of the soloists, must prove a most brilliant one.

The sale of the seats at auction will be as follows: The $12 seats for rehearsals will take place at Music Hall on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock; the $7.50 rehearsal seats, on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 o'clock; the $12 concert seats, on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7.50 seats, on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same time and place. The conditions that have governed the auction sales of previous seasons will prevail on these occasions.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Sept. 22, 1894.

Among the soloists engaged for the coming Symphony season are Emma Eames, Emma Juch, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, M. Ysaye and Messrs. Kneisel, Schroeder and Molé. The novelties in the way of musical compositions promised are overtures by Dvorak, Symphony No. 6 by Tschaikowsky, new prize Symphony by George W. Chadwick and works by J. K. Paine, Goldmark, Reinecke and Benoit. The sale of seats for rehearsals begins at Music Hall next Monday morning at 10 A. M., the sale for the concerts opening on Thursday morning at the same hour.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 84.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1894.

The Symphony rehearsal girls are doing a good deal of thinking these days. Some of them, as the auction draws near, are afraid their natural bankers may not deem it absolutely necessary that they have the best seats in Music Hall, and they won't get the same places that knew them last season. So many girls want the best seats! Now, considering how little a Symphony rehearsal girl cares about the playing of the orchestra, why should they be so very particular? At all events, the annual excitement waxeth, and the omnipresent speculator is girding up his loins for the coming battle. The concerts are going to be unusually interesting, just the same, whether the girls like it or not!

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Director Paur has given much of his summer vacation time to the preparatory work of the coming season, and from the mass of compositions of all classes forwarded from Europe and submitted by American composers, has shown a large amount of new music, a performance of which has been duly arranged for in the season's programmes. The soloists engaged will add much to the interest felt in the coming season's concerts. The first public rehearsal will be Oct. 12, and the first concert Oct. 13. The annual auction sale, as before announced in these columns, takes place in Music Hall next week, beginning on Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold, followed on Tuesday by the $7 50 seats. On Thursday the $12 concert seats, and on Friday the $7 50 concert seats, will be sold. Ladies who attend the auction will find no difficulty in securing the seats they desire.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The plans made for the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are more comprehensive than ever before, and have been read with interest by the many patrons of this fine organization. It should be borne in mind that the annual auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning next Monday morning, when the $12 rehearsal tickets will be sold. Tuesday the $7 50 rehearsal seats. On Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 concert seats, and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7 50 concert seats will be sold. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning. Every indication points toward a large attendance, as many patrons who in seasons past have delegated outside parties to purchase their tickets have signified their intention of being present and selecting their own seats.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The recent announcements regarding the Boston Symphony Orchestra have awakened great interest, and there is every indication that its coming season will be as successful as any in its career. Mr. Paur is alive to his opportunities, and is disposed to find a place in the concerts for worthy compositions of all schools. The auction sale of season tickets takes up the greater part of next week, beginning on Monday with the $12 rehearsal tickets. On Tuesday the $7.50 rehearsal tickets, and on Thursday and Friday the concert seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1894.

Next Monday, at 10 a m, the sale for the symphony rehearsals and concerts will begin at Music hall, the sale continuing Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at the same hour. Tickets will be delivered at the hall and must be paid for as soon as purchased, or they will be resold. The first program will be given Oct 12 and 13.

THE CHRONICLE.

A Weekly Journal of Local Events, with "Abstracts and Brief Chronicles of the Times."

C. A. W. SPENCER, PUBLISHER.

TELEPHONE: 16 BROOKLINE.

Entered at the Boston post office, for transmission by mail as second class matter.

BROOKLINE, MASS., SEPT. 22, 1894.

Boston Symphony Season.—The Boston Symphony orchestra, which, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Paur, ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world, and is the largest, the most prosperous, as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, will soon begin its 14th season. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, and 24 concerts will be given on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 13. On Friday afternoons, Nov. 2 and Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 19 there will be no public rehearsals, as the orchestra will be on the road; and there will be no concerts on Saturday evenings, Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, for the same reason. The orchestra will number 82 musicians, having been strengthened by the engagement of ten new members. Among the soloists will be Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear. The scale of prices for season tickets for rehearsals or for concerts will be the same as last year, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction, at Music Hall, and will be conducted by Mr. H. W. Jackson. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28, at the some hour.

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HOME JOURNAL

BOSTON'S PAPER FOR TO-DAY

The Saturday Evening Paper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

Many indications justify a belief that the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony will be one of unusual importance, and it is extremely gratifying to know that the interest in the concerts of this organization, both in this city and in those visited at stated periods, was never more pronounced. The maintenance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for such an extended period is in itself the most convincing evidence of its value as an organization, and the position it has gained throughout the country is a just cause for local pride.

At no time since its formation has the orchestra been in better shape for its season work, than at present. The summer leisure has been well improved by Mr. Paur in the examination of new compositions, and he has secured so many attractive novelties that the concerts will afford a constant succession of interesting features. Among the soloists already announced to assist in the coming concerts are Mesdames Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Thomson, Baermann, Kneisel, Mole, Schroeder and others who have not as yet signed contracts.

Beginning next Monday morning the annual auction sale of season tickets will take place at Music Hall. Only $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals on that day; Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7.50 rehearsal tickets; Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 concert seats, and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 concert tickets will be sold. Mr. Jackson will be the auctioneer.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

* *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its fourteenth season October 12–13. The new first clarinet is Mr. Pourtan, of Lyons, and the new first bassoon, Mr. Litke, is no stranger to you.

Mr. Paur contemplates giving the following novelties (in Boston) during the season:

Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; symphony in D, Sgambati; Wallenstein symphony, D'Indy; new prize symphony, Geo. W. Chadwick; overture, "Sappho," Goldmark; overture, "Wem die Krone," Ritter; overture, "Corsaire," Berlioz; overture, "Carneval," Dvorák; overture, "Otello," Dvorák; overture, "In der Natur," Dvorák; overture, "Élégie," Kahn; overture, Rietz; prelude, "Dornroeschen," Langer; Seebilder, J. K. Paine; variations for orchestra, Knorr; symphonic poem, Smetana; Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; poème symphonique for flute and orchestra, Benoit.

All the soloists have not yet signed contracts, but those who have are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, Ysaye, César Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Molé, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder.

These are the programs of the first five concerts:

FIRST CONCERT.

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, gavot and chaconne.....Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
"Kaisermarsch".....Wagner

SECOND CONCERT.

Soloist, Emma Juch.

Overture, "Carneval Romaine".....Berlioz
Aria.....
Symphony (new).....G. W. Chadwick
Aria.....
Ballet music, "Demon".....Rubinstein

THIRD CONCERT.

Soloist, Carl Baermann.

Unfinished symphony in B minor.....Schubert
Concerto for piano in E flat major.....Beethoven
Symphony in C major.....Schumann

FOURTH CONCERT.

Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut".....Smetana
Symphony in D (first time).....Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlésienne".....Bizet

FIFTH CONCERT.

Soloist, Emma Eames.

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart
Aria.....
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde".....Schubert
March in B minor.....Schubert-Liszt
Aria.....
Overture, "Le Part du Diable".....Auber

* *

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7 50 seats for the public rehearsals.

The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7 50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall showing the division between the $12 and $7 50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 20, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The thousands of patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the auction sale of season tickets for the public rehearsals and Saturday evening concerts will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. Mr. Paur has spent a great deal of his time this summer in examining new works, many of which will be produced with a fair proportion of standard works by the old masters. Circulars giving full particulars at Music Hall.

Boston Daily Globe.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1894.

The sale of seats for the symphony concerts will begin next Monday morning at Music hall. The first rehearsal and concert will be given Oct 12 and 13.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 20, 1894.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at ten o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered by auction; on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line. On Thursday, Sept. 27, at ten o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall, showing the division between the $12 and $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

BOSTON DAILY TRAVELLER.

PUBLISHED BY TRAVELLER PUBLISHING CO., AT 307 WASHINGTON STREET, OPP. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

First Public Rehearsal to be Held Oct. 12.

DIRECTOR PAUR'S WORK

Has Shown Himself to be a Popular Conductor.

Many Soloists of Great Prominence Engaged for this Season—Prices of Seats.

The time for the opening of the 14th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is close at hand, the date of the first public rehearsal being Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and the first concert Saturday evening, Oct. 13.

The inquiries concerning this season's series and the already large number of orders placed with the ticket speculators indicate that the interest of the public in these opportunities offered by Mr. Higginson is as active as in past seasons, and the probabilities are that good financial results will follow the annual auction sale of tickets for the rehearsals and concerts both. The success of Mr. Emil Paur with the orchestra last season established his reputation as an able and competent conductor, a musician of fine musical instincts and deep feeling and master, as well, of the forces under his baton, the orchestra under his guidance playing with precision and with dynamic effect quite in contrast with the manner in which it drifted or moved at its own will under Mr. Paur's predecessor.

Mr. Paur's weak point last season was the monotonous character of his programmes, but he has promised to remedy that matter during the coming season, by extending the scope of his selections, and becoming to a marked degree more catholic in the character of the works to be presented.

This is most encouraging evidence of the desire upon the part of Mr. Paur to shake off the shackles of his German antecedents, and become cosmopolite in his sojourn among us, as regards his intention not to be nationally partisan in the composers to be represented in his programmes. With such liberal, progressive and broadminded competitors as Theodore Thomas and Walter Damrosch, it would be professional suicide for Mr. Paur to do otherwise than try to meet the demands of the advanced taste of critical, unpartisan American audiences.

When we consider this promise of a liberal course upon the part of Conductor Paur to meet every taste of his audience, and also the high degree of excellence to which he raised the concerted efforts of the superb body of players under his guidance, after four years of slipshod work under his predecessor, there is every reason to believe that the public will recognize its good fortune in the possession of such an able and conscientious musician and conductor, and their appreciation thereof in eagerly obtaining places at the sales of the coming series of rehearsals and concerts.

The composition of the orchestra this season will be essentially the same as last year. There will be about 10 new members only, and mostly among the second violins and lower stringed instruments. Among the principal instruments the only changes will be in the engagement of a new first clarinet and a new first bassoon player.

The former, M. Pourtan, comes from Lyons, France, and enjoys a good reputation as first clarinet in both the Symphony Orchestra and the Grand Opera of that city.

With the advent of Mr. Nikisch the Boston Symphony Orchestra was unfortunate in the possession of a first clarinet player whose ability was that only of a clever amateur. It was said that he came here as a personal friend of Nikisch, and was but a graduate from the Leipsic conservatory without the necessary skill and experience for the position he assumed.

Whether this be true or not, he certainly was not equal to the situation, for he had not the technical skill to cope with the difficulties of his part and he played often a little flat of the pitch, thereby putting the woodwind out of tune, for of what use was the correct intimation of his associate players if his own efforts were untuneful? The false intonation of one player alone among the woodwind would ruin the ensemble. It must have been extremely exasperating to such artists as M. Moll and M. Sautet to have to perform under such trying circumstances.

With the coming of M. Pourtan the first flute, oboe and clarinet players will be Frenchmen, and it is acknowledged by the Germans themselves that the French excel as wind players.

The new bassoon player is Mr. Litke, who has held first positions with both Thomas and Damrosch.

Among the soloists to appear will be Mrs. Emma Eames, Mrs. Emma Juch and Mr. Ben Davies as vocalists; Mr. Carl Baermann and Mrs. Beach as pianists; the renowned violinists, Cesar Thomson and M. Ysaye, and other eminent foreign performers, besides our local artists, Mr. Kneisel, Schroeder and others.

It will be seen that the season at hand, as regards the work of the orchestra and the ability of the soloists, must prove a most brilliant one.

The sale of the seats at auction will be as follows: The $12 seats for rehearsals will take place at Music Hall on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock; the $7.50 rehearsal seats, on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 o'clock; the $12 concert seats, on Thursday, Sept. 27, and the $7.50 seats, on Friday, Sept. 28, at the same time and place. The conditions that have governed the auction sales of previous seasons will prevail on these occasions.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Sept. 22, 1894.

Among the soloists engaged for the coming Symphony season are Emma Eames, Emma Juch, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, M. Ysaye and Messrs. Kneisel, Schroeder and Molé. The novelties in the way of musical compositions promised are overtures by Dvorak, Symphony No. 6 by Tschaikowsky, new prize Symphony by George W. Chadwick and works by J. K. Paine, Goldmark, Reinecke and Benoit. The sale of seats for rehearsals begins at Music Hall next Monday morning at 10 A. M, the sale for the concerts opening on Thursday morning at the same hour.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI, NO. 84.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1894.

The Symphony rehearsal girls are doing a good deal of thinking these days. Some of them, as the auction draws near, are afraid their natural bankers may not deem it absolutely necessary that they have the best seats in Music Hall, and they won't get the same places that knew them last season. So many girls want the best seats! Now, considering how little a Symphony rehearsal girl cares about the playing of the orchestra, why should they be so very particular? At all events, the annual excitement waxeth, and the omnipresent speculator is girding up his loins for the coming battle. The concerts are going to be unusually interesting, just the same, whether the girls like it or not!

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Director Paur has given much of his summer vacation time to the preparatory work of the coming season, and from the mass of compositions of all classes forwarded from Europe and submitted by American composers, has shown a large amount of new music, a performance of which has been duly arranged for in the season's programmes. The soloists engaged will add much to the interest felt in the coming season's concerts. The first public rehearsal will be Oct. 12, and the first concert Oct. 13. The annual auction sale, as before announced in these columns, takes place in Music Hall next week, beginning on Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold, followed on Tuesday by the $7 50 seats. On Thursday the $12 concert seats, and on Friday the $7 50 concert seats, will be sold. Ladies who attend the auction will find no difficulty in securing the seats they desire.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The plans made for the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are more comprehensive than ever before, and have been read with interest by the many patrons of this fine organization. It should be borne in mind that the annual auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning next Monday morning, when the $12 rehearsal tickets will be sold. Tuesday the $7 50 rehearsal seats. On Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 concert seats, and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7 50 concert seats will be sold. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning. Every indication points toward a large attendance, as many patrons who in seasons past have delegated outside parties to purchase their tickets have signified their intention of being present and selecting their own seats.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The recent announcements regarding the Boston Symphony Orchestra have awakened great interest, and there is every indication that its coming season will be as successful as any in its career. Mr. Paur is alive to his opportunities, and is disposed to find a place in the concerts for worthy compositions of all schools. The auction sale of season tickets takes up the greater part of next week, beginning on Monday with the $12 rehearsal tickets. On Tuesday the $7.50 rehearsal tickets, and on Thursday and Friday the concert seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1894.

Next Monday, at 10 a m, the sale for the symphony rehearsals and concerts will begin at Music hall, the sale continuing Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at the same hour. Tickets will be delivered at the hall and must be paid for as soon as purchased, or they will be resold. The first program will be given Oct 12 and 13.

THE CHRONICLE.

A Weekly Journal of Local Events, with "Abstracts and Brief Chronicles of the Times."

C. A. W. SPENCER, PUBLISHER.

TELEPHONE: 16 BROOKLINE.

Entered at the Boston post office, for transmission by mail as second class matter.

BROOKLINE, MASS., SEPT. 22, 1894.

Boston Symphony Season.—The Boston Symphony orchestra, which, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Paur, ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world, and is the largest, the most prosperous, as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, will soon begin its 14th season. Twenty-four public rehearsals will be given at Music Hall on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 12, and 24 concerts will be given on Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 13. On Friday afternoons, Nov. 2 and Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 19 there will be no public rehearsals, as the orchestra will be on the road; and there will be no concerts on Saturday evenings, Nov. 3, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 16, for the same reason. The orchestra will number 82 musicians, having been strengthened by the engagement of ten new members. Among the soloists will be Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear. The scale of prices for season tickets for rehearsals or for concerts will be the same as last year, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. All tickets will be sold by auction, at Music Hall, and will be conducted by Mr. H. W. Jackson. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for concerts on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 28, at the some hour.

BOSTON HOME JOURNAL

The Saturday Evening Paper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

Many indications justify a belief that the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony will be one of unusual importance, and it is extremely gratifying to know that the interest in the concerts of this organization, both in this city and in those visited at stated periods, was never more pronounced. The maintenance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for such an extended period is in itself the most convincing evidence of its value as an organization, and the position it has gained throughout the country is a just cause for local pride.

At no time since its formation has the orchestra been in better shape for its season work, than at present. The summer leisure has been well improved by Mr. Paur in the examination of new compositions, and he has secured so many attractive novelties that the concerts will afford a constant succession of interesting features. Among the soloists already announced to assist in the coming concerts are Mesdames Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Thomson, Baermann, Kneisel, Mole, Schroeder and others who have not as yet signed contracts.

Beginning next Monday morning the annual auction sale of season tickets will take place at Music Hall. Only $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals on that day; Tuesday, Sept. 25, the $7.50 rehearsal tickets; Thursday, Sept. 27, the $12 concert seats, and on Friday, Sept. 28, the $7.50 concert tickets will be sold. Mr. Jackson will be the auctioneer.

[19]

SATURDAY, [illegible]

The Symphony Concerts.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sale of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at ten o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered by auction; on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years—not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line. On Thursday, Sept. 27, at ten o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall, showing the division between the $12 and $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

The plan of selling the tickets by auction is one that suits all purses. The fact that these tickets command a premium gives many the impression of high prices, but it should be borne in mind that the starting prices, $12 and $7.50, for twenty-four high-class concerts, are absurdly low. The prices quoted from year to year in the newspapers are invariably the highest and are exceptional. The truth is that the cost of each seat in the best of years averaged less per concert than is commonly paid for other public entertainments, musical and dramatic, which do not involve a tithe of the expense connected with a large orchestra. There has never yet been a year when many hundred seats have not been sold at trifling premiums, and anyone desiring to secure them can do so by attending personally the auctions. It should be remembered that ladies will find no difficulty in making their own purchases; and anybody will do better by attending the sale personally than by ordering through brokers.

Negotiations are pending with Mme. Nordica, and though no engagement has been closed, there is little doubt that she will be the bright particular star in a grand Wagner concert to be included in the regular series. Other new engagements with soloists are those of Miss Franklin and Mr. Huss. The list, not yet complete, also includes Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schnitzler, Schroeder and others.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The announcements made last week have awakened a widespread interest in the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the opinion is freely expressed that it will be the most brilliant in the career of the organization. The partial list of music already published indicates that Mr. Paur is fully alive to the occasion, and that worthy compositions of all schools will find a place in his programs. It is impossible to present a complete list of the soloists engaged, but the names of Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Franklin, Messrs. Ysaye, Thomson, Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder, Huss, who have already signed contracts, show that a liberal policy will be pursued in this respect. Though it can be no longer necessary to speak of the quality of the orchestra and of the carefulness in every detail which characterizes all the work of perparation, it is well again to remind the town that the orchestra has few rivals in the world. In the individual excellence of the players and in the completeness of its equipment it is superlatively fine. The fourteenth season of concerts will open in Music Hall Saturday evening, Oct. 13. The auction sale of tickets commences in Music Hall tomorrow (Monday) morning, with the $12 rehearsal seats, continuing on Tuesday with the $7 50 rehearsal seats. On Thursday and Friday the Saturday evening concert seats will be sold. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning.

The first sign of returning society will take place at Music Hall on Monday, but it will be by proxy. If signs may be believed, there will be fewer society people at the sale in person than usual. Last season Mrs. Gardner deigned to put in an appearance during one day of the auction, but unless she is preparing a surprise for every one, and coming home surreptitiously for the event, she will be missed this season. It looks as if quite a number of well-known people would not return to town until the third or fourth concert of this season. But for all that the times are unmistakably better and the Symphony season will be enjoyed with freer minds than a large percentage of Boston people had last year.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23.

Symphony Concerts.

Patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the annual auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The announcements made during the past week have created a widespread interest in the coming concerts of this organization, and Music Hall will undoubtedly contain a good audience when the auctioneer calls for bids at the opening of the sale.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XVI., NO. 85.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

Symphony Programme to Have a Vein of Lightness.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

Mr. Paur is to be thanked for his intention to brighten the programmes of the Symphony concerts by an occasional infusion into them of music of a somewhat lighter character than has appeared in them fer nine years, or, in other words, since the time of Mr. Henschel. While it is right that these concerts should be educational to a large extent, there is no reason why they should not also be entertaining, within proper limitations, nor why what is severe in them should not be contrasted judiciously with good music of a lighter cast, in which the ear can be pleased and the understanding be left untaxed. Some will, of course, object to the innovation on which Mr. Paur has ventured, but their sincerity may be questioned. Good music is good music, whether it be light or heavy, and it does not always follow that what is incomprehensible is necessarily great, and what at once appeals to the comprehension is necessarily little.

There is affectation in a professed love for music as there is in everything else in which an appeal is made to the taste. Even Symphony audiences are not wholly free from it, as has been evidenced by the hearty applause bestowed by the majority of those present on music which, on a first hearing, has baffled the understanding of professional musicians. It would seem that the guiding principle has been that not to applaud that which is drearily profound is to manifest ignorance of the fundamental principles of classical music, and hence, not having the courage of their convictions, listeners simulate a delight which they do not feel, in order to show the readiness with which they are able to "palpitate with the right emotion." They are afraid to let any one see how bored they have been, in the dread that they may be thought not know a thing when they hear it. The hypocrisy is laid bare whenever a piece of music is played in which simplicity prevails and a rhythmical tune breaks on their ears. Then the applause has none of the perfunctory air that attends the playing of the incomprehensible, it is spontaneous and genuinely enthusiastic. Down in its heart a Symphony audience likes a tune as heartily as Tommy Moore loved a lord. And why should it not? It is not pleasing to be ever on stilts, even though it may lift one bodily above the level of one's fellows who walk on the ground. While it is well that we should be grave at times and take our music seriously, it is equally well that we should smile now and then and have music to gratify our more refined lighter moods. Even the pedagogue looks gleefully toward his hours of relaxation. One may pore over the sombreness of Eschylus and yet not be sinful if one also finds welcome diversion in the humor of Dickens. One can be enraptured with the grandeur of Beethoven's ninth symphony and not become wholly contemptible for listening with pleasure to a brilliant overture by Auber, or for that matter to a waltz of Johann Strauss. The true musical nature appreciates and enjoys the best in its kind, whether it appeals to his gayer or to his more solemn sentiments. There is comedy as well as tragedy.

There are people who, if the "Dance of Nymphs" in the "Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz had been written by Strauss—and there is nothing in it, even its commonplace that is above the power of the dance-writer to achieve—would feel that it would be out of place on a Symphony concert programme, and would be scandalized at the very suggestion of applauding it there; and yet as it bears Berlioz' name, they go even to the extent of attempting to encore it whenever it is performed at these concerts. The beautiful in art has as much claim on the attention as does the profound that is not beautiful, and after all a wearisome work, signed by a great name, and whose meaning is not to be grasped, except after frequent hearing, often recalls the remonstrance of the dull school boy, who, after he had been flogged into learning the alphabet, was in doubt whether it was worth while to go through so much for so little.

There is a wide misapprehension regarding what is and what is not classical music. According to the general belief, what is classical must of necessity be profound, and demands a special education to appreciate it; and yet gay Horace is no less a classic than is sombre Sophocles. If Beethoven's "Fidelio" is a classic, so is Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Because there be precisians who are musically virtuous, shall we have no more tuneful cakes and ale? It is true that a Symphony programme comes clearly within that rule which demands a place for everything and everything in its place, and such a programme is not to be broadened and made lighter injudiciously and with a disregard for the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, there is much good and pleasing music that has hitherto been denied a place on these same programmes that might appear there without sacrifice of dignity or even of the educational principle that lies at the foundation of the concerts. Mr. Paur, in his resolve to admit music of this class, will meet with general approval. It will relieve the selections of a certain heaviness that has characterized them for some years, and the flavor of what is light will enable the palate the better to appreciate what is heavy. As at a banquet, a choice and dainty little entremet is no drawback to the enjoyment of the more solid fare, and something of French champagne sparkle will not mingle badly with the heavier, still wines of Germany—always provided that both are of the best quality.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The interesting announcements made in these columns last Sunday in reference to the coming season of the Boston Symphony orchestra have been widely discussed in musical circles during the week, and the opinion is general that the prospectus for the 14th season is the most attractive ever issued by the management. The standard works and novelties to be performed are well chosen, and for variety, catholicity and musical worth Mr. Paur's programmes leave little to be desired. Two more American compositions which have been accepted [illegible] concerto for violoncello by Arthur [illegible] to be played by Mr. Schroeder, and a [illegible] concerto by Henry Holden Huss, to be played by the com-

[illegible] a gratifying showing [illegible] powers. Negotiations [illegible] Mme. Nordica, and though the engagement is not yet closed, there is little doubt that she will be the principal singer in a grand Wagner concert to be included in the regular series. Other additions to the force of soloists are Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. Huss. The list, not yet complete, also includes Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Cesar, Thomson, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schnitzler, Schroeder and others.

The sales of season tickets are to be held during the coming week. All tickets will be sold by auction, experience having shown this method to be the fairest that can be devised. It creates a wide range of prices and suits all purses. The fact that the tickets command a premium gives many the impression of high prices, but it should be remembered that the starting prices, $12 and $7.50 for 24 high-class concerts, is ridiculously low. While a few exceptionally desirable seats have usually brought stiff prices, the average cost has always been less than the usual prices for other public performances, both musical and dramatic. The number of seats in Music Hall is 2397, and of these many hundreds have been sold each season at trifling premiums. These can be secured by any one by attending personally the auctions. It should be stated that ladies will find no difficulty in making their own purchases. The $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold at Music Hall tomorrow (Monday), the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, the $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and the $7.50 concert tickets on Friday. The sales will begin each day at 10 A. M.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

RENEWED INTEREST MANIFESTED IN THE COMING SYMPHONY SALES—A REMARKABLE LIST OF SOLOISTS—MR. PAUR'S PLANS AND PROGRAMMES.

Present indications all justify the belief that the fourteenth season of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be one of unusual importance both musically and socially. Interest in the Symphonies was never more pronounced than this year, and the position of this grand organization in the world of music never more apparent. The orchestra has received several important additions to its ranks and was never in better shape for the season's work than at present. Mr. Kneisel will occupy his old seat as leader of the violins.

Conductor Paur's last season's work amply demonstrated his ability as a conductor and programme maker, and the list of interesting features which he has planned for the coming concerts will prove most gratifying to music lovers. He has spent the greater part of the summer in looking over new compositions and in arranging the many details which go to make up a successful season. The five programmes already planned are thoroughly meritorious and interesting and indicate a line which is sure to give the greatest possible enjoyment.

The soloists already engaged include: Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Ben Davies, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schroeder, and others who have not yet signed contracts. The auction sale at Music Hall beginning Monday for rehearsal and Thursday for concert tickets will be as usual under the charge of Mr. Jackson.

The same rule as in previous years will be carried out and bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. The indications are that individual buyers will be more in evidence than ever before and that speculators will be correspondingly less. If this proves true the floor of Music Hall will present an even more animated appearance than usual on the auction days.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1894.

Symphony Concerts.

The Boston symphony orchestra, Mr Emil Paur, conductor, enters upon its 14th season with the beginning of the first concert in Music hall, Oct 13. The annual series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts has become an almost indispensible feature of each musical season in this city, and the orchestra is so well known that it is hardly necessary to speak of the quality of its performances. The individual players are artists of the highest rank who have been in constant training under the best conductors for the past 13 years.

No musical events of the year offer greater attractions to the public. The audiences which attend represent the best social elements of our city. As already announced, Mr Paur promises some delightful programs, the selection including many novelties never before heard in Boston, together with works by American composers. The analytical program book will be prepared by Mr William F. Apthorp.

That the management intend a liberal policy in securing able solo artists to assist at these concerts is shown by the following list already engaged: Mms Eames, Juch, Beach, Franklin, Messrs Ysaye, Thomson, Davies, Huss, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schroeder and other prominent soloists.

The auction sale for season tickets takes place in Music hall, beginning tomorrow morning, when the $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, following on Tuesday with the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold Thursday and Friday, Sept 27 and 28.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER

BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

This week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock, in Music hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music hall showing the division between the $12 and the $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music hall.

The first public rehearsal will be held Friday, Oct. 12. It is expected that Mr. Paur will extend the scope of his selections, and become more liberal to meet the more advanced tastes of American audiences. Among the soloists to appear will be Mrs. Emma Eames, Mrs. Emma Juch and Mr. Ben Davies as vocalists; Mr. Carl Baermann and Mrs. Beach as pianists; the renowned violinists, Cesar Thomson and M. Ysaye, and other eminent foreign performers, besides our local artists. Mr. Kneisel Schroeder and others.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Director Paur has given much of his summer vacation time to the preparatory work of the coming season, and from the mass of compositions of all classes forwarded from Europe and submitted by American composers, has shown a large amount of new music, a performance of which has been duly arranged for in the season's programmes. The soloists engaged will add much to the interest felt in the coming season's concerts. The first public rehearsal will be Oct. 12, and the first concert Oct. 13. The annual auction sale, as before announced in these columns, takes place in Music Hall next week, beginning on Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold, followed on Tuesday by the $7 50 seats. On Thursday the $12 concert seats, and on Friday the $7 50 concert seats, will be sold. Ladies who attend the auction will find no difficulty in securing the seats they desire.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

The Highest Premium Paid Today Was $66—Bidding Was Fairly Brisk.

There was a good crowd at the opening of the sale of Symphony Concert seats this morning. Today's sale was of $12 seats for the afternoon rehearsals. The highest premium paid was $66, and as usual was for seats in J, four of them, Nos. 16 to 19, the pick of the whole house, going at that price. The bidding was brisk all the way through, and equal to that of any year since the custom of selling these seats by auction has been inaugurated. The sale began with the seats nearest the stage. Those on the right sold for only $5 or $6 premium, in the first row, as they were on the same side as the wind instruments, while on the other side $13 was the highest premium paid. For some reason the seats on the extreme left sold lower than those on the extreme right, 32 to 34 bringing only $4, the lowest premium paid. The prices went up slowly as the seats went back. In B $25 was the highest paid; in C $26; in D $28; in E $34; and in F $46. Then the price went up with a jump, and $60 was paid for 18 and 19 in G and the same for 18 in H; 18 and 19 in I brought $64, and then came the highest price of the sale, $66 for the four seats in J. At this point the bidding dropped off suddenly, and for four of the best seats in the next row only $41 was paid.

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Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

The Symphony Concerts.

Next week will be largely taken up with the auction sale of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at ten o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered by auction; on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years—not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line. On Thursday, Sept. 27, at ten o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music Hall, showing the division between the $12 and $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music Hall.

The plan of selling the tickets by auction is one that suits all purses. The fact that these tickets command a premium gives many the impression of high prices, but it should be borne in mind that the starting prices, $12 and $7.50, for twenty-four high-class concerts, are absurdly low. The prices quoted from year to year in the newspapers are invariably the highest and are exceptional. The truth is that the cost of each seat in the best of years averaged less per concert than is commonly paid for other public entertainments, musical and dramatic, which do not involve a tithe of the expense connected with a large orchestra. There has never yet been a year when many hundred seats have not been sold at trifling premiums, and anyone desiring to secure them can do so by attending personally the auctions. It should be remembered that ladies will find no difficulty in making their own purchases; and anybody will do better by attending the sale personally than by ordering through brokers.

Negotiations are pending with Mme. Nordica, and though no engagement has been closed, there is little doubt that she will be the bright particular star in a grand Wagner concert to be included in the regular series. Other new engagements with soloists are those of Miss Franklin and Mr. Huss. The list, not yet complete, also includes Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schnitzler, Schroeder and others.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The announcements made last week have awakened a widespread interest in the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the opinion is freely expressed that it will be the most brilliant in the career of the organization. The partial list of music already published indicates that Mr. Paur is fully alive to the occasion, and that worthy compositions of all schools will find a place in his programs. It is impossible to present a complete list of the soloists engaged, but the names of Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Franklin, Messrs. Ysaye, Thomson, Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder, Huss, who have already signed contracts, show that a liberal policy will be pursued in this respect. Though it can be no longer necessary to speak of the quality of the orchestra and of the carefulness in every detail which characterizes all the work of perparation, it is well again to remind the town that the orchestra has few rivals in the world. In the individual excellence of the players and in the completeness of its equipment it is superlatively fine. The fourteenth season of concerts will open in Music Hall Saturday evening, Oct. 13. The auction sale of tickets commences in Music Hall tomorrow (Monday) morning, with the $12 rehearsal seats, continuing on Tuesday with the $7 50 rehearsal seats. On Thursday and Friday the Saturday evening concert seats will be sold. The sale begins at 10 o'clock each morning.

The first sign of returning society will take place at Music Hall on Monday, but it will be by proxy. If signs may be believed, there will be fewer society people at the sale in person than usual. Last season Mrs. Gardner deigned to put in an appearance during one day of the auction, but unless she is preparing a surprise for every one, and coming home surreptitiously for the event, she will be missed this season. It looks as if quite a number of well-known people would not return to town until the third or fourth concert of this season. But for all that the times are unmistakably better and the Symphony season will be enjoyed with freer minds than a large percentage of Boston people had last year.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23.

Symphony Concerts.

Patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the annual auction sale of season tickets takes place in Music Hall, beginning tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The announcements made during the past week have created a widespread interest in the coming concerts of this organization, and Music Hall will undoubtedly contain a good audience when the auctioneer calls for bids at the opening of the sale.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 85.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1894.

Symphony Programme to Have a Vein of Lightness.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

Mr. Paur is to be thanked for his intention to brighten the programmes of the Symphony concerts by an occasional infusion into them of music of a somewhat lighter character than has appeared in them for nine years, or, in other words, since the time of Mr. Henschel. While it is right that these concerts should be educational to a large extent, there is no reason why they should not also be entertaining, within proper limitations, nor why what is severe in them should not be contrasted judiciously with good music of a lighter cast, in which the ear can be pleased and the understanding be left untaxed. Some will, of course, object to the innovation on which Mr. Paur has ventured, but their sincerity may be questioned. Good music is good music, whether it be light or heavy, and it does not always follow that what is incomprehensible is necessarily great, and what at once appeals to the comprehension is necessarily little.

There is affectation in a professed love for music as there is in everything else in which an appeal is made to the taste. Even Symphony audiences are not wholly free from it, as has been evidenced by the hearty applause bestowed by the majority of those present on music which, on a first hearing, has baffled the understanding of professional musicians. It would seem that the guiding principle has been that not to applaud that which is drearily profound is to manifest ignorance of the fundamental principles of classical music, and hence, not having the courage of their convictions, listeners simulate a delight which they do not feel, in order to show the readiness with which they are able to "palpitate with the right emotion." They are afraid to let any one see how bored they have been, in the dread that they may be thought not know a thing when they hear it. The hypocrisy is laid bare whenever a piece of music is played in which simplicity prevails and a rhythmical tune breaks on their ears. Then the applause has none of the perfunctory air that attends the playing of the incomprehensible, it is spontaneous and genuinely enthusiastic. Down in its heart a Symphony audience likes a tune as heartily as Tommy Moore loved a lord. And why should it not? It is not pleasing to be ever on stilts, even though it may lift one bodily above the level of one's fellows who walk on the ground. While it is well that we should be grave at times and take our music seriously, it is equally well that we should smile now and then and have music to gratify our more refined lighter moods. Even the pedagogue looks gleefully toward his hours of relaxation. One may pore over the sombreness of Eschylus and yet not be sinful if one also finds welcome diversion in the humor of Dickens. One can be enraptured with the grandeur of Beethoven's ninth symphony and not become wholly contemptible for listening with pleasure to a brilliant overture by Auber, or for that matter to a waltz of Johann Strauss. The true musical nature appreciates and enjoys the best in its kind, whether it appeals to his gayer or to his more solemn sentiments. There is comedy as well as tragedy.

There are people who, if the "Dance of Nymphs" in the "Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz had been written by Strauss—and there is nothing in it, even its commonplace that is above the power of the dance-writer to achieve—would feel that it would be out of place on a Symphony concert programme, and would be scandalized at the very suggestion of applauding it there; and yet as it bears Berlioz' name, they go even to the extent of attempting to encore it whenever it is performed at these concerts. The beautiful in art has as much claim on the attention as does the profound that is not beautiful, and after all a wearisome work, signed by a great name, and whose meaning is not to be grasped, except after frequent hearing, often recalls the remonstrance of the dull school boy, who, after he had been flogged into learning the alphabet, was in doubt whether it was worth while to go through so much for so little.

There is a wide misapprehension regarding what is and what is not classical music. According to the general belief, what is classical must of necessity be profound, and demands a special education to appreciate it; and yet gay Horace is no less a classic than is sombre Sophocles. If Beethoven's "Fidelio" is a classic, so is Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Because there be precisians who are musically virtuous, shall we have no more tuneful cakes and ale? It is true that a Symphony programme comes clearly within that rule which demands a place for everything and everything in its place, and such a programme is not to be broadened and made lighter injudiciously and with a disregard for the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, there is much good and pleasing music that has hitherto been denied a place on these same programmes that might appear there without sacrifice of dignity or even of the educational principle that lies at the foundation of the concerts. Mr. Paur, in his resolve to admit music of this class, will meet with general approval. It will relieve the selections of a certain heaviness that has characterized them for some years, and the flavor of what is light will enable the palate the better to appreciate what is heavy. As at a banquet, a choice and dainty little entremet is no drawback to the enjoyment of the more solid fare, and something of French champagne sparkle will not mingle badly with the heavier, still wines of Germany—always provided that both are of the best quality.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The interesting announcements made in these columns last Sunday in reference to the coming season of the Boston Symphony orchestra have been widely discussed in musical circles during the week, and the opinion is general that the prospectus for the 14th season is the most attractive ever issued by the management. The standard works and novelties to be performed are well chosen, and for variety, catholicity and musical worth Mr. Paur's programmes leave little to be desired. Two more American compositions which have been accepted are a concerto for violoncello by Arthur Foote, to be played by Mr. Schroeder, and a piano-forte concerto by Henry Holden Huss, to be played by the composer. These, with [illegible] phony, Mr. Paine's "Seth[illegible]" and one or two works not yet finished, will make a gratifying showing for native composers. Negotiations are pending with Mme. Nordica, and though the engagement is not yet closed there is little doubt that she will be the principal singer in a grand Wagner concert to be included in the regular series. Other additions to the force of soloists are Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. Huss. The list, not yet complete, also includes Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, Cesar, Thomson, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schnitzler, Schroeder and others.

The sales of season tickets are to be held during the coming week. All tickets will be sold by auction, experience having shown this method to be the fairest that can be devised. It creates a wide range of prices and suits all purses. The fact that the tickets command a premium gives many the impression of high prices, but it should be remembered that the starting prices, $12 and $7.50 for 24 high-class concerts, is ridiculously low. While a few exceptionally desirable seats have usually brought stiff prices, the average cost has always been less than the usual prices for other public performances, both musical and dramatic. The number of seats in Music Hall is 2397, and of these many hundreds have been sold each season at trifling premiums. These can be secured by any one by attending personally the auctions. It should be stated that ladies will find no difficulty in making their own purchases. The $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold at Music Hall tomorrow (Monday), the $7.50 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday; the $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and the $7.50 concert tickets on Friday. The sales will begin each day at 10 A. M.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

RENEWED INTEREST MANIFESTED IN THE COMING SYMPHONY SALES—A REMARKABLE LIST OF SOLOISTS—MR. PAUR'S PLANS AND PROGRAMMES.

Present indications all justify the belief that the fourteenth season of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be one of unusual importance both musically and socially. Interest in the Symphonies was never more pronounced than this year, and the position of this grand organization in the world of music never more apparent. The orchestra has received several important additions to its ranks and was never in better shape for the season's work than at present. Mr. Kneisel will occupy his old seat as leader of the violins.

Conductor Paur's last season's work amply demonstrated his ability as a conductor and programme maker, and the list of interesting features which he has planned for the coming concerts will prove most gratifying to music lovers. He has spent the greater part of the summer in looking over new compositions and in arranging the many details which go to make up a successful season. The five programmes already planned are thoroughly meritorious and interesting and indicate a line which is sure to give the greatest possible enjoyment.

The soloists already engaged include: Mmes. Eames, Juch, Beach, Messrs. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Ben Davies, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schroeder, and others who have not yet signed contracts. The auction sale at Music Hall beginning Monday for rehearsal and Thursday for concert tickets will be as usual under the charge of Mr. Jackson.

The same rule as in previous years will be carried out and bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. The indications are that individual buyers will be more in evidence than ever before and that speculators will be correspondingly less. If this proves true the floor of Music Hall will present an even more animated appearance than usual on the auction days.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1894.

Symphony Concerts.

The Boston symphony orchestra, Mr Emil Paur, conductor, enters upon its 14th season with the beginning of the first concert in Music hall, Oct 13. The annual series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts has become an almost indispensible feature of each musical season in this city, and the orchestra is so well known that it is hardly necessary to speak of the quality of its performances. The individual players are artists of the highest rank who have been in constant training under the best conductors for the past 13 years.

No musical events of the year offer greater attractions to the public. The audiences which attend represent the best social elements of our city. As already announced, Mr Paur promises some delightful programs, the selection including many novelties never before heard in Boston, together with works by American composers. The analytical program book will be prepared by Mr William F. Apthorp.

That the management intend a liberal policy in securing able solo artists to assist at these concerts is shown by the following list already engaged: Mms Eames, Juch, Beach, Franklin, Messrs Ysaye, Thomson, Davies, Huss, Baermann, Mole, Kneisel, Schroeder and other prominent soloists.

The auction sale for season tickets takes place in Music hall, beginning tomorrow morning, when the $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, following on Tuesday with the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold Thursday and Friday, Sept 27 and 28.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

This week will be largely taken up with the auction sales of tickets for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts. On Monday morning, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock, in Music hall, the $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 25, the $7.50 seats for the public rehearsals. The same rule will apply as in former years; not more than four seats will be offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, at 10 o'clock, the $12 seats for the concerts will be sold, and on Friday the $7.50 seats for the concerts, under the same rules as those governing the public rehearsals. Diagrams of Music hall showing the division between the $12 and the $7.50 seats, also circulars giving full particulars, may be had at Music hall.

The first public rehearsal will be held Friday, Oct. 12. It is expected that Mr. Paur will extend the scope of his selections, and become more liberal to meet the more advanced tastes of American audiences. Among the soloists to appear will be Mrs. Emma Eames. Mrs. Emma Juch and Mr. Ben Davies as vocalists; Mr. Carl Baermann and Mrs. Beach as pianists; the renowned violinists, Cesar Thomson and M. Ysaye, and other eminent foreign performers, besides our local artists. Mr. Kneisel Schroeder and others.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Director Paur has given much of his summer vacation time to the preparatory work of the coming season, and from the mass of compositions of all classes forwarded from Europe and submitted by American composers, has shown a large amount of new music, a performance of which has been duly arranged for in the season's programmes. The soloists engaged will add much to the interest felt in the coming season's concerts. The first public rehearsal will be Oct. 12, and the first concert Oct. 13. The annual auction sale, as before announced in these columns, takes place in Music Hall next week, beginning on Monday morning, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold, followed on Tuesday by the $7 50 seats. On Thursday the $12 concert seats, and on Friday the $7 50 concert seats, will be sold. Ladies who attend the auction will find no difficulty in securing the seats they desire.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

The Highest Premium Paid Today Was $66—Bidding Was Fairly Brisk.

There was a good crowd at the opening of the sale of Symphony Concert seats this morning. Today's sale was of $12 seats for the afternoon rehearsals. The highest premium paid was $66, and as usual was for seats in J, four of them, Nos. 16 to 19, the pick of the whole house, going at that price. The bidding was brisk all the way through, and equal to that of any year since the custom of selling these seats by auction has been inaugurated. The sale began with the seats nearest the stage. Those on the right sold for only $5 or $6 premium, in the first row, as they were on the same side as the wind instruments, while on the other side $11 was the highest premium paid. For some reason the seats on the extreme left sold lower than those on the extreme right, 32 to 34 bringing only $4, the lowest premium paid. The prices went up slowly as the seats went back. In B $25 was the highest paid; in C $26; in D $28; in E $34; and in F $46. Then the price went up with a jump, and $60 was paid for 18 and 19 in G and the same for 18 in H; 18 and 19 in I brought $64, and then came the highest price of the sale, $66 for the four seats in J. At this point the bidding dropped off suddenly, and for four of the best seats in the next row only $41 was paid.

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BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

LIKE HOT CAKES

Went Seats for the Symphony Rehearsals This Morning.

The largest crowd in several years struggled bidfully in Music Hall this morning for the $12 seats to the Friday rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra. The premiums paid were a little higher on the average than usual, though no records were broken.

The bidding went along briskly, and before noon blue marks adorned the chart back to the K ais e. Most of the seats were sold to individuals buying but the four limit or less, and people came, bought and departed.

Probably less than a third of the house went to the speculators, who were apparently doing all their own buying.

Genuine purchasers had sent agents for the most part, though many society women were in the hall, and a few of the men. Everybody was happy and rich, and few checks were written, though one for $68 was passed in.

The biggest premium paid was $66, for the seats 16 and 17 in J, on the middle aisle; they went to a speculator. When the sale opened there were 28 seats marked off.

No high prices were paid for seats in the front row, but four in C brought $25 apiece. Two aisle seats in D brought $28, and in E they ran $16, $27, $24, $25, $34. F brought a $31, a $32, two $33, a $34 and a $46. G went for $29, $37, $28, $31, $38, $60 (aisle left); $43, $32 and $39. H finished the costly rows with $34, $37, $38, $60 and $61. After that the only high prices were for middle aisle end seats.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1894.

Sale of Symphony Seats.

The $12 seats for the Symphony orchestra public rehearsals were sold at auction yesterday at Music hall. About 600 people attended the sale. All the seats on the floor brought a premium, the lowest being $2 and the highest $92. This seat was in row R, on the center aisle.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1894.

SYMPHONY SEATS

For the Orchestra Rehearsals Brought High Premiums Yesterday.

The first day's sale of seats for the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals was a decided success. It far exceeded the records of previous years. The $12 seats were on sale, and the premiums paid ranged from $6 up to $92. This latter, including the $12, makes $104 for one seat. It is situated in the centre of the house, in row K. The possessor only secured it after a spirited battle.

The second highest premium was $76, paid by C. James Connolly of the Adams House. In fact, all the positions brought large bids. Seats that in previous years brought only a dollar premium, at yesterday's sale were sold for $6 and $8 advance.

At the afternoon sale Auctioneer Jackson had got his coat off, figuratively, and was hard at work. The seats on the floor were quickly disposed of, and a flutter of excitement passed through the hall as charts bearing the list of balcony seats were tacked up.

The purchasers had to speak quickly. Premiums of from $35 to $70 were in order. Frequently two persons would express bids almost simultaneously. With pleasing diplomacy the auctioneer settled these trifling disputes in a manner which left no ill feeling behind.

Sitting close by the Post man was a man for whom the figure three had a peculiar fascination. As each seat was announced he would start the bidding at $3. The writer watched him for over an hour, and during that time he did not make a purchase.

The managers say truthfully that yesterday's crowd was the largest to visit the hall during any of the sales previously held.

The speculators were heavy buyers during the afternoon session. One of them told the Post man that he purchased the greater part of his tickets upon orders.

The $7.50 seats will be the next offered for sale.

The sale continues Tuesday, when the $7.50 rehearsal seats will be offered. The $12 concert seats will be sold Thursday, and on Friday the $7.50 concert seats will be disposed of.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1894.

PREMIUM OF $92.

That Was the Highest Price Paid for Symphony Rehearsal Tickets.

Financially, the success of the approaching season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is assured. The auction of the $12 rehearsal seats took place Monday, and throughout, the steady, almost uniform, prices of last year were equaled.

Somehow the dazing flights of the prices of four and five auctions ago are becoming infrequent. Some attribute this change to the decadence of cliques, the passing of idol-worship; others to the directorship of Mr. Paur. It was so noticeable last year that financial success was doubted, but the management declared that the proceeds were as large as ever.

At the conclusion of the sale of the floor seats Monday the same declaration was made. The receipts thus far are really from 10 to 15 per cent. larger than those of last year. Chiefly through Mr. Jackson's efforts, the auction proceeded expeditiously. The starters were surprisingly prodigal at times.

The entire first section had been disposed of, and nothing extraordinary had occurred. The speculators usually got what they wanted, only one quitting after having reached an attractive figure. The premiums had ranged from $6 50 to $66. Once $64 had been bid, once $61 and twice $60, and the average premium of the majority of rows in the first section was about $40.

But the climax came in the second section in row R. The two seats bordering on the central aisle and the second seat to the left of the aisle brought $92 apiece.

Not long afterward one of the speculators paced the Hamilton Place corridor fretfully. It was he who had purchased the seats for which, he said, he had paid $150 too much. The opposing bidder was another speculator who wanted the single seat only. The eventual buyer had been ordered to secure the other two.

Every purchaser may select four seats, no more. The man who wanted the two seats feared that the other would take the limit; the man who was bidding for the single seat imagined that there was a confliction of orders. He had unlimited backing. So had the other. Neither could see the other, and both realized that it was unsafe to leave their seats. "If I only could have got his eye," said the buyer, referring to the other.

The seats in the first balcony brought prices corresponding to the high figures of the floor. The premiums in the first row varied from $20 to $45. The veterans were astonished; those who relied on the "hard times" prophets were mightily disappointed.

Today the $7 50 rehearsal seats will be put up.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 87.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1894.

BEST SALE IN HISTORY.

Every Ticket to the Friday Afternoon Symphony Rehearsals Sold at the Auction.

The first auction sale of tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra began in Music Hall yesterday morning, and at the time for the beginning of the sale there was a large crowd present, which grew until the management stated that it was one of the largest which ever attended the sales of rehearsal tickets.

Not only was it a large crowd, but it was a business crowd, there, not as lookers on, but to purchase tickets, and it hung together until late in the afternoon, so that even when the seats were almost gone there were a good many people there holding up their hands and calling out their bids. The sale lasted until almost 5 o'clock, when the last three seats were sold and the officials closed up their sheets.

The sale is characterized as one of the most healthy ever held, and while there was no very great competition there was a steady demand, at good premiums. There was plenty of sharp bidding at times, up to a certain point. The "gilt-edged" seats were those in the centre, and the first row of the balcony, and these brought the "gilt-edged" prices.

The tip top premium of the day was $92, which was bid for three seats, R 17, 18 and 19, 17 being on one side of the centre aisle and 18 and 19 on the other. This premium of $92 made the cost of each ticket $104. The second highest premium of the day was $76, for a seat in K. The seats from H down to O were in greatest demand, and the prices in these rows ranged from $35 to $65 or $70. In some cases a seat in a row would bring a high premium, with lively bidding, and then the seats next to them would not bring near the amount of those previously sold.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY, MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1894.

SYMPHONY SEATS.

They Sold High for Friday Rehearsals, But No Records Were Broken.

The largest crowd in several years struggled bidfully in Music Hall yesterday for the $12 seats to the Friday rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra. The premiums paid were a little higher on the average than usual, though no records were broken.

The bidding went along briskly, and before noon blue marks adorned the chart back to the K ais e. Most of the seats were sold to individuals buying but the four limit or less, and people came, bought and departed.

Probably less than a third of the house went to the speculators, who were apparently doing all their own buying.

Genuine purchasers had sent agents for the most part, though many society women were in the hall, and a few of the men. Everybody was happy and rich, and few checks were written, though one for $68 was passed in.

The biggest premium paid was $92, for the seats 16 and 17 in J, on the middle aisle; they went to a speculator. When the sale opened there were 28 seats marked off.

No high prices were paid for seats in the front row, but four in C brought $26 apiece. Two aisle seats in D brought $28, and in E they ran $16, $27, $24, $25, $34. F brought a $31, a $32, two $33, a $34 and a $46. G went for $29, $37, $28, $31, $38, $60 (aisle left); $43, $32 and $39. H finished the costly rows with $34, $37, $38, $60 and $61. After that the only high prices were for middle aisle end seats.

The auction sale of $12 seats for concerts will take place Thursday, Sept. 27, and for the $7 50 seats for concerts Friday, Sept. 28.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 25, 1894.

HIGH PRICES FOR SYMPHONY SEATS.

Second Day's Sale of the Seats for the Concerts as Satisfactory as the First.

There was another successful sale of the symphony tickets today, and prices were fairly high all the way through; in fact the sale was about as good a one of the seats, which were the $7.50 ones, as has ever been held. Every seat was sold, and many more could have been disposed of, as the bidding was strong to the end. The last seats sold, a couple of undesirable ones, brought $10, which was as high as had been received previously by much better ones. Seats which last year sold for a couple of dollars, brought $10 and $12 at this sale. As the seats were cheaper ones the premiums paid were of course not so high as those of yesterday, the highest being $27 paid for 131 to 134 in the right balcony. The crowd was a larger one than yesterday, and was made up largely of symphony girls, who is as well-defined a character as the matinée girl. The girls caused a good deal of confusion by the reckless manner in which they ran the bids up twenty-five and fifty cents at a time, and then indignantly denied any knowledge of making such bids. There was never any trouble in selling the tickets over again, however, as there were plenty of other persons ready to take them. Some of the girls got nervous as the last seats were put up, and one or two of them bid against themselves in a most vigorous manner.

The first seats sold were those under the balcony. They went off steadily, but no one wanted to pay large premiums on them. The highest price paid in the first row was $11.50, in the second $10.50, in the third $8.50, in the fourth $7, in the fifth $5.50 and in the sixth $5. Then the auctioner turned his attention to the seats in the back of the right balcony, and they went rapidly. The first sold was 103, pretty well up toward the stage. It went for $25, and was, perphaps, relatively the highest sale of the day, when the position is considered. Then the prices went down as the seats nearer the stage were sold, and rose as the auctioneer went away from it again, until the highest figure was reached, not quite half-way down to the middle of the hall. The seats in the left balcony, for some reason, sold for less than those in the right. The highest price there was $23.50, and seat 572, which is in exactly the same relative position as the one on the other side which sold for $25, brought only $13.50. The seats in the balcony at the extreme back of the hall went off very well, as by the time those were reached, people were beginning to feel anxious about getting a seat at all, and were ready to take almost anything that came along. The highest price paid there was $14, while $10, $11 and $12 ruled all the way through. Some of the seats sold late yesterday afternoon, brought the highest premiums ever paid at a symphony sale. Three in particular, seats 17, 18, and 19 in R, brought $92 each, which brought the whole cost of each seat up to $104. The second highest premium was $76, and $50, and $60 was frequently paid.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY AUCTION.

About 500 people attended the auction of the Boston symphony Friday afternoon $7 50 public rehearsal seats. Prices ranged fully 20 p c. higher than last year, the highest premium for the $7 50 seats early in the day being about $30. Average premium for balcony seats is about $18, while the average premium for seats under the balcony is about $7.50.

The result of this year's sale is somewhat of a surprise, but occasioned, no doubt, by the success of Conductor Paur, while last year his abilities were somewhat unknown

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

THOSE SYMPHONY SEATS.

Sale Will Surpass All Previous Auctions, Says the Management—Such Premiums Never Brought Before.

All expectations regarding the present auction sale of Symphony seats have thus far been exceeded. The management stated on Tuesday that, judging by the sale of the rehearsal seats, this auction will surpass all previous auctions. Such uniform high premiums have never been brought. Even the sale of two seasons ago, when a few astonishingly high premiums almost outweighed the remainder, will have been forgotten by Friday.

The sale of $7 50 rehearsal seats has customarily been a drowsy occasion. Tuesday the majority of the floor seats were occupied by buyers, few of whom left until the sale was over. The rear floor seats, which were sold first, brought fair premiums. There were certain signs of a "healthy" financial state, however. Even the tickets for the recesses of the last row were eagerly sought.

A premium of $27 on seats in the last row of the first balcony led the procession of surprises. The seat next the right front wall, back of the orchestra, drew $11, and its neighbors $14 50 and $16. The average for the wall row was about $22, which makes the row higher priced than the one in front of it. So it was with most of the $7 50 seats in the balcony.

The sale of $12 concert seats will begin on Thursday morning.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 26, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY AUCTION.

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The result of this year's sale is somewhat of a surprise, but occasioned, no doubt, by the success of Conductor Paur, while last year h s abilities were somewhat unknown.

Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, in Music Hall, the $12 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be sold at auction. On Friday the $7 50 seats will be sold. Every seat for the rehearsals was sold on Monday and Tuesday.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY SALES.

The $12 seats for the series of 24 Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be sold at auction today in Music Hall, commencing at 10 o'clock. There are 1423 of these seats located on the floor and in the first balcony. The $7 50 seats, which are on the floor, first balcony and the whole of the second balcony, will be sold tomorrow (Friday). The popularity of this organization was fully shown on Monday and Tuesday, when all the season tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals were sold.

When the Symphony concerts open there will be two violins in the orchestra that will represent a total of $9000 cash. During the past summer, Mr. Franz Kneisel, the concert master, purchased a genuine Stradivarius in Europef for $5000, and Mr C. M. Loeffler, who also plays firstviolin at the same desk with Mr. Kneisel, purchased a similar instrument for $4000.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 27, 1894.

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE.

The auction sale of $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra takes place in Music Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock. There are 1423 seats to be sold today. The balance of the house, 974 seats, will be sold tomorrow (Friday). The extreme popularity of this organization was shown on Monday and Tuesday of the present week when all of the $12 and $7 50 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals were sold.

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BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 89.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1894.

It has been great fun at the Symphony auctions this week, and how some of the bidders ever secured what they wanted is a marvel to cool headed spectators. The sale for the rehearsal seats can scarcely be beaten by that for Saturday night. Girls will be girls, and the rehearsals are the joy of their lives because so many of them are Brookline, Longwood and Jamaica Plain girls, who have other matters to occupy their evenings beside coming into the city, unless it be for a party or the theatre. The real music-loving community, the young people who have "come out," the rank and fashion, that hold sittings as they take a pew at Trinity and go when they please, are the chief Saturday nighters, and no two audiences could be more distinct in character. Perhaps, this is one reason why the Symphonies are such a constant excitement for society, for the public, and the stranger that is within our gates.

And speaking of these concerts brings up a vision of a terrible fuss and fret of nearly a year ago, or is it longer? That time when Boston was told it should have no more orchestral performances in old Music Hall, that unless it shelled out and bought land and built a hall, there should be no more music, as far as Mr. Higginson was concerned. Well, Boston trembled in its shoes, and immediately subscribed a goodly amount. It purchased the land and it got as far as looking at a model for a hall suitable for its magnificent orchestra, and then it came to a full stop. Financial depression upset its apple cart. When we sit in that dear, draughty Music Hall again this winter, will it be any consolation to think how near we came to having a finer place, and by what a mischance the best laid plans of men, or mice, have gone aglee? The new Music Hall is still in the air, but the Symphony orchestra is a reality for which Bostonians are truly grateful.

The auction sale of 12 season tickets for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra takes place in Music Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock. There are 1423 seats to be sold today. The $7.50 seats, or balance of the house, will be sold tomorrow.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 27, 1894.

AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT SALE.

Bids for Premiums on the Twelve Dollar Seats Did Not Run Very High this Forenoon.

A stranger happening in at Music Hall this forenoon might have thought at first glance that some grand convention was in progress. There was noise enough, to be sure, and not a little contention; but the people were there simply to bid premiums on the twelve dollar seats for the symphony concerts. That is, most of the people were there for that; there were men here who came merely to look on, and several girls who came evidently to read novels, while a great many of those present spent a large share of their time receiving friends.

Bids were moderate today. Speculators made themselves felt to a certain extent, and as a rule paid the highest prices for seats. Places under the galleries in the front rows brought premiums, on the average, of six to ten dollars. Farther back bids on these side seats increased, until in rows J, K and L the prices ranged from $17 to $19.

The most desirable seats, those near the middle aisle, were knocked down at $15 or $18 so long as the auctioneer was concerned with the front rows; but as he came to row G the bids were higher, ranging from $20 to $29, and in row J seats numbered 18 and 19 brought premiums of $38. The highest bid registered previous to noon was for the single seat at the left of the middle aisle in row H. That seat brought a bid of $42. Other premiums ranged on the average from $18 to $25.

The Salem Daily Gazette

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which ranks with the finest musical organizations in the world, will open its 14th season of 24 public recitals, at Music Hall on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts to be given on Saturday evenings, the latter beginning Oct. 13.

The orchestra will number 82 musicians, and is made up as follows: Sixteen 1st violins, 14 2d violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 8 bassos, 1 harp, three flutes, 2 oboes, 1 English horn, 2 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 contra bassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 tuba and 4 percussion instruments. The engagement of 10 new members, it is believed, will improve the orchestra at certain points. The most important acquisition is the new 1st clarinet player, M. Fourtan, who has filled a similar position in the symphony orchestra and the Grand Opera at Lyons, where he is held in high esteem by his fellow artists.

All the soloists have not yet signed contracts, but those who have are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear, and their names will be announced as soon as their contracts are signed. Of those named, the famous violinists, Ysaye and Thomson, have not yet been heard in this country.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 28, 1894.

ASTUTE AGENTS

Flourished at Symphony Concert Ticket Sale.

This is the way the Symphony $12 seats went yesterday:

"Now we come to No. 18, in I. What am I bid? What am I bid? Start them right up, now, someone, please!"

"Ten dollars," in a weak voice from the rear.

"Ten, ten—I'm offered; $10—eleven, d'ye say it—ten, ten—"

"Eleven," from a speculator in the front seats.

"'Leven', 'leven—I'm bid; 'leven—"

"Eleven, fifty," from the same modest person in the rear.

"'Leven, fifty—'leven, fifty. Twelve is

THE AUCTIONEER.

it? I'm bid 'leven fifty—twelve, if you want it—'leven fifty—"

"Twelve," says the speculator.

"Thirteen," says a second speculator.

"Fourteen," says a third speculator—and the vigorous auctioneer hops around, catches the eye of each speculator who sends it up another peg by nodding his head once. By the time the speculators

WELL CHAPERONED.

and the auctioneer are through with the seat it has gone up to $41 premium, and a flouting and rustling of skirts is heard in the rear, and a couple of flushed and angry ladies bounce out of Music Hall just as the auctioneer cries out, "All done at 41."

In fact, yesterday, of all the days of the sale, the agents, although there were not more than half a dozen of them, had things pretty much their own way.

WANTED THEIR OLD CHAIRS.

People who occupied certain seats last year wanted the same seats this year. Take for instance, Mrs. John L. Gardner, who is now abroad, but whose agent kept his eye alternately on the audience and on Mrs. Jack's last season's seat in the lower balcony, and who did not take it off till Mrs. Jack Gardner's possession of the seat this year was assured beyond the skeleton of a doubt.

Mr. Alexander Porter was said, also, to have secured his old place, and Mrs. J. V.

A HEAVY INVESTOR.

Apthorp, too, with the same list of last season's Symphony frequenters. The consequence of all of which was that the proceedings, so far as those seats were concerned, were dull for everybody but the agents, for the people of less means than those of the absent clients dropped out of the struggle after the first one or two rounds.

It was, nevertheless, the case that the prices yesterday were in general from 25 to 30 per cent greater than those of last season. In some cases, where a certain seat was to be got at all hazards, the agent simply anticipated the weaker efforts of the private competitors in the rear by making their first bid some points higher than those at which the seats would ordinarily have been started.

The fancy figures of former years, however, did not turn up. The highest premium of the day was $52 (in H), bid by Mr. Herrick for a client, which, with the ticket price added, brought the outlay up to $64.

The next highest was $42 premium, bid by Mr. Wadsworth of 40 State street, who bid only upon orders.

An estimate of average for the premiums of the day was $12. Some of the lower balcony seats were very low toward the close of the sale, many of them being disposed of at from $1 to $3 premium. The agents handled most of the seats in the centre of the hall, but several in the floor front row realized high prices—four or five times greater than those of last year.

In all, 1398 seats were sold during the day, but twenty-five on the floor remaining undisposed of. The proceeds amounted to in the vicinity of $30,000. The attendance was larger than had been expected and was greater than that of last year.

This morning at the same hour the $7.50 seats, 974 in number, comprising the whole of the upper balcony and portions of the lower and the floor, will be sold.

The management is very well satisfied with the sale thus far.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 28, 1894.

SALE OF SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS.

At Music Hall yesterday bids were made for the $12 seats for the symphony concerts. Speculators made themselves felt to a certain extent, and as a rule paid the highest prices for seats. Places under the galleries in the front rows brought premiums, on the average, of $6 to $10. Farther back bids on these side seats increased, until in rows J, K and L the prices ranged from $17 to $19.

The most desirable seats, those near the middle aisle, were knocked down at $15 or $18 so long as the auctioneer was concerned with the front rows; but as he came to row G the bids were higher, ranging from $20 to $29, and in row J seats numbered 18 and 19 brought premiums of $38. The highest bid registered previous to noon was for the single seat at the left of the middle aisle in row H. That seat brought a bid of $42. Other premiums ranged on the average from $18 to $25.

Today the $7 50 seats for the concerts will be sold.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 90.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1894.

CLOSE OF THE SYMPHONY AUCTION.

The $7.50 Seats Brought a Little More Than They Did Last Year.

The $7.50 seats for the Saturday evening Symphony concerts were sold this morning at Music Hall. This winds up the auction.

The prices ruled a little better than last year. As is usually the case, some seats brought no premiums at all, and remained unsold. There were about 100 of these unsold seats in the rear of the hall, under the balcony. In one of the rows there, not a seat was disposed of.

In the first balcony the seats on the side brought, as a general thing, from $8 to 11. The seats in the back rows went for $4 or $5.

In the second balcony the highest bids were for the front seats in the side rows. Nnos. 26 to 29 brought $13.50, and Nos. 30 and 31 brought $15.50 apiece. Prices on each side tapered gradually off.

CASHING IN AT THE WINDOW.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

SOME MUSICAL NOTES.

Anncuncements for the Coming Season That Will Be of Interest to Concert and Opera-Goers.

If all the announcements that have been made are duly carried out, the musical season of 1894-95 will include much that is interesting and valuable, a good deal more so than last season, which was not particularly fertile in events of importance. The promise is made of two series of first-class orchestral concerts; there is to be grand opera at the Academy of Music by the company from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; and there will be rather more than the usual efflorescence of famous vocal and instrumental artists. Every connoisseur will be gratified to know that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its usual course of symphony concerts at the Academy of Music. The first of these will occur on Monday evening, October 29, and the remaining four of the five to be given will take place on December 3, January 17, February 4 and March 11. As heretofore, a solo artist of eminence will take part in each concert, but in this respect the arrangements have not yet been perfected. One engagement consummated, however, is that of M. Isaye, the famous Belgian player, who has been called the Paderewski of the violin, and who in Europe is one of the latest lions.

Boston Transcript

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1894.

SOME SYMPHONY SEATS LEFT.

A Few Under the Balcony Were Not Taken at the Sale This Morning.

This morning, for the first time during this year's sale by auction of seats for the Symphony concerts, there were a few seats upon which no one could be induced to bid. These were the ones at the extreme rear of the hall. They are under the balcony, and are undesirable, and a whole row of them remained unsold, besides a number scattered about in different places. There were two reasons for this, one being that the concerts are not so popular as the Friday afternoon rehearsals; and the other, that the whole of the second balcony was sold for reserved seats, while at the rehearsals these are left for what are known as "rush" seats, the word being vividly descriptive to anyone who has ever tried to occupy one of them at a Friday afternoon rehearsal. The sale this morning was of $7.50 seats, and the crowd was rather a different one from that at the sale of rehearsal tickets. There were more men, and both men and women looked as if they knew what it was to work for a living. The bidding was clever, with the exception of one man, who insisted on raising his own bid, and would not be driven out of it by the auctioneer. He was so persistent that he was finally allowed to have his way. Taking an average of the seats throughout the hall, they did not sell for much over half what the same ones brought at the rehearsal sales. The highest premium paid during the forenoon was $16 for seats 32 and 33, about half-way down the second balcony, in the front row. The highest price paid in the first balcony was $14.25, and good seats were secured in both balconies for from $5 to $10. The seats at the extreme back of the first balcony went for rather low prices. There are some desirable seats there in the back row. They are raised a little above the others and have an aisle in front of them. They sold for $4 and $5 each. The highest price paid for floor seats was $6.50 for 1183 and 1184, in the fourth row under the balcony. Most of the seats in this row sold for $5, and in the row back of it for $2.50.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1894.

THOSE SYMPHONY SEATS.

Prices Will Equal Those of Several Previous Years, Says the Management.

The predictions of a few days ago regarding the complete success of the auction sale of Symphony seats are fulfilling. Today the $12 seats for the Saturday evening performances were sold at prices corresponding to those of Monday and surpassing those of past years.

The first seat in row A, for instance—one of the least desirable seats on the floor—brought five times the premium of last year. The steadiness of the bidding and the uniformity of the premiums obviously disappointed the few spectators, who soon left the hall. The buyers were not nearly so numerous as on the early days of the week. They were dismayed, too, by the speculators or ticket agents.

Not within the memory of those who have attended many Symphony sales have these agents been so omnivorous as they were today. Frequently four or more bidders withdrew at the bid of at least two of them. This accounts for the low premiums on many of the best seats. Only when two agents bid against each other did the premium amount to more than $30.

Half a dozen rows had been disposed of and $42 was the highest premium. It remained the highest during the remainder of the sale. The average price for the middle seats was a trifle over $20. The side end seats, though more sought than they were last year, were sold cheap. But almost every middle end seat was knocked down at a uniform figure to the speculators.

The privilege of taking four seats at a time was almost invariably accepted by the agents, sometimes by orders, but more often for speculation. One of the group bought all but few of the seats in rows N and O.

The unprecedented satisfaction of the management remains undiminished.

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BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 29, 1894.

"ALL SOLD."

Symphony Season Tickets All Disposed Of—A Highly Successful Season Assured.

The auction sale of the remaining seats for the Symphony concerts was resumed yesterday. These consisted only of the $7.50 seats, the $12 ones having all been disposed of on Thursday. Manager Ellis told a Post man yesterday that the sale of tickets this season had been very satisfactory. Much more so, indeed, that was last year's sale. A highly successful season was already insured. Good prices were obtained for the forty or fifty seats which remained.

BOSTON HOME JOURNAL
The Saturday Evening Paper.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

I am glad to see that a "healthier tone" prevailed at the symphony auction this year than is usual. That is, there were no such fancy premiums as have been paid. There was no such feverish and faddish anxiety to get in just because it was "the thing," and while good prices were obtained it was not impossible to get good seats for a comparatively small sum.

The fact is "the fad" is wearing out, and while the symphonies will undoubtedly remain very fashionable, there will not be that furor over them which was really so laughable. And it will be all the better for the real interests of orchestral music in Boston.

Not a little of this change is due to Mr. Paur, I fancy. He has shown himself to be a non-sensational, earnest student of music, and he has devoted himself more to his orchestra than to sipping tea and nibbling wafers in fashionable drawing rooms. As a lion he refused to roar, and we have been musically more peaceful ever since.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 1894.

The 14th season of the symphony concerts will attract the usual large audiences, all the seats being sold for the 48 performances. The first rehearsal and concert, Oct 12-13, in Music hall, will be given with the following program: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; symphony No. 7, Beethoven; tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Kaisermarsch, Wagner.

Jamaica Plain News.
SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

Brilliant Array of Talent.

Conductor Paur Has Some Novelties and a Fine List of Standard Works to Offer. Personnel of the Orchestra.

This section takes an especial interest in the Boston Symphony Orchestra on account of the residence in its midst of its eminent conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, and of a great many of the members.

The season will commence with a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12th, and twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings will be given at Music Hall. Ten new members have been engaged and will improve and strengthen the orchestra at certain points. The most important acquisition is the new 1st clarinet player, M. Pourtan, who has filled a similar position in the Symphony Orchestra and the Grand Opera at Lyons.

Among the soloists so far engaged are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder, which array of talent promises a most brilliant season. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear, and their names will be announced as soon as their contracts are signed. Of those named, the famous violinists, Ysaye and Thomson, have not yet been heard in this country.

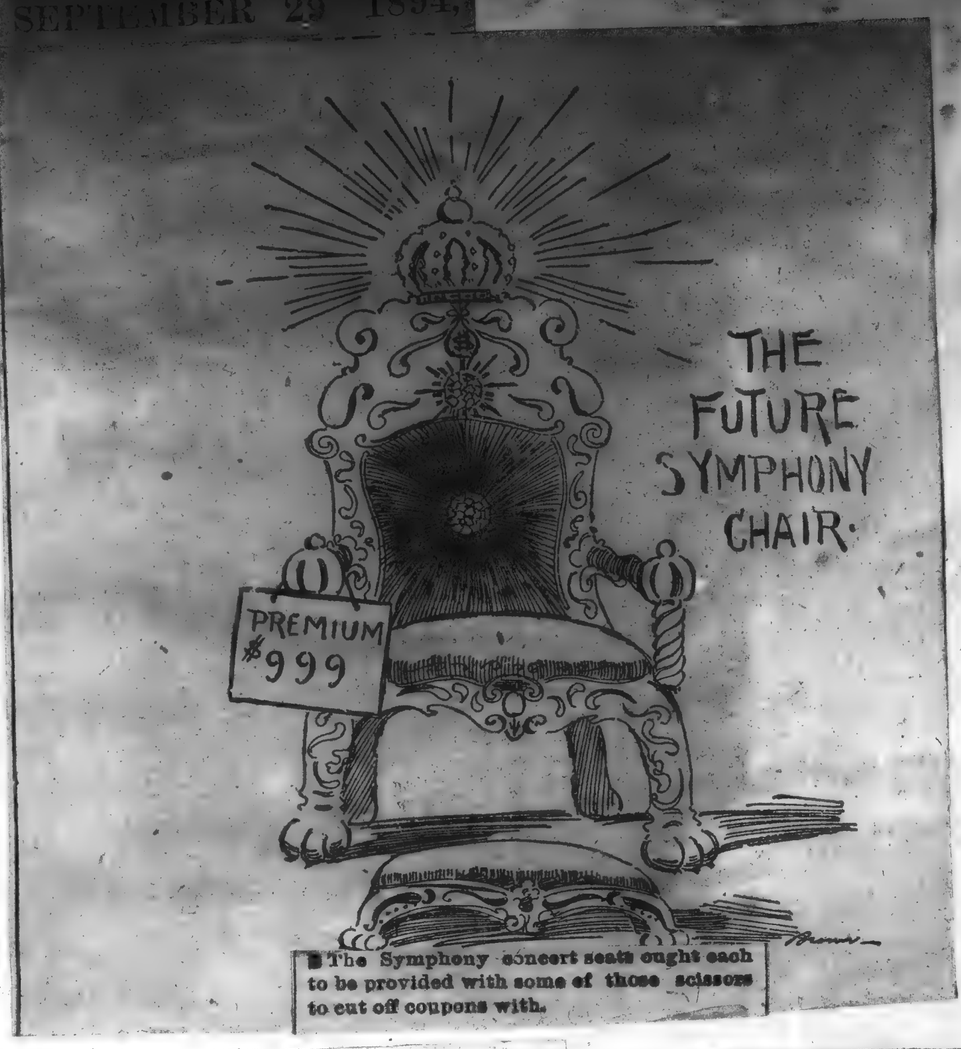
Mr. Paur has devoted a great deal of time this summer in preparing an attractive programme and has arranged for the performance of several novelties, beside the standard works. Mr. Paur, during the past year, which was his first as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has exercised a marked influence on musical progress and has accomplished a great deal for the advancement of musical art. This of course, through the orchestra as a body, under his capable direction and because of his wise discrimination in the matter of selections.

There will be two violins in the orchestra that will represent a total of $9000 cash. During the past summer, Mr. Franz Kneisel, the concert master, purchased a genuine Stradivarius in Europe for $5000, and Mr. C. M. Loeffler, who also plays first violin at the same desk with Mr. Kneisel, purchased a similar instrument for $4000.

The following list, showing in full the personnel of the orchestra, contains the names of many people counted as friends and neighbors:

Conductor—Mr. Emil Paur.
First violins—Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schnitzler, Roth, Kuntz, Moldaner, Fiedler Ondrierek, Krafft, Hoffmann, Mann, Strube, Eichheim, Knecht, Hahn.
Second violins—Messrs. Akeroyd, Finmara Swornsbourne, Marble, Schuchmann, J. Kneisel, Tischer-Zietz, S. Goldstein, Zahn, Kurth, Reisland, Eichler, Michael, Berger.
Violas—Messrs. Svecenski, Zach, H. Heindl, Barleben, Gruenberg, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Sauer, Krauss.
Violoncellos—Messrs. Schroeder, Schulz, J. Adamowski, Mingels, Rose, E. Loeffler, C. Barth, Nagel.
Basses—Messrs. A. Goldstein, Elkind, Bareither, Seydel, Barth, Gerhardt, Reinhardt, Butler.
Harp—Mr. H. Schuecker.
Flutes—Messrs. Mole, E. M. Heindl, Fox.
Oboes—Messrs. Sautet, Demuth.
English horn—Mr. F. Muller.
Drums—Mr. H. D. Simpson.
Clarinets—Messrs. Pourtan and Metzger.
Bassoons—Messrs. Litke and Guenzel.
Horns—Messrs. Hackebarth, Lorbeer, Hein and Schumann.
Trumpets—Messrs. P. Mueller and Mand.
Trombones—Messrs. Hampe, Ahloescher and Rigg.
Tuba—Mr. E. Golde.
Tympani—C. R. Ludwig.

SEPTEMBER 29 1894.



The Symphony concert seats ought each to be provided with some of those scissors to cut off coupons with.

American Art Journal.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29. 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, Boston, will begin on Oct. 12, Friday afternoon, public rehearsal, and on Oct. 13, Saturday night. It will, as usual, include 24 concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at weekly intervals, with some lapses, to be hereafter announced. The sales by auction of the season tickets are thus appointed: Monday, Sept. 24, $12 seats for the public rehearsals; Sept. 25, $7.50 rehearsal seats; Sept. 27, $12 concert seats; Sept. 28, $7.50 concert seats. The bids will be for premiums, and not more than four seats will be sold to a single bidder.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1894.

The sale of the Symphony tickets was sane and steady. To quote from the Boston "Herald" apropos of the first sale for the Friday afternoon rehearsals: "While there was no very great competition there was a steady demand at good premiums There was plenty of sharp bidding at times up to a certain point. The 'gilt edged' seats were those in the centre and the first row of the balcony, and these brought the 'gilt edged' prices. The tiptop premium of the day was $92, which was bid for three seats, R 17, 18 and 19, 17 being on one side of the centre aisle and 18 and 19 on the other. This premium of $92 made the cost of each ticket $104. The second highest premium of the day was $76 for a seat in K. The seats from H down to O were in greatest demand, and the prices in these rows ranged from $35 to $65 or $70."

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, OCT. 7, 1894.

Symphony Concerts Begin This Week.

The symphony concerts, under the leadership of Mr Emil Paur, will begin the 14th series in Music hall this week, the rehearsal Friday afternoon being followed by the usual concert Saturday evening. There will be 24 of each at weekly intervals, with these omissions: Friday afternoon, Dec 2, Dec 7, Jan 11, Feb 8, March 15; Saturday nights, Nov 3, Dec 8, Jan 12, Feb 9, March 16.

The program for the opening concert includes these works: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; seventh symphony, Beethoven; tambourine, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrier (new); Kaisermarsch, Wagner. The programs of the four succeeding concerts follow:

Second, Oct 20—Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; symphony, Chadwick, new; ballet music from "The Renaissance," Rubinstein. Mrs Emma Juch will sing.

Third, Oct 27—Unfinished symphony, Schubert; symphony in C major, Schumann; concerto for pianoforte in E-flat, Beethoven, Mr Baermann, solo pianist.

Fourth, Nov 10—Overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana, new; symphony in D, Sgambati, new; suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet.

Fifth, Nov 17—Symphony in E-flat, Mozart; entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march in B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture to "Carlo Broschi," Adam.

Other solo artists engaged are: Singers, Miss Emma Eames and Mr Ben Davies. Instrumental, Mrs H. H. A. Beach, pianoforte; Messrs E. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson and Franz Kneisel, violins; C. Mole, flute; A. Schroeder, violoncello.

In the course of the season the orchestra will give five concerts at the Metropolitan opera house, New York; five at the academy of Music, Philadelphia; five at the new music hall, Baltimore; five at Metzerott hall, Washington; four public rehearsals and four concerts under the auspices of the Philharmonic society at the academy of Music, Brooklyn; 10 concerts at Sanders theater, Cambridge; six in Infantry hall, Providence; single concerts in various other cities.

The Cambridge concerts will be given in Sanders theater Thursday evenings, Oct 18, Nov 22, Dec 13, Jan 3, Jan 24, Feb 14, March 7, April 4 and April 25. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mmes Nordica and Wyman, and Messrs Davies, Ysaye, MacDowell and Adamowski.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 99.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 14th season at Music Hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, when the following programme will be given:

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Entr' Acte "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaisermarsch .....Wagner

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 29, 1894.

"ALL SOLD."

Symphony Season Tickets All Disposed Of—A Highly Successful Season Assured.

The auction sale of the remaining seats for the Symphony concerts was resumed yesterday. These consisted only of the $7.50 seats, the $12 ones having all been disposed of on Thursday. Manager Ellis told a Post man yesterday that the sale of tickets this season had been very satisfactory. Much more so, indeed, that was last year's sale. A highly successful season was already insured. Good prices were obtained for the forty or fifty seats which remained.

HOME JOURNAL

The Saturday Evening Paper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

I am glad to see that a "healthier tone" prevailed at the symphony auction this year than is usual. That is, there were no such fancy premiums as have been paid. There was no such feverish and faddish anxiety to get in just because it was "the thing," and while good prices were obtained it was not impossible to get good seats for a comparatively small sum.

The fact is "the fad" is wearing out, and while the symphonies will undoubtedly remain very fashionable, there will not be that furor over them which was really so laughable. And it will be all the better for the real interests of orchestral music in Boston.

Not a little of this change is due to Mr. Paur, I fancy. He has shown himself to be a non-sensational, earnest student of music, and he has devoted himself more to his orchestra than to sipping tea and nibbling wafers in fashionable drawing rooms. As a lion he refused to roar, and we have been musically more peaceful ever since.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 1894.

The 14th season of the symphony concerts will attract the usual large audiences, all the seats being sold for the 48 performances. The first rehearsal and concert, Oct 12-13, in Music hall, will be given with the following program: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; symphony No. 7, Beethoven; tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrien; kaisermarsch, Wagner.

Jamaica Plain News.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

Brilliant Array of Talent.

Conductor Paur Has Some Novelties and a Fine List of Standard Works to Offer. Personnel of the Orchestra.

This section takes an especial interest in the Boston Symphony Orchestra on account of the residence in its midst of its eminent conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, and of a great many of the members.

The season will commence with a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12th, and twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings will be given at Music Hall. Ten new members have been engaged and will improve and strengthen the orchestra at certain points. The most important acquisition is the new 1st clarinet player, M. Pourtan, who has filled a similar position in the Symphony Orchestra and the Grand Opera at Lyons.

Among the soloists so far engaged are Mmes. Emma Eames, Emma Juch, H. H. A. Beach, Messrs. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson, Carl Baermann, C. Mole, Franz Kneisel and A. Schroeder, which array of talent promises a most brilliant season. Several other distinguished native and foreign artists will also appear, and their names will be announced as soon as their contracts are signed. Of those named, the famous violinists, Ysaye and Thomson, have not yet been heard in this country.

Mr. Paur has devoted a great deal of time this summer in preparing an attractive programme and has arranged for the performance of several novelties, beside the standard works. Mr. Paur, during the past year, which was his first as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has exercised a marked influence on musical progress and has accomplished a great deal for the advancement of musical art. This of course, through the orchestra as a body, under his capable direction and because of his wise discrimination in the matter of selections.

There will be two violins in the orchestra that will represent a total of $9000 cash. During the past summer, Mr. Franz Kneisel, the concert master, purchased a genuine Stradivarius in Europe for $5000, and Mr. C. M. Loeffler, who also plays first violin at the same desk with Mr. Kneisel, purchased a similar instrument for $4000.

The following list, showing in full the personnel of the orchestra, contains the names of many people counted as friends and neighbors:

Conductor—Mr. Emil Paur.

First violins—Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schmitzler, Roth, Kuntz, Moldauer, Fiedler Ondrierek, Krafft, Hoffmann, Mann, Strube, Eichheim, Knecht, Hahn.

Second violins—Messrs. Akeroyd, Finmara Swornsbourne, Marble, Schuchmann, J. Kneisel, Tischer-Zietz, S. Goldstein, Zahn, Kurth, Reisland, Eichler, Michael, Berger.

Violas—Messrs. Svecenski, Zach, H. Heindl, Barleben, Gruenberg, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Sauer, Krauss.

Violoncellos—Messrs. Schroeder, Schulz, J. Adamowski, Mingels, Rose, E. Loeffler, C. Barth, Nagel.

Basses—Messrs. A. Goldstein, Elkind, Bareither, Seydel, Barth, Gerhardt, Reinhardt, Butler.

Harp—Mr. H. Schuecker.

Flutes—Messrs. Mole, E. M. Heindl, Fox.

Oboes—Messrs. Sautet, Demuth.

English horn—Mr. F. Muller.

Drums—Mr. H. D. Simpson.

Clarinets—Messrs. Pourtan and Metzger.

Bassoons—Messrs. Litke and Guenzel.

Horns—Messrs. Hackebarth, Lorbeer, Heim and Schumann.

Trumpets—Messrs. P. Mueller and Mand.

Trombones—Messrs. Hampe, Ahloescher and Rigg.

Tuba—Mr. E. Golde.

Tympani—C. R. Ludwig.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 29 1894.

The Symphony concert seats ought each to be provided with some of those scissors to cut off coupons with.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, Boston, will begin on Oct. 12, Friday afternoon, public rehearsal, and on Oct. 13, Saturday night. It will, as usual, include 24 concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at weekly intervals, with some lapses, to be hereafter announced. The sales by auction of the season tickets are thus appointed: Monday, Sept. 24, $12 seats for the public rehearsals; Sept. 25, $7.50 rehearsal seats; Sept. 27, $12 concert seats; Sept. 28, $7.50 concert seats. The bids will be for premiums, and not more than four seats will be sold to a single bidder.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1894.

The sale of the Symphony tickets was sane and steady. To quote from the Boston "Herald" apropos of the first sale for the Friday afternoon rehearsals: "While there was no very great competition there was a steady demand at good premiums There was plenty of sharp bidding at times up to a certain point. The 'gilt edged' seats were those in the centre and the first row of the balcony, and these brought the 'gilt edged' prices. The tiptop premium of the day was $92, which was bid for three seats, R 17, 18 and 19, 17 being on one side of the centre aisle and 18 and 19 on the other. This premium of $92 made the cost of each ticket $104. The second highest premium of the day was $76 for a seat in K. The seats from H down to O were in greatest demand, and the prices in these rows ranged from $35 to $65 or $70."

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7, 1894.

Symphony Concerts Begin This Week.

The symphony concerts, under the leadership of Mr Emil Paur, will begin the 14th series in Music hall this week, the rehearsal Friday afternoon being followed by the usual concert Saturday evening. There will be 24 of each at weekly intervals, with these omissions: Friday afternoon, Dec 2, Dec 7, Jan 11, Feb 8, March 15; Saturday nights, Nov 3, Dec 8, Jan 12, Feb 9, March 16.

The program for the opening concert includes these works: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; seventh symphony, Beethoven; tambourine, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrier (new); Kaisermarsch, Wagner. The programs of the four succeeding concerts follow:

Second, Oct 20—Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; symphony, Chadwick, new; ballet music from "The Demon," Rubinstein. Mrs Emma Juch will sing.

Third, Oct 27—Unfinished symphony, Schubert; symphony in C major, Schumann; concerto for pianoforte in E-flat, Beethoven, Mr Baermann, solo pianist.

Fourth, Nov 10—Overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana, new; symphony in D, Sgambati, new; suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet.

Fifth, Nov 17—Symphony in E-flat, Mozart; entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march in B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture to "Carlo Broschi," Auber.

Other solo artists engaged are: Singers, Miss Emma Eames and Mr Ben Davies. Instrumental, Mrs H. H. A. Beach, pianoforte; Messrs E. Ysaye, Cesar Thomson and Franz Kneisel, violins; C. Mole, flute; A. Schroeder, violoncello.

In the course of the season the orchestra will give five concerts at the Metropolitan opera house, New York; five at the academy of Music, Philadelphia; five at the new music hall, Baltimore; five at Metzerott hall, Washington; four public rehearsals and four concerts under the auspices of the Philharmonic society at the academy of Music, Brooklyn; 10 concerts at Sanders theater, Cambridge; six in Infantry hall, Providence; single concerts in various other cities.

The Cambridge concerts will be given in Sanders theater Thursday evenings, Oct 18, Nov 22, Dec 13, Jan 3, Jan 24, Feb 14, March 7, April 4 and April 25. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mmes Nordica and Wyman, and Messrs Davies, Ysaye, MacDowell and Adamowski.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVI., NO. 99.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 14th season at Music Hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, when the following programme will be given:

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Entr' Acte "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner

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...NDAY HERALD
...STON, OCTOBER 7

KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel quartet, composed of Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder, will give eight concerts at Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, on Monday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, Dec. 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18 and April 8.

Among the works to be included in the programmes are:

Beethoven—(Quartets) Op. 18 B flat.
Op. 74 E flat.
Op. 130 A minor.
Op. 131 B flat.
Op. 132 C sharp minor.
Brahms—Quartet G flat.
Clarinet, Quintet B minor.
Piano quintet, minor.
Mozart—Quartet A major.
Quintet G minor.
Haydn—Quartet E flat.
Quartet G major.
Svendsen—Octet for strings.
Rubinstein—Piano trio.

NOVELTIES.

Sgambati—Quartet D flat major.
Borodine—Quartet D major.
Hans Koessler—Quartet (manuscript).
C. M. Loeffler—Quintet (manuscript).
A. Kahn—Piano trio.
Ed. Schuett—Piano quartet F major.

The sale of season tickets will open at Music Hall on Monday, Oct. 15.

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, will give a series of 10 concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, March 7, April 4 and April 25. This large body of players is heard to the best possible advantage in Sanders Theatre, the fine acoustics of the room adding much to the effectiveness of the performances. Among the soloists to be expected are Mme. Nordica, Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Messrs. Ben Davies, Ysaye, E. A. MacDowell and T. Adamowski. The programme for the first concert is: Passacaglia, Bach; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; overture, "Carneval Romaine," Berlioz. The sale of season tickets will be held at the University bookstore, Cambridge, on Saturday, Oct. 13, beginning at 8 o'clock. A limited number of seats will be reserved for college officers and invited guests.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

The rush seats for the second balcony at the Symphony Rehearsal will go on sale at Music Hall, Monday morning.

The first Symphony Concert of this season will be given in Music Hall Oct. 13. The program will include Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture; Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Entr'acte "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Wagner's Kaisermarch.

The first of the Kneisel Quartet concerts will be given in Union Hall the 22nd. The program will include quartets by Cherubini, Mozart, and Beethoven.

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will give a series of ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4, and April 25. Among the soloists to be expected are Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Messrs. Ben Davies, Ysaye, E. A. McDowell and T. Adamowski. The program for the first concert will be as follows: Passacaglia, Bach; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; Symphony No. 4, Brahms; overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz. The sale of tickets will open at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, Saturday, Oct. 13, and at 8 A. M. A limited number of seats will be reserved for college officers and invited guests.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERTS.

The Kneisel Quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder) will give eight concerts in Union Hall, 48 Boylston Street, on Monday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, Dec. 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18 and April 8. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mr. Leon Pourtan and others will appear with the quartet in these concerts. The sale of season tickets will open at Music Hall on Monday, Oct. 15.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 7, 1894.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur will begin the usual series of concerts in Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evening Oct. 18, to be followed on the dates of Nov. 8 and 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 8 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and 25. These concerts provide the very cream of the Symphony music and the Orchestra yearly meets immense audiences of the most cultivated and distinguished people of Cambridge in addition to the large contingent from the College. Bostonians who find the two Music Hall concerts by the Orchestra insufficient, or for any reason are unable to attend them find the Cambridge concerts both a privilege and enjoyment.

PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95.

6 GRAND CONCERTS
IN INFANTRY HALL,
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, OCT. 24, NOV. 14, DEC. 19, JAN. 16, FEB. 20, MAR. 20

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. JULIE M. WYMAN,
Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN,
Mons. POL PLANCON,
(The distinguished baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.)
Mr. CARL BAERMANN,
Mr. CESAR THOMPSON.
(THE FAMOUS BELGIAN VIOLINIST) AND OTHERS.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, for the series of six concerts, $5. Program books, with dscriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

The sale of season tickets will open at the box office, Infantry Hall, MONDAY MORNING, Oct. 15, at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person. C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

MUSIC IN PROFUSION.

Course of Symphony Concerts—The Auditorium Concert—Items.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, will give its usual series of six concerts in Infantry hall on Wednesday evenings, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

This organization enters upon its fourteenth season with practically the same magnificent body of artists that has composed its membership for the last three years. The Boston orchestra, by the superiority of its performances, may be said to have placed itself beyond all rivalry; and the series of concerts it offers can not be excelled in any city of the world.

The rehearsals have already begun in Boston, and by the time of the first Providence concert (the date of which is Oct. 24) the orchestra will be in its best form.

Mr. Paur's single season as conductor has given him an acquaintance with the tastes of the public, and has enabled him to arrange programs which in interest and attractiveness are far beyond those of last season.

Among the soloists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (who has just returned after a two-years operatic engagement in France), Miss Gertrude Franklin, M. Pol Plancon, the famous baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's opera company, Mr. Casar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist, Mr. Carl Baerman and others.

The sale of season tickets will be held in Infantry hall on Monday, Oct. 15, beginning at 8 o'clock. Circulars, giving programs and complete information, will soon be published.

Auditorium Opening.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1894.

Next Saturday night, Oct. 13, the fourteenth series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall will be begun. Mr. Emil Paur remains as conductor, and this is the programme: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; seventh symphony, Beethoven; tambourine-gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte "Gwendoline," Chabrier (new); Kaisermarsch, Wagner. There will be the usual public rehearsal on Friday afternoon.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

The Symphony Season.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, which now ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world and is the largest and most prosperous as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, will shortly begin its 14th season. For more than a decade its concerts have exercised a marked influence on musical progress in America, and it may be justly claimed that it has accomplished more during that time than any other single factor for the advancement of musical culture in this country. The highest standard attainable has been established for these concerts, and the arrangements made for 1894 and '95 show that this standard is to be fully maintained, and bid fair to make this season the most notable in the history of the organization. The orchestra will give its usual series of six concerts in Infantry Hall on Wednesday evenings, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20. The engagement of 10 new members since last season has, it is believed, strengthened the organization at certain points. The most important change is in the position of first clarinet, which will be filled by Mons. Pourtan, who has lately filled a similar position in the Grand Opera and Symphony Orchestra at Lyons.

The programmes have been arranged with care by Mr. Paur, and cover a wide range of orchestral literature, including some interesting novelties. Among the works to be played are the following: Symphony in D (new), Sgambati; Symphony, "From the New World" (first time), Dvorak; Symphony No. 7, Beethoven; Smyphony in E major, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Brahms; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt; Suite, Monsigny; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Ballet Music, "Damon," Rubinstein.

One of the concerts will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme, for which some famous vocalists will be specially engaged. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (lately returned from a two years engagement on the operatic stage in France), Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mons. Pol Plancon of Abbey, Schoeffel

CESAR THOMPSON, Th...

& Grau's Grand Opera Company, Mr. Carl Baermann, and Mr. Cesar Thompson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso. The sale of season tickets will be held at Infantry Hall on Monday, Oct. 15. Circulars giving full particulars will shortly be published.

Boston Transcript

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

The first concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Music Hall tomorrow night. This is the programme: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; Seventh Symphony, Beethoven; tambourine, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Kaisermarsch, Wagner.

The Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Sanders Theatre on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8 and 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and 25. Among the solo artists announced are Mrs. Wyman and Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, MacDowell and Adamowski. The programme for the first concert is as follows: Passacaglia, Bach; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; fourth symphony, Brahms; overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz. Other works promised are these: Symphonies—seventh and eighth, Beethoven; G major, Haydn; C Major, Schumann; "Italian," Mendelssohn; D major, Sgambati; "From the New World," Dvorak; symphonic poem, Smetana. Overtures—"Magic Flute," Mozart; "Carlo Broschi," Auber; "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; "Genevra," Schumann; "Tragic," Brahms; "Carnival," Dvorak; "Sappho," Goldmark: "The Deluge," Saint Saëns. Suites—one by Lachner; "L'Arlésienne," Bizet. Miscellaneous—Concerto grosso, Handel; entracte, "Rosamunde," Schubert; overture and other partions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; ballet music from "The Demon," Rubinstein; "Seebilder," Paine; variations, Knorr. The sale of season tickets will begin at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, tomorrow morning. A limited number of seats will be reserved for college officers and invited guests.

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SUNDAY HERALD
BOSTON. OCTOBER 7

KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel quartet, composed of Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder, will give eight concerts at Union Hall, 49 Boylston street, on Monday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, Dec. 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18 and April 8.

Among the works to be included in the programmes are:

Beethoven—(Quartets) Op. 18 B flat.
Op. 74 E flat.
Op. 130 A minor.
Op. 131 B flat.
Op. 132 C sharp minor.
Brahms—Quartet B flat.
Clarinet, Quintet B minor.
Piano quintet, minor.
Mozart—Quartet A major.
Quintet G minor.
Haydn—Quartet E flat.
Quartet G major.
Svendsen—Octet for strings.
Rubinstein—Piano trio.

NOVELTIES.

Sgambati—Quartet D flat major.
Borodine—Quartet D major.
Hans Koessler—Quartet (manuscript).
C. M. Loeffler—Quintet (manuscript).
A. Kahn—Piano trio.
Ed. Schuett—Piano quartet F major.

The sale of season tickets will open at Music Hall on Monday, Oct. 15.

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

The rush seats for the second balcony at the Symphony Rehearsal will go on sale at Music Hall, Monday morning.

The first Symphony Concert of this season will be given in Music Hall Oct. 18. The program will include Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture; Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Entr'acte "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Wagner's Kaisermarch.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 7, 1894.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur will begin the usual series of concerts in Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evening Oct. 18, to be followed on the dates of Nov. 8 and 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 8 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and 25. These concerts provide the very cream of the Symphony music and the Orchestra yearly meets immense audiences of the most cultivated and distinguished people of Cambridge in addition to the large contingent from the College. Bostonians who find the two Music Hall concerts by the Orchestra insufficient, or for any reason are unable to attend them find the Cambridge concerts both a privilege and enjoyment.

The Tel[illegible]
PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON 1894-95.

6 GRAND CONCERTS
IN INFANTRY HALL,
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, OCT. 24, NOV. 14, DEC. 19, JAN. 16, FEB. 20, MAR. 20

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. JULIE M. WYMAN,
Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN,
Mons. POL PLANCON,
(The distinguished baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.)
Mr. CARL BAERMANN,
Mr. CESAR THOMPSON.
(THE FAMOUS BELGIAN VIOLINIST) AND OTHERS.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, for the series of six concerts, $5. Program books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

The sale of season tickets will open at the box office, Infantry Hall, MONDAY MORNING, Oct. 15, at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person. C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

MUSIC IN PROFUSION.

Course of Symphony Concerts—The Auditorium Concert—Items.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, will give its usual series of six concerts in Infantry hall on Wednesday evenings, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

This organization enters upon its fourteenth season with practically the same magnificent body of artists that has composed its membership for the last three years. The Boston orchestra, by the superiority of its performances, may be said to have placed itself beyond all rivalry; and the series of concerts it offers can not be excelled in any city of the world.

The rehearsals have already begun in Boston, and by the time of the first Providence concert (the date of which is Oct. 24) the orchestra will be in its best form.

Mr. Paur's single season as conductor has given him an acquaintance with the tastes of the public, and has enabled him to arrange programs which in interest and attractiveness are far beyond those of last season.

Among the soloists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (who has just returned after a two-years operatic engagement in France), Miss Gertrude Franklin, M. Pol Plancon, the famous baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's opera company, Mr. Casar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist, Mr. Carl Baerman and others.

The sale of season tickets will be held in Infantry hall on Monday, Oct. 15, beginning at 8 o'clock. Circulars, giving programs and complete information, will soon be published.

Auditorium Opening.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1894.

Next Saturday night, Oct. 13, the fourteenth series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall will be begun. Mr. Emil Paur remains as conductor, and this is the programme: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; seventh symphony, Beethoven; tambourine-gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte "Gwendoline," Chabrier (new); Kaisermarsch, Wagner. There will be the usual public rehearsal on Friday afternoon.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

The Symphony Season.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, which now ranks prominently among the finest organizations of its kind in the world and is the largest and most prosperous as well as the oldest permanent orchestra in America, will shortly begin its 14th season. For more than a decade its concerts have exercised a marked influence on musical progress in America, and it may justly claimed that it has accomplished more during that time than any other one factor for the advancement of musical culture in this country. The highest standard attainable has been established for these concerts, and the arrangements made for 1894 and '95 show that this standard is to be fully maintained, and bid fair to make this season the most notable in the history of the organization. The orchestra will give its usual series of six concerts in Infantry Hall on Wednesday evenings, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20. The engagement of 10 new members since last season has, it is believed, strengthened the organization at certain points. The most important change is in the position of first clarinet, which will be filled by Mons. Pourtan, who has lately filled a similar position in the Grand Opera and Symphony Orchestra at Lyons.

The programmes have been arranged with care by Mr. Paur, and cover a wide range of orchestral literature, including some interesting novelties. Among the works to be played are the following: Symphony in D (new), Sgambati; Symphony, "From the New World" (first time), Dvorak; Symphony No. 7, Beethoven; Smyphony in E major, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Brahms; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt; Suite, Monsigny; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Ballet Music, "Damon," Rubinstein.

One of the concerts will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme, for which some famous vocalists will be specially engaged. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (lately returned from a two years engagement on the operatic stage in France), Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mons. Pol Plancon of Abbey, Schoeffel

CESAR THOMPSON, T[illegible]

& Grau's Grand Opera Company, Mr. Carl Baermann, and Mr. Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso. The sale of season tickets will be held at Infantry Hall on Monday, Oct. 15. Circulars giving full particulars will shortly be published.

Boston Transcript

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

The first concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Music Hall tomorrow night. This is the programme: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; Seventh Symphony, Beethoven; tambourine, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; entr'acte, "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Kaisermarsch, Wagner.

The Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Sanders Theatre on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8 and 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and 25. Among the solo artists announced are Mrs. Wyman and Messrs. Davies, Ysaye, MacDowell and Adamowski. The programme for the first concert is as follows: Passacaglia, Bach; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; fourth symphony, Brahms; overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz. Other works promised are these: Symphonies—seventh and eighth, Beethoven; G major, Haydn; C, Major, Schumann; "Italian," Mendelssohn; D major, Sgambati; "From the New World," Dvorak; symphonic poem, Smetana. Overtures—"Magic Flute," Mozart; "Carlo Broschi," Auber; "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; "Genevra," Schumann; "Tragic," Brahms; "Carnival," Dvorak; "Sappho," Goldmark; "The Deluge," Saint Saëns. Suites—one by Lachner; "L'Arlésienne," Bizet. Miscellaneous—Concerto grosso, Handel; entracte, "Rosamunde," Schubert; overture and other partions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; ballet music from "The Demon," Rubinstein; "Seebilder," Paine; variations, Knorr. The sale of season tickets will begin at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, tomorrow morning. A limited number of seats will be reserved for college officers and invited guests.

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The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Oct. 13, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The tenth season of the Kneisel Quartet will begin at Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, Monday evening, October 22, the sale of subscription tickets opening on next Monday morning, October 15, at the box office, Music Hall. As always, the series of concerts offered by this organization will be of the highest artistic merit, the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Haydn, Svendsen and Rubinstein being included in the programme for the current season. In addition, novelties are promised by Sgambati, Borodine, Hans Koessler, C. M. Loeffler, A. Kahn and E. D. Schoett. The assisting artists will include Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mons. Leon Pourtan, and others to be announced, the leading performers being Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; L. Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, violoncello.

The concerts are announced for the Monday evenings of October 22, November 12, December 10, December 31, January 21, February 18, March 18 and April 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN CAMBRIDGE.

The ten concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Paur, will be given as usual this year in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, beginning October 18 and ending April 25. The sale of season tickets opens at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, this Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Among the works announced are Beethoven's Symphonies No. 7 and 8, and the overture to Fidelio; Haydn's Symphony in G-major; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, overture to Mozart's Magic Flute, and Bizet's suite, L'Arlesienne. Professor J. K. Paine represents the American composers with his "Seebilder." One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme. The solo artists are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, and others to be announced.

HOME JOURNAL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA will give ten concerts in Sanders Theater, Cambridge, this season, on Thursday evenings, October 18, November 8 and 22, December 13, January 3 and 24, February 14, March 7, April 4 and 25. The solo artists are to be Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, and others to be announced. The sale of season tickets opens to-day at the University Bookstore.

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One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner program, and in the other programs will be included the following works: Symphony No. 7, Beethoven; Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; Symphony in G major, Haydn; Symphony in C major, Schumann; Italian Symphony, Mendelssohn; Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; Symphony in D (first time), Sgambati; Symphony, "From the New World," Dvorak; Overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; Overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Tragic Overture, Brahms; Overture "Carnaval" (new), Dvorak; Overture, "Sappho" (new), Goldmark; Prelude, "The Deluge," Saint-Saens; Passacaglia, Bach; Concerto Grosso, Handel; Entr'acts Rosamunde, Schubert; Overture, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Suite, Lachner; Symphonic Poem, Smetana; Ballet Music, "Daemon," Rubinstein; Suite L'Arlesienne, Bizet; Seebilder, Paine; Variations for Orchestra, Knorr.

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The Kneisel Quartet's tenth season will begin on Monday evening, Oct. 22, and will consist of eight concerts on Monday evenings at Union Hall. The dates are October 22, November 12, December 10 and 31, January 21, February 18, March 18 and April 8. The quartet, consisting of Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; L. Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, violoncello, will have the assistance of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mons. Leon Pourtan, and others to be announced.

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A partial list of the works to be performed is as follows: Beethoven—Quartets: Op. 18, B-flat; Op. 74, E-flat; Op. 130, A minor; Op. 131, B flat; Op. 132, C-sharp minor; Brahms—Quartet, B-flat; Clarinet Quintet, B minor; Piano Quintet, F minor; Mozart—Quartet, A major; Quintet, G minor; Haydn—Quartets: E-flat; G major; Svendsen—Octet for strings; Rubinstein—Piano Trio. Several novelties will also be offered in the following: Sgambati—Quartet, D flat major; Borodine—Quartet, D major; Hans Koessler—Quartet (manuscript); C. M. Loeffler—Quintet (manuscript); A. Kahn—Piano Trio; Ed. Schuett—Piano Quartet, F major. The subscription tickets for the series will go on sale at Music Hall next Monday morning.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 12, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The sale of season tickets for the series of ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra takes place at the University Bookstore tomorrow (Saturday) morning. These concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and April 25.

Among the solo artists announced to appear are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. MacDavell, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. Eugene Ysaye. One of the above concerts will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartet—Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder—will give eight concerts in Union Hall on Monday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10 and 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18 and April 8. Among the works selected for performance are the following: Beethoven—quartets, op. 18, op. 74, op. 130, op. 131, and op. 132; Brahms—quartet B-flat, clarinet quintet B minor, and piano quintet F minor; Mozart—Quartet A major and quintet G minor; Haydn—quartets, E flat and G major; Svendsen—octet for strings; Rubinstein—piano trio. These novelties will also be given: Quartet, D flat, Sgambati; quartet D major, Borodine; quintet (MS.), C. M. Loeffler; quartet (MS.), Koessler; piano trio, Kahn; piano quartet, Schuett. The list of solo artists includes Mmes. H. H. A. Beach and Emil Paur, and Messrs. Ernst Perabo, Arthur Whiting and Leon Pourtan. Season tickets will be ready at the Music Hall on Monday morning.

This is the programme for the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in the Music Hall next Saturday night: Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; symphony, Chadwick, new; ballet music, from "The Demon," Rubinstein. Miss Emma Juch will sing an aria from Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride," and two songs by Wagner.

Corbett's Herald.

E. A. CORBETT,

174 : Weybosset : Street,

OCTOBER 13, 1894.

Our best people will be glad to learn that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will give six grand concerts in Infantry Hall, on Wednesday evenings, as per announcement elsewhere in this issue, commencing October 24. The excellence of this famous orchestra is too well known to call for any extended comments at this time.

Among the solo artists Manager Ellis has engaged for this season are Miss Julie M. Wyman, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mons. Pol. Plaucon (the distinguished baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Graus Opera Company), Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. Caesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist. Surely a great treat is in store for our people. The sale of season tickets will open at the Box Office, Infantry Hall, Monday morning, at nine o'clock.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 14, 1894.

The ten symphony concerts in Sanders theatre, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 5 and 25. The sale of tickets will be held at Sever's University book store, on Saturday morning, Oct. 13, at 10 o'clock.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will this season give its New York concerts in the Metropolitan Opera house on Thursday evenings, Nov. 1, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, Feb. 7 and March 14. The soloist at the second of these concerts will be M. Thompson, who will play Goldmark's violin concerto in A minor, and an "Adagio Appassionato," by Max Bruch. M. Ysaye will also appear at one of the New York concerts of this organization.

The News.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

PROVIDENCE, ... RHODE ISLAND.

BUSINESS OFFICE, 7 Weybosset St.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Famous Boston Organization Will Give Six Concerts Here.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is without a peer in the world as a musical organization. This is the testimony of leading musicians the world over

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

that have come in contact with Boston's pride. Indeed the love that this orchestra has engendered in the hearts of people in this city, New York, Washington and the other big centers makes it almost a national institution. In a couple of weeks this large and prosperous orchestra will begin a series of six concerts in this city and that fact makes glad the hearts of thousands that have been patrons and supporters of the orchestra hereabout for the past 12 years.

The orchestra will begin its 14th season in this city, in Infantry Hall, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, and the subsequent concerts will be given on the following dates:

Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

The engagement of 10 new members since last season has, it is believed, strengthened the organization at certain points. The most important change is in the position of first clarinet, which will be filled by Mons. Pourtan, who has lately filled a similar position in the Grand Opera and Symphony Orchestra at Lyons.

The programs have been arranged with care by Conductor Emil Paur, and cover a wide range of orchestral literature, including some interesting novelties. Among the works to be played are the following: Symphony in D (new), Sgambati; symphony, "From the New World" (first time), Dvorak; symphony No. 7, Beethoven; symphony in E major, Schubert; symphony No. 3, Brahms; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; overture, "Hebrides," Mendelsshon; overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; tambourin, govotte and chaconne, Gluck; suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Hungarian rhapsody, Liszt; suite, Monsigny; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Ballet Music, "Damon," Rubinstein.

One concert will be devoted to a Wagner program for which some famous vocalists have been specially engaged. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (lately returned from a two years' engagement on the operatic stage in France); Miss Gertrude

CESAR THOMSON, TENOR.

Franklin, Mons. Pol Plancon of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Grand Opera Company, Mr. Carl Baerman, and Mr. Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso.

The sale of season tickets will be held at Infantry Hall on Monday, Oct. 15.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 14.

Symphony Concerts.

Despite the rainy weather, a large audience witnessed the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra—an audience that settled down sedately to serious work, and one that determined to make amends for the frivolities of the past summer season. There was enthusiasm, o course, spontaneous outbursts of applause for favorite artists, Mr. Paur receiving a very generous share; but at heart, it was a critical audience, that loved music better than it loved display, and it was determined that approval should be governed by reason. The members of the orchestra instinctively felt that they were among the judges as well as friends, and for a first night performance their playing was wonderfully smooth, and their discipline was even better than their playing.

The programme for the first concert was:

Cherubini's Overture to Anacreon:
Beethoven's Seventh Symphony;
Gluck's Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne;
Chabrier's Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline."
Wagner's "The Emperor's March."

The well-known Cherubini overture was played with a fine dash and fire, and with perfect truth of color; the interpretation was both brilliant and effective, a needful amplification, for a large amount is brilliant without being effective, like sky-rockets and pin wheels set off in the daytime. The Beethoven symphony was another fine interpretation; it was large, dignified and graceful, the values were most artistically preserved and grace was never for a moment allowed to sink into prettiness and sentimentality. The faultless manner in which the second movement was played won for it loud applause, while the third movement, perhaps largely on account of its inherant beauty, almost provoked the audience into enthusiasm.

The little dances by Gluck were charming in themselves, and charmingly played, and half their beauty is due to respect for form. It makes little difference Tambourin is, as the programme announces, an old Provencal dance, or that the Gavotte was derived from the Gavots; but the real merit is in having ideas, and then forms into which to put them. Of course it seems cruel to fetter genius, even in such a trivial matter as dances, but it is no new thing that liberty often degenerates into license, and that the artist who is told to "make anything," frequently evils by making nothing, which is the outcome of much of our modern work. It is certain, however, that the Gluck dances are dainty little pieces of fine art work, polished, flawless and like a fine piece of Sevres ware deserving of a special little art alcove of their own. Mr. Paur treated them lovingly, lightly, tenderly, and respectfully and the little jewels flashed with a fine brilliancy that was not weakened even by their closeness to the great Kohinor.

The prelude by Chabrier is an attractive piece of work, but like a large amount of modern work it refuses to give up its meaning even on thoughtful study. It always seems on the point of saying something and then aggravatingly plays the part of sybil to the chilling of interest and the exasperation of reason. It is an invitation to the orchestra to be brilliant, even if it has nothing of value to say; in fact, the composer used the orchestra like Mr. Crummles used his tubs; he has written music for it, and the spectator sees the tubs, and wonders when the play is to begin. Of course the prelude is an introduction to an opera act, and one does not expect much profound meaning; but the aggravation is that the composer deliberately intends to say nothing, and surrounds the vacuum with brilliant and attractive flourishes. He begins at no particular place and goes nowhither. He has the greatest skill in making the finest embroidery for the gown that covers the sawdust stuffed figure; but the question is whether the sawdust is worth it. The thing is small, but it is a sample of larger specimens, and deserves an elaborate label for the sake of the family to which it belongs. Having said so much, it deserves to be added that it is a most favorable specimen of its class; that it has a certain organic beauty of its own, which causes one to regret that it is stuffed only with sawdust.

It is a striking proof of Mr. Paur's all-round talent as a conductor that the noisy Emperor march received full justice at his hands; it was the apotheosis of noise, with a nerve-jarring effect that was a good imitation of sublimity. In the entire evening's work, Mr. Paur demonstrated that he is a conductor of the rarest skill, and that he has drilled his orchestra to a point that is just this side of perfection.

The programme for the second concert is Berlioz's overture, "Carnaval Romain"; Dvorak's Aria from the "Spectre Bride"; Chadwick's Symphony in F (first time); songs from Wagner; Rubinstein's Ballet music "Daemon." The soloist is Emma Juch.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, as in past seasons, will give a series of ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and April 25. The assisting solo artists to appear are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. McDowell, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. Eugene Ysaye. Season tickets for the series, at $7.50, can now be secured at the University Bookstore Cambridge.

The annual series of concerts by the Kneisel Quartet will be given in Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, on Monday evenings. As in past seasons, there will be eight concerts. The assisting artists announced to appear are Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting and Mr. Leon Pourtan. The following are among the novelties to be given: Quartet, D-flat major, Sgambati; Quartet, D-major, Borodine; Quartet (manuscript), Hans Koessler; Quintet (manuscript), C. M. Loeffler; Piano Trio, A. Kahn; Piano Quartet, F-major, Ed. Schuett. Season tickets, with reserved seats, $8, on sale at Music Hall to-morrow morning.

Pawtucket Tribune

PAWTUCKET, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1894.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give six grand concerts in Infantry Hall, Providence, this season. The first concert will be held Oct. 24. Season tickets are only $5. The sale of seats opens Monday at Infantry Hall.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Oct. 13, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The tenth season of the Kneisel Quartet will begin at Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, Monday evening, October 22, the sale of subscription tickets opening on next Monday morning, October 15, at the box office, Music Hall. As always, the series of concerts offered by this organization will be of the highest artistic merit, the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Haydn, Svendsen and Rubinstein being included in the programme for the current season. In addition, novelties are promised by Sgambati, Borodine, Hans Koessler, C. M. Loeffler, A. Kahn and E. D. Schoett. The assisting artists will include Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mons. Leon Pourtan, and others to be announced, the leading performers being Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; L. Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, violoncello.

The concerts are announced for the Monday evenings of October 22, November 12, December 10, December 31, January 21, February 18, March 18 and April 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN CAMBRIDGE.

The ten concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Paur, will be given as usual this year in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, beginning October 18 and ending April 25. The sale of season tickets opens at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, this Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Among the works announced are Beethoven's Symphonies No. 7 and 8, and the overture to Fidelio; Haydn's Symphony in G-major; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, overture to Mozart's Magic Flute, and Bizet's suite, L'Arlesienne. Professor J. K. Paine represents the American composers with his "Seebilder." One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner programme. The solo artists are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, and others to be announced.

HOME JOURNAL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

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One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner program, and in the other programs will be included the following works: Symphony No. 7, Beethoven; Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; Symphony in G major, Haydn; Symphony in C major, Schumann; Italian Symphony, Mendelssohn; Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; Symphony in D (first time), Sgambati; Symphony, "From the New World," Dvorak; Overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven; Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; Overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Tragic Overture, Brahms; Overture "Carnaval" (new), Dvorak; Overture, "Sappho" (new), Goldmark; Prelude, "The Deluge," Saint-Saens; Passacaglia, Bach; Concerto Grosso, Handel; Entr'acts Rosamunde, Schubert; Overture, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Suite, Lachner; Symphonic Poem, Smetana; Ballet Music, "Daemon," Rubinstein; Suite L'Arlesienne, Bizet; Seebilder, Paine; Variations for Orchestra, Knorr.

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The Kneisel Quartet's tenth season will begin on Monday evening, Oct. 22, and will consist of eight concerts on Monday evenings at Union Hall. The dates are October 22, November 12, December 10 and 31, January 21, February 18, March 18 and April 8. The quartet, consisting of Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; L. Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, violoncello, will have the assistance of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mons. Leon Pourtan, and others to be announced.

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A partial list of the works to be performed is as follows: Beethoven—Quartets: Op. 18, B-flat; Op. 74, E-flat; Op. 130, A minor; Op. 131, B flat; Op. 132, C-sharp minor; Brahms—Quartet, B-flat; Clarinet Quintet, B minor; Piano Quintet, F minor; Mozart—Quartet, A major; Quintet, G minor; Haydn—Quartets: E-flat; G major; Svendsen—Octet for strings; Rubinstein—Piano Trio. Several novelties will also be offered in the following: Sgambati—Quartet, D flat major; Borodine—Quartet, D major; Hans Koessler—Quartet (manuscript); C. M. Loeffler—Quintet (manuscript); A. Kahn—Piano Trio; Ed. Schuett—Piano Quartet, F major. The subscription tickets for the series will go on sale at Music Hall next Monday morning.

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The Official Paper of the State.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 12, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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Boston Transcript

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This is the programme for the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in the Music Hall next Saturday night: Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; symphony, Chadwick, new; ballet music, from "The Demon," Rubinstein. Miss Emma Juch will sing an aria from Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride," and two songs by Wagner.

Corbett's Herald.

E. A. CORBETT,

174 : Weybosset : Street,

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Among the solo artists Manager Ellis has engaged for this season are Miss Julie M. Wyman, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mons. Pol. Plaucon (the distinguished baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Graus Opera Company), Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. Caesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist. Surely a great treat is in store for our people. The sale of season tickets will open at the Box Office, Infantry Hall, Monday morning, at nine o'clock.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 14, 1894.

The ten symphony concerts in Sanders theatre, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3 and 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 5 and 25. The sale of tickets will be held at Sever's University book store, on Saturday morning, Oct. 13, at 10 o'clock.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will this season give its New York concerts in the Metropolitan Opera house on Thursday evenings, Nov. 1, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, Feb. 7 and March 14. The soloist at the second of these concerts will be M. Thompson, who will play Goldmark's violin concerto in A minor, and an "Adagio Appassionato," by Max Bruch. M. Ysaye will also appear at one of the New York concerts of this organization.

The News.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

PROVIDENCE, . . . RHODE ISLAND.

BUSINESS OFFICE, 7 Weybosset St.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Famous Boston Organization Will Give Six Concerts Here.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is without a peer in the world as a musical organization. This is the testimony of leading musicians the world over

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

that have come in contact with Boston's pride. Indeed the love that this orchestra has engendered in the hearts of people in this city, New York, Washington and the other big centers makes it almost a national institution. In a couple of weeks this large and prosperous orchestra will begin a series of six concerts in this city and that fact makes glad the hearts of thousands that have been patrons and supporters of the orchestra hereabout for the past 12 years.

The orchestra will begin its 14th season in this city, in Infantry Hall, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, and the subsequent concerts will be given on the following dates:

Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

The engagement of 10 new members since last season has, it is believed, strengthened the organization at certain points. The most important change is in the position of first clarinet, which will be filled by Mons. Pourtan, who has lately filled a similar position in the Grand Opera and Symphony Orchestra at Lyons.

The programs have been arranged with care by Conductor Emil Paur, and cover a wide range of orchestral literature, including some interesting novelties. Among the works to be played are the following: Symphony in D (new), Sgambati; symphony, "From the New World" (first time), Dvorak; symphony No. 7, Beethoven; symphony in E major, Schubert; symphony No. 3, Brahms; overture, "Egmont, Beethoven; overture, "Hebrides," Mendelsshon; overture, "Carlo Broski," Auber; overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Hungarian rhapsody, Liszt; suite, Monsigny; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Ballet Music, "Damon," Rubinstein.

One concert will be devoted to a Wagner program for which some famous vocalists have been specially engaged. Among the solo artists to be expected are Mme. Julie M. Wyman (lately returned from a two years' engagement on the operatic stage in France); Miss Gertrude

CESAR THOMSON, TENOR.

Franklin, Mons. Pol Plancon of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Grand Opera Company, Mr. Carl Baerman, and Mr. Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso.

The sale of season tickets will be held at Infantry Hall on Monday, Oct. 15.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 14.

Symphony Concerts.

Despite the rainy weather, a large audience witnessed the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra—an audience that settled down sedately to serious work, and one that determined to make amends for the frivolities of the past summer season. There was enthusiasm, o course, spontaneous outbursts of applause for favorite artists, Mr. Paur receiving a very generous share; but at heart, it was a critical audience, that loved music better than it loved display, and it was determined that approval should be governed by reason. The members of the orchestra instinctively felt that they were among the judges as well as friends, and for a first night performance their playing was wonderfully smooth, and their discipline was even better than their playing.

The programme for the first concert was:

Cherubini's Overture to Anacreon:
Beethoven's Seventh Symphony;
Gluck's Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne;
Chabrier's Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline."
Wagner's "The Emperor's March."

The well-known Cherubini overture was played with a fine dash and fire, and with perfect truth of color; the interpretation was both brilliant and effective, a needful amplification, for a large amount is brilliant without being effective, like sky-rockets and pin wheels set off in the daytime. The Beethoven symphony was another fine interpretation; it was large, dignified and graceful, the values were most artistically preserved and grace was never for a moment allowed to sink into prettiness and sentimentality. The faultless manner in which the second movement was played won for it loud applause, while the third movement, perhaps largely on account of its inherant beauty, almost provoked the audience into enthusiasm.

The little dances by Gluck were charming in themselves, and charmingly played, and half their beauty is due to respect for form. It makes little difference Tambourin is, as the programme announces, an old Provencal dance, or that the Gavotte was derived from the Gavots; but the real merit is in having ideas, and then forms into which to put them. Of course it seems cruel to fetter genius, even in such a trivial matter as dances, but it is no new thing that liberty often degenerates into license, and that the artist who is told to "make anything," frequently evils by making nothing, which is the outcome of much of our modern work. It is certain, however, that the Gluck dances are dainty little pieces of fine art work, polished, flawless and like a fine piece of Sevres ware deserving of a special little art alcove of their own. Mr. Paur treated them lovingly, lightly, tenderly, and respectfully and the little jewels flashed with a fine brilliancy that was not weakened even by their closeness to the great Kohinor.

The prelude by Chabrier is an attractive piece of work, but like a large amount of modern work it refuses to give up its meaning even on thoughtful study. It always seems on the point of saying something and then aggravatingly plays the part of sybil to the chilling of interest and the exasperation of reason. It is an invitation to the orchestra to be brilliant, even if it has nothing of value to say; in fact, the composer used the orchestra like Mr. Crummles used his tubs; he has written music for it, and the spectator sees the tubs, and wonders when the play is to begin. Of course the prelude is an introduction to an opera act, and one does not expect much profound meaning; but the aggravation is that the composer deliberately intends to say nothing, and surrounds the vacuum with brilliant and attractive flourishes. He begins at no particular place and goes nowhither. He has the greatest skill in making the finest embroidery for the gown that covers the sawdust stuffed figure; but the question is whether the sawdust is worth it. The thing is small, but it is a sample of larger specimens, and deserves an elaborate label for the sake of the family to which it belongs. Having said so much, it deserves to be added that it is a most favorable specimen of its class; that it has a certain organic beauty of its own, which causes one to regret that it is stuffed only with sawdust.

It is a striking proof of Mr. Paur's all-round talent as a conductor that the noisy Emperor march received full justice at his hands; it was the apotheosis of noise, with a nerve-jarring effect that was a good imitation of sublimity. In the entire evening's work, Mr. Paur demonstrated that he is a conductor of the rarest skill, and that he has drilled his orchestra to a point that is just this side of perfection.

The programme for the second concert is Berlioz's overture, "Carnaval Romain"; Dvorak's Aria from the "Spectre Bride"; Chadwick's Symphony in F (first time); songs from Wagner; Rubinstein's Ballet music "Daemon." The soloist is Emma Juch.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, as in past seasons, will give a series of ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday evenings, Oct. 18, Nov. 8, Nov. 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4 and April 25. The assisting solo artists to appear are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. McDowell, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. Eugene Ysaye. Season tickets for the series, at $7.50, can now be secured at the University Bookstore Cambridge.

The annual series of concerts by the Kneisel Quartet will be given in Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, on Monday evenings. As in past seasons, there will be eight concerts. The assisting artists announced to appear are Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting and Mr. Leon Pourtan. The following are among the novelties to be given: Quartet, D-flat major, Sgambati; Quartet, D-major, Borodine; Quartet (manuscript), Hans Koessler; Quintet (manuscript), C. M. Loeffler; Piano Trio, A. Kahn; Piano Quartet, F-major, Ed. Schuett. Season tickets, with reserved seats, $8, on sale at Music Hall to-morrow morning.

Pawtucket Tribune

PAWTUCKET, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1894.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give six grand concerts in Infantry Hall, Providence, this season. The first concert will be held Oct. 24. Season tickets are only $5. The sale of seats opens Monday at Infantry Hall.

[25]

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

The First Saturday Concert of the Fourteenth Season.

Messrs. Cherubini and Chabrier Enter Arm-in-Arm.

An Evening of Genuine Interest Without a Soloist.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall:

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Prelude to Act II., "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaisermarch.....Wagner

You may wonder at Mr. Paur's choice of the "Anacreon" overture as the opening number of the season; but reflect on what he might have done; he might have chosen Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." Think of this possibility bolstered by tradition, and applaud.

They laughed in Paris 91 years ago this month when Anacreon, voluptuous to excess, so fond of wine that his statue in Athens represented him as one that was drunk and singing, the lover of Bathyllus, addressed his odalisque in a call for drink as "Interesting slave!" They laughed in Vendémiaire of the year XII. at the libretto of this opera-ballet written by Citizen Mendouze, nor could the music of Citizen Cherubini prevail against them. Seven nights they laughed at seeing the old rake, a ridiculous bore, and they hissed and they laughed. Today the overture remains.

Here is no modern musical scene painting. Here is no ruddy, riotous debauch. Love is without passion. There is no suspicion of sensuousness. Lovers and winebibbers are frozen as in Grecian relief. But how clean-cut are the forms. How noble is the artistic repression. What a sense of proportion rules the work. There is no abuse of color, but there is color from beginning to end. This overture may be well likened unto a mural decoration by Puvis de Chavannes. No wonder that when it was first played in London the audience was not content until the piece was twice repeated. No wonder that Castil Blaze wrote 40 years ago that "Anacreon" was the last complete, grand overture in the history of French opera.

⁂

It was a pleasure to hear the ballet music of Gluck, for the inherent beauty of the gavotte, which is, as Champfleury said of Boccherini's music, like a flame-colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an olden rosewood bureau; and also for the associations. The chaconne in the eighteenth century often served to conclude an opera or a ballet. When Gaetan Vestris, the great dancer and tyrant of the Paris Opera, saw a rehearsal of "Iphigenia at Aulis," he was thunderstruck.

There was no chaconne for him, no music for his famous gambades. To him enraged said Gluck, "Did the Greeks know the chaconne?" And Vestris replied, "They had no chaconne. So much the worse for them." Tradition prevailed, and Gluck was politic. Vestris danced, and Gluck added ballet music, although, to use his own homely phrase, he said, "My opera is now so full of music that it stinks."

And in these ballets not only Vestris, but Marie Madeline Guimard danced. This strange woman, at whose feet Archbishops and Bishops knelt as suppliants, this woman of wild and horrid orgies was in the dance a chaste Diana. The distinguishing feature of her art was simplicity. Even when she was of 50 years, so scraggy that she was dubbed "The Skeleton of the Graces," so haggard that she made herself up after her portrait at 20. She entranced by her grace and dignity. There are pictures of her in costume and in attitude, and we wonder when we see them at the admiration of her contemporaries. And yet the woman in the gavotte from "Armide" swayed the audience, as does the simple, haunting tune today.

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The overture to "Anacreon" was played exceedingly well, with breadth, with an accuracy that was never finical, with a spirit that was the stern master of technique. Even greater was the performance of the finale of the symphony. This number is too often a confused and unrhythmic succession of noisy shocks. Under Mr. Paur the "peasants' dance" had a nobility that was almost gigantic, as though the brute joy in mere living under the sun found expression in frantic leaps, in twistings and turnings, in evolutions in which Nature itself shared lustily.

Never was there a forgetfulness of the mighty rhythm. In this finale the rhythm is a delight. The body of the hearer is one pulse that beats with it. In the first movement the rhythm is not so much the swing of Time's pendulum; there is something aggressive in its comparative pettiness. As a rule, it is the allegretto of this symphony that stands out, but last evening the movement that dominated was the finale, which, as I have said, is often a stumbling block to conductors.

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It would seem as though the prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" must suffer necessarily by being taken from its home, the opera house. It thus loses connection with that which precedes and follows. For this is a prelude, not merely an intermezzo without distinctive meaning. Even the intermezzo in "Cavelleria rusticana" by its cheap simplicity and every-day tunefulness, although it was not composed. I believe, originally for the opera, relieves the hearer, and serves as a contrast to the stormy passion that preceded and the inevitable tragedy that must follow the confession of Santuzza.

The story of "Gwendoline" is told in another column of the Journal. It might well have been told in the program-book, so that the hearer might have known the character of the act to which the music is a prelude.

This prelude is built upon a theme that may be called the Gwendoline motive, the typical melody of the girl that was to be a bride of a night. This theme given out by the clarinet—and nobly played it was—is singularly melancholy and at the same time passionate.

The upward leap from A flat to G natural is as a stab to the heart, and the theme with its harmonies is one of marked originality and character. After an extended intermezzo, the return of the theme is developed in a powerful crescendo, of overwhelming effect. Here, however, it is not a question of form, it is a question of impression, of creating a mood. Tragedy is hinted at by the murky passages of the introduction. There are suggestions of the father's murderous command, but the predominating feature of the prelude is its fervid ex-

leaving the question as to pure absolute music, this prelude is of wondrous beauty in the musical stuff and in the treatment of the material. Gorgeous and at the same time fine in instrumentation, radical and daring in harmonic progressions, there is the presence of the soul of the genuine composer, who does not experiment with the orchestra, but uses it as a genius uses speech. Superbly played, the prelude made a profound impression.

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As for the Kaiser march, perhaps the best criticism is that once made by Heinrich Dorn: "I regard this march as a deliberate insult to my Emperor."

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Mr. Paur was received enthusiastically. The new clarinetist and the first bassoon seem valuable acquisitions to the orchestra. Mr. Pourtan, the first clarinet, has a rich and sympathetic tone, and, judging from his work last night, he phrases with masterly skill and poetic feeling. So, too, the tone of the new bassoon player was generous and his playing artistic.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC NOTES.

The program of the Symphony concert Oct. 20 will be as follows: Overture, "Carnival Romain," Berlioz; Symphony in F, Chadwick (new); ballet music, "The Demon," Rubenstein. Miss Juch will sing an air from "The Spectre's Bride" and two songs by Wagner.

For other musical news see Page 10.

THE CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONIES.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Paur conductor, will give ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, these Thursday evenings: Oct. 18, Nov. 8, 22, Dec. 13, Jan. 3, 24, Feb. 14, March 7, April 4, 25. Among the soloists who will appear are Mrs. Julie Wyman, Messrs. Ben Davies, Ysaye, Adamowski, Mac Dowell. One concert will be devoted entirely to a Wagner program. Among the novelties will be a symphony by Sgambati and overtures by Dvorak and Goldmark. Season tickets are for sale at the University bookstore.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Eight concerts will be given this season in Union Hall by the Kneisel Quartet. The dates will be Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18, April 8. Among those who will assist are: Mrs. Paur, Mrs. Beach, Messrs. Pourtan, Perabo and Whiting. Pieces by Sgambati, Borodine, Koessler, Loeffler, Kahn, Schuett will be played here for the first time. Subscription tickets will be for sale at Music Hall tomorrow at 9 A. M.

The Telegram.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1894.

The Symphony Concerts.

The sale of season tickets for the series of six concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra opens tomorrow morning at the box office, Infantry hall. The list of soloists is the best yet announced for this city, including such great artists as Mr. Pol Plancon, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, New York, a most superb singer; Mr. Cesar Thomson, the noted Belgian violinist, who makes his first visit to this country, and who is easily among the greatest violinists in the world; Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, contralto, fresh from most artistic triumphs in Europe; Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano, and Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, the last two great local favorites.

A most noteworthy feature of the first concert is the symphony by Sgambati, which will have its first performance in this country in Providence. Sgambati is a native of Rome, Italy, and is the most noted of the Italian pianists of today, his compositions having received the indorsement of such great masters as Wagner and Liszt. The latter was Sgambati's teacher while sojourning in Rome, and while it is not necessary to enroll Sgambati on the never-ending list of "Liszt's favorite pupils," as a composer he was most warmly praised and encouraged by his famous teacher. The symphony was first performed before the king and queen of Italy at the Quirinal palace in Rome in 1882, and won instant and signal success.

The program for the first concert is as follows: Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Aria, Mr. Pol Plancon; symphony, No. 1, opus 16 (new), Sgambati; Aria, Mr. Pol Plancón; ballet music, "Daemon," Rubinstein.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1894.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Opening Performance of the Season a Great Success.

Brilliant and Enthusiastic Audience—Cordial Welcome to Mr. Paur—The Chabrier Prelude the Most Important Novelty—The Symphony Played Magnificently.

Last evening the first concert of this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, before a large audience, despite the unfavorable state of the weather. Nearly every seat on the floor and in the balconies was occupied, and much of the available standing room in the side aisles on the floor was filled. The programme was:

Overture, "Anacreon,".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7, A-major.....Beethoven
Three Ballet Movements.....Gluck
Prelude to Act II., "Gwendoline,"....Chabrier
Kaiser, Marsch.....Wagner

The audiencewas notably brilliant and enthusiastic. Mr. Paur, on his first appearance, was welcomed with a heartiness that was exceptionally spontaneous and cordial. The applause was prolonged and vigorous, and must have convinced him, if such conviction were needed, of the warm friendliness entertained for him by the patrons of these concerts. He was compelled to bow his acknowledgments some three or four times befcre he was permitted to assume his duties of the evening. The personnel of the orchestra remains essentially unchanged. There were some strange faces among the strings, and some two or three more among the wind instruments, the most important of the latter being M. Pourtan, the new first clarinet, who has a beautiful tone, pure, sympathetic and refined, that made itself felt with peculiarly gratifying results in the symphony and in the prelude by Chabrier. Judging by his playing of last night, he will ably and satisfyingly fill a void that has long been experfenced in the orchestra. The playing of this fine body of musicians was of the highest quality throughout, and showed little, if any, trace of the six months' absence from discipline from which the performers had come. The familiar precision, perfection of technique, steadiness and quick, sympathetic response to the slightest sign from the conductor were fully apparent in all the work of the orchestra.

The most important novelty in the programme was the Chabrier prelude. The composer died about a month ago, and the French press was prolific in prose monodies over his death. It claimed that a very great light in art had been extinguished untimely. His music is almost unknown in this country. He was a gifted and an able composer, and was prominent with Lamoreux in obtaining a foothold in France for Wagner's music. It was probably owing to this that his later works became strongly tinged with Wagner, though it never quite lost the characteristic spirit of French musical art. "Gwendoline" is a three-act opera, of which the libretto is by Catulle Mendez. It was first heard in its entiretyat Brussels in 1886, and was not given in Paris until the composer was too far stricken by fatal illness to enjoy the triumph of his work. The selection performed last night overflows with refined fancy and graceful warmth. It is not distinguished by any very marked original individuality, and is haunted throughout by Berlioz, Wagner and Gounod, and might pass at times for a very lofty flight of Massenet. It was wholly in the ultra-modern vein, fascinatingly rich in orchestral color, and striking in its novelty and occasionally the extreme daring of its harmonies. A very brief motive is presented with ingenious and always beautiful variety of effect. There is little of form, as it is pedagogically understood, and the meaning of the music is not invariably clear, though it unmistakably charms the ear and seizes on and holds the interest firmly. It is now sombre, now bright, but unchangingly sensuous. There is variety enough, and to spare, of detached contrasting effects, but as a whole this constant striving for such contracts results in a certain monotonous absence of real contrasts after all. The music shows a full knowledge of and a thorough command over all the resources of modern orchestration, and it has some moments of supreme and searching beauty.

The eminent French critic, Adolphe Jullien, says of him: "M. Chabrier's works show a rare power of combining all the musical material at his disposal, and his 'Espana' is a model in this respect; but in his original compositions a lack of spontaneity is apparent, and his orchestration, though not deficient in variety of coloring, is too thick. He is a gifted composer, but his attachments to various schools show him to be without settled artistic convictions." While it would be scarcely just or even discreet to judge a composer by one work, and that after a first hearing, M. Jullien's criticism seems to apply with singular felicity to the "Gwendoline" prelude. Still, it was well worth the hearing, for its undeniable beauties, and proved edifying as an example of what is characteristic of contemporary French musical art in its higher aspirations. The work was exquisitely played; the wood wind, on which the chief burden fell, acquitting itself with especial fine distinction. The music was received with great favor by the audience, on whom it seemed to make a deep impression, for it won the heartiest applause of the evening.

The three selections from Gluck were also read for the first time at these concerts. One, a "Tambourin" from "Iphigenie en Aulide," is a bright trifle, redolent of the very essence of the era of hair powder and red-heeled shoes, but delightfully fresh and piquant, and, in its graceful trio, of rare beauty. The second, a gavotte from "Armide," has the most perfect flow of dainty melody, refined and appealing in its pretty grace, and naive in its utter simplicity. The other piece was a vigorous chaconne, combined from the "Iphigenie," already named, and from "Orpheus." These pieces always keep in sight the beautiful in art, and sustain the principle of the old masters, that the foundation of art is beauty. All three selections were read in a masterly style by Mr. Paur, and in perfect sympathy with their character. Their performance by the orchestra was flawless.

The "Anacreon" overture, [illegible] question one of the noblest and most perfect works in its class ever written, was given a remarkably fine interpretation. Mr. Paur's reading of it was very flexible, and not quite along conventional lines in respect to the tempo, which was subjected by him to some mutations; but the effect was broad, clear and chaste, and, taken altogether, it is to be doubted if the overture has ever had here a more thoughful, effective and richly colored interpretation than it received on this occasion.

The symphony was dealt with throughout in the most conscientious manner. The reading varied at times from that which has become conventional, but the few liberties taken were fully in accord with the spirit of the music, and gave something more of a pleasing emphasis to it. The first movement was given with a splendid rhythmical swing, and the strings of the orchestra were heard in it at their very best. The symphony was read and played from beginning to end magnificently. It is doubtful if the wood wind was ever heard to finer advantage, especially in the allegretto, while the brass, notably the first trumpet, covered themselves with glory in the finale. This movement was taken at a furious pace, and with a fire that was splendidly sustained. The effect was almost overwhelming. It was a brilliant performance, and the storm of applause into which the audience broke after the closing chord was as appreciative as it was justly called forth. The opening concert was in all things satisfying, and it is not easy to believe that the orchestra can surpass the fine record it has made on the very threshold of the season.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berloiz; aria, from "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak; symphony in F (first time), Chadwick; songs with piano (a) Dreams, (b) Cradle Song, Wagner; ballet music, "Daemon," Rubinstein. Mme. Emma Juch is to be the soloist.

The Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to be given in Sanders Theatre, will begin next Thursday evening. Among the soloists who are to be heard at them are Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. A. MacDowell and Mr. Eugene Ysaye. The sale of season tickets is open at the University Bookstore, Cambridge.

The first concert of the 10th season of the Kneisel quartet will be given in Union Hall, on Monday evening, Oct. 22. The assisting artists already engaged for these concerts are Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Emil Paur, M. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Arthur Whiting and M. Leon Pourtan. Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series, will be on sale at the box office, Music Hall, tomorrow morning.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 14, 1894.

—A first glance over the Music hall Friday afternoon would not have revealed one unoccupied place on floor or balconies, so absolutely packed did the great hall look. Later, however, one could find, more or less scattered, empty seats, but, since the rehearsals began, there has not been such a showing for the first afternoon. It promises well for the most brilliant season so far. Mr Paur had a grand welcome back, and with his hair closely cut and his beard neatly trimmed one scarcely recognized him, the improvement was so great. Indeed, he looked quite Bostonese. Although many of the old-timers were missed from their accustomed seats, because they are still out of town, there were enough of the familiar faces to make one feel at home. Mr Higginson has his seats, as usual, well in the middle of the floor. Just in front of him are the C. P. Curtises and the Lothrop Thorndikes. Mrs John Lowell and family are nearby on the right. In the balconies Dr Russell Sturgis and Dr Sturgis Bigelow, Miss Bigelow and Mrs Templeman Coolidge have the same seats as last year. Mr Harry Wainwright and his sister, Mrs Howe, are in their old seats, and Mr and Mrs Edmund Dwight in theirs near the stage, and the Misses Stackpole's are the same, also near the platform on the floor. The society set, with these few exceptions, are still to come.

[26]

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 14, 1894.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Opening of the Symphony Season of '94.

CONDUCTOR PAUR'S OVATION.

Rain and Umbrellas and a Rain of Plaudits—People Who Were There---Mr. Paur's Hair Cut---Honors of the Night---The Programme.

But she would go to the Symphony last night, if it rained cats and dogs.

And she did.

Boston wore her mackintosh and went in her carriage, for it was the first night of the season, and not even the downpour could dampen the musical enthusiasm of the possessors of Symphony tickets.

There had been a rumor that Mr. Paur had had his hair cut and that Mr. Apthorp had broken into humor in the sacred columns of the Symphony programme.

Hamilton place blossomed with umbrellas before the doors of Music Hall were open. When the two little doors bobbed wide for the entering crowd the two narrow slits of light made long rays into the rainy night and brought in high relief a series of funny little pictures on the possibilities of umbrellas as man traps and workers of woe to women's finery. Nobody thought of pinioning those doors back permanently for the good of the multitude, and snap, bang! how they flew in the face of the public, upset the pose of best bonnets, knocked dignified beavers into cocked hats, tangled up the ribs of silk umbrellas and worried nervous men with a brood of women to house safely.

Rain!

The coachmen snapped at each other from their rubber mufflings, and the twinkling carriage lights crowded up the way, and the fair and their fineries were transported under umbrellas from carriage to lighted shelter with a marvellous accession of despatch when it was close to 8 o'clock, lest the doors be closed on them for the first number.

Flutter and unwrapping and emerging and hurrying down aisles after blue-coated ushers; stir of programmes and rustle of gowns and whispers and soft laughter and "Hush!"

Someone recognized a face here, there—Adamowski, Schroeder—and as each musician came in and took his accustomed place there were little bursts of applause. But Conductor Paur had an ovation.

WELCOME TO PAUR.

Society clapped its hands mightily, and the music critics in the group, left centre, nodded their heads together and smiled a little smile of satisfaction.

Mr. Paur stood up straight and tall and substantial in his evening dress, beside his music stand, which had been trimmed with white and yellow chrysanthemums and green foliage with gallant white satin streamers, and he bowed a bow.

It was the finest sort of a bow, and society acknowledged it with a double round of applause.

Mr. Paur's blonde face beamed, and when he turned it from the audience to lift his baton—

In the ecstatic hush of expectancy of that moment—

In the breathless instant of tiptoeing down aisles and sneaking in by every door at once before the first sweet note closed them to the most desperate "open sesame—"

In that moment when the standees with an eye on vacant seats turned pale and trembled lest the owners arrive betimes—

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PEOPLE THERE.

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And the man from the suburbs who sat all through it and rushed away at the last minute to catch a train that he was sure to miss, exclaimed as he fled, "Grand! Brava!" which in Boston is the only correct expression of musical ecstasy.

God, who went to the first night of the season, even in the rain!

AMY BOISART.

Symphony Orchestra.

A Most Brilliant Opening of the Fourteenth Season.

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In other cities there are numerous occasions when the residents of innermost social circles come forth in brave array, but in Boston the symphony concerts are about the only occasions when they are brought together in large numbers.

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Director Paur was himself in the best of spirits, apparently delighted with the world in general, and in particular the audience and the orchestra entire. Indeed, he was almost jolly.

There was none of that serious mien and severe determination of purpose so observable when he made his first appearance on the Music hall platform a year ago; he was now all smiles, content in the knowledge that he had conquered, and that a road of pleasant prospects was before him.

Mr Paur has changed somewhat in appearance during the summer vacation. The long hair and untrammeled beard have been closely cropped, and there is no longer in his manner a suggestion of any of those eccentricities for the display of which musical geniuses are popularly granted license.

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He begins another year amid surroundings of bright promise. He has the appreciation of his audience and the respect of his orchestra.

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The ridiculous rodomontade printed by some impertinent and injudicious New York papers last winter demanding the deposition of Mr. Paur from the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra received its fitting quietus in the generous and warm-hearted welcome extended to that able and genuine musician and director on his return to the platform of Music Hall, for the first rehearsal and concert of this new season.

Mr. Paur's programme was an excellent one for a first concert, when both audience and orchestra have to resume the habit of mutual attention which has been laid by for half a year, when the orchestra has to get into smooth working order and to assimilate to itself a dozen new members, of whom two are no less important for position and possible influence than the first clarinet and the first bassoon.

Next, as if to cool the air, heated by the fervor of the symphony finale, were placed three short illustrations of Gluck's skill in ballet music—the Tambourin from "Iphigenia in Aulis," the Gavotte from "Armida," and the Ciaconne from "Orpheus." These, although so simple and short, are so pure in style and so suggestive of the spirit of the scenes for which they were purposed, that they did not seem empty, even after Beethoven.

Mr. Paur had promised novelties for his new season, as well as remembrance that other men beside Germans could write music. He began to keep his word by putting in here the prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline," that light opera of the Frenchman, Emmanuel Chabrier, who died only a couple of months ago at the age of fifty-three. This is a charming bit of musical errantry, wandering along in pensive and tender fashion from one soft phrase to another, and displaying a rare art of instrumentation in the choice and combination of the successive votces. The wooden wind—oboe, English horn and clarinet especially—has much to do, and the upper strings, together with the harp, are principally used to bring out some brilliant but passing climax, although the deepest basses are often softly held as a murmurous support to melodies far removed from them. It made a delightful impression.

A standard overture—Cherubini's gay, melodious, fluent and ever intelligible "Anacreon"—began this programme with its full, grave, sonorous chords, its pleasant, placid intermediary phrases, and its spirited allegros.

Then, and so in a good place for freedom from disturbance during its sequence, came the symphony, which was Beethoven's seventh—that whereof he spoke himself as being "one of my best works." This surely needs no description to the Boston musical reader, who must remember its pensive, pulsating allegretto and its rushing scherzo, even if he does not so easily recall its first and last movements, the vivace and the allegro, the former more distinguished for its grace and the latter by its energy, and each thoroughly and typically Beethovenish in its way.

Wagner's tumultuous and noisy "Emperor's March," which has some stateliness in spite of all its clangor, some true brilliancy amid its pyrotechnic flashings, and which at any rate always serves to demonstrate how much noise an orchestra can make, ended the programme.

The severe and steady work of last season had not been forgotten and the men came to their work in unusually good trim. Not only were the violins, on which expectation always depends so much, clear, neat and strong, but the unity of the whole band, as shown in the broad chords and in many unison passages was affirmed. Something of delicacy was lackhere and there, but understanding earnestness prevailed. Of the new bassoon player there was no chance to judge, but in a bit of the Chabrier, the new clarinet stood out with fine tone and even style. And the drummer was modest for once!

The second programme names Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Rubenstein's "Demon" ballet music and Mr. G. W. Chadwick's new symphony, in F, to be given for the first time. Miss Juch will sing an air from Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride" and two songs (with piano) by Wagner.

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

[27]

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 14, 1894.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Opening of the Symphony Season of '94.

CONDUCTOR PAUR'S OVATION.

Rain and Umbrellas and a Rain of Plaudits—People Who Were There---Mr. Paur's Hair Cut---Honors of the Night---The Programme.

But she would go to the Symphony last night, if it rained cats and dogs.

And she did.

Boston wore her mackintosh and went in her carriage, for it was the first night of the season, and not even the downpour could dampen the musical enthusiasm of the possessors of Symphony tickets.

There had been a rumor that Mr. Paur had had his hair cut and that Mr. Apthorp had broken into humor in the sacred columns of the Symphony programme.

Hamilton place blossomed with umbrellas before the doors of Music Hall were open. When the two little doors bobbed wide for the entering crowd the two narrow slits of light made long rays into the rainy night and brought in high relief a series of funny little pictures on the possibilities of umbrellas as man traps and workers of woe to women's finery. Nobody thought of pinioning those doors back permanently for the good of the multitude, and snap, bang! how they flew in the face of the public, upset the pose of best bonnets, knocked dignified beavers into cocked hats, tangled up the ribs of silk umbrellas and worried nervous men with a brood of women to house safely.

Rain!

The coachmen snapped at each other from their rubber mufflings, and the twinkling carriage lights crowded up the way, and the fair and their fineries were transported under umbrellas from carriage to lighted shelter with a marvellous accession of despatch when it was close to 8 o'clock, lest the doors be closed on them for the first number.

Flutter and unwrapping and emerging and hurrying down aisles after blue-coated ushers; stir of programmes and rustle of gowns and whispers and soft laughter and "Hush!"

Someone recognized a face here, there—Adamowski, Schroeder—and as each musician came in and took his accustomed place there were little bursts of applause. But Conductor Paur had an ovation.

WELCOME TO PAUR.

Society clapped its hands mightily, and the music critics in the group, left centre, nodded their heads together and smiled a little smile of satisfaction.

Mr. Paur stood up straight and tall and substantial in his evening dress, beside his music stand, which had been trimmed with white and yellow chrysanthemums and green foliage with gallant white satin streamers, and he bowed a bow.

It was the finest sort of a bow, and society acknowledged it with a double round of applause.

Mr. Paur's blonde face beamed, and when he turned it from the audience to lift his baton—

In the ecstatic hush of expectancy of that moment—

In the breathless instant of tiptoeing down aisles and sneaking in by every door at once before the first sweet note closed them to the most desperate "open sesame—"

In that moment when the standees with an eye on vacant seats turned pale and trembled lest the owners arrive betimes—

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And the man from the suburbs who stood all through it and rushed away at the last minute to catch a train that he was sure to miss, exclaimed as he fled, "Brava! Brava!" which in Boston is the only really correct expression of musical enthusiasm.

Lucky folk who went to the first night of the Symphony, even in the rain!

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Mr. Paur's programme was an excellent one for a first concert, when both audience and orchestra have to resume the habit of mutual attention which has been laid by for half a year, when the orchestra has to get into smooth working order and to assimilate to itself a dozen new members, of whom two are no less important for position and possible influence than the first clarinet and the first bassoon.

Next, as if to cool the air, heated by the fervor of the symphony finale, were placed three short illustrations of Gluck's skill in ballet music—the Tambourin from "Iphigenia in Aulis," the Gavotte from "Armida," and the Ciaconne from "Orpheus." These, although so simple and short, are so pure in style and so suggestive of the spirit of the scenes for which they were purposed, that they did not seem empty, even after Beethoven.

Mr. Paur had promised novelties for his new season, as well as remembrance that other men beside Germans could write music. He began to keep his word by putting in here the prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline," that light opera of the Frenchman, Emmanuel Chabrier, who died only a couple of months ago at the age of fifty-three. This is a charming bit of musical errantry, wandering along in pensive and tender fashion from one soft phrase to another, and displaying a rare art of instrumentation in the choice and combination of the successive votces. The wooden wind—oboe, English horn and clarinet especially—has much to do, and the upper strings, together with the harp, are principally used to bring out some brilliant but passing climax, although the deepest basses are often softly held as a murmurous support to melodies far removed from them. It made a delightful impression.

A standard overture—Cherubini's gay, melodious, fluent and ever intelligible "Anacreon"—began this programme with its full, grave, sonorous chords, its pleasant, placid intermediary phrases, and its spirited allegros.

Then, and so in a good place for freedom from disturbance during its sequence, came the symphony, which was Beethoven's seventh—that whereof he spoke himself as being "one of my best works." This surely needs no description to the Boston musical reader, who must remember its pensive, pulsating allegretto and its rushing scherzo, even if he does not so easily recall its first and last movements, the vivace and the allegro, the former more distinguished for its grace and the latter by its energy, and each thoroughly and typically Beethovenish in its way.

Wagner's tumultuous and noisy "Emperor's March," which has some stateliness in spite of all its clangor, some true brilliancy amid its pyrotechnic flashings, and which at any rate always serves to demonstrate how much noise an orchestra can make, ended the programme.

The severe and steady work of last season had not been forgotten and the men came to their work in unusually good trim. Not only were the violins, on which expectation always depends so much, clear, neat and strong, but the unity of the whole band, as shown in the broad chords and in many unison passages was affirmed. Something of delicacy was lack here and there, but understanding earnestness prevailed. Of the new bassoon player there was no chance to judge, but in a bit of the Chabrier, the new clarinet stood out with fine tone and even style. And the drummer was modest for once!

The second programme names Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Rubenstein's "Demon" ballet music and Mr. G. W. Chadwick's new symphony, in F, to be given for the first time. Miss Juch will sing an air from Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride" and two songs (with piano) by Wagner.

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

[27]

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1894.

Winter Music.

A QUESTION of no small moment to a very large part of Providence is "What has the season just entered upon, in store for the music lovers of this city?" It is a question that cannot be answered off hand, for there is more of musical Providence than there once was, and the various circles and departments of musical Providence are each of considerable magnitude, with plans and prospects. And then there are, besides the efforts confined to local talent, concerts or series of concerts by organizations from out of the city that have come to be regarded as a regular thing to be expected, to such an extent that a very important part of the musical population would be grievously disappointed indeed if they were not heard.

In this line come the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They could not be spared by Providence people. Indeed, it is demanded that the dates shall be known in advance, so that they can be marked up on the calendars as red letter days, and business and social affairs so arranged that these dates shall not be interfered with. This year the usual half-dozen Symphony concerts will take place at Infantry Hall, and the dates settled upon are as follows: Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20, March 20—each one upon a Wednesday night. It has been decided that one night shall be devoted to Wagner's music, and that during the season a large number of the most celebrated compositions of the masters will be produced, and also that in the list will be Dr. Dvorak's "New World" symphony, that is included in the European programmes this season, but beyond that few details have been given. The organization includes new and talented artists and soloists never before heard in Providence. Among those promised are Cesar Thompson, the celebrated Belgian violinist, who is probably the most noted musician on tour in America this season; Mons. Pol Plancon of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's grand opera company; Mme. Julie M. Wyman, Miss Gertrude Franklin and Carl Baerman. A preliminary list of the works expected to be included in this season's series was published in these columns last Sunday. The sale of season tickets for the series of six concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra opens to-morrow morning at Infantry Hall at 9 o'clock. The programme for the first concert is as follows: Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven, aria by M. Pol Plancon; Symphony No. 1 (new), Sgambati, aria by M. Pol Plancon; "Ballet Music," Daemon, Rubenstein.

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MONDAY MORNING, OCT 15, 1894.

NO FALLING OFF.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IS STILL IN FRONT.

The First Concert Given Last Saturday Night — Ovation for Conductor Paur— Cherubini, Gluck, Chabrier and Wagner Represented on the Programme.

The rain poured down and the electric cars came to a standstill in a mysterious tangle, but Jupiter Pluvius and the West End company combined could not check the successful inauguration of the symphonic season. Music Hall was entirely filled, and a goodly fringe of standing auditors were along the outer aisles, before Mr. Paur came to the conductor's stand on Saturday night. When he appeared a great outburst of applause went up and some time was consumed in repeated bows to the popular welcome. In a few moments this welcome was fully earned, for the very first chords of the overture were so crisp and clear, and the opening theme was delivered with so perfect an ensemble, that one felt immediately that our orchestra had held its own and had not receded from the excellent standard of last season. It may be tersely stated that this technical excellence was kept up throughout the concert; only in the least ambitious numbers, the Gluck Ballet Movements, was there a slight departure from perfect unity, a trifle of unsteadiness of attack and shading, and this probably proceeded from over-confidence, as the numbers were comparatively easy.

Remembering how easy it is to shout "The king is dead, long live the king," how readily past excellences are forgotten in the success of the present. It may still be stated that there has been no first concert in the long symphonic series which has given greater promise than this opening one of Saturday. There was no soloist, and this was well advised, for the initial programme should give us an opportunity to judge of our great musical organization without any extraneous or disturbing influence. The make-up of the programme furthered such an opportunity, for it presented many phases of musical construction and technique. There was the conservatism of Cherubini, the combined intellectuality and emotion of Beethoven, the quaint simplicity of Gluck, the ecstatic vein of Chabrier and the pomp of Wagner, surely sufficient diversity to test the orchestra and its conductor, and to give indices enough for judgment. There were some changes in the placing of the men which seemed to result well; one of these, however, yet remains to be tested; the contrabasses are now massed at the conductor's left hand, extending towards the front of the stage, which is apt to bring them too forcibly in evidence when such works as Beethoven's fourth or fifth symphony are given. The contrabasses sound best when their tone is heard through a mass of more delicate sounds.

A few new faces are in the orchestra, but there was no chance of judging of the value of the recent importations save in the case of the first clarinette, and here one can say emphatically that an element of strength has been added to the orchestra. M. Pourtau gives a full round tone, magnificent in Chalumeau (the deeper register) and not strident even in the highest register, and he also seems to pay due attention to ensemble, not thrusting his part into undue prominence at any time.

Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture began the concert. It is less tuneful than the composer's "Water Carrier" overture, but it is also more dashing and much more free in construction. It contains some good work for the violins, and of course this was well done, for our violins are intrenched in impeccability and may compare with the same department in any orchestra of Europe. There is also some antiphonal work between the horns and oboes, and later, horns and flutes, and this gave a glimpse at the steadiness and artistic finish in these departments with satisfactory results. In short, there is no really weak spot remaining in our orchestra as at present constituted. Beethoven's seventh symphony came next. It may be called the romantic symphony of the nine, just as its companion work, the eighth, is *par excellence* the humorous symphony. There was a degree of freedom in the reading of the work, a freedom which may be commended, since it never degenerated into license, yet proved that Mr. Paur is not a martinet. There was a good display of this boldness in the transition from the introduction to the chief theme of the Allegro, and the development also gained by the elasticity of tempo which was present. But one must pay especial homage to the clearness which characterized the movement; our audiences may begin to understand musical architecture when all the parts are given in such well-balanced relationship.

The Allegretto is the gem of the whole work. Berlioz for once well applies an English poetical citation to define the character of the brooding which is ever present in this movement:—

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

The movement is also one of the best instances in music of persistent rhythm. This marked rhythm was entirely effective because of the perfect ensemble with which the movement was executed. Beethoven possibly feared that the movement might be taken for a funeral march, when, after various alterations, he settled upon the word "Allegretto" as the indication of the tempo. It ends with a deep-drawn orchestral sigh, precisely as the funeral march of the heroic symphony, but for the rest one could define the distinction between the two by applying the words of Longfellow, for this allegretto

"resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

The scherzo is scarcely less effective in a totally different way, and the striking contrast was well executed. The horn passage of the trio (practically a stationary tone with an auxiliary added) is easy to play, yet the player deserves commendation for the careful balance displayed here, since an excess of power often spoils this effect in performance. The repetition of the trio here can scarcely be called an advantage, although Beethoven twice used such repetition (the minuet of the fourth symphony affording the other example, but it promptly led to the introduction of two trios in scherzo, as employed by Schumann. The bold caprice of the end of this movement was excellently rendered. The finale was taken at a slashing pace, possibly a little too fast, but it was not unclear. Its spirited interpretation and the extreme power of some of the louder passages made it seem a new work. The trumpet rang out with a force which was exciting, and the whole movement was fiery in the extreme.

Now followed the dainty Gluck Ballet numbers. It has already been intimated that the ensemble here was not so absolutely perfect as in the more difficult parts of the programme, yet the impression must not be given that there wery any blunders or marked flaws, there was simply a trifling lack of unity of attack occasionally perceptible.

Chabrier's prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" sounded very much like "Tristan and Isolde" filtered through a Gallic brain. It presented no definite form, yet was very impressive; it gave many "roses and raptures" and "lilies and languors," but did not become cloying or oversaccharine. It worked up to a very broad climax in the manner in which several moderns apotheosize a theme or a figure, and then died away in dejection, also after the modern manner. Yet one felt that the composer had something to say, and said it well and with a thorough mastery of his vehicle of expression. Its performance was magnificent, a triumph especially for the wood-wind, to which instruments much of modern ecstacy is committed.

Now came the final number of this varied programme, in Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch." Wagner's marches are not his greatest bits of orchestration, although they are his loudest, and his ideas do not run very copiously in them; yet the Emperor March is one of the best of the lot, and the introduction of "Ein Feste Burg" ("A Strong Castle is Our Lord") as one of the motives, shows how intelligent the composer was in historical matters. "Ein Feste Burg" was in fact the war-cry of the Reformation; the besieged citizens of Protestant faith sang it in their dire distress, the soldier intoned it as he marched to battle, the martyr made it his death-song as he walked to the stake. It is more thoroughly the voice of Germany of the present than "Die Wacht am Rhein" or that conundrum-song, "What is the German Fatherland?" and it is a thrilling phrase for treatment in the present instance. Wagner's counterpoint to it would scarcely be approved of by an Albrechtsberger, but it is effective nevertheless. Before twenty measures had been played it was evident that the conductor fully intended to carry out the composer's force-marks to the letter. He began about *fffff* and added a few *f*s more before the end. Wagner himself once said to his brass band in a similar work,—"Gentlemen, you are not blowing out candles!" The brasses blew on this occasion till their lips must have bled and their lungs cracked. Mr. Paur fully carried out the injunction of the Psalmist,—"Play skilfully and with a loud noise." If the German emperor ever heard this march, then his mysterious ear troubles are accounted for.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON HERALD.
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VOL. XCVI., NO. 107.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

The first Symphony concert of the season opened the heavenly reservoirs and flooded the town with the wettest rain it had had for many a day. It rained vehemently, with malice prepense, and Boston, true to itself, didn't mind a bit, but, arrayed in mackintosh and umbrella, went forth to enjoy itself of a Saturday night as of yore. A wild snarl of cabs and herdics and hacks tore in and out of Hamilton place and Winter street, and the electrics stood in dense repose the length of Tremont mall to the Granary burying ground, while the crowds swam out like O'Grady to the sidewalk, unable to wait the block's good pleasure. Such a night as it was! Eventually everybody arrived, but the magnificent overture had been played before half the holders of floor seats reached them. The unmanageable element does complicate the West End system terribly, and if all Symphony nights are to be so "dem'd moist and unpleasant," patrons must start for Music Hall early in the afternoon.

There is to be no diminution in the patronage of these concerts, if Saturday's audience is a guarantee of the coming season. Many new faces among the familiars were observed, and to say that representative men and women were conspicuous is to put it mildly, for is not Boston's flower sure to flourish at these choicest musical symposiums? If you wish to know the sort of people who really love music here, only look at those who stand during a whole concert; note their absorbed expression and their unflinching courage in enduring fatigue; is there any make-believe in their enjoyment of the orchestra, and do they not represent the musical taste of the city in a higher degree than the pleasure loving season ticket holder?

No public gathering in the entertainment line brings out so many good looking citizens as the Symphony concerts. Boston men may not put on so much style as some of their neighbors, but taken in the concrete, from a bird's eye point of view the majority of them are imposing! If it would not bring a blush to the cheek of some of these "belles" their names should be written out in full, but knowing how modestly sensitive the true Bostonian always is, how afraid of being made conspicuous, we refrain. Suffice it, that a good deal of the "effect" of Symphony concert audience, is due to the masculine element.

Mr. Paur had on a well-fitting dress suit, which did credit to some Boston tailor, and a fine hair-cut. The changes became his honest, musicianly individuality well.

Shoot the drummer! What an energetic chap he is, and how he does pound the very dickens out of those pig skins. No member of the orchestra works harder for his money, but if he has little discretion, he is one of the least self-conscious players of the 60. There he stands the entire evening silhouetted on the old rose back ground, with Beethoven towering above him. Sometimes I have expected and half hoped the Master would swoop down and put an extinguisher on his disciple. But no! the drum goes on forever, and, then, Beethoven was deaf.

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...ston Symphony Orchestra.

...programme of the first symphony con-... given in the Music Hall last Saturday even-... was as follows:

...herubini: Overture to "Anacréon," in D major, opus 24.
...eethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
...luck: Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.
...abrier: Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline."
...agner: Kaiser-Marsch.

If our somewhat over-full musical seasons tend to give one a sensation of tone-plethora as they draw toward their end, in early spring each year, and make one not disinclined to add his name to the list of "people who hate music," for the time being, this feeling of musical surfeit wears off with the summer's vacation; the appetite with which one goes to, and the gusto with which one enjoys, the first symphony concert in the autumn is wholly normal; and exhibits no traces of previous indigestion. And, such being one's musical appetite, no better dish could be chosen as soup to the first feast than Cherubini's overture to "Anacréon." Lovers of the grandiose and strenuous may carp at this "Anacréon" overture as old-fashioned and out-of-date; even classicists have sneered at its incomplete form, arising from a singular paucity of thematic material—for the *Allegro* of the overture has but one single real theme, and the full overture form demands at least three. But say what you please about the shortcomings of this "Anacréon," the work is none the less full of true genius and shows the master hand on every page. It is light music, if you will; but its lightness is not that of emptiness. How every note tells! How every phrase falls into its place as if it, and nothing else, would fit there! And what a magical charm there is in that one theme and its working-out, not to speak of the sparkling counter-theme with which the violins surround it, as with a halo of eternal laughter and brightness! How some of those horn-like passages *a due* in the wind instruments recall Mozart! If not *great* music it is thoroughly healthy and pure music, such as none but a great man could have written. It was capitally played, the violins distinguishing themselves as of yore, and did just what the first dish of a banquet should do—put one into tiptop humor and whetted the appetite for more.

And there could have been no better "more" than Beethoven's A major symphony. One does not care to criticise the performance at a first concert of the season too sharply; the orchestra have just come together and have not got well into the traces again; it is almost impossible that some few things should not be a little at sixes and sevens. Still, the performance, if not ideal, was for the most part a fine one, especially in the last two movements. The wonderful Scherzo went particularly well, with good precision, admirable spirit and magnetic effectiveness; Mr. Paur's tempo in the Trio was especially good: "*assai meno presto*," as indicated in the score. With his tempo in the *Vivace* of the first movement we cannot agree so well; we have more than once expressed our dislike for applying the modern "slow *allegro*"—what might not inaptly be called the "Brahms" *allegro*—to Beethoven's quick movements; we do not think this sort of thing fits Beethoven until you come to some movements in the later string quartets; we can now recall no movement in his symphonies, not even the first movement in the Ninth, in which it seems to us really in place. We would by no means have the *Vivace* of the Seventh Symphony turned into a headlong scramble; but there surely ought to be no sensation of holding back!

The three ballet movements from Gluck's operas were, one and all, delightful. They were taken from one of the orchestral suites that F. A. Gevaert of Brussels put together with dance pieces from the operas of Lully, Gluck, and Rameau. The first was a Tambourin from "Iphigénie en Aulide;" the second, a Gavotte from "Armide," and the third, a Chaconne, the two parts of which were taken respectively from "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Orphée"—though we think Mr. Paur must have omitted one of these parts; which one we do not know. This music, if unmistakably a little "old," is still free from wrinkles and retains all its pristine charm; it was capitally played and produced an effect to which we should have supposed the audience would have been more generally susceptible than it showed itself. The three numbers deserved more and heartier applause than they got.

This was, we believe, the first time anything by Chabrier had been played in Boston—certainly, at the symphony concerts. It was, no doubt, put on the programme out of respect to the composer's memory; he died on the 15th of last September. How fair an example of Chabrier's talent this prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" is, we do not know. Some few years ago, we heard the overture to the same opera played two or three times in France, and marked it in our memory as the most absolutely inane composition we had ever heard. The prelude to the second act is, however, in a totally different vein; yet one can very well imagine its having been written by the same man. Excepting some exceedingly rare geniuses of the first water, like Franz Schubert, for instance, "self-taught" composers do not, as a rule, come to much; and, even in Schubert's case, no rational admirer of his genius can help lamenting that he did not go through a course of better and stricter schooling—he would have got nothing but good from it! With Chabrier, on the other hand, one almost trembles to think of the amount of schooling that would have been needed, not merely to develop in him a stout musical technique, but to give him a realizing sense of the essential character and limits of the art of music itself. It is well known that Chabrier did a good deal of work helping Lamoureux mount the first two acts of Wagner's "Tristan" at the Château d'Eau in Paris in 1884-85; and it may be surmised that the influence of this great work of Wagner's upon him was none of the best—that the magic draught was somewhat too strong, and went to his head, more in the way of intoxication than of healthful stimulation. It is not every head that can carry the wine of the gods with impunity. One can see at half a glance that this prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" was inspired by the prelude to "Tristan;" not that there is anything of imitation (servile or otherwise) in it, but that Chabrier's work would never have sprung into being without Wagner's. We owe it to being not a little sur... our experience with the overture. ...of beauty there is in this prelude: ...boldness of melodic ...some, and above little distinction

...example, one can ...why a man who had mastered the ...handling of musical notation and made him-...self familiar with the modern orchestra, ...should not be able to reel off that sort of thing by ...the yard, rod, furlong, and mile without suffer-...ing much loss of brain-tissue. Organist after ...organist will do it by the hour together, in the ...way of extemporising, without any worse re-...sult (to himself) than winning a healthy appe-...tite for dinner thereby. We have read the ...score carefully, and heard the performance; ...well, considering the work from a purely musi-...cal point of view, we can see nothing in it but ...that it is one of those seeds, scattered far and ...wide by the prelude to "Tristan," that have ...found congenial soil in many an ambitious ...young composer's brain, and sprouted—in his ...portfolio. This one has got beyond the port-...folio; that is all the difference. Still there is ...undeniably something in the work that catches ...the attention and pleases the fancy. For ...one thing, one finds a certain genuine-...ness of feeling by it,—ill expressed, or only ...half-expressed, but still genuine and un-...forced. The music is not unpleasant to ...listen to: far from that! Only it gives one an ...oppressive sense of incompleteness somewhere; ...the "part of Hamlet" seems somehow to have ...been left out; it all sounds as if it were meant ...to be the accompaniment to something that is ...not there. One can imagine its being absolute-...ly entrancing as a vague accompaniment to ...something sensuously beautiful to look at, to ...supply an atmosphere of, to be sure rather in-...determinate, emotion for some visual pleasure ...—not for a dramatic action, nor anything of ...that sort, but for something wholly sensuous, ...like, say, distant fire-works, or that wonderful ...prismatic fountain that used to sparkle in ...many-colored light on the Boston Theatre stage ...in the old "Black Crook" days. Such music ...would add the thrill of emotion to one's enjoy-...ment of a sight like that; it is rather like a ...good deal of Swinburne's verse: full of true ...warmth and glowing with the most gorgeous ...and sensuous color, but of no easily discovera-...ble meaning. The performance was exceed-...ingly fine, and showed the beautiful tone and ...phrasing of our new first clarinet to excellent ...advantage.

Wagner's grand Kaiser-Marsch was, upon the whole, better played than we have yet heard it. The doubling and trebling of the snare-drum part, for one thing, was a happy idea. Berlioz once said of the snare-drum that it was distinctly one of those instruments that produce their true effect only in masses; "a single snare-drum only makes a noise; twenty snare-drums together produce a grand and imposing sonority!" In a composition like the Kaiser-Marsch, three snare-drums are far better than one; only one should be not unmindful of this, that between four walls and a roof the three should not be played too loud. Some of those grand *crescendo* rolls chanced to be immensely impressive; but the separate rhythmic taps were often terribly noisy. Nothing can better add volume of tone to powerful orchestration than the sustained roar of instruments of percussion,—we had some experience of that last year with the bells and drums in Tschaikowsky's "1812,"—but it is dangerous to bring the whole force of a large mass of such instruments into intermittent *contrast* with even the most sonorous scoring. Contrasted with the mighty drum-beats in the grand peroration of the march, even Wagner's tremendous orchestra sounded like a mere string-quartet whenever the drums were silent for a measure or so! The idea of having three snare-drums was, in itself, an admirable one; but it was over done. For another point, we must say that, for our own personal taste, we have always heard this march played too slow; we cannot believe that Wagner meant so slow a tempo by "*allegro maestoso*." There is not a little monotony in the Kaiser-Marsch, the second theme is a thought vague in melodic outline, and its working-out lacks something of that decision of purpose one finds in some other similar movements by Wagner; there is comparatively little modulation in the work. What is most needed to "hold the music together" and give it constant life and vitality, is the most unmistakable rhythmic pregnancy and decision in performance. We would have a lively tempo, few, if any, retards, and the most vital vigor of accent. Without these the march cannot but drag and seem vague and tedious at times. Still, as we have said, this performance was the best we have yet heard, though it fell somewhat short of being ideally fine.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture, "Le Carnaval Romain;" Dvorak, aria, "Once did I call a lover mine," from "The Spectre's Bride;" G. W. Chadwick, symphony No. 3, in F major (new); Wagner, songs with pianoforte: "Dreams," and Cradle Song; Rubinstein, ballet-music from "Der Dämon." Miss Emma Juch will be the singer.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 16. Oktober 1894.

Boston Symphonie Orchester. Dieses berühmte Orchester wird während dieser Saison, wie aus einer Anzeige in einer andern Spalte d. Bl. hervorgeht, fünf Symphonie-Konzerte unter Mitwirkung von prominenten Solisten veranstalten. Herr Emil Paur ist auch jetzt der Dirigent des Orchesters. Unter den Solisten sind Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, (Sopran,) Miß Adele aus der Ohe (Piano), Mr. E. Ysaye (Violine) und andere mehr. Dem Letzteren, der erst kürzlich herüber gekommen ist und dem ein sehr vortheilhafter Ruf vorausgeht, ist hier noch nicht gehört worden. Der Verkauf der Subscriptions-Tickets wird am nächsten Montag bei Fisher, No. 1221 Chestnut Str. eröffnet.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1894.

The first Symphony concert of the fourteenth season was given last evening in Music Hall. By the way, what has become of the "new Music Hall" that was to be the home of the Muse and the ornament of Boston?

The program was as follows:

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Gluck
Tambourin, gavotte and chaconne.....Chabrier
Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline".....Wagner
Kaiser March.....

It was not so long ago that I failed to grasp fully the noble beauty of Cherubini's overture. Then the supreme rake seemed lost in a perruke. Or perhaps the wretched libretto of Citizen Mendouze—for the opera was given in the year XII., and Cherubini himself was dubbed a citizen—was chiefly in mind.

Was it Pisistratus, or Philostratus, or Hipparchus who so loved Anacreon that he sent a galley of fifty oars for him, that he might see him daily? Or was the debauchery of the poet exaggerated? He must have had an iron constitution, for he lived to be eighty-five, and then was choked by a grape seed, possibly a euphemism for appendicitis. Whereas, his rival, Amurath IV., "BEING AN EXCESSIVE DRINKER OF WINE AND BURNT BRANDY," found his cup full of dust when he was only thirty-two.

But take the Anacreon of tradition, voluptuous to excess, the lover of Bathyllus, about whom he wrote an extraordinary ode, so passionate for wine that his statue represented him as drunk and singing, and see the sorry figure he cuts in this opera. He would fain drink, he that was used to cups in battalions—to use the phrase of Apuleius—and he calls to his favorite odalisque, "Interesting slave!" I should like to have examined the bumps of Citizen Mendouze.

This overture of Cherubini is no Flemish painting of debauchery. Here is the feeling of a mural decoration by Puvis de Chavannes. Grave statues in an antique gallery pledge each other solemnly. Wooing is in bas relief. But how noble the simplicity and the repression!

The feature of the performance of the Symphony was the intense spirit and the incisive rhythm given to the finale, which movement is often a stumbling block to conductors. My esteemed friend Mr. Apthorp in the program book wrote as follows concerning this movement: "Some have called it a peasants' dance, to which idea others have given a less respectful turn by calling it a dance of boors; to others again the movement has suggested the dance of the Corybantes around the infant Jupiter's cradle. To the present writer it has all the characteristics of a furious peasants' dance, but endowed with an ideal, lofty beauty that makes the Corybantic idea by no means out of place."

I should like to ask Mr. Apthorp just where he gained his information concerning the "ideal, lofty beauty" of the Corybantic dance. Why, the Corybantes "moved with a fury they called divine, celebrated their feasts in beating drums, dancing, leaping and running of every side like Mad folks." Read the Atys of Catullus. Read the strange notes of Messire Gaspar Bachet, Sr. de Meziriac to Ovid's Epistles. It is not necessary to go outside of the English language. Let us summon a few witnesses. Drumond (1649), "Those mad Corybantes." Ash (1775), "Corybantiate—to act the part of the Corybants, who were wont to make many odd noises and gestures.

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No, no, Mr. Apthorp, your phrase, "ideal, lofty, beauty," does not fit, but I accept the Corybantic idea in its real sense. Or this movement is the brute joy in existence under the sun, the apotheosis of mere animal vitality.

The old fashioned ballet music of Gluck, with its gavotte of gentle fragrance, brought to the mind the men and women that danced against Gluck's will, as Gaetan Vestries, the Tyrant of the Danse. Look in the "Costumes des Ballets du Roy" (Paris, 1885), and you will find three plates devoted to Marie Madeleine Guimard, as she appeared in the opera ballet, "Zelindor." As this ballet was revived the year before she danced in "Iphigenia at Aulis," we are able to form some idea of her apparition in full glory of petticoat and, again, in costume that leaves small work for the imagination. Yet there is a hint at the dignity of her movement and gesture, for this woman of wild and horrid orgies was in the dance a chaste Diana. If you care to read about her, there is her life by Edmond de Goncourt, that old mole working in cellars full of moldy records, police reports, broken contracts and false and true love letters. But are you not disappointed whenever you finish—or half read a biography by this collector of human documents. He is always a-jogging your elbow, and whispering, "Now I am going to tell you something that is not generally known. Hush!" and then he changes the subject, or drops his voice so that you only hear in part. But the gavotte brings back Guimard, the paradox, the chaste-lubricious idol of her day.

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The Hebrew Journal.

124 EAST 14th STREET,
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Boston Transcript

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The Kneisel Quartet will give concerts in Union Hall on Monday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 12, Dec. 10 and 31, Jan. 21, Feb. 18, March 18 and April 8. This is the programme for next Monday night: Haydn, quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 2; Sgambati, quartet, D-flat major, op. 17, first time; Mozart, quintet, G minor. Other works selected for the season are the following: Beethoven, quartets, op. 18, op. 74, op. 130, op. 131 and op. 132; Brahms, quartet B-flat, clarinet quintet B minor, and piano quintet F minor; Mozart, quartet A major; Haydn, quartet E-flat; Svendsen, octet for strings, Rubinstein, piano trio. These novelties will also be given: Quartet D major, Borodine; quintet (MS.), C. M. Loeffler; quartet (MS.), Koessle; piano trio, Kahn; piano quartet, Schuett. The list of solo artists includes Mmes. H. H. A. Beach and Emil Paur, and Messrs. Ernst Perabo, Arthur Whiting and Leon Pourtan. Tickets at Music Hall.

The programme for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Music Hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday night is made up of the Schubert's unfinished symphony, Schumann's symphony in C major and Beethoven's concerto in E-flat major, with Mr. Baermann at the pianoforte.

[29]

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the first symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Cherubini: Overture to "Anacréon," in D major, opus 241.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
Gluck: Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.
Chabrier: Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline."
Wag er: Kaiser-Marsch.

If our somewhat over-full musical seasons tend to give one a sensation of tone-plethora as they draw toward their end, in early spring each year, and make one not disinclined to add his name to the list of "people who hate music," for the time being, this feeling of musical surfeit wears off with the summer's vacation; the appetite with which one goes to, and the gusto with which one enjoys, the first symphony concert in the autumn is wholly normal, and exhibits no traces of previous indigestion. And, such being one's musical appetite, no better dish could be chosen as soup to the first feast than Cherubini's overture to "Anacréon." Lovers of the grandiose and strenuous may carp at this "Anacréon" overture as old-fashioned and out-of-date; even classicists have sneered at its incomplete form, arising from a singular paucity of thematic material—for the *Allegro* of the overture has but one single real theme, and the full overture form demands at least three. But say what you please about the shortcomings of this "Anacréon," the work is none the less full of true genius and shows the master hand on every page. It is light music, if you will; but its lightness is not that of emptiness. How every note tells! How every phrase falls into its place as if it, and nothing else, would fit there! And what a magical charm there is in that one theme and its working-out, not to speak of the sparkling counter-theme with which the violins surround it, as with a halo of eternal laughter and brightness! How some of those horn-like passages *a due* in the wind instruments recall Mozart! If not *great* music it is thoroughly healthy and pure music, such as none but a great man could have written. It was capitally played, the violins distinguishing themselves as of yore, and did just what the first dish of a banquet should do—but one into tiptop humor and whetted the appetite for more.

And there could have been no better "more" than Beethoven's A major symphony. One does not care to criticise the performance at a first concert of the season too sharply; the orchestra have just come together and have not got well into the traces again; it is almost impossible that some few things should not be a little at sixes and sevens. Still, the performance, if not ideal, was for the most part a fine one, especially in the last two movements. The wonderful Scherzo went particularly well, with good precision, admirable spirit and magnetic effectiveness; Mr. Paur's tempo in the Trio was especially good: "*assai meno presto*," as indicated in the score. With his tempo in the *Vivace* of the first movement we cannot agree so well; we have more than once expressed our dislike for applying the modern "slow *allegro*"—what might not inaptly be called the "Brahms" *allegro*—to Beethoven's quick movements; we do not think this sort of thing fits Beethoven until you come to some movements in the later string quartets; we can now recall no movement in his symphonies, not even the first movement in the Ninth, in which it seems to us really in place. We would by no means have the *Vivace* of the Seventh Symphony turned into a headlong scramble; but there surely ought to be no sensation of holding back!

The three ballet movements from Gluck's operas were, one and all, delightful. They were taken from one of the orchestral suites that F. A. Gevaert of Brussels put together with dance pieces from the operas of Lully, Gluck, and Rameau. The first was a Tambourin from "Iphigénie en Aulide;" the second, a Gavotte from "Armide," and the third, a Chaconne, the two parts of which were taken respectively from "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Orphée"—though we think Mr. Paur must have omitted one of these parts; which one we do not know. This music, if unmistakably a little "old," is still free from wrinkles and retains all its pristine charm; it was capitally played and produced an effect to which we should have supposed the audience would have been more generally susceptible than it showed itself. The three numbers deserved more and heartier applause than they got.

This was, we believe, the first time anything by Chabrier had been played in Boston—certainly, at the symphony concerts. It was, no doubt, put on the programme out of respect to the composer's memory; he died on the 15th of last September. How fair an example of Chabrier's talent this prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" is, we do not know. Some few years ago, we heard the overture to the same opera played two or three times in France, and marked it in our memory as the most absolutely terrific composition we had ever heard. The prelude to the second act is, however, in a totally different vein; yet one can very well imagine its having been written by the same man. Excepting some exceedingly rare geniuses of the first water, like Franz Schubert, for instance, "self-taught" composers do not, as a rule, come to much; and, even in Schubert's case, no rational admirer of his genius can help lamenting that he did not go through a course of better and stricter schooling—he would have got nothing but good from it! With Chabrier, on the other hand, one almost trembles to think of the amount of schooling that would have been needed, not merely to develop in him a stout musical technique, but to give him a realizing sense of the essential character and limits of the art of music itself. It is well known that Chabrier did a good deal of work helping Lamoureux mount the first two acts of Wagner's "Tristan" at the Château d'Eau in Paris in 1884-85; and it may be surmised that the influence of this great work of Wagner's upon him was none of the best—that the magic draught was somewhat too strong, and went to his head, more in the way of intoxication than of healthful stimulation. It is not every head that can carry the wine of the gods with impunity! One can see at half a glance that this prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" was inspired by the prelude to "Tristan;" not that there is anything of imitation (servile or otherwise) in it, but that Chabrier's work would never have sprung into being without Wagner's to sire it. We own to being not a little surprised, after our experience with the overture, at the amount of beauty there is in this prelude; the themes sadly lack definiteness of melodic

in any way; given Wagner's example, one cannot see why a man who had mastered the handling of musical notation and made himself familiar with the modern orchestra, should not be able to reel off that sort of thing by the yard, rod, furlong, and mile without suffering much loss of brain-tissue. Organist after organist will do it by the hour together; in the way of extemporising, without any worse result (to himself) than winning a healthy appetite for dinner thereby. We have read the score carefully, and heard the performance; well, considering the work from a purely musical point of view, we can see nothing in it but that it is one of those seeds, scattered far and wide by the prelude to "Tristan," that have found congenial soil in many an ambitious young composer's brain, and sprouted—in his portfolio. This one has got beyond the portfolio; that is all the difference. Still there is undeniably something in the work that catches the attention and pleases the fancy. For one thing, one finds a certain genuineness of feeling by it,—ill expressed, or only half-expressed, but still genuine and unforced. The music is not unpleasant to listen to; far from that! Only it gives one an oppressive sense of incompleteness somewhere; the "part of Hamlet" seems somehow to have been left out; it all sounds as if it were meant to be the accompaniment to something that is not there. One can imagine its being absolutely entrancing as a vague accompaniment to something sensuously beautiful to look at, to supply an atmosphere of, to be sure rather indeterminate, emotion for some visual pleasure—not for a dramatic action, nor anything of that sort, but for something wholly sensuous, like, say, distant fire-works, or that wonderful prismatic fountain that used to sparkle in many-colored light on the Boston Theatre stage in the old "Black Crook" days. Such music would add the thrill of emotion to one's enjoyment of a sight like that; it is rather like a good deal of Swinburne's verse: full of true warmth and glowing with the most gorgeous and sensuous color, but of no easily discoverable meaning. The performance was exceedingly fine, and showed the beautiful tone and phrasing of our new first clarinet to excellent advantage.

Wagner's grand Kaiser-Marsch was, upon the whole, better played than we have yet heard it. The doubling and trebling of the snare-drum part, for one thing, was a happy idea. Berlioz once said of the snare-drum that it was distinctly one of those instruments that produce their true effect only in masses; "a single snare-drum only makes a noise; twenty snare-drums together produce a grand and imposing sonority!" In a composition like the Kaiser-Marsch, three snare-drums are far better than one; only one should be not unmindful of this, that between four walls and a roof the three should not be played too loud. Some of those grand *crescendo* rolls chanced to be immensely impressive; but the separate rhythmic taps were often terribly noisy. Nothing can better add volume of tone to powerful orchestration than the sustained roar of instruments of percussion,—we had some experience of that last year with the bells and drums in Tschaikowsky's "1812,"—but it is dangerous to bring the whole force of a large mass of such instruments into intermittent *contrast* with even the most sonorous scoring. Contrasted with the mighty drum-beats in the grand peroration of the march, even Wagner's tremendous orchestra sounded like a mere string-quartet whenever the drums were silent for a measure or so! The idea of having three snare-drums was, in itself, an admirable one; but it was over done. For another point, we must say that, for our own personal taste, we have always heard this march played too slow; we cannot believe that Wagner meant so slow a tempo by "*allegro maestoso*." There is not a little monotony in the Kaiser-Marsch, the second theme is a thought vague in melodic outline, and its working-out lacks something of that decision of purpose one finds in some other similar movements by Wagner; there is comparatively little modulation in the work. What is most needed to "hold the music together" and give it constant life and vitality, is the most unmistakable rhythmic pregnancy and decision in performance. We would have a lively tempo, few, if any, retards, and the most vital vigor of accent. Without these the march cannot but drag and seem vague and tedious at times. Still, as we have said, this performance was the best we have yet heard, though it fell somewhat short of being ideally fine.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture, "Le Carnaval Romain;" Dvorak, aria, "Once did I call a lover mine," from "The Spectre's Bride;" G. W. Chadwick, symphony No. 3, in F major (new); Wagner, songs with pianoforte: "Dreams," and Cradle Song; Rubinstein, ballet-music from "Der Dämon." Miss Emma Juch will be the singer.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1894.

The first Symphony concert of the fourteenth season was given last evening in Music Hall. By the way, what has become of the "new Music Hall" that was to be the home of the Muse and the ornament of Boston?

The program was as follows:

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, gavotte and chaconne.....Gluck
Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaiser March.....Wagner

It was not so long ago that I failed to grasp fully the noble beauty of Cherubini's overture. Then the supreme rake seemed lost in a perruke. Or perhaps the wretched libretto of Citizen Mendouze—for the opera was given in the year XII., and Cherubini himself was dubbed a citizen—was chiefly in mind.

Was it Pisistratus, or Philostratus, or Hipparchus who so loved Anacreon that he sent a galley of fifty oars for him, that he might see him daily? Or was the debauchery of the poet exaggerated? He must have had an iron constitution, for he lived to be eighty-five, and then was choked by a grape seed, possibly a euphemism for appendicitis. Whereas, his rival, Amurath IV., "BEING AN EXCESSIVE DRINKER OF WINE AND BURNT BRANDY," found his cup full of dust when he was only thirty-two.

But take the Anacreon of tradition, voluptuous to excess, the lover of Bathyllus, about whom he wrote an extraordinary ode, so passionate for wine that his statue represented him as drunk and singing, and see the sorry figure he cuts in this opera. He would fain drink, he that was used to cups in battalions—to use the phrase of Apuleius—and he calls to his favorite odalisque, "Interesting slave!" I should like to have examined the bumps of Citizen Mendouze.

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[29]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Up to the production of his "Phoenix Expirans" it seemed a little doubtful what was to become of Mr. George W. Chadwick's unquestionable talent for composition. What he had already produced had illustrated admirable qualities, not the least among which were sincerity, forcefulness and a determination to speak out what was upon his mind. Yet there was something lacking to a full and free command on his part and to a full and free enjoyment on that of his readers and hearers. Melodious indeed his writing was, but not without reserve, and his vocal music often gave small pleasure in comparison with the difficulty of mastering it, so that even some of his anthems would have fitted a group of instruments quite as well as a quartette of singers. His orchestral music had large thoughts, an impulsive and impressive character and dramatic disposition, and yet it had rigidity, deliberation and a smack of the academic. The question appeared to be as to whether Mr. Chadwick was to rise clear from the trammels of formality and yet control the strong individual bent which seemed to threaten making him too independent and abrupt. He had merits and faults on both sides of the safe central line, and for a time it was impossible to argue with anything like certainty, whether from his propitious and promising youth he was to pass to a proportioned and resolved maturity.

The "Phœnix" gave the assurance which his warm friends expected and the calmly critical desired. As was said here, at the time of its performance, there were found in it beautiful, sustained melody, right understanding of the possible charm and power of the human voice, instrumentation which showed learning and calculation but was without stiffness or affectation andnatural, direct, dramatic feeling. He had come into possession and command of himself, was fortifying his former excellences and turning his faults into merits. Therefore his work pleased the layman and contented the critical, encouraged singer and player to their best efforts and rewarded the average listener with substantial and well grounded pleasure.

In much such terms can we speak of Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, his third, which had the central place on Mr. Paur's second programme. It had received the prize of this year in its department from the National Conservatory of Music in New York—the only prize indeed which that institution thought fit to bestow, although aspirants for honors were not few. The programme book remarks with elaborate impressiveness, that at the very outset the horns sound three notes which, in their succession and admitting the German nomination of what we know as B-natural, are the first three letters of the composer's surname. But Mr. Chadwick is frank enough to speak out his mind—particularly his musical mind—straightway and without recourse to any Bacon-Shakespeare cryptograms for the Donnellys and Owens of the twenty-second century and to let his symphony stand for itself without any tricks of spelling to keep it in mind.

And it will stand well; for it is well knit together throughout, well conceived and well executed. It is of a just and agreeable length, occupying about thirty-five minutes in performance, of which time the first movement, as is usual, requires a little more than an even share. There is neither prolixity nor undue condensation in the thematic treatment, while the subjects themselves are not so numerous as to incline the captious to call the work a mere suite, nor so few as to weary the general, melody-loving ear by their paucity. There is good judgment in the distribution of them, the longer being cast to the slow movement and the vivace (which stands as the scherzo of the work), while the shorter and sturdier themes are assigned to the opening and closing allegros, in which the devices of orchestration and the evolution of climaxes are always expected to fill a more important function than in the intermediate movements. They are also rightly adapted to their places and purposes, and one does not feel that the composer could have made his symphony quite as good a one if he had done his themes hap-hazard from his note-book. The scoring is of our own time, but without any concession to the erratic or extravagant tastes which cannot be content without a dozen unusual instruments for which there is no artistic necessity, and the bass-tuba is the only addition to the standard orchestra of classical music. But the effects are as various, as clever and as telling as one could ask, and there is no tame or monotonous page. Indeed, apart from the intelligent and judicious handling of the separate integers of the band, there is much to admire in the unostentatious ingenuity with which the character of one or another movement is modified delightfully by some momentary change of rhythm or by some episodic influence which comes over its spirit without altering its steady flow. There are notable instances of this in the first movement, not long before its conclusion begins and after the introduction of the second subject in the larghetto.

Intellectually then the symphony is dignified, strong, sure and built up of well-ordered thoughts expressed in shapely phrase over whose polishing and adjusting judgment has presided. But this is not the only value of Mr. Chadwick's work. For while he makes no claim to be dramatic in it, as he did in his overtures, "Thalia" and "Melpomene," these movements have a distinct emotional quality. This does not indeed pervade every page, but nevertheless makes itself so distinct at times that any casual hearer, if a person of musical sensibility, would recognize these spiritual changes and respond to them. A single hearing gives no adequate opportunity for estimating the value of details or indeed for observing all of them, but it is sufficient to determine a general judgment; and so we may conclude broadly, although this symphony is not one to induce excited applause, it seems sure to obtain high approval and sincere regard for its sterling worth.

Of the other orchestral numbers one was Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," which began the programme with its merry, shuffling, scurrying Saltarello, its soft, sweet episodes—for where shall love and fancy not meet and confess if not behind the well-known mask in the unobservant whirl and hurry of the masquerade?—and its culminating rush and roar and clamor. The others were the two movements from Rubinstein's ballet music for his "Demon," in his own concert arrangements. These were put at the end of the programme, and although they are quaint rather than strong, the bright measures which come at the close of the second made a gleeful finish.

There was singing by Miss Juch, who had chosen the long scene of the Maiden from Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride," in which she bemoans the loss of her parents and the absence of her lover, to whom she entreats to be restored at any cost, and the two songs by Wagner known as "Dreams" and the "Cradle Song." The former had its orchestral accompaniment and the latter were sustained excellently at the piano by Mr. Paur. Miss Juch sang charmingly and poetically, but not very forcefully, depending rather on sweetness of tone and symmetry of phrase than on dramatic expression.

The orchestra played admirably, barring somewhat too much volume, especially from the wind choir, in Miss Juch's number and gave to Mr. Chadwick—who conducted his own work with security and simplicity—a ready and loyal assistance.

Three numbers compose the next programme—Schubert's unfinished symphony in C major and Beethoven's E-flat major pianoforte concerto in which it is pleasant to be told Mr. Baermann will take the solo part.

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21.

Symphony Concerts.

The clear weather brought a large audience to the second Symphony concert, and stimulated it into unwonted enthusiasm, and yet the good work performed by the orchestra deserved all the applause it received. The programme for the evening was:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz
Recitative and Aria from "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, F Major, Chadwick
"Dreams" and "Cradle Song," Wagner
Ballet music from "The Demon," Rubinstein

The Berlioz overture was given with grace, dash and spirit; the local color was admirably preserved. Berlioz is always attempting to say improbable things in music, and he, of all composers, is the one who demands unquestioning sympathy in the hearer, and enthusiastic belief in the interpreter. His story may be lacking in continuity, his art may be powerless to give the finer shades of meaning, but he always needs a plot as a support to his music, and the plot must be known before the music can be appreciated. This is not the highest musical art, but Berlioz can be understood in no other way. The title of the overture suggests the needful attitude and then imagination must take the vague hints and build pictures for them. Perhaps under this system the music is apt to receive more credit than it deserves, for some of its merits may be pilfered from a sister art, but the effect produced is very stimulating, nevertheless. The little story of the Carnival overture was brilliantly told by Mr. Paur's orchestra, and, once placed in the proper hypnotic condition, we saw the holiday-loving crowd dancing, singing and making love in the approved holiday manner. It was a brilliant piece of work, brilliantly interpreted.

The novelty of the evening was Mr. Chadwick's symphony, and it was a surprise of the most genuine kind. The technical portions won the approval of the most exacting criticism. The scoring is of the highest quality. Mr. Chadwick is a master of orchestration, and the effects he produces are often of startling originality; there is no incoherence or abruptness in the statement or development ot his themes; the instruments are not treated as if they were independent individualities, but as portions of an organic whole and as a consequence there is no weak, unmeaning discursiveness, no feeble little solos chattering on their own account outside the given theme; but there is massive unity. Another praiseworthy self-denial may be noticed, Mr. Chadwick carefully avoids the affectation of mere prettiness; he is too earnest in developing his larger ideas to utter side-whispers addressed to the gallery. The working out of the ideas is always in faultless taste, always with clear, logical sequence, always with refined, artistic feeling. The intention is purely marked, there is no difficulty in following it through its various metamorphoses; the music flows in a full, limpid stream, without an effort; there is not always a continuity of idea, but the subjects are artistically varied in their restatement, and there is a hint of reserve force suggesting that all has not been said that might have been said. The style is free, more majestic than graceful, though the intervals are not rare when the latter quality is delightfully prominent. There is an admirable variety in the coloring; the brilliancy does not suggest spotlessness, although it is sometimes forced. The first movement is vigorous and striking, but the orchestration seems unduly prominent, it overburdens and oppresses the melody; the second movement is sweet and flowing, tender, dignified and passionate, fine on color contrasts, and strong in its effective orchestration; the third movement is brilliant, but somewhat monotonous, while the light and shade is brought too obviously in contrast to the detriment of the finest art; the fourth movement is large and dignified, with some rather commonplace melody elaborately worked out, and its inherent poverty concealed under the rich ornaments of orchestration.

As a whole, it remains to be said that the Symphony falls short of being a masterpiece, in that it is lacking in inspiration; the ornaments are always heavier than the ideas, the artist always more prominent than the prophet. In other words, what is said is always of less importance than the manner in which it is said. While listening to the work, the intellect receives greater pleasure than the imagination; we are moved to admiration by the great knowledge displayed in the technical portions of the symphony, but our feelings are rarely touched, and more rarely still do we catch a glimpse of that fairyland into which all the great composers lead us. Yet, uninspired as it is, Mr. Chadwick's Symphony is the finest product that American musical art has produced.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Emma Juch and she never appeared to greater advantage. Her full, rich, sympathetic voice, with its faultless method, poured out its beauties with the seeming carlessness and lavishness of the singing nightingale. There is a fine simplicity in her method, an absence of all effort, an always reliable continuity of tone, perfect attack and perfect equality throughout the register of her voice. The art was flawless, the taste exquisite, the variety of coloring perfectly adapted to the work interpreted. The selection from Dvorak was given with beautiful purity and pathos, the little "Cradle Song," which somehow or other came out of its place, was interpreted with rare simplicity and tenderness. Miss Juch was at her best, and was received with enthusiastic applause and recalled again and again to bow her thanks.

The programme for the next concert includes the unfinished Symphony by Schubert; the E-flat major Concerto for pianoforte, by Beethoven, and the Schumann C major Symphony. The soloist is Mr. Carl Baermann.

SUNDAY, OCT 21, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Emma Juch Soloist at the Symphony Concert.

Last night's symphony concert attracted a large and appreciative audience, who, apart from the usual interest in the orchestral works came to hear the first performance of Chadwick's symphony in F major, and Emma Juch, the soloist of the occasion. The opening number of the concert, Berlioz' overture, "The Roman Carnival," was rendered by the orchestra with great spirit and vivacity, and Herr Paur's interpretation of it was exceedingly effective.

Mr Chadwick, who conducted his own symphony, was greeted warmly by the audience, who listened attentively to the whole performance. This composition was awarded the $300 prize offered this year by the New York national conservatory of music. It is rather long, and the first and second movements are somewhat elaborate. It is suggestive of the streaming harmonies of Wagner, and its construction is more classic than dramatic. But it has vigor and passion, and the third movement is brilliant. The melody of the first violins, accompanied by the wood winds, is very pretty, and the finale is almost replete with a turbulent grandeur. The orchestra played with great precision and interest, and the composer was the recipient of continued applause and a very flattering expression of appreciation.

Mme Emma Juch sang the recitation, "Where Art Thou, Father?" from Dvoral's "Specter's Bride," and the air "Mine Did I Once Love Call." Her voice was very sweet and soft and very effective in giving the plaintive features of the theme, but it lacked strength and range to express its dramatic points. She was more successful in Wagner's "Dreams" and "Cradle Song" which she sang with exquisite grace and charm. The "Cradle Song" in particular, which is full of delicate shades, and at the same time has a certain abandon in melody that requires especial skill in expressing, was sung with lovely effect, and Mme Juch was recalled again and again before the audience ceased applauding.

The concert ended with Rubinstein's dance music from "The Demon," a wild, weird and wonderful composition of oriental abandonment, most delightfully played by his orchestra. Mr Carl Baermann will be the soloist this week. The program will be as follows: "Unfinished symphony," Schubert; concerto for pianoforte, in E flat major, Beethoven; symphony in C major, Schumann.

Kneisel Quartet.

The first of the series of eight concerts by the Kneisel quartet will be given in Union hall, 45 Boylston st, tomorrow evening. The program is as follows: Quartet in G major, op 77, Haydn; quartet in D flat major, op 17, Sgambati (first time at these concerts); quintet in G minor, Mozart. Mr Zach will play the second viola in the Mozart quintet. Single tickets for this concert, also season tickets, can be secured at Music hall.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The First Performance of Mr. George W. Chadwick's Symphony in F Major at the Second Concert of the Fourteenth Season.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Recitative and aria from "The Spectre's Bride".....Dvorak
Miss Juch.
Symphony No. 3, F major.....Chadwick
(First performance.)
Three songs, with piano.....Wagner
Miss Juch.
Ballet Music from "The Demon".....Rubinstein

The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the overture by Berlioz, which wears well, in spite of its respectable age. The ballet music by Rubinstein is always welcome, and it was delightfully played.

The air from "The Spectre Bride" suffers from an overladen accompaniment, and when the singer has lost the freshness and strength of her voice, she is but one instrument, often subordinated, among many. In "Dreams" and the "Cradle Song" Miss Juch charmed the audience by the display of exquisite art. And I am not sure but that her singing of the former song was the feature of the concert.

* * *

There was naturally lively curiosity concerning the symphony, which was led by the composer. Mr. Chadwick for some time has been a man of performance rather than one of promise.

That this symphony won a prize is not in itself a eulogium. One is apt to shy at the thought of a prize composition, fearing lest it be either hopelessly academic or of laborious and strained originality.

The museum of music is full of prize specimens that attracted the attention of the moment and then were labeled and put away. Once in a while they are dusted, or aired. So they are not wholly in limbo.

I hasten to add that Mr. Chadwick's symphony is not dry and academic after the fashion of that which too often wins the approval of a jury of professors, doctors, and other Daniels and Solomons. On the other hand, it is eminently sincere and free from trickery.

The impression made, however, by the performance of last evening, was not altogether favorable. The first movement has agreeable passages, but neither in thematic stuff nor treatment has it the strength or the sensuous beauty, or the homogeneity that we are all so glad to acknowledge as the characteristics of the composer when at his highest flight. The movement does not seem to have been struck out at white heat. The end is not inevitable. There is, in fact, the suspicion of prolixity. There is the idea that the composer felt obliged to say a good deal about many things. Nor does the second movement, a tuneful larghetto, compare in originality with the third movement, or in strength with the finale. In this larghetto, the second theme has more strongly marked character, more individuality than the first, and it remains in the memory when the first is as though it had not been written.

To my mind the strongest and the best movements of the Symphony are the scherzo and the finale. The theme in the scherzo, first sung by the horn, has a popular character that in the absence of a more precise phrase may be described as a folk song or wandering melody that is repeated by a negro, and undergoes modifications without the specific intent of the dusky singer. This is no negro tune imported from Bohemia for use in Spillville, Iowa. It has the true mixture of reckless indifference and superficial melancholy.

The trio of the scherzo is interesting, not without genuine beauty, and, all in all, Mr. Chadwick may plume himself upon this movement, as upon much of the finale. I say "much of the finale," because in spite of clever effects produced by syncopation, and in spite of the broad and flowing second theme, there are passages that are dull and noisy.

The instrumentation is at times effective; it is often without sufficient contrast, it is often thick and monotonous. To parody the line of a French poet, "the horns are always sounding in the wood."

Mr. Chadwick was warmly received, and applauded heartily after the finale.

PHILIP HALE.

Baltimore Life.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE OPENING OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

The grand opening of the new Music Hall, located at Mt. Royal and Maryland avenues, takes place on Wednesday evening, October 31. The inaugural attraction will be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, composed of 87 members, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, assisted by Mme. Melba, soprano; Mme. Scalchi, contralto; M. Maugiere, tenor; and M. Plancon, baritone; who will appear in a grand operatic concert program, especially arranged for the occasion. The completion and dedication of the hall has aroused great enthusiasm among the music lovers of Baltimore and, no doubt, the occasion will be a marked one. The main auditorium has a seating capacity o 3,000, which is adorned with a very artistic gallery, making a very fine and impressive appearance, being as the entire interior is frescoed and painted in light and attractive colors. The seats on the main floor can be removed at very short notice, in cases where a hop follows a concert; beside the large hall there are two smaller ones, each with a seating capacity of 500; there is also a very large and handsome banquet hall attached and large dressing rooms. Mr. John J. Nolen is the manager for the Auditorium Company.

The above mentioned concet will be the first of the series of five which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give at Music Hall during the winter. The subsequent dates are Wednesday evenings, December 5, January 9, February 6 and March 13. Among the artists who are to appear at the later concerts are Mme. Lillian Nordica, prima donna, soprano; Mr. Caesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist (his first appearance here;) Mr. Alwin Schroeder, violoncello; and several other celebrated soloist.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Up to the production of his "Phoenix Expirans" it seemed a little doubtful what was to become of Mr. George W. Chadwick's unquestionable talent for composition. What he had already produced had illustrated admirable qualities, not the least among which were sincerity, forcefulness and a determination to speak out what was upon his mind. Yet there was something lacking to a full and free command on his part and to a full and free enjoyment on that of his readers and hearers. Melodious indeed his writing was, but not without reserve, and his vocal music often gave small pleasure in comparison with the difficulty of mastering it, so that even some of his anthems would have fitted a group of instruments quite as well as a quartette of singers. His orchestral music had large thoughts, an impulsive and impressive character and dramatic disposition, and yet it had rigidity, deliberation and a smack of the academic. The question appeared to be as to whether Mr. Chadwick was to rise clear from the trammels of formality and yet control the strong individual bent which seemed to threaten making him too independent and abrupt. He had merits and faults on both sides of the safe central line, and for a time it was impossible to argue with anything like certainty, whether from his propitious and promising youth he was to pass to a proportioned and resolved maturity.

The "Phœnix" gave the assurance which his warm friends expected and the calmly critical desired. As was said here, at the time of its performance, there were found in it beautiful, sustained melody, right understanding of the possible charm and power of the human voice, instrumentation which showed learning and calculation but was without stiffness or affectation andnatural, direct, dramatic feeling. He had come into possession and command of himself, was fortifying his former excellences and turning his faults into merits. Therefore his work pleased the layman and contented the critical, encouraged singer and player to their best efforts and rewarded the average listener with substantial and well grounded pleasure.

In much such terms can we speak of Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, his third, which had the central place on Mr. Paur's second programme. It had received the prize of this year in its department from the National Conservatory of Music in New York—the only prize indeed which that institution thought fit to bestow, although aspirants for honors were not few. The programme book remarks with elaborate impressiveness, that at the very outset the horns sound three notes which, in their succession and admitting the German nomination of what we know as B-natural, are the first three letters of the composer's surname. But Mr. Chadwick is frank enough to speak out his mind—particularly his musical mind—straightway and without recourse to any Bacon-Shakespeare cryptograms for the Donnellys and Owens of the twenty-second century and to let his symphony stand for itself without any tricks of spelling to keep it in mind.

And it will stand well; for it is well knit together throughout, well conceived and well executed. It is of a just and agreeable length, occupying about thirty-five minutes in performance, of which time the first movement, as is usual, requires a little more than an even share. There is neither prolixity nor undue condensation in the thematic treatment, while the subjects themselves are not so numerous as to incline the captious to call the work a mere suite, nor so few as to weary the general, melody-loving ear by their paucity. There is good judgment in the distribution of them, the longer being cast to the slow movement and the vivace (which stands as the scherzo of the work), while the shorter and sturdier ones are assigned to the opening and closing allegros, in which the devices of orchestration and the evolution of climaxes are always expected to fill a more important function than in the intermediate movements. They are also rightly adapted to their places and purposes, and one does not feel that the composer could have made his symphony quite as good a one if he had done his themes hap-hazard from his note-book. The scoring is of our own time, but without any concession to the erratic or extravagant tastes which cannot be content without a dozen unusual instruments for which there is no artistic necessity, and the bass-tuba is the only addition to the standard orchestra of classical music. But the effects are as various, as clever and as telling as one could ask, and there is no tame or monotonous page. Indeed, apart from the intelligent and judicious handling of the separate integers of the band, there is much to admire in the unostentatious ingenuity with which the character of one or another movement is modified delightfully by some momentary change of rhythm or by some episodic influence which comes over its spirit without altering its steady flow. There are notable instances of this in the first movement, not long before its conclusion begins and after the introduction of the second subject in the larghetto.

Intellectually then the symphony is dignified, strong, sure and built up of well-ordered thoughts expressed in shapely phrase over whose polishing and adjusting judgment has presided. But this is not the only value of Mr. Chadwick's work. For while he makes no claim to be dramatic in it, as he did in his overtures, "Thalia" and "Melpomene," these movements have a distinct emotional quality. This does not indeed pervade every page, but nevertheless makes itself so distinct at times that any casual hearer, if a person of musical sensibility, would recognize these spiritual changes and respond to them. A single hearing gives no adequate opportunity for estimating the value of details or indeed for observing all of them, but it is sufficient to determine a general judgment; and so we may conclude broadly, although this symphony is not one to induce excited applause, it seems sure to obtain high approval and sincere regard for its sterling worth.

Of the other orchestral numbers one was Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," which began the programme with its merry, shuffling, scurrying Saltarello, its soft, sweet episodes—for where shall love and fancy not meet and confess if not behind the well-known mask in the unobservant whirl and hurry of the masquerade?—and its culminating rush and roar and clamor. The others were the two movements from Rubinstein's ballet music for his "Demon," in his own concert arrangements. These were put at the end of the programme, and although they are quaint rather than strong, the bright measures which come at the close of the second made a gleeful finish.

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The orchestra played admirably, barring somewhat too much volume, especially from the wind choir, in Miss Juch's number and gave to Mr. Chadwick—who conducted his own work with security and simplicity—a ready and loyal assistance.

Three numbers compose the next programme—Schubert's unfinished symphony in C major and Beethoven's E-flat major pianoforte concerto in which it is pleasant to be told Mr. Baermann will take the solo part.

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

Gazette

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Recitative and Aria from "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, F Major, Chadwick
"Dreams" and "Cradle Song," Wagner
Ballet music from "The Demon," Rubinstein

The Berlioz overture was given with grace, dash and spirit; the local color was admirably preserved. Berlioz is always attempting to say improbable things in music, and he, of all composers, is the one who demands unquestioning sympathy in the hearer, and enthusiastic belief in the interpreter. His story may be lacking in continuity, his art may be powerless to give the finer shades of meaning, but he always needs a plot as a support to his music, and the plot must be known before the music can be appreciated. This is not the highest musical art, but Berlioz can be understood in no other way. The title of the overture suggests the needful attitude and then imagination must take the vague hints and build pictures for them. Perhaps under this system the music is apt to receive more credit than it deserves, for some of its merits may be pilfered from a sister art, but the effect produced is very stimulating, nevertheless. The little story of the Carnival overture was brilliantly told by Mr. Paur's orchestra, and, once placed in the proper hypnotic condition, we saw the holiday-loving crowd dancing, singing and making love in the approved holiday manner. It was a brilliant piece of work, brilliantly interpreted.

The novelty of the evening was Mr. Chadwick's symphony, and it was a surprise of the most genuine kind. The technical portions won the approval of the most exacting criticism. The scoring is of the highest quality. Mr. Chadwick is a master of orchestration, and the effects he produces are often of startling originality; there is no incoherence or abruptness in the statement or development of his themes; the instruments are not treated as if they were independent individualities, but as portions of an organic whole and as a consequence there is no weak, unmeaning discursiveness, no feeble little solos chattering on their own account outside the given theme; but there is massive unity. Another praiseworthy self-denial may be noticed, Mr. Chadwick carefully avoids the affectation of mere prettiness; he is too earnest in developing his larger ideas to utter side-whispers addressed to the gallery. The working out of the ideas is always in faultless taste, always with clear, logical sequence, always with refined, artistic feeling. The intention is purely marked, there is no difficulty in following it through its various metamorphoses; the music flows in a full, limpid stream, without an effort; there is not always a continuity of idea, but the subjects are artistically varied in their restatement, and there is a hint of reserve force suggesting that all has not been said that might have been said. The style is free, more majestic than graceful, though the intervals are not rare when the latter quality is delightfully prominent. There is an admirable variety in the coloring; the brilliancy does not suggest spotlessness, although it is sometimes forced. The first movement is vigorous and striking, but the orchestration seems unduly prominent, it overburdens and oppresses the melody; the second movement is sweet and flowing, tender, dignified and passionate, fine on color contrasts, and strong in its effective orchestration; the third movement is brilliant, but somewhat monotonous, while the light and shade is brought too obviously in contrast to the detriment of the finest art; the fourth movement is large and dignified, with some rather commonplace melody elaborately worked out, and its inherent poverty concealed under the rich ornaments of orchestration.

As a whole, it remains to be said that the Symphony falls short of being a masterpiece, in that it is lacking in inspiration; the ornaments are always heavier than the ideas, the artist always more prominent than the prophet. In other words, what is said is always of less importance than the manner in which it is said. While listening to the work, the intellect receives greater pleasure than the imagination; we are moved to admiration by the great knowledge displayed in the technical portions of the symphony, but our feelings are rarely touched, and more rarely still do we catch a glimpse of that fairyland into which all the great composers lead us. Yet, uninspired as it is, Mr. Chadwick's Symphony is the finest product that American musical art has produced.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Emma Juch and she never appeared to greater advantage. Her full, rich, sympathetic voice, with its faultless method, poured out its beauties with the seeming carlessness and lavishness of the singing nightingale. There is a fine simplicity in her method, an absence of all effort, an always reliable continuity of tone, perfect attack and perfect equality throughout the register of her voice. The art was flawless, the taste exquisite, the variety of coloring perfectly adapted to the work interpreted. The selection from Dvorak was given with beautiful purity and pathos, the little "Cradle Song," which somehow or other came out of its place, was interpreted with rare simplicity and tenderness. Miss Juch was at her best, and was received with enthusiastic applause and recalled again and again to bow her thanks.

The programme for the next concert includes the unfinished Symphony by Schubert; the E-flat major Concerto for pianoforte, by Beethoven, and the Schumann C major Symphony. The soloist is Mr. Carl Baermann.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT 21, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Emma Juch Soloist at the Symphony Concert.

Last night's symphony concert attracted a large and appreciative audience, who, apart from the usual interest in the orchestral works came to hear the first performance of Chadwick's symphony in F major, and Emma Juch, the soloist of the occasion. The opening number of the concert, Berlioz' overture, "The Roman Carnival," was rendered by the orchestra with great spirit and vivacity, and Herr Paur's interpretation of it was exceedingly effective.

Mr Chadwick, who conducted his own symphony, was greeted warmly by the audience, who listened attentively to the whole performance. This composition was awarded the $300 prize offered this year by the New York national conservatory of music. It is rather long, and the first and second movements are somewhat elaborate. It is suggestive of the streaming harmonies of Wagner, and its construction is more classic than dramatic. But it has vigor and passion, and the third movement is brilliant. The melody of the first violins, accompanied by the wood winds, is very pretty, and the finale is almost replete with a turbulent grandeur. The orchestra played with great precision and interest, and the composer was the recipient of continued applause and a very flattering expression of appreciation.

Mme Emma Juch sang the recitation, "Where Art Thou, Father?" from Dvoral's "Specter's Bride," and the air "Mine Did I Once Love Call." Her voice was very sweet and soft and very effective in giving the plaintive features of the theme, but it lacked strength and range to express its dramatic points. She was more successful in Wagner's "Dreams" and "Cradle Song" which she sang with exquisite grace and charm. The "Cradle Song" in particular, which is full of delicate shades, and at the same time has a certain abandon in melody that requires especial skill in expressing, was sung with lovely effect, and Mme Juch was recalled again and again before the audience ceased applauding.

The concert ended with Rubinstein's dance music from "The Demon," a wild, weird and wonderful composition of oriental abandonment, most delightfully played by his orchestra. Mr Carl Baermann will be the soloist this week. The program will be as follows: "Unfinished symphony," Schubert; concerto for pianoforte, in E flat major, Beethoven; symphony in C major, Schumann.

Kneisel Quartet.

The first of the series of eight concerts by the Kneisel quartet will be given in Union hall, 48 Boylston st, tomorrow evening. The program is as follows: Quartet in G major, op 77, Haydn; quartet in D flat major, op 17, Sgambati (first time at these concerts); quintet in G minor, Mozart. Mr Zach will play the second viola in the Mozart quintet. Single tickets for this concert, also season tickets, can be secured at Music hall.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The First Performance of Mr. George W. Chadwick's Symphony in F Major at the Second Concert of the Fourteenth Season.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Recitative and aria from "The Spectre's Bride".....Dvorak
Miss Juch.
Symphony No. 3, F major.....Chadwick
(First performance.)
Three songs, with piano.....Wagner
Miss Juch.
Ballet Music from "The Demon".....Rubinstein

The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the overture by Berlioz, which wears well, in spite of its respectable age. The ballet music by Rubinstein is always welcome, and it was delightfully played.

The air from "The Spectre Bride" suffers from an overladen accompaniment, and when the singer has lost the freshness and strength of her voice, she is but one instrument, often subordinated, among many. In "Dreams" and the "Cradle Song" Miss Juch charmed the audience by the display of exquisite art. And I am not sure but that her singing of the former song was the feature of the concert.

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There was naturally lively curiosity concerning the symphony, which was led by the composer. Mr. Chadwick for some time has been a man of performance rather than one of promise.

That this symphony won a prize is not in itself a eulogium. One is apt to shy at the thought of a prize composition, fearing lest it be either hopelessly academic or of laborious and strained originality.

The museum of music is full of prize specimens that attracted the attention of the moment and then were labeled and put away. Once in a while they are dusted, or aired. So they are not wholly in limbo.

I hasten to add that Mr. Chadwick's symphony is not dry and academic after the fashion of that which too often wins the approval of a jury of professors, doctors, and other Daniels and Solomons. On the other hand, it is eminently sincere and free from trickery.

The impression made, however, by the performance of last evening, was not altogether favorable. The first movement has agreeable passages, but neither in thematic stuff nor treatment has it the strength or the sensuous beauty, or the homogeneity that we are all so glad to acknowledge as the characteristics of the composer when at his highest flight. The movement does not seem to have been struck out at white heat. The end is not inevitable. There is, in fact, the suspicion of prolixity. There is the idea that the composer felt obliged to say a good deal about many things. Nor does the second movement, a tuneful larghetto, compare in originality with the third movement, or in strength with the finale. In this larghetto, the second theme has more strongly marked character, more individuality than the first, and it remains in the memory when the first is as though it had not been written.

To my mind the strongest and the best movements of the Symphony are the scherzo and the finale. The theme in the scherzo, first sung by the horn, has a popular character that in the absence of a more precise phrase may be described as a folk song or wandering melody that is repeated by a negro, and undergoes modifications without the specific intent of the dusky singer. This is no negro tune imported from Bohemia for use in Spillville, Iowa. It has the true mixture of reckless indifference and superficial melancholy.

The trio of the scherzo is interesting, not without genuine beauty, and, all in all, Mr. Chadwick may plume himself upon this movement, as upon much of the finale. I say "much of the finale," because in spite of clever effects produced by syncopation, and in spite of the broad and flowing second theme, there are passages that are dull and noisy.

The instrumentation is at times effective; it is often without sufficient contrast, it is often thick and monotonous. To parody the line of a French poet, "the horns are always sounding in the wood."

Mr. Chadwick was warmly received, and applauded heartily after the finale.

PHILIP HALE.

Baltimore Life,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE OPENING OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

The grand opening of the new Music Hall, located at Mt. Royal and Maryland avenues, takes place on Wednesday evening, October 31. The inaugural attraction will be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, composed of 87 members, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, assisted by Mme. Melba, soprano; Mme. Scalchi, contralto; M. Maugiere, tenor; and M. Plancon, baritone; who will appear in a grand operatic concert program, especially arranged for the occasion. The completion and dedication of the hall has aroused great enthusiasm among the music lovers of Baltimore and, no doubt, the occasion will be a marked one. The main auditorium has a seating capacity o 3,000, which is adorned with a very artistic gallery, making a very fine and impressive appearance, being as the entire interior is frescoed and painted in light and attractive colors. The seats on the main floor can be removed at very short notice, in cases where a hop follows a concert; beside the large hall there are two smaller ones, each with a seating capacity of 500; there is also a very large and handsome banquet hall attached and large dressing rooms. Mr. John J. Nolen is the manager for the Auditorium Company.

The above mentioned concet will be the first of the series of five which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give at Music Hall during the winter. The subsequent dates are Wednesday evenings, December 5, January 9, February 6 and March 13. Among the artists who are to appear at the later concerts are Mme. Lillian Nordica, prima donna, soprano; Mr. Caesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist (his first appearance here;) Mr. Alwin Schroeder, violoncello; and several other celebrated soloist.

INCOMPLETE

THE BRUNONIAN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER 20, 1894. VOL

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
Fourteenth Season 1894-'95.

6 GRAND CONCERTS

IN INFANTRY HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,

Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 20 and March 20.

SOLO ARTISTS: MME. JULIE M. WYMAN; MISS. GERTRUDE FRANKLIN; MONS. POL PLANCON (the distinguished Baritone of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.); MR. CARL BAERMANN; MR CESAR THOMSON (the famous Belgian Violinist), and others.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT 22, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

MR. CHADWICK'S AMBITIOUS WORK HEARD.

It is Learned and Complex and Contains Much to Praise—A Flavor of Brahms, Berlioz, Dvorak, Wagner and Rubinstein Also Represented on the Programme.

Although the programme of Saturday was entirely devoted to the modern school of composition, it was varied enough, for many phases of recent musical thought were represented; the tone-coloring of Berlioz was balanced by the melody of Dvorak, the songs of Wagner by the ballets of Rubinstein, and the European school represented by these, found a counterpoise in the American classics represented by Chadwick. The last named work is a pleasant forerunner of many native works to come. While one may be thoroughly averse to pampering the American muse, by giving concerts of native compositions, as such, yet it would be much worse to discriminate against the native school, and to confine the repertoire to European works, as was done at one stage in the history of these concerts. One may commend Mr. Paur's catholicity of taste and predict that the public will be the gainers by it.

The programme began very much as the preceding one had ended, with considerable racket, but the festivity of Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine" overture is of a higher sort than the magniloquence of Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch," which stunned the audience a week before. Mr. Paur, although not giving the acme of caprice in such a work as the "Carnaval Romaine," is wonderfully successful in bringing order out of chaos, in making passages clear that become muddled under other conductors, and it is much to be grateful for to have a work of such complexity and *bizarrerie* made intelligible. In the matter of bold crescendo effects, too (and Berlioz delighted in these), our orchestra has been trained to the point of audacity. Yet the ensemble in this work, and in the Dvorak accompaniment, as well as in the Chadwick symphony, was not as perfect as in the opening concert of a week before.

It is a fact well known to musicians that errors, like misfortunes, never come singly; a few slight slips in the overture led to a weak ensemble in the aria, and the doubtful points of execution in the Scherzo and finale of the symphony may be shared between the composer and the players.

The overture was, however, generally praiseworthy, and Mr. Mueller's work on the English horn gave a good introduction to the exciting number. The chromatic irruption of the woodwind might have been bolder, but the final climax was superb. In the working up of a broad climax Mr. Paur is unexcelled.

Mme. Juch came next with the melodious soprano air from "The Spectre's Bride." This was but fairly successful. Mme. Juch is every inch a musician, which many better vocalists are not, but her voice is hard and dry in the upper register, particularly when intensity or breadth is necessary. In a group of songs written by Wagner during his early period (although "Dreams" belongs to the passionate second epoch), the singer rose to her greatest height. She is a *lied* singer of the very first rank, and outvalues a dozen Mmes. Juchs in this field at present. She added a third Wagner song to the group for good measure, but in this connection one may protest against unannounced changes in concerts of this dignity; the habit should not be allowed to grow.

When Mr. Chadwick came upon the stage to direct his symphony there was a most spontaneous outburst of applause; but the applause was not quite so unhesitating after the first movement had come to an end. It is a symphony in which the composer has exerted all his ingenuity, and studied from the manuscript it must contain many points of profound interest to the musician, but it is quite another matter to the auditor, who lets many a bit of augmentation, of diminution and of contrary motion slip by unperceived. In the first movement the composer leads one into a development that is a jungle made up of fragments. The composer falls into the style of Brahms in giving many small thoughts rather than one continuous one, but Brahms' piece-work is the more intelligible. Nevertheless when the composer has worked his themes sufficiently to show that he is up to the symphonic standard, he becomes more natural and gives a really great climax. The end of the first movement is an instance of this. The second and third movements please the present writer best, for the Larghetto has a noble chief theme and there is good contrast in it, while the Scherzo is as dainty in its humor as if it were by that prince of Scherzo-writers, Mendelssohn. All in all, one finds much [illegible] in the work, but at the end must [illegible] the great American symphony [illegible] Mr. Chadwick directed [illegible] with much greatness and [illegible]

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BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1894.

SYMPHONY GIRLS

Miss Beaconstreet and Miss Nobody Together.

HOW THEY ENJOYED IT.

One Stepped From Her Carriage, the Other From an Electric—They Tell the Rest About Paur, Chadwick, Juch et al.

Miss Beaconstreet got out of her carriage at the big door, Miss Nobody walked from the electric car and got there at the same time.

Miss Beaconstreet swept into the hall a few minutes later, with her fur wrap over her arm, and it just brushed Miss Nobody's arm as she passed, and the rustle of her silken skirts went "rich-rich," and Miss Nobody sighed as the vision passed on, leaving a waft of dainty odor from sachets and the big bunch of violets that were rustling in the frills of Miss B.'s bodice.

"Where is your seat?" inquired the suave-faced, blonde usher.

Miss Nobody turned pale.

"I—I—er—"

"Oh, way over back there, anywhere underneath the balcony."

Miss Nobody was red clear up to where her curly black hair peaked out from under her seedy little velvet hat, for as she passed on she could look over the bright crowned heads and balloon-sleeved satin waists.

She saw Mrs. Sampson from her seat in the centre raise her pearl-handled lorgnette and focus it on her, and she bobbed her little velvet toqued head and crowded on.

There was a nice, empty seat, but the next was filled by Miss Beaconstreet, and she hurried by, intent on getting one over in the shadowy corner, where nobody could see her.

"Here is a seat." She felt the touch of a light hand, and the voice was low and modulated. Miss Nobody turned and, to her astonishment, found it was the white tips of Miss Beaconstreet's gloves that lay upon her arm, and the haughty face was smiling and the low voice was inviting her again to take the vacant seat beside her.

Miss Nobody slid into the seat with a husky "Thanks" and pulled her serge skirt back humbly, lest it touch her sister's silken one.

It was not the first time Miss Nobody had been to a Symphony concert, Oh, no! For she could remember the time when her head had not been confused nor her heart restless, and she dreaded to hear the first strain that should come when Emil Paur finished his easy bow and poised his magic baton in mid-air.

It had come.

First like an avalanche that made a wave of memories sweep through her brain and sent a thrill of new fire through her tired nerves.

Miss Beaconstreet turned the leaves of her programme and watched the movements of Director Paur as he leaned toward the orchestra, and with every move the musicians responded as though automatic, and he but touched the invisible chords with his wand aloft.

Miss Nobody was looking nowhere; her mind was everywhere; the avalanche had passed, and so had her stormy thoughts. There was a silence. She could think no more, and then came the sudden, low trill of strings and she forgot it all. The trills grew into melody, and the melody [illegible] by horns and

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Recitative and air from "The Spectre's Bride".....Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Chadwick
(First time. Conducted by the composer.)
Songs with piano.....Wagner
(a) Dreams. (b) Cradle Song.
Ballet music, from "Der Damon".....Rubinstein

Berlioz's overture was very brief, and then Mme. Juch appeared and received an ovation, for she is a great favorite here. Her aria and recitative from Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride" was beautifully rendered. The lady's voice seems fuller and rounder than ever, and she sang with all that rare expression which makes her vocal efforts so very pleasing. Later in the programme she sang three of the famous Wagner group of songs, with piano accompaniment, Mr. Paur playing for her. The "Cradle Song" was especially fine, and in it was noticed the remarkable control Mme. Juch has over her voice. The purity of her tones and the wide range were also prominent features of her singing.

The interesting event of the evening was the first performance at these concerts of George W. Chadwick's latest symphony, No. 3, in F major and in four movements. It was this work which received the prize of $300 offered by the National Conservatory of Music in New York this year and the only prize awarded by that institution. The symphony is one of the most

EMMA JUCH.

ambitious efforts of the talented composer. The themes are melodious and the working out brilliant and masterful, yet there seems to be something lacking. The music suggests ideas that are never realized, and in some of the movements the development is obscure and incomplete.

The larghetto in B flat major is the most pleasing, the opening theme being replete with harmony, with half of the first and second violins and the first 'celli in unison. The second theme is more elaborate, and the quiet ending is pleasingly effective.

The vivacious dance melody with which the third movement opens is entertaining, but as the movement progresses the incompleteness in development already referred to is noticed. The last movement is brilliant, and for the close the two themes are elaborately worked out. The number was led by the composer.

Two ballet numbers from Rubinstein's "The Demon," beautifully rendered by the orchestra, finished the interesting programme.

At the rehearsal next Friday afternoon and the concert on Saturday evening the following will be given:

Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto for pianoforte, in E flat major.....Beethoven
Symphony in C major.....Schumann
The soloist will be Mr. Carl Baermann.

[31]

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVI., NO. 113.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894.

CHADWICK'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The Centre of Interest at the Symphony Concert.

Produced for the First Time and Conducted by the Composer Himself—Berlioz Overture Given with Brilliancy—Rubenstein Ballet Music—Emma Juch the Soloist.

The second concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last night. The programme was:

Overture, "Le Carnival Romain,".....Berlioz
Air, "Mine Did I Once a Lover Call";
"The Spectre Bride,".....Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, F. major (first time).....G. W. Chadwick
"Dreams"; "Cradle Song,".....Wagner
Ballet music from "The Demon"...Rubinstein

Mme. Emma Juch was the soloist. There was a large audience. The central point of interest was, of course, Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which, by the way, was conducted by the composer himself with skill and authority. The work is a surprising advance on anything that Mr. Chadwick has hitherto produced in regard to seriousness of style and largeness of thought. It is difficult to do full justice to a composition of this aspiring order, on a first hearing, and that difficulty is intensified in this particular instance owing to the extreme and almost intricate elaboration of instrumentation and of harmonic treatment that characterizes the work. What may seen somewhat confused at first may, on better acquaintance, resolve itself into perfect clearness; what may appear lacking in spontaneity and freshness, may take on a contrary aspect after frequent hearings. It is certain, however, that this symphony maintains an impressive dignity from beginning to end. It is almost ascetic in its seriousness, and there are moments in it that for power in conception and skill in development would do credit to any living composer. The symphony, as a whole, seems to have been written in a spirit completely influenced by Brahms, as far as its themes and their treatment are concerned, though the orchestration is, on the whole, more massive and at times more stormy than is characteristic of that composer. There is enough and to spare of fire and of passion, but there is little of quiet and graceful melodiousness by way of relief and contrast to the prevailing somberness. If what appears to be the crucial fault of the work might be pointed out, on the basis of the impression created by a first hearing, it would probably be found in a certain monotony in the orchestral treatment, notably in the prominence that is accorded the horn throughout. Not that Mr. Chadwick has restricted himself in using with skill the various combinations of modern orchestration, but the effects themselves are varied in their general character. The instrumentation is always brilliant, and it constantly indicates a thorough knowledge of the different instruments and of their proper and most effective use, but the composer has seen fit to illustrate that knowledge more frequently in a complex than in a simple manner, the result often being to the disadvantage of lucidity. Thus, in the first movement there is so much of this complexity that the scoring becomes sometimes too thick for the melody to come to the surface. A notable exception is the beautiful episode near the end of the movement, which is thoroughly charming in its chaste sentiment, and the means by which it is produced. The larghetto is rhapsodic in style, and, though wanting in nothing that shall indicate the scholarly musicianship of the composer, seems to be without any point on which the attention can centre. One constantly waits for something that never comes, and the incessant modulating and the clever contrapuntal devices scarcely atone for the lack of clearness in regard to the composer's intention. Here again arise thoughts of the unfairness of judging such a work on a single hearing; but still, first impressions may be set down if a discreet reserve, on the ground of their possible unreliability, be granted; and all that is intended here is to give such first impressions under such conditions. Instead of the conventional scherzo the composer has given a spirited saltarello, of which the trio is in slower time and different rhythm swing. The themes are pleasing and are treated with much brilliancy, and the orchestration is very ingenious. The working out of the first subject begins clearly, but presently becomes foggy, from excessive elaboration, and every now and then the movement suffers from the same cause. The finale has immense vitality, and is at times remarkably vigorous in its rush. The brasses often loom out with majestic effect, and the movement sweeps along with great fire to the end; but here again there appears to be too much of over-instrumentation. It is all brilliant and stirring, but there is so much of intricate orchestration that the main thread of the music, that on which its meaning hangs, is obscured. Summing up, still under the influence of a first impression, we are inclined to the belief that the symphony is fragmentary in effect; that it has too many moments when there is nothing but mere modulating, that has little to do with thematic development or with the subject in hand; that none of the movements leaves a distinct impression on the mind as a well-rounded whole, with a central point; that all four movements have about the same color and the same effect, and that the work is more creditable to the composer's industry and scholarship than to his resources of invention, his feeling for judicious contrasts in effect and to his sense of clearness. It was finely played and was well received, with much friendliness, the third movement winning most plaudits. At the end of the work Mr. Chadwick was warmly applauded, and was twice recalled with great heartiness.

The Berlioz overture was given with splendid brilliancy, Mr. Paur's reading of the work showing a keen and fine appreciation of its every mood. The Rubinstein ballet music is as bright in melody and as marked in rhythm as any ballet music need be, and its melodiousness, as well as its richly colored and peculiarly original orchestration, make it very pleasing in the hearing. It was beautifully played. In fact, through the whole evening the orchestra sustained the fine impression it made at the opening concert by the splendid qualities of its work. Mme. Juch, who was welcomed with great cordiality, sang the Dvorak air in [illegible] long familiar musicianly style. The [illegible] lection is not well adapted for concert performance, and the composer has always been considerate of the singer in his instrumentation, but the aria left nothing to be desired, except perhaps something more of physical power in the more impassioned moments of the air. The Wagner songs were exquisitely sung in respect to finish of style, grace of phrasing and justness of sentiment. There were but two songs announced on the programme, but these were preceded by another, "Schmerz," if we are not mistaken, from the same group. Mme. Juch was recalled enthusiastically twice after each appearance. A passing word of acknowledgment must be spoken for the charming manner in which Mr. Paur played the

INCOMPLETE

THE BRUNONIAN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER 20, 1894. VOL

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The overture was, however, generally praiseworthy, and Mr. Mueller's work on the English horn gave a good introduction to the exciting number. The chromatic irruption of the woodwind might have been bolder, but the final climax was superb. In the working up of a broad climax Mr. Paur is unexcelled.

Mme. Juch came next with the melodious soprano air from "The Spectre's Bride." This was but fairly successful. Mme. Juch is every inch a musician, which many better vocalists are not, but her voice is hard and dry in the upper register, particularly when intensity or breadth is necessary. In a group of songs written by Wagner during his early period (although "Dreams" belongs to the passionate second epoch), the singer rose to her greatest height. She is a *tied* singer of the very first rank, and outvalues a dozen Mme. Joachims in this field at present. She added a third Wagner song to the group for good measure, but in this connection one may protest against unannounced changes in concerts of this dignity; the habit should not be allowed to grow.

When Mr. Chadwick came upon the stage to direct his symphony there was a most spontaneous outburst of applause; but the applause was not quite so unhesitating after the first movement had come to an end. It is a symphony in which the composer has exerted all his ingenuity, and studied from the manuscript it must contain many points of profound interest to the musician, but it is quite another matter to the auditor, who lets many a bit of augmentation, of diminution and of contrary motion slip by unperceived. In the first movement the composer leads one into a development that is a jungle made up of fragments. The composer falls into the style of Brahms in giving many small thoughts rather than one continuous one, but Brahms' piece-work is the more intelligible. Nevertheless when the composer has worked his themes sufficiently to show that he is up to the symphonic standard, he becomes more natural and gives a really great climax. The end of the first movement is an instance of this. The second and third movements please the present writer best, for the Larghetto has a noble chief theme and there is good contrast in it, while the Scherzo is as dainty in its humor as if it were by that prince of Scherzo-writers, Mendelssohn. All in all, one finds much to praise in the work, but at the end must confess that the great American symphony is not yet written. Mr. Chadwick directed the orchestra with much steadiness and discretion.

The concert ended with two numbers from Rubinstein's ballet music from "The Demon." Not so attractive as the "Feramors" ballet music, the numbers are yet interesting and delightful. The themes flow spontaneously, and there are many effects of orchestration that are striking and effective. The oriental flavor is well sustained, and the numerous augmented seconds which form such an important factor in the Eastern scales (and the Hungarian too) are prominently present. There is a degree of reiteration in the numbers which leads to an intentional, and not unpleasant monotony. The numbers won hearty applause.

The excellent accompaniments to the Wagnerian songs given by Mr. Paur must not be passed unnoticed. It is a fortunate singer who can have so good a musician at the piano to second her.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1894.

SYMPHONY GIRLS

Miss Beaconstreet and Miss Nobody Together.

HOW THEY ENJOYED IT.

One Stepped From Her Carriage, the Other From an Electric—They Tell the Rest About Paur, Chadwick, Juch et al.

Miss Beaconstreet got out of her carriage at the big door, Miss Nobody walked from the electric car and got there at the same time.

Miss Beaconstreet swept into the hall a few minutes later, with her fur wrap over her arm, and it just brushed Miss Nobody's arm as she passed, and the rustle of her silken skirts went "rich-rich," and Miss Nobody sighed as the vision passed on, leaving a waft of dainty odor from sachets and the big bunch of violets that were rustling in the frills of Miss B.'s bodice.

"Where is your seat?" inquired the suave-faced, blonde usher.

Miss Nobody turned pale.

"I—I—er—"

"Oh, way over back there, anywhere underneath the balcony."

Miss Nobody was red clear up to where her curly black hair peaked out from under her seedy little velvet hat, for as she passed on she could look over the bright crowned heads and balloon-sleeved satin waists.

She saw Mrs. Sampson from her seat in the centre raise her pearl-handled lorgnette and focus it on her, and she bobbed her little velvet toqued head and crowded on.

There was a nice, empty seat, but the next was filled by Miss Beaconstreet; and she hurried by, intent on getting one over in the shadowy corner, where nobody could see her.

"Here is a seat." She felt the touch of a light hand, and the voice was low and modulated. Miss Nobody turned and, to her astonishment, found it was the white tips of Miss Beaconstreet's gloves that lay upon her arm, and the haughty face was smiling and the low voice was inviting her again to take the vacant seat beside her.

Miss Nobody slid into the seat with a husky "Thanks" and pulled her serge skirt back humbly, lest it touch her sister's silken one.

It was not the first time Miss Nobody had been to a Symphony concert. Oh, no! For she could remember the time when her head had not been confused nor her heart restless, and she dreaded to hear the first strain that should come when Emil Paur finished his easy bow and poised his magic baton in mid-air.

It had come.

First like an avalanche that made a wave of memories sweep through her brain and sent a thrill of new fire through her tired nerves.

Miss Beaconstreet turned the leaves of her programme and watched the movements of Director Paur as he leaned toward the orchestra, and with every move the musicians responded as though automatic, and he but touched the invisible chords with his wand aloft.

Miss Nobody was looking nowhere, her mind was everywhere; the avalanche had passed, and so had her stormy thoughts. There was a silence. She could think no more, and then came the sudden, low trill of strings and she forgot it all. The trills grew into melody, and the melody was echoed by horn and clarinet, and the

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain"..Berlioz
Recitative and air from "The Spectre's Bride"..... Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Chadwick
(First time. Conducted by the composer.)
Songs with piano.....Wagner
(a) Dreams. (b) Cradle Song.
Ballet music, from "Der Damon"..... Rubinstein

Berlioz's overture was very brief, and then Mme. Juch appeared and received an ovation, for she is a great favorite here. Her aria and recitative from Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride" was beautifully rendered. The lady's voice seems fuller and rounder than ever, and she sang with all that rare expression which makes her vocal efforts so very pleasing. Later in the programme she sang three of the famous Wagner group of songs, with piano accompaniment, Mr. Paur playing for her. The "Cradle Song" was especially fine, and in it was noticed the remarkable control Mme. Juch has over her voice. The purity of her tones and the wide range were also prominent features of her singing.

The interesting event of the evening was the first performance at these concerts of George W. Chadwick's latest symphony, No. 3, in F major and in four movements. It was this work which received the prize of $300 offered by the National Conservatory of Music in New York this year and the only prize awarded by that institution. The symphony is one of the most ambitious efforts of the talented composer. The themes are melodious and the working out brilliant and masterful, yet there seems to be something lacking. The music suggests ideas that are never realized, and in some of the movements the development is obscure and incomplete.

The larghetto in B flat major is the most pleasing, the opening theme being replete with harmony, with half of the first and second violins and the first 'celli in unison. The second theme is more elaborate, and the quiet ending is pleasingly effective.

The vivacious dance melody with which the third movement opens is entertaining, but as the movement progresses the incompleteness in development already referred to is noticed. The last movement is brilliant, and for the close the two themes are elaborately worked out. The number was led by the composer.

Two ballet numbers from Rubinstein's "The Demon," beautifully rendered by the orchestra, finished the interesting programme.

At the rehearsal next Friday afternoon and the concert on Saturday evening the following will be given:

Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto for pianoforte, in E flat major Beethoven
Symphony in C major.....Schumann

The soloist will be Mr. Carl Baermann.

EMMA JUCH.

[31]

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894.

CHADWICK'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The Centre of Interest at the Symphony Concert.

Produced for the First Time and Conducted by the Composer Himself—Berlioz Overture Given with Brilliancy—Rubenstein Ballet Music—Emma Juch the Soloist.

The second concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last night. The programme was:

Overture, "Le Carnival Romain,".....Berlioz
Air, "Mine Did I Once a Lover Call";
"The Spectre Bride,".....Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, F. major (first tim)....
.....G. W. Chadwick
"Dreams"; "Cradle Song,".....Wagner
Ballet music from "The Demon"...Rubinstein

Mme. Emma Juch was the soloist. There was a large audience. The central point of interest was, of course, Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which, by the way, was conducted by the composer himself with skill and authority. The work is a surprising advance on anything that Mr. Chadwick has hitherto produced in regard to seriousness of style and largeness of thought. It is difficult to do full justice to a composition of this aspiring order, on a first hearing, and that difficulty is intensified in this particular instance owing to the extreme and almost intricate elaboration of instrumentation and of harmonic treatment that characterizes the work. What may seen somewhat confused at first may, on better acquaintance, resolve itself into perfect clearness; what may appear lacking in spontaneity and freshness, may take on a contrary aspect after frequent hearings. It is certain, however, that this symphony maintains an impressive dignity from beginning to end. It is almost ascetic in its seriousness, and there are moments in it that for power in conception and skill in development would do credit to any living composer. The symphony, as a whole, seems to have been written in a spirit completely influenced by Brahms, as far as its themes and their treatment are concerned, though the orchestration is, on the whole, more massive and at times more stormy than is characteristic of that composer. There is enough and to spare of fire and of passion, but there is little of quiet and graceful melodiousness by way of relief and contrast to the prevailing somberness. If what appears to be the crucial fault of the work might be pointed out, on the basis of the impression created by a first hearing, it would probably be found in a certain monotony in the orchestral treatment, notably in the prominence that is accorded the horn throughout. Not that Mr. Chadwick has restricted himself in using with skill the various combinations of modern orchestration, but the effects themselves are varied in their general character. The instrumentation is always brilliant, and it constantly indicates a thorough knowledge of the different instruments and of their proper and most effective use, but the composer has seen fit to illustrate that knowledge more frequently in a complex than in a simple manner, the result often being to the disadvantage of lucidity. Thus, in the first movement there is so much of this complexity that the scoring becomes sometimes too thick for the melody to come to the surface. A notable exception is the beautiful episode near the end of the movement, which is thoroughly charming in its chaste sentiment, and the means by which it is produced. The larghetto is rhapsodic in style, and, though wanting in nothing that shall indicate the scholarly musicianship of the composer, seems to be without any point on which the attention can centre. One constantly waits for something that never comes, and the incessant modulating and the clever contrapuntal devices scarcely atone for the lack of clearness in regard to the composer's intention. Here again arise thoughts of the unfairness of judging such a work on a single hearing; but still, first impressions may be set down if a discreet reserve, on the ground of their possible unreliability, be granted; and all that is intended here is to give such first impressions under such conditions. Instead of the conventional scherzo the composer has given a spirited saltarello, of which the trio is in slower time and different rhythm swing. The themes are pleasing and are treated with much brilliancy, and the orchestration is very ingenious. The working out of the first subject begins clearly, but presently becomes foggy, from excessive elaboration, and every now and then the movement suffers from the same cause. The finale has immense vitality, and is at times remarkably vigorous in its rush. The brasses often loom out with majestic effect, and the movement sweeps along with great fire to the end; but here again there appears to be too much of over-instrumentation. It is all brilliant and stirring, but there is so much of intricate orchestration that the main thread of the music, that on which its meaning hangs, is obscured. Summing up, still under the influence of a first impression, we are inclined to the belief that the symphony is fragmentary in effect; that it has too many moments when there is nothing but mere modulating, that has little to do with thematic development or with the subject in hand; that none of the movements leaves a distinct impression on the mind as a well-rounded whole, with a central point; that all four movements have about the same color and the same effect, and that the work is more creditable to the composer's industry and scholarship than to his resources of invention, his feeling for judicious contrasts in effect and to his sense of clearness. It was finely played and was well received, with much friendliness, the third movement winning most plaudits. At the end of the work Mr. Chadwick was warmly applauded, and was twice recalled with great heartiness.

The Berlioz overture was given with splendid brilliancy, Mr. Paur's reading of the work showing a keen and fine appreciation of its every mood. The Rubinstein ballet music is as bright in melody and as marked in rhythm as any ballet music need be, and its melodiousness, as well as its richly colored and peculiarly original orchestration, make it very pleasing in the hearing. It was beautifully played. In fact, through the whole evening the orchestra sustained the fine impression it made at the opening concert by the splendid qualities of its work. Mme. Juch, who was welcomed with great cordiality, sang the Dvorak air in a long familiar musicianly style. The selection is not well adapted for concert performance, and the composer has always been considerate of the singer in his instrumentation, but the air left nothing to be desired, except perhaps something more of physical power in the more impassioned moments of the air. The Wagner songs were exquisitely sung in respect to finish of style, grace of phrasing and justness of sentiment. There were but two songs announced on the programme, but these were preceded by another, "Schmerz," if we are not mistaken, from the same group. Mme. Juch was recalled enthusiastically twice after each appearance. A passing word of acknowledgment must be given for the charming manner in which Mr. Paur played the piano accompaniment to the songs.

The programme for the next concert is: Unfinished symphony, Schubert; Concerto for pianoforte, in E-flat, Beethoven; and symphony in C, Schumann. Mr. Carl Baermann is to be the soloist.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Berlioz: Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," opus 9.
Dvorák: Recitative, "Where art thou, father," and Air, "Mine did I once a lover call," from "The Spectre's Bride," opus 69.
Chadwick: Symphony No. 3, in F major. (First time.) Conducted by the Composer.
Wagner: Songs with Pianoforte—
Schmerzen—Träume—Wiegenlied.
Rubinstein: Ballet Music from "Der Dämon"
Miss Emma Juch was the singer.

With all our admiration for Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture, we cannot think it a good piece to begin a programme: those violent, strident opening measures should not come suddenly upon the unprepared listener; they are like a musical scratch in the face, and seem almost insulting. Note that Berlioz wrote the piece as a "second overture to 'Benvenuto Cellini,' to be played before the second act of that opera;" when given as he meant it to be, the work does not take the listener so disagreeably by surprise; the Saltarello theme has been heard already in the opera, and when the orchestra dashes upon it at the beginning of the overture, it comes as a sort of jolly "Here we are again!" and one is glad to hear it once more. But coming suddenly upon the unprepared ear, at the very beginning of a concert, it puts one into no very kindly humor; one feels rather like hitting back! But, apart from its ill-chosen place on the programme, it made the most superb effect on Saturday evening: never before have we heard this overture so well given. We have perhaps heard it played with equal precision and fire, but never with such well-chosen vigor of accent nor so fine a totality of conception; the performance "held the music together" as with a grasp of iron: one could feel that the whole composition was coherent and stoutly built, instead of being the succession of merely haphazard modulations and whimsical effects that it too often sounds like. When "interpretation" brings with it such admirable results as this, long live interpretation, say we! Mr. Paur has done great things with Berlioz before, but never finer than on this occasion.

Mr. Chadwick's new symphony has won a success with both musicians and the public that augurs well for its future life. Indeed, as prize symphonies go, one wonders a little how so fine a work should have won a prize. It seems in very truth, a composition well fitted to give the lie to the old Viennese player's neologistic remark: *"Seh't, Kinder! das hab' ich mir immer gemerkt: je preiser ein Werk gekrönt, desto durcher fällt es nachher!"* (Look you, boys! I have always noticed that, the prizer a work is, the througher it falls afterwards!) It would take something more than a prize to kill this symphony! Mr. Chadwick has shown himself tolerably content with the traditional symphonic form; he has allowed himself but one irregularity in his symphony. This is in the first movement, where the principal theme returns at the beginning of the third part. Instead of bringing it back in its original shape and in the tonic key, F-major, he brings it back "in augmentation," and in the key of the subdominant, B-flat major; moreover, the augmentation, from ¾ time in triplets to ¾ time without triplets, entirely alters the rhythm, so that it seems almost like a new melody. But this little innovation not only brings with it a most charming effect, but has a certain amount of musical logic behind it, at least in so far as regards the irregularity of key. The first part of the movement begins in the tonic and ends in the dominant; now, one can see by the proportion: "Tonic : Dominant = Subdominant : Tonic" that the third part, which in the symphonic form is the symmetrical pendant of the first, has but to take a similar course, to end in the tonic, as it should. This return of the first theme in its altered shape forms a delightful, quasi-pastoral episode, while none the less playing its proper part in the form of the movement. Another charming fancy of the composer's, albeit not really an irregularity, is his cheating the listener into taking the brisk, saltarello-like theme with which the third movement begins for the principal theme of the movement; as the movement begins with it, one naturally takes it to be the principal theme. But no! the real principal theme is the melody in 2-4 time that creeps in somewhat later on the horn, for all the world as if it were nothing more than a chance counter-theme. Tricks of this sort have no little charm, when well done; and Mr. Chadwick has done this one capitally. It is a sort of thing for which he seems to have a peculiar predilection, a "musical joke" of the best sort.

But, apart from these two items, the form of the symphony is strictly regular and orthodox; and one finds this regularity of form all the more admirable, and in no wise open to the charge of mere scholasticism, in that it plainly springs from the way in which Mr. Chadwick has here confined himself to the coherent and musically logical development and working-out of his thematic subject matter, without allowing himself any of that sort of capricious musical skylarking for which he has on some other occasions shown considerable inclination. In this symphony the composer has kept his seriousness throughout, as he did in his "Melpomene" overture; and he has lost not a whit of his native charm and fascination by so doing. Each one of the four movements is but the natural working-out of its subject matter, with but few episodes — certainly with no irrelevant ones. The whole symphony is distinctly what one calls "professional work." The composer has, now and then, faced some pretty taxing tasks; but he keeps his head and heels to perfection, and never loses his way in the mazes of his own counterpoint, and, quite apart from the solidity of his work, it is full of geniality, life and charm; the themes show invention, naturalness, force and grace; and, in their development, every phrase fits well into its allotted place. In a word, it is a symphony for both composer and public to be proud of. The work does not perhaps reach a higher plane than the "Melpomene" overture; but remember, an overture is one thing, and a symphony in four movements quite another! That Mr. Chadwick has succeeded in carrying the larger form as high as he did the smaller is quite enough to his credit, and shows no inconsiderable advance beyond his former, already high, position. The performance, under the composer's own direction, was excellent; indeed the whole orchestra took hold of the work *con amore* from the first. Mr. Chadwick was twice recalled at the end.

If Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" is no very good thing to begin a concert, the ballet movements from Rubinstein's "Dämon" are at least equally ill-adapted to end with. As an accompaniment to a real ballet this music may be not devoid of charm; the themes have a rather attractive quaintness, and, while looking at the movements of graceful and captivating dancers, one would not be too much inclined to care about their development. An ounce of musical invention goes a longish way in ballet music when put to its proper use! But at a concert the graceful and captivating dancer falls out of the game; one has to listen to the music simply as music. And these two "Dämon" pieces strike one aghast at the composer's wonderful poverty of resource, quite sufficient for his original ballet purpose though it may be. To hear two or three little themes, of such vague outline that they hardly deserve to be called melodies, repeated over and over again through two long movements, with but little variation or embroidery, and wholly without climax, comes as near as anything need come to being a musical bore. And to end a concert with such a dead level of musical inanity is very like finishing a savory dinner with plain boiled hominy, which, after all, has the advantage of being nutritious, which the "Dämon" ballet music has not.

Miss Juch sang the recitative and air from "The Spectre's Bride" very beautifully, indeed, like the true artist that she is. The selection, however, seemed somewhat out of place. The music was out of its proper atmosphere. There is a homely flavor of very *intime* sentiment in this music that somehow seems to shrink from the downright publicity of the concert stage. When the whole cantata is given, it soon creates its own atmosphere; but at a symphony concert, especially immediately after so garish a work as the "Carnaval Romain," it is very different; we, for one, could not help feeling uncomfortably *de trop*, as if we were unwarrantably intruding upon the sacred privacy of The Maiden's soliloquy—there seemed to be something almost immodest about it. We remember having much the same feeling when Mme. Materna and Mr. Winkelmann sang the love-scene from "Tristan" in Mechanics Hall some years ago. These modest, homely, *intime* blossoms of sentiment, like Dvorák's "Mine did I once a lover call," do not well stand the uncompromising glare of the concert stage, except when given in their proper frame. To be sure, Miss Juch's soulfulness and exquisite refinement of expression, the way in which her singing reflected the maidenly purity of the music, did much to cure the incongruity of the situation. But we had rather have heard her sing something else.

We were not a little disappointed to find Mr. Paur breaking his whilom resolve to have no songs with pianoforte at the symphony concerts. This disappointment was somewhat mitigated, it is true, by hearing Miss Juch sing the "Schmerzen"—which was not down on the programme, by the way, and seemed to bother the readers of the programme-books a good deal. We have always thought this song decidedly the best of the, by no means very fine, set of five "Poems" Wagner wrote. The "Träume" has much to recommend it in itself; but unfortunately it is only a first sketch of some of the greatest music in "Tristan," and the sketch is too much overshadowed by the finished work to be really enjoyable; having the love-scene in "Tristan" in one's mind, it is a little irritating to hear this song keep turning to the left, as it were, just as one expects it to turn to the right. The "Wiegenlied" is charming enough, but rather unreposeful and breathless for a cradle-song. Upon the whole, song-writing was not Wagner's forte; he did such truly great work in other, larger fields that it seems useless to try to perpetuate his songs on the concert platform. They are works wholly devoid of importance, and a song by Schubert, Schumann or Franz—or even by Rubinstein or Jensen—can throw them sadly into the shade. Miss Juch sang the songs delightfully — albeit the "Schmerzen" struck us as somewhat beyond her ken—but even her singing of them was not a sufficient excuse for having them on the programme.

The next programme is: Schubert, unfinished symphony in B minor; Beethoven, pianoforte concerto No. 5, in E-flat major; Schumann, symphony No. 2, in C major. Mr. Carl Baermann will be the pianist.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1894.

Kneisel Quartet.

Union hall was filled last night with a fashionable and representative audience, who came to listen to the first of the Kneisel quartet concerts of this season. The quartet, consisting of Franz Kneisel first violin, Otto Roth second violin, L. Svecenski viola and Alwin Schroeder violoncello, received a very cordial reception, and were listened to with close attention throughout their fine performance.

The program, if not strikingly varied in character, was excellent in selection and calculated to elucidate the best qualities of the quartet, qualities that have made them so popular with the lovers of good music. The quartet from Haydn in G major was admirably played, and Mr Kneisel was in particular good form—displaying wonderful skill as first violin.

The quartet from Sgambati in D flat major was given for the first time at these concerts, and proved a delightful composition. The fourth movement of it was played with a delicacy and charm only capable of being elicited by such masters in technique as the members of the Kneisel quartet are. They were warmly applauded, and the audience exhibited keen appreciation.

The quintet from Mozart in G minor was assisted by Mr Max Zach, who played second viola, and the reading of it was strikingly pretty. The audience was enthusiastic over the effective work of the orchestra, and the musicians were the recipients of cordial applause. Throughout the performance the audience displayed a marked attention and a lively appreciation of the best work of the quartet, and they were repeatedly encored.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1894.

Kneisel Quartet Gives Its First Concert of the Season.

Last evening there was a large and brilliant audience in Union Hall, the occasion being the first concert of the current season by the Kneisel quartet. The programme was:

Quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 1.....Haydn
Quartet, D flat major, op. 17.....Sgambati
Quintet, G minor.....Mozart

The quartet, which remains unchanged in its personnel, was assisted by Mr. Max Zach. The programme, as will be seen, was one of peculiar interest, presenting, as it did Sgambati, one of the most modern of the moderns, between the two great founders of the older school. The piece by the Italian composer had not been heard at these concerts before. It is a work of great originality, but is scarcely a string quartet in the received acceptation of the term, its general aspect being that of a fantasie. It is well written—that is, almost every variety of effect that can be obtained from combining the instruments employed is produced—and though it fairly bristles with difficulties of technique, they are all justly within the capacity of the different instruments, and the music is string music throughout.

The contrast with the simple, genial and spontaneous quartet of Haydn, that preceded it was almost grotesque. On the one hand everything was broad and manifest, on the other there was a constant striving for novelty, and the labor it had cost its composer was obtrusively evident. Of any familiar aspect of what is understood as the Italian style there is not a trace, but though the composer's affinities are German, neither is there anything in the quartet that can be pronounced German. Something of the influence of Liszt, under whom he studied long in Rome, is clearly shown in the work, especially in its struggle for bizarre effects of rhythm and harmony and in its general rhapsodic color. No difficulty is in the way of an understanding of the work on a first hearing, despite its complexity. All is clear enough, and it appeals steadily to the interest even if it does not always gratify it. The scherzo is, perhaps, the most attractive and the most brilliant movement. It is full of life and freshness and has a piquancy and a lively originality that are fascinating in their way. There are some beautiful movements in the andante, which moves on its way with a certain suave nobility that is very impressive, and the finale, though it is somewhat spun out too long after the composer has said all he had to say in it, is inspiriting in its fiery impulsiveness. The quartet was listened to with great attention and was vigorously applauded.

That it has any permanent musical value it would not be easy to demonstrate, but it was well worth the hearing as an example of what the serious representative composers of Italy are doing. It was wonderfully played, its tremulous exactions in the performers being met with perfect success. As an exhibition of technique in ensemble nothing finer could be reasonably demanded. The Mozart quintet, one of the most charming of its composer's works, emphasized the musical hollowness of what preceded it. Here there is learning in abundance, but it is made a means and not an end, and the noble melancholy of the opening movement, and the grace, tenderness and large dignity of the adagio, together with the instinctive tribute paid to the beautiful in art, belittled the more ostentatious work, with its restless, striving and its ostentatious pedantry, and caused it to be almost forgotten before its echoes had died away. Nothing could have been more true to the spirit of this quintet than the interpretation it received at the hands of the performers. It was exquisitely played throughout, though toward the close with something of false intonation.

This, however, may possibly be attributed to the atmosphere of the hall, which became distressingly heated, owing to lack of proper ventilation, and may have caused the strings to fall out of tune. The Haydn quartet was also delightfully read and played. The applause through the evening was equally cordial and appreciative, and the concert, as a whole, was abundant in pleasure and satisfaction to all who heard it. The next concert in the series will be given Monday evening, Nov. 12. In the meanwhile, it is impossible not to regret that Boston has no concert hall better fitted for the performance of chamber music and more judiciously adapted to the comfort of an audience than that in which these performances are given.

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Samstag, 20. Oktober 1894.

Boston Symphonie Orchester. Dieses berühmte Orchester wird während dieser Saison, wie aus einer Anzeige in einer andern Spalte d. Bl. hervorgeht, fünf Symphonie-Konzerte unter Mitwirkung von prominenten Solisten veranstalten. Herr Emil Paur ist auch jetzt der Dirigent des Orchesters. Unter den Solisten sind Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, (Sopran.) Miß Adele aus der Ohe (Piano), Mr. E. Ysaye (Violine) und andere mehr. Dem Letzteren, der erst kürzlich herüber gekommen ist und dem ein sehr vortheilhafter Ruf vorausgeht, ist hier noch nicht gehört worden. Der Verkauf der Subscriptions-Tickets wird am nächsten Montag bei Fisher, No. 1221 Chestnut Str. eröffnet.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

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TUESDAY MORNING, OCT 23, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartette Concert.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Union Hall was filled last night, for the Kneisel concerts have become as much a part of Boston's musical life as the symphony concerts themselves. It is, however, a cause for congratulation that the pure flame continues to burn so steadily, and that the appreciation never seems to flag. It has been frequently stated in these columns that the appreciation and comprehension of the string quartette is the highest form that the musical taste of a community can take: it is a less often found even than the appreciation of symphony.

Like the symphonic orchestra, the quartette found it advisable to begin the season without a soloist, to give, for the first concert, a taste of their concerted work pure and simple, and not only was a judicious conservatism displayed in this, but also in the works selected, for the concert began with Haydn and ended with Mozart.

Between these two was sandwiched a modern of moderns, an Italian who has deserted the vocal traditions of his land and achieved a success in the instrumental field, —Sgambati. The concert therefore seemed like a vast first-rondo form, with Sgambati as its countertheme. Haydn's Quartette in G major (op. 77) was charming in a simplicity that is most difficult of attainment.

A simplicity that is difficult in the performance too, for each error would stand revealed in such limpidity as a flaw in a crystal. There were, however, no errors to condone, and the auditor could revel in the pure unforced music with no more fear of meeting slips than of meeting unresolved seventh chords. Such music is best described in the words with which Spenser described Chaucer (with slight alteration) as a "well of music, undefyled."

There was a wealth of merriment and freedom in the movements, the minuet being especially bold, as much so as the two *Scherzi* with which Haydn replaced minuets in later quartettes. The finale was as bright as if it had been copied from the Gigue with which the older masters used to end their suites,—as it may have been. These were, as has been intimated, no slips, but the playing could not sound quite as well as it might have done in Chickering Hall,—were that still devoted to music.

Sgambati's quartette in D flat is a great work, full of ideas and of masterly combinations. It is thoroughly dramatic from the very introduction, even if it becomes spasmodic sometimes, in the first and last movements.

The *Prestissimo* (which fills the place of Scherzo, and is the second movement) is full of technical difficulty, and presents much *martelato* work, as well as flying staccato and pizzicato. It is as uncanny as if it were a witch's dance. The gem of the work, however, is the slow movement—andante sastenuto. It is not only full of melody—as, for example, the theme of the first and second violins—but has a richness of harmony recalling Schumann. The finale was not so clear, but was powerful, nevertheless. The work was heartily applauded.

With Mozart's quintette in G minor, in which Mr. Zach took the extra viola part, the concert ended. The two violas give this work a fullness and solidity that is especially attractive. This was noticeable in the first movement and in the adagio. Altogether the concert was a very delightful beginning of the chamber music season, and although something is lost because of the size of the hall, the concerts bid fair to be as successful as ever of yore.

LOUIS C. ELSON

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894.

NEXT Wednesday occurs the first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts at Infantry Hall, the striking features of which are the production of Sgambati's First Symphony and the appearance of Pol Plancon, basso, of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Grand Opera Co. The Sgambati Symphony, played for the first time in this country, easily takes rank as the most important selection in the programme. Sgambati was born in Rome, Italy, May 28, 1843. His father was a lawyer,

POL PLANCON,
Baritone, with Boston Symphony Orchestra.

his mother a daughter of Joseph Gott, the London sculptor. His progress as a musician was very rapid, and, at the age of 27, he had mastered all that the local instructor could teach him, and was easily the leading Italian pianist. As he was about to go to Germany to pursue his studies, by a rare bit of luck, Liszt, the great pianist, came to Rome to settle, and Sgambati at once placed himself under Liszt's tuition. His progress was indeed remarkable, and in 1877 Wagner himself, on hearing some of Sgambati's works, commended him most highly. The symphony to be performed at the first Providence concert was given its first hearing before the "Court of the Quirinal" in Rome, on March 28, 1881, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy. Its success was immense, and Sgambati was rewarded by the Order of the Crown of Italy.

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Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1894.

The First Concert of the Tenth Series Given by the Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet gave the first concert of the 10th season in Union Hall last evening. Mr. Zach played second viola in the quintet. The program was as follows:

Quartet, G major, op. 77.....Haydn
Quartet, D flat, op. 17.....Sgambati
Quintet, G minor.....Mozart

The quartet by Sgambati was first played in this city by the Listemann Quartet during the fall of 1889, and the attendant circumstances of that performance did not favor a calm valuation of the work. Sgambati in his younger days turned his back on musical Italy, and looked across the Alps. He was influenced mightily in the sensitive period of creation by Liszt. They say that of late years he has shown more genuine Italian feeling. However this may be, the quartet played last night reveals in large measure the power exerted by the hyper-modern German school.

"We always return to our first hates." Even when played by the Kneisel Quartet the first movement and the finale do not make a more favorable impression than when they were heard five years ago. They seem extravagant, strained, wildly ambitious without definite purpose except to startle. This music is not quartet music in the true meaning of the word, but this fact alone should not bias the hearer against enjoyment, for traditions are but liquid things, nor is there in this day a Procrustean bed for composers with their pieces. Even want of strict form may be excused if the effect of beauty or strength is present. But these movements, taken in bulk, seem vague and unnecessarily ugly. The introductory adagio has the mock mysticism, the bathos of Liszt. The most interesting feature of the first movement is the treatment of the choral, which although at times eccentric, is yet often masterly. As for the finale, it is disagreeable music. The scherzo is full of fancy and is by all odds the strongest and most musical of the movements. It is a thoroughly delightful and most creditable piece of work. So, too, the andante contains passages of genuine beauty, passages that are spontaneous and sincere.

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If the end of all art is the fabrication of unity, then are the best quartets of Haydn and such compositions as the immortal quintet by Mozart supreme in chamber music. This music has the classical serenity, the simple perfection of expression even in humor or in passion. There is no straining after effect any more than in a phenomenon of Nature.

It is a good thing, yea, it is a blessed privilege to hear such a work as the G minor quintet played by such artists. The performance of the other pieces was wholly admirable, but the performance of the quintet was one long and devoutly to be remembered. When the ensemble was so excellent, it may seem invidious to particularize, and yet one cannot refrain from praising without stint the exquisite playing of Mr. Kneisel in the adagio by Mozart. For when he played, it was as though Mozart sang.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 23, 1894.

FIRST KNEISEL CONCERT.

The first concert of the tenth season of the Kneisel Quartet was given in Union Hall, Boylston street, last evening. Mr. Carl Zerrahn was among the many distinguished auditors in the large assemblage of musicians and music lovers. The opening selection was a quartet in G major by Haydn, op. 77, No. 1. The only criticism of the rendering of this delicate composition that could possibly be offered would be that Mr. Schroeder's cello groundwork was a trifle too heavy. The second number, quartet in D flat major, op. 17, by Sgambati, given for the first time at these concerts, made a big hit, and Mr. Kneisel will probably be asked to repeat it before the season is over. The third movement, prestissimo, in its delicate, tripping style, reminds one a little of the menuet movement in Bizet's well-known "Suite L'Arlesienna." The third and last number was a quartet, Mr. Max Zach playing the second viola. The audience was a large one, and the occasion, on the whole, an auspicious opening of the season.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1894.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Max Zach, gave its first concert of the season in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows—

Haydn: Quartet in G major, opus 77, No. 1.
Sgambati: Quartet in D-flat major, opus 17.
Mozart: Quintet in G minor.

Among the many delightful impressions this concert left on the listener's mind was one by no means so pleasant. This was that Boston needs, and more sorely than ever, a new chamber-concert hall. Cheerful sightliness of aspect has gone out with the old Chickering Hall,—which was, however, never a very favorable place for strings. The new Chickering Hall is too small for such an audience as is drawn by the Kneisels, pretty and cosy as it is: and of the cheerfulness and sightlineis of the other chamber-concert halls in town, the less said, the better. Bumstead Hall is accouiticaly about as near perfection as the soul of man can desire; but even the perfection of musical effect is hardly enough to lure most people on to endure temporary incarceration in that pumpkin ampitheatre. And the other halls are neither pleasant to be in nor good for music. It took some time and no little effort to get over the first impression of the dim, distant tone of the strings in the Haydn quartet last evening; at first it seemed as if the quartet were playing half a mile off; then the evident nearness of the players cured this impression of distance, and the music sounded as if all the fovr bows had been rosined with soap. The faint little "*whiz-whiz*" one heard was about as much like a full string tone as the feeble "*spit-spit*" in Mark Twain's "Great French Duel" was like the crack of normal pistols. With the broader treatment and more sonorous scoring of the Sgambati quartet, the tone began better to conquer the poor acoustics of the hall; and, by the time the Mozart quintet came on, one had got tolerably accustomed to the effect—enough so, at least, to be able to enjoy the music.

Still, in spite of this drawback, one could see that the ever delightful Haydn quartet was admirably played. The Sgambati quartet is, we believe, now in Boston. The impression it made—and here we can speak only of first impressions—was distinctly fine. The work is full of beauty, dignity of feeling and expression, and poetic charm. It all sounded coherent and as if the composer both had something to say and knew how to say it. It is, however, music to which one must get acclimated, as it were, before thoroughly and unreservedly enjoying it. Sgambati is an Italian, if in some respects a rather Teutonizing one; and no one can rationally ask him to cast the skin of his nationality. The more frankly Italian he keeps himself, the better. Only we have not been used to finding this Italian flavor in instrumental chamber music, and it strikes us at first as somewhat disconcertingly exotic. Mozart, to be sure, had no little of the Italian in him; but his Italianism was complemented by his German nature and training, and his music in general shows the Italian warmth and grace far more than it does the Italian musical idiom or point of view. But Sgambati, in spite of his thorough studies in German music, remains Italian through and through, Italian in feeling as in expression, and, what is more, a distinctly *modern* Italian, one who has got far beyond the Mozart standpoint. Remember, too, that Italy has been from the beginning a *civilized* musical country; its musical evolution was slow, gradual, and wholly normal, and its musical idiom has none of that mere quaintness and quasi-barbaric zest one finds in that of the Slavs, Magyars or Scandinavians. Like the Germans, French, and English, the Italians are anything but musical barbarians; what of the primary folk-song element there is in their melody is civilized, to start with. Thus what may seem exotic in their instrumental chamber music lies more in its expression and suggestiveness than in its purely musical aspect; it keeps reminding us of things and scenes which do not ordinarily come before our mental vision at a chamber concert, and we find our imagination constantly impelled to stray from purely musical matter in a quite unwonted way. Of course this may strike the listener favorably, or unfavorably, according to his point of view. We are free to own that, with all our appreciation of the æsthetic value of the suggestive and picturesque side of music, we can not but feel in our heart of hearts that these elements have so triumphantly invaded almost all other domains of the art that it would be a comfort if instrumental chamber music could be kept as a sanctuary of refuge for the pure music-lover who gets quite enough of poetic suggestiveness and picturesqueness from other quarters. Sgambati last evening kept evoking such visions of twilight church ceremonies. with solemn choral song and curling incense-clouds, of prayers sung before shrines of the Madonna, and sinuous processions of mumbling monks, that our truant imagination left us little power to listen to his music simply as such. All this may have been very lovely and poetic, but it was not what we had come for. The fault is plainly in ourselves; but we were none the less musically incapacitated.

No doubt all this feeling may wear off with time and further acquaintance. Musical suggestiveness is surely a fine and beautiful thing in itself; it is only the unaccustomed, and hence not easily explained, suggestion that makes an inartistic impression. To take an example that has not been referred to perhaps quite as often as it deserves, it may be surmised with considerable reason that the orchestral writers of Haydn's and Mozart's day kept the trombones out of their scores, not so much because of any distaste for trombone effects in themselves, as because the trombone was at that time an instrument peculiarly associated with the Church, and they felt that any use of it in symphonic writing would impel the hearer to look for some ecclesiastical allusion in their music, such as was wholly foreign to their purpose; that the appearance of trombone harmonies in a symphony would inevitably throw the listener off the track and lead him to look for something in the music that was not there. Nowadays, when the trombone has long been a regular item in symphonic orchestration, it brings with it no sort of ecclesiastical suggestion, and our purely musical apprehension is no longer disturbed by it. In the same way, we have not been accustomed to have instrumental chamber-music call up poetic or picturesque visions before our mind's eye; and when it does we find it just to that extent perplexing. We have heard little chamber-music in the Italian idiom; and this idiom is so strongly associated in our minds with extra-musical things (through the opera), that we cannot at first help finding it extra-musically suggestive.

Still, as we have said, time and continued appropinquity should cure all this; we may soon be able to hear a thoroughly Italian quartet without thinking of anything elte. The performance last evening of Sgambati's work calls for nothing but the warmest admiration: it was more than perfect at every point.

The divine Mozart G minor quintet was admirably played; especially that thrice-wonderful dialogue of the first violin and viola in the slow movement was shown in all its superearthly beauty. Now and then Mr. Kneisel would make us feel the want of perfect Mozartean grace and buoyancy of phrasing; but not often. And, to be frank, who else could show us this? The perfect Mozart player is *rara avis in terris.*

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1894.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

HERE are the dates and programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestral concerts in this city:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Symphony in D (first time).....Sgambati
Aria.....
Mons. Plançon.
Tamburin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton".....Saint-Saëns
Aria.....
Mons. Plancon.
Overture, "Sappho" (first time).....Goldmark

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Concerto for violin.....
Mr. Thomson.
Overture, "Wem die Krone" (first time).....Ritter
"Carnival in Paris".....Svendsen
Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes".....Liszt

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

Grand Wagner Program.
Solo numbers by Mme. Nordica.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Concerto for violoncello (MS., first time).....Loeffler
Mr. Schroeder.
Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann

THURSDAY, MARCH 14.

Solo artist to be announced.
Symphonie Fantastique.....Berlioz
Ballet music, "Die Rebe".....Rubinstein
Overture.....Schumann
"Lenore No. 2".....Beethoven

These concerts will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Recitative, "Where art thou, father?" } .....Dvorák
Air, "Mine did I once a lover call" }
(From "The Spectre's Bride.")
Miss Juch.
Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Chadwick
Songs, with piano.....Wagner
Miss Juch.
Ballet music, from "The Demon".....Rubinstein

The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the music by Berlioz and Rubinstein. The pieces are familiar and require no comment.

The feature of the concert was the singing by Miss Juch of Wagner's "Dreams." In the aria, with its overladen accompaniment, there was occasionally a lack of freshness and strength; but in "Dreams" there was a display of exquisite art that embellished natural feeling.

You may say, "What! A song the feature of a concert, when a new symphony was produced for the first time and conducted by the composer?" And yet the answer is, "Yes."

It is not necessary to tell the story of Mr. Chadwick's career. He is not a man of promise, he is a man of actual performance. Whether you look at the "Melpomene" overture, the piano quintet, or the "Phœnix Expirans," you acknowledge gladly a talent that at times almost suggests genius.

But to me at least this symphony was a disappointment. Everywhere is there evidence of labor, thoughtfulness, sincerity and nobility of aim. I do not find, however, the spontaneity, the warm and sensuous coloring, the homogeneity that characterize his best work even when it is of small proportions.

As you know, this symphony was awarded the prize offered by the National Conservatory of Music. The fact alone that a symphony won a prize does not inspire confidence. There's that long winded geographical, anthropological and historical thing by Raff, to take an example Even a jury of professors may go astray, be frightened by the boldness or arrogance of deserving youth, be flattered by humble imitation of their own works, or complimented by evident respect paid their choicest theories. The prize piece may be either hopelessly academic or of flagrant originality. The road to the Temple of Fame is paved with prize compositions trodden under foot, forgotten by the cutthroat band that rush toward the closed door.

But this symphony by Mr. Chadwick does not openly suffer from its association with a prize. It is not academic in the sense that much of the music of Villiers-Stanford, Foote, Mackenzie is academic. Nor on the other hand is there a wild desire to bombard the firmament with rockets.

Mr. Chadwick has been sitting at the feet of Mr. Johannes Brahms. He has also listened—no doubt unconsciously—to the pleasing performance of Mr. Anton Dvorák on the celebrated instrument known as the Negro-Indian American pipe, which I believe is the invention of Messrs. Krehbiel & Company. Not that he has in any degree whatever copied either of these men. The feeling, the mood, however, of the first movement and the finale is Brahmsian. The scherzo contains a theme, first given out by a horn, which resembles the true Negro-American tune; it is not a Bohemian melody, strengthened or diluted, as you please, with Glenlivet for domestic use in Spilville, Ia. As I wrote in another newspaper, "The theme has a popular character that in the absence of a more precise phrase may be described as a folk song or wandering melody that is repeated by a negro, and undergoes modifications without the specific intent of the dusky singer. * * * It has the true mixture of reckless indifference and superficial melancholy." So again the scherzo is in the "American" mood of Dvorák. But Mr. Chadwick has avoided the mistake of trying deliberately to turn a serious work of art into a wandering booth where alleged folk songs are labeled and pointed out by the stick of the showman.

The first movement, an allegro sostenuto, suffers from the desire of the composer to give out a great amount of musical information. I admire his patience, and I admit the strength of certain passages, although the impression of the moment was one of technical proficiency rather than of invention or color. The movement is prolix, and the speaker at times hems and haws. More popular undoubtedly will be the second movement, a larghetto in B flat major, in which there is tunefulness; in which there is also more genuine passion than in the allegro that preceded. After one hearing the scherzo seemed to me the most characteristic and musical movement of the symphony. It is not so "intellectual," and perhaps for that reason may be only tolerated by those to whom the mission of music is to produce a knitting together of the eyebrows. But I recognize in it the man I know, the sane, humorous, brusque, imaginative, highly endowed Yankee. The finale shares with this scherzo the glory of the work. I like the broad and flowing second theme, the dramatic effects of syncopation. Yet other passages in this finale seemed dull and unnecessarily noisy.

In this symphony the modulations are often like the invitation given in dreams to climb a little higher to see the offered prospect; but these modulations prepare too often for disappointment; the view is one of commonplace, or a mist enshrouds it. Mr. Chadwick, on the other hand, has been most fortunate in suggesting, and by apparently simple means, the thought of mystery, as in the first movement by a use of horns and clarinets. The symphony is strong in the matter of rhythm, occasionally too strong, as when rhythm is tortured till it shrieks.

Much of the instrumentation seemed over studied, thick, without contrast. Mr. Chadwick in this work has displayed a passion for horns that is almost frenetic, and one is tempted to try a homœopathic remedy and ward off the evil by the finger horn of Italy.

The composer was received warmly and loudly applauded.

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The program of the Symphony concert of the 27th will be Schubert's "Unfinished," Beethoven's E flat concerto for piano, and Schumann's C major symphony. Mr. Baermann will be the pianist.

The Kneisel Quartet will give a concert in Union Hall to-morrow evening. The program will be: Quartet, Haydn, G major, op. 77, No. 2; quartet, Sgambati, op. 17; Mozart, quintet, G minor. In the last piece Mr. Zach will play the second viola.

The Telegram.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

A BRIGHT OPENING.

The Symphony Orchestra Course Begins Most Delightfully.

Another season in Providence was begun in Infantry hall last night by the Poston Symphony orchestra, and, it can be said, very delightfully for patrons and agreeably, at least, for entertainers. The audience was good in size, and, as usual, it represented the cream of the city's population. Suburban people were numerous also. The success of the occasion was a strong proof that Mr. Higginson's orchestra is very thoroughly intrenched here, and that its concerts are recognized as events of the first order by the culture of the town.

The performance was most interesting, and enjoyable, to the last notes. The introduction of Sgambati's No. 1 symphony was a rich thing, and the gathering to an individual attested the great appreciation the musicians aroused. This work was a new one. The other numbers, "Egmont" overture, by Beethoven, and ballet music, "Daemon," by Rubinstein, were brilliantly given. The advent of Mr. Paul Plancon, the baritone who has just come to America, metaphorically decorated with the tokens of vocal achievements in European halls and theaters, was a matter of considerable moment. He rendered two arias, and in each demonstrated the remarkable clearness, strength and flexibility of his voice, the excellence of his style and his power to regale in large measure.

Manager Ellis is to be congratulated that the inauguration in toto was so satisfactory. The second concert will occur Nov. 14.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Performance of the Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert of the season was given at Infantry Hall last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There was a brilliant programme and the usual superb playing. Some few changes have been made in the personnel of the organization since last year, presumably for the better, though it is difficult to detect improvement in what seemed already well-nigh perfect. At any rate, the ensemble has lost nothing of its magnificent vigor and unanimity of action, beautiful tone quality, or power of accurate and graceful shading. At the conductor's desk Mr. Emil Paur presented the same intelligent and musicianly readings that marked the work of his first season, and indicated his wishes to the orchestra in his peculiarly energetic and not over-graceful manner. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven.....Overture, "Egmont"
Verdi.....Aria, "Don Carlos"
Sgambati.....Symphony No. 1
I. Allegro vivace, non troppo (D major).
II. Andante mesto (G minor).
III. Scherzo: Presto (B-flat major).
Trio: Un poco meno (G-flat major).
IV. Serenata: Andante (D minor).
V. Finale: Allegro con fuoco (D major).
Schumann.....Song, "The Two Grenadiers"
Rubinstein.....Ballet Music, "Daemon"

Beethoven's overture to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," which opened the concert, was played with superb elan and vigor. Mr. William F. Apthorp, in his programme notes, calls attention to the fact that although the work is on a tragic subject and its thematic material is of the grandest and most nobly heroic, its form is practically cast in the model of the light Italian opera overture. It might be further said that no composer of Italian operas who has ever lived could construct so solid a piece of music in that or any other form; it is Beethoven all the way through—and Beethoven at his best.

The principal number, and also the novelty of the programme, was Sgambati's Symphony No. 1, in D major. The impression left after the first hearing of this work, is that of having seen some new and unknown tropical bird of gorgeous and dazzling plumage. There is in it enought of brilliant-hued and kaleidoscopic orchestration to furnish forth a full half-dozen symphonies of the everyday sort. This is the first and most lasting impression, although one catches glimpses while being hurried along of cunning construction, and feels the presence of a master hand. There are bits of melody that suggest Wagner, tricks of instrumentation worthy of Berlioz, and a gorgeous prodigality like unto that of Verdi, but all without sense of plagiarism. It was pleasant to listen to—one of those things one would gladly hear again.

The ballet music from Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," reflects all that original composer's somewhat peculiar genius, and, delightfully played by the orchestra, made a pleasing finish to the programme.

The vocalist of the evening was Mons. Pol Plancon, the famous basso of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's opera company, who made his debut in this country with them last season, and fairly divided the honors with the great Edouard de Reszke. The French basso is a large man of fine stage presence, with a very powerful voice of agreeable quality. The position which he holds is a sufficient guarantee of his artistic worth. The power of his vocal organ was well tested in his aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," the accompaniment to which would have overcome any ordinary voice, but which he seemed to have no difficulty in dominating at will. His second number, Schumann's famous "Two Grenadiers," with its inspiring "Marsellaise" for a final climax, was given with great fire and energy, and provoked a most determined attempt at an encore. This was, however, declined, although the singer returned to bow his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic applause some five or six times.

The audience was of about the usual size seen at the Symphony concerts, and all seemed pleased to greet again the country's finest orchestra. Both programme and performance were worthy of the liberal applause which was bestowed upon every number.

The Musical Courier.

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Concerto for violin.....
Mr. Thomson.
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"Carnival in Paris".....Svendsen
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

Grand Wagner Program.
Solo numbers by Mme. Nordica.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Symphony No. 8, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Concerto for violoncello (MS., first time).....Loeffler
Mr. Schroeder.
Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann

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The composer was received warmly and loudly applauded.

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The program of the Symphony concert of the 27th will be Schubert's "Unfinished," Beethoven's E flat concerto for piano, and Schumann's C major symphony. Mr. Baermann will be the pianist.

The Kneisel Quartet will give a concert in Union Hall to-morrow evening. The program will be: Quartet, Haydn, G major, op. 77, No. 2; quartet, Sgambati, op. 17; Mozart, quintet, G minor. In the last piece Mr. Zach will play the second viola.

The Telegram.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

A BRIGHT OPENING.

The Symphony Orchestra Course Begins Most Delightfully.

Another season in Providence was begun in Infantry hall last night by the Boston Symphony orchestra, and, it can be said, very delightfully for patrons and agreeably, at least, for entertainers. The audience was good in size, and, as usual, it represented the cream of the city's population. Suburban people were numerous also. The success of the occasion was a strong proof that Mr. Higginson's orchestra is very thoroughly intrenched here, and that its concerts are recognized as events of the first order by the culture of the town.

The performance was most interesting, and enjoyable, to the last notes. The introduction of Sgambati's No. 1 symphony was a rich thing, and the gathering to an individual attested the great appreciation the musicians aroused. This work was a new one. The other numbers, "Egmont" overture, by Beethoven, and ballet music, "Daemon," by Rubinstein, were brilliantly given. The advent of Mr. Paul Plancon, the baritone who has just come to America, metaphorically decorated with the tokens of vocal achievements in European halls and theaters, was a matter of considerable moment. He rendered two arias, and in each demonstrated the remarkable clearness, strength and flexibility of his voice, the excellence of his style and his power to regale in large measure.

Manager Ellis is to be congratulated that the inauguration in toto was so satisfactory. The second concert will occur Nov. 14.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Performance of the Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert of the season was given at Infantry Hall last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There was a brilliant programme and the usual superb playing. Some few changes have been made in the personnel of the organization since last year, presumably for the better, though it is difficult to detect improvement in what seemed already well-nigh perfect. At any rate, the ensemble has lost nothing of its magnificent vigor and unanimity of action, beautiful tone quality, or power of accurate and graceful shading. At the conductor's desk Mr. Emil Paur presented the same intelligent and musicianly readings that marked the work of his first season, and indicated his wishes to the orchestra in his peculiarly energetic and not over-graceful manner. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven.....Overture, "Egmont"
Verdi.....Aria, "Don Carlos"
Sgambati.....Symphony No. 1
I. Allegro vivace, non troppo (D major).
II. Andante mesto (G minor).
III. Scherzo: Presto (B-flat major).
Trio: Un poco meno (G-flat major).
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V. Finale: Allegro con fuoco (D major).
Schumann.....Song, "The Two Grenadiers"
Rubinstein.....Ballet Music, "Daemon"

Beethoven's overture to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," which opened the concert, was played with superb elan and vigor. Mr. William F. Apthorp, in his programme notes, calls attention to the fact that although the work is on a tragic subject and its thematic material is of the grandest and most nobly heroic, its form is practically cast in the model of the light Italian opera overture. It might be further said that no composer of Italian operas who has ever lived could construct so solid a piece of music in that or any other form; it is Beethoven all the way through—and Beethoven at his best.

The principal number, and also the novelty of the programme, was Sgambati's Symphony No. 1, in D major. The impression left after the first hearing of this work, is that of having seen some new and unknown tropical bird of gorgeous and dazzling plumage. There is in it enought of brilliant-hued and kaleidoscopic orchestration to furnish forth a full half-dozen symphonies of the everyday sort. This is the first and most lasting impression, although one catches glimpses while being hurried along of cunning construction, and feels the presence of a master hand. There are bits of melody that suggest Wagner, tricks of instrumentation worthy of Berlioz, and a gorgeous prodigality like unto that of Verdi, but all without sense of plagiarism. It was pleasant to listen to—one of those things one would gladly hear again.

The ballet music from Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," reflects all that original composer's somewhat peculiar genius, and, delightfully played by the orchestra, made a pleasing finish to the programme.

The vocalist of the evening was Mons. Pol Plancon, the famous basso of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's opera company, who made his debut in this country with them last season, and fairly divided the honors with the great Edouard de Reszke. The French basso is a large man of fine stage presence, with a very powerful voice of agreeable quality. The position which he holds is a sufficient guarantee of his artistic worth. The power of his vocal organ was well tested in his aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," the accompaniment to which would have overcome any ordinary voice, but which he seemed to have no difficulty in dominating at will. His second number, Schumann's famous "Two Grenadiers," with its inspiring "Marsellaise" for a final climax, was given with great fire and energy, and provoked a most determined attempt at an encore. This was, however, declined, although the singer returned to bow his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic applause some five or six times.

The audience was of about the usual size seen at the Symphony concerts, and all seemed pleased to greet again the country's finest orchestra. Both programme and performance were worthy of the liberal applause which was bestowed upon every number.

...NG BULLETIN.

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Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Freitag, 26. Oktober 1894.

Boston Symphonie Orchester.

Dieses berühmte Orchester wird während dieser Saison, wie aus einer Anzeige in einer anderen Spalte d. Bl. hervorgeht, fünf Symphonie-Konzerte unter Mitwirkung von prominenten Solisten veranstalten. Herr Emil Paur ist auch jetzt der Dirigent des Orchesters. Unter den Solisten sind Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, (Sopran,) Miß Adele aus der Ohe (Piano), Mr. E. Ysaye (Violine) und andere mehr. Dem Vernehmen, der erst kürzlich herüber gekommen ist und dem ein vortheilhafter Ruf vorausgeht, ist hier noch nicht gehört worden. Das erste Konzert findet nächsten Montag statt.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 27, 1894.

THE ART ATMOSPHERE IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Mr. Chadwick's latest symphony, just offered to our hearing, meets with distinguished consideration from Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who discusses the work at length in the New York Tribune, illustrating his comments with quotations from the work. The illustrations, to be sure, are not always legible, but the intention is kindly. Of interest apart from the critical analysis of the symphony are Mr. Krehbiel's remarks concerning the difference of the musical atmosphere of New York and Boston. There are more concerts and better performances to be heard in the larger city, but in New York the air surrounding musical affairs is self-contained and strictly professional. It is possible in New York to give three or four concerts of magnitude on the same evening without causing a commotion among musicians or public, and a manifestation of concern in the artistic outcome of a concert in which he has taken part is never seen in an orchestral player. An explanation of this indifference is found in the large number of skilled players in the city. Mr. Krehbiel has authority for the statement that New York can furnish orchestral players who can read at sight in numbers far beyond the available supply—outside of the organized orchestras which are in constant service—in any of the European capitals, not even excepting Vienna.

So much for New York. In Boston, according ty Mr. Krehbiel, there is much less of the commercial element, the young native musicians are more numerous, and the feeling of pride in their work is far more marked among the players of high-class orchestral music. The guild spirit here being more vital than in New York, it follows that resident composers have more encouragement with us, so far at least as performances of their works are incentives to labor. Later, Mr. Krehbiel expresses his views of the critical faculty among us, or rather his inability to determine what is our standard of judgment. He writes—

I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of "doxy," that is, the kind not exemplified in the work under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programmes are as varied as are those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances.

A compliment may be drawn from between the lines of this confession. If we have reached the point where admiration, properly tempered, may be felt and expressed alike for a Strauss waltz and a Wagner music drama, we stand on the highest plane of esthetic culture. If we could only be sure that that distinction is ours—but it is not yet certain that taste is so sound among our connoisseurs that music can be heard and judged on its own merits without regard to its source, except, perhaps, by a few enlightened amateurs who are not indebted to teachers or conservatories at home or abroad for their critical or appreciative faculties. As for the professional critics among us, who, like professional critics all the world over, are as often guided by popular opinion as they guide it, if they have not the guild spirit of the musicians, all the more to their credit—setting aside the question of their capacity, individually or collectively considered. It seems, however, that they cannot be collectively considered, according to Mr. Krehbiel, who is, therefore, confused in his attempts to formulate a musical creed from the comments in our newspapers on works, singers or players. How much better is the New York way! There they have the guild spirit among the recognized, though not organized, academicians. When you take up the Morning Trumpet and read the judgment of this opera or that pianist, just appealing for metropolitan favors, you need rarely go further to learn the opinions of the guild. The Noonday Clarion and the Afternoon Annunciator will read the same in spirit, and so too will the serials especially devoted to music, the Weekly Diapason and the Monthly Harmonica. It is very soothing, this freedom from contention among the chosen few, but it may chance to stand in the way of progress, as for instance should a composer who is not a friend of some one of the guild attempt to gain a hearing for a new work in New York; for they do say that there have been productions in New York of works, favorably received elsewhere, which have been deliberately neglected by the entire gang—beg pardon, College of Critics—because Mr. X or Mr. Z of the coterie has passed the word for faint praise or concealed censure or absolute indifference. But the charge that the methods of the trade unions have thus been imitated is really too shocking!

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 28, 1894.

THE WEEK'S CONCERTS—CHAMBER, OPERATIC AND SYMPHONY.

The first concert of the week came on Monday evening and began the tenth season of the Kneisel Quartette. With the assistance of Mr. Zach for the second viola, they presented this programme:—

Quartette, G major, op. 77.....Haydn
Quartette, D flat, op. 17.....Sgambati
Quartette, G minor.....Mozart

Of these works the Sgambati was awaited with curiosity and expectancy, because its author is known as one of that group of younger Italians who has shown themselves as particularly sensitive to trans-Alpine influences and who have sought to build up an "Italia redenta" in music as well as in political, intellectual and religious life. Those who have known the man will have difficulty in discovering him in this strange music, and can only accept it as expressive of him if they believe that he is in a transition period, his entire and successful emergence from which it depends upon time to determine. Quiet, reserved almost to diffidence, sensitive, fastidious, inclined to elegance, gracefulness and even gentleness of style in his careful and conscientious work as a pianist, it is not easy to account for the outbursts of emotion, the dark fulness of color, the sudden shifts of mood, the audacity, the harshness and the positive ugliness which appear here side by side, with passages of sustained delicacy, tenderness, gravity and almost of pathos. It seems as if his nature, restrained and suppressed in the formalism of clerical Rome and the narrow-minded conventionalism of melodic composition, had been set free all at once without an adequate knowledge of itself or of the many influences and temptations to which it was to be instantly exposed. The friendship and teaching of Liszt may have added extravagance to expansion, and acquaintance with modern Germany provoked the desire to use his liberty of progress by running almost at random through the fields laid open before him. Hence it is while there are evidences of high and noble talent expressing itself in forms of beanty instinct with appealing spirit, there are rough, irregular and incomprehensible portions which spring out without apparent reason and disappear as causelessly. The equable spirit of the ideal quartette, which may rise almost to exuberance and sink almost to despair, is wanting, and one concludes that invariable and almost irresponsible moods he had seized upon the string quartette in this attempt to express what was not absolutely formulated, mainly because its vocal fulness and flexibility offered a better chance toward success. The ardor, impetuosity and almost desperate energy of the work, as well as its fervor of acceptable feeling and its rich beauty. were particularly apparent in the contrast which it made with the other two compositions, each so characteristic of the master who wrote it and each a model of succinctness and proportion.

The audience was large and fine, and the players did admirable justice to their tasks, even though the close and over-heated air perplexed the strings at times out of their truth of intonation.

The third Symphony programme needs no comment as such. It was made up of three works which have been long known and beloved of all who are familiar with classic orchestral music of earlier and later date. These works were: the "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert; the fifth, or "Emperor," pianoforte concerto of Beethoven; and Schumann's first symphony. Although each of these might well be the theme of extended laudation and particularized admiration, yet their mere nomination will reveal the tender beauty of the first, so softly melodious and graciously harmonized that one is almost glad that it ends as it does, in imaginative expectancy of a corresponding close; of the nobility and candor alike in the strength, the gentleness and the gayety, of the second; and the resonant volume and frequent splendor of the third. It is only incumbent upon us, then, to say something of the performance, which might be promptly and justly summed up in some simple phrase of large and general admiration. But we cannot pass by Mr. Baermann's rendering of the concerto without a special tribute to him and to his art. He is ever the same devoted, earnest, self-forgetful player, who bends over his keyboard as the rapt 'cellist over his instrument or as the violinist takes his close to his bowed face, and he ever plays as if he and his music were alone together, with never a thought of hearers to be affected, still less astonished or dazzled by strange infusions of personality or displays of virtuosity. As his art ripens, it seems to grow richer also, so that especially in the deeper authors, and above all in Beethoven, it represents the very heart of the music, while giving all the "limbs and outward flourishes" their full grace, power and scope. A catholic and generous musician, familiar and sympathetic with all good schools, we still like to associate him first of all with Beethoven and—without even dreaming of any comparison between him and other eminent exemplars of the best piano playing—we are glad that he is a Bostonian by choice of residence and affiliation, and that Boston delights to honor him.

The orchestra did fine and concordant work in all the programme and the first movement of the concerto was an exceptional illustration of complete unity of feeling between soloist, band and conductor. There were more opportunities than in the previous concerts for the new clarinet to be heard, and it spoke with beautiful, equal tone and phrasing.

No concert this week; but a week later the programme will be Smetana's "Purchased Bride" overture; Sgambati's first symphony, new to Boston; and the first "Arlesienne" suite of Bizet.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1894.

The Third Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Under Mr. Paur.

The program of the third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, "Unfinished".....Schubert
Concerto in E flat for piano.....Beethoven
Mr. Baermann, pianist.
Symphony, C major.....Schumann

One charm of the immortal fragment by Schubert is that the symphony is unfinished. The slow movement does not stand on the same level with the supernatural allegro, and they that know and love Schubert the best are thankful that he never composed a scherzo and finale. The long works of the great melodist are generally a long decrescendo of musical interest. As it is, there is the curiosity as to what he might have done with this projected symphony if his life had been spared and he had learned to prune and condense; and there is also the thought of the colossal impudence of the German who, a few years ago, patched together two movements and finished it for him.

The fragment remains, and the allegro will be a delight for all times, not so much because of the charming, eminently Schubertian second theme first sung by the cellos, as because of the romantic atmosphere that enwraps the music, from the simple opening measures to the end. Or who can even forget that apparently inevitable modulation that introduces the theme above mentioned, or who is not moved mightily by the opening of the free fantasia, the yearning of passion that sees, as from a tower, the end of all?

About the proper tempo of the famous second theme there has been much dispute. Some take it too fast, and it is then as though ground out by an orchestrion. Others drag it; they deliberately check the organic rhythm which should be a pulse to the musical body, and play it with puling sentiment, creating an adagio. If Mr. Paur erred at all, it was slightly, and on the side of slowness. As for the second movement, it is pretty and popular, and there are delightful harmonic surprises; but, as I have said, it has not the overwhelming individuality of the movement that precedes.

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Mr. Baermann gave a very fine performance of the great concerto. Not that it was equally admirable throughout, for in the finale there were occasional traces of restlessness that was not under absolute control, and the "loud-pedal," so called, was used at times too freely. But, on the whole, the performance was one to be remembered; it was so thoughtful, so well considered, so free from "virtuosity" in its objectionable form. There was no feeling of deadly rivalry between the piano and its old enemy the orchestra. Mr. Paur conducted the concerto like a master, and the few slips in intonation in the first movement could be pardoned easily, as the temperature of the hall was not favorable to either wind or string instruments.

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The crowning glory of the Schumann Symphony is the wondrous adagio, probably the greatest slow movement composed since Beethoven's time. It is the fashion for writers on Schumann to pat him on the head, and in speaking of this symphony to say, "The fruits of his contrapuntal studies are here in graceful abundance." But one of these fruits is indeed a dry and withered thing. I refer to the staccato counterpoint that follows the first succession of violin trills. What in the world did Schumann mean by following such a superb climax by measures which suggest the class room and blackboard? Fortunately they are few in number.

So, too, I fail to see beauty or strength in the two trios of the scherzo, which by the way was played with infinite accuracy as well as dash. Of these trios, the second is the more offensive, for offensive is not too strong a word to use in this connection. Stiff are they both, and also are they dry.

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The hall was crowded. After the Schubert symphony and the concerto, there was most hearty applause.

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the Symphony concert, Nov. 10 will be, overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut," Smetana; Sgambati's 1st symphony (first time at these concerts); Bizet's suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

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Boston Transcript

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THE ART ATMOSPHERE IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

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A compliment may be drawn from between the lines of this confession. If we have reached the point where admiration, properly tempered, may be felt and expressed alike for a Strauss waltz and a Wagner music drama, we stand on the highest plane of æsthetic culture. If we could only be sure that that distinction is ours—but it is not yet certain that taste is so sound among our connoisseurs that music can be heard and judged on its own merits without regard to its source, except, perhaps, by a few enlightened amateurs who are not indebted to teachers or conservatories at home or abroad for their critical or appreciative faculties. As for the professional critics among us, who, like professional critics all the world over, are as often guided by popular opinion as they guide it, if they have not the guild spirit of the musicians, all the more to their credit—setting aside the question of their capacity, individually or collectively considered. It seems, however, that they cannot be collectively considered, according to Mr. Krehbiel, who is, therefore, confused in his attempts to formulate a musical creed from the comments in our newspapers on works, singers or players. How much better is the New York way! There they have the guild spirit among the recognized, though not organized, academicians. When you take up the Morning Trumpet and read the judgment of this opera or that pianist, just appealing for metropolitan favors, you need rarely go further to learn the opinions of the guild. The Noonday Clarion and the Afternoon Annunciator will read the same in spirit, and so too will the serials especially devoted to music, the Weekly Diapason and the Monthly Harmonica. It is very soothing, this freedom from contention among the chosen few, but it may chance to stand in the way of progress, as for instance should a composer who is not a friend of some one of the guild attempt to gain a hearing for a new work in New York; for they do say that there have been productions in New York of works, favorably received elsewhere, which have been deliberately neglected by the entire gang—beg pardon, College of Critics—because Mr. X or Mr. Z of the coterie has passed the word for faint praise or concealed censure or absolute indifference. But the charge that the methods of the trade unions have thus been imitated is really too shocking!

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 28, 1894.

THE WEEK'S CONCERTS—CHAMBER, OPERATIC AND SYMPHONY.

The first concert of the week came on Monday evening and began the tenth season of the Kneisel Quartette. With the assistance of Mr. Zach for the second viola, they presented this programme:—

Quartette, G major, op. 77.....Haydn
Quartette, D flat, op. 17.....Sgambati
Quartette, G minor.....Mozart

Of these works the Sgambati was awaited with curiosity and expectancy, because its author is known as one of that group of younger Italians who has shown themselves as particularly sensitive to trans-Alpine influences and who have sought to build up an "Italia redenta" in music as well as in political, intellectual and religious life. Those who have known the man will have difficulty in discovering him in this strange music, and can only accept it as expressive of him if they believe that he is in a transition period, his entire and successful emergence from which it depends upon time to determine. Quiet, reserved almost to diffidence, sensitive, fastidious, inclined to elegance, gracefulness and even gentleness of style in his careful and conscientious work as a pianist, it is not easy to account for the outbursts of emotion, the dark fulness of color, the sudden shifts of mood, the audacity, the harshness and the positive ugliness which appear here side by side, with passages of sustained delicacy, tenderness, gravity and almost of pathos. It seems as if his nature, restrained and suppressed in the formalism of clerical Rome and the narrow-minded conventionalism of melodic composition, had been set free all at once without an adequate knowledge of itself or of the many influences and temptations to which it was to be instantly exposed. The friendship and teaching of Liszt may have added extravagance to expansion, and acquaintance with modern Germany provoked the desire to use his liberty of progress by running almost at random through the fields laid open before him. Hence it is while there are evidences of high and noble talent expressing itself in forms of beanty instinct with appealing spirit, there are rough, irregular and incomprehensible portions which spring out without apparent reason and disappear as causelessly. The equable spirit of the ideal quartette, which may rise almost to exuberance and sink almost to despair, is wanting, and one concludes that invariable and almost irresponsible moods he had seized upon the string quartette in this attempt to express what was not absolutely formulated, mainly because its vocal fulness and flexibility offered a better chance toward success. The ardor, impetuosity and almost desperate energy of the work, as well as its fervor of acceptable feeling and its rich beauty. were particularly apparent in the contrast which it made with the other two compositions, each so characteristic of the master who wrote it and each a model of succinctness and proportion.

The audience was large and fine, and the players did admirable justice to their tasks, even though the close and over-heated air perplexed the strings at times out of their truth of intonation.

The third Symphony programme needs no comment as such. It was made up of three works which have been long known and beloved of all who are familiar with classic orchestral music of earlier and later date. These works were: the "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert; the fifth, or "Emperor," pianoforte concerto of Beethoven; and Schumann's first symphony. Although each of these might well be the theme of extended laudation and particularized admiration, yet their mere nomination will reveal the tender beauty of the first, so softly melodious and graciously harmonized that one is almost glad that it ends as it does, in imaginative expectancy of a corresponding close; of the nobility and candor alike in the strength, the gentleness and the gayety, of the second; and the resonant volume and frequent splendor of the third. It is only incumbent upon us, then, to say something of the performance, which might be promptly and justly summed up in some simple phrase of large and general admiration. But we cannot pass by Mr. Baermann's rendering of the concerto without a special tribute to him and to his art. He is ever the same devoted, earnest, self-forgetful player, who bends over his keyboard as the rapt 'cellist over his instrument or as the violinist takes his close to his bowed face, and he ever plays as if he and his music were alone together, with never a thought of hearers to be affected, still less astonished or dazzled by strange infusions of personality or displays of virtuosity. As his art ripens, it seems to grow richer also, so that especially in the deeper authors, and above all in Beethoven, it represents the very heart of the music, while giving all the "limbs and outward flourishes" their full grace, power and scope. A catholic and generous musician, familiar and sympathetic with all good schools, we still like to associate him first of all with Beethoven and—without even dreaming of any comparison between him and other eminent exemplars of the best piano playing—we are glad that he is a Bostonian by choice of residence and affiliation, and that Boston delights to honor him.

The orchestra did fine and concordant work in all the programme and the first movement of the concerto was an exceptional illustration of complete unity of feeling between soloist, band and conductor. There were more opportunities than in the previous concerts for the new clarinet to be heard, and it spoke with beautiful, equal tone and phrasing.

No concert this week; but a week later the programme will be Smetana's "Purchased Bride" overture; Sgambati's first symphony, new to Boston; and the first "Arlesienne" suite of Bizet.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1894.

The Third Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Under Mr. Paur.

The program of the third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony "Unfinished".....Schubert
Concerto in E flat for piano.....Beethoven
Mr. Baermann, pianist.
Symphony, C major.....Schumann

One charm of the immortal fragment by Schubert is that the symphony is unfinished. The slow movement does not stand on the same level with the supernatural allegro, and they that know and love Schubert the best are thankful that he never composed a scherzo and finale. The long works of the great melodist are generally a long decrescendo of musical interest. As it is, there is the curiosity as to what he might have done with this projected symphony if his life had been spared and he had learned to prune and condense; and there is also the thought of the colossal impudence of the German who, a few years ago patched together two movements and finished it for him.

The fragment remains, and the allegro will be a delight for all times, not so much because of the charming, eminently Schubertian second theme first sung by the cellos, as because of the romantic atmosphere that enwraps the music, from the simple opening measures to the end. Or who can even forget that apparently inevitable modulation that introduces the theme above mentioned, or who is not moved mightily by the opening of the free fantasia, the yearning of passion that sees, as from a tower, the end of all?

About the proper tempo of the famous second theme there has been much dispute. Some take it too fast, and it is then as though ground out by an orchestrion. Others drag it; they deliberately check the organic rhythm which should be a pulse to the musical body, and play it with puling sentiment, creating an adagio. If Mr. Paur erred at all, it was slightly, and on the side of slowness. As for the second movement, it is pretty and popular, and there are delightful harmonic surprises; but, as I have said, it has not the overwhelming individuality of the movement that precedes.

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Mr. Baermann gave a very fine performance of the great concerto. Not that it was equally admirable throughout, for in the finale there were occasional traces of restlessness that was not under absolute control, and the "loud-pedal," so called, was used at times too freely. But, on the whole, the performance was one to be remembered; it was so thoughtful, so well considered, so free from "virtuosity" in its objectionable form. There was no feeling of deadly rivalry between the piano and its old enemy the orchestra. Mr. Paur conducted the concerto like a master, and the few slips in intonation in the first movement could be pardoned easily, as the temperature of the hall was not favorable to either wind or string instruments.

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The crowning glory of the Schumann Symphony is the wondrous adagio, probably the greatest slow movement composed since Beethoven's time. It is the fashion for writers on Schumann to pat him on the head, and in speaking of this symphony to say, "The fruits of his contrapuntal studies are here in graceful abundance." But one of these fruits is indeed a dry and withered thing. I refer to the staccato counterpoint that follows the first succession of violin trills. What in the world did Schumann mean by following such a superb climax by measures which suggest the class room and blackboard? Fortunately they are few in number.

So, too, I fail to see beauty or strength in the two trios of the scherzo, which by the way was played with infinite accuracy as well as dash. Of these trios, the second is the more offensive, for offensive is not too strong a word to use in this connection. Stiff are they both, and also are they dry.

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The hall was crowded. After the Schubert symphony and the concerto, there was most hearty applause.

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the Symphony concert Nov. 10 will be, overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut," Smetana; Sgambati's 1st symphony (first time at these concerts); Bizet's suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.

SUNDAY HERALD

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Largest Attendance Thus Far This Season.

Mr. Carl Baermann the Soloist—The Schumann Symphony Splendidly Read and with a Brilliant Force and Effectiveness—No Performance This Week.

An audience that filled Music Hall, even to every available bit of standing room, was present last evening at the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was the largest attendance of the season thus far, and the most enthusiastic. The programme was:

Unfinished symphony .....Schubert
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, E flat..Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, C.....Schumann

The soloist was Mr. Carl Baermann. The wonderfully beautiful fragment by Schubert, of which the accepted title is curiously at odds with the character of a work that is, on the whole, and in another sense, the most [illegible] of its composer's orchestral productions, was accorded an exceptionally fine performance. This symphony is pure music from beginning to end, and in it Schubert plunged at once into a style of symphony writing which was peculiarly his own as far as form, treatment and thought are concerned, and in which there is nothing of the influence of Beethoven, nor of any of the preceding masters in this species of composition. The work stood apart from other symphonies, when it was written, and has continued to stand apart from them until now. It is singularly in conflict with the established forms that were so unvaryingly and so closely followed, but it would not have been a whit more admirable or more fascinating if it had been a model in that respect. Its exquisite musical sentiment, its long-sustained melodiousness always chaste and never sinking into mere sentimentality, and its refined sensuousness suffice to place it foremost among the most delightful examples of pure music that have ever come from the brain of a composer.

In its day, its orchestration was no less novel in its color and its combinations than were its other distinctive characteristics, and now, some 70 and odd years since it was written, it is as fresh and as free from anything that can be considered old-fashioned, as it was when it was committed to paper. As much cannot be said for many a masterpiece that was contemporary with it, and that has come down to our time still in the full promise of immortality. Why the symphony was not completed is not known. Nine bars of a scherzo were written, and that is all. It is probable that, after having proceeded thus far, Schubert felt the embarrassment attendant on following two movements in triple time, with a third movement in similar rhythm, and abandoned the work. It was nothing to him. He made music at will. The fount of his inspiration was always full to overflowing, though perhaps it might have caused him a pang to throw the symphony aside if he was aware of the vast stride he had made in it between that in C of 1818 and the unfinished symphony of 1822, his next effort in that species of composition.

As has been already said, the work was beautifully played. Mr. Paur read it with unfailing truth to its every shade of expression, and in the keenest sympathy with its varying sentiments. The first movement in particular was given with a tenderness that was as searching as it was poetical. It was fairly and movingly sung in the lovely theme that is its chief distinction, a theme which for grace, pathos and simple naturalness has never been surpassed. The improvement in the body and the quality of tone emitted by the wood-wind this season was strikingly exemplified in this work. The orchestra has never acquitted itself more brilliantly and more perfectly than it has in the concerts already given, and it is scarcely open to question if it has ever reached a high stage of efficiency in every direction as it now so strongly and so satisfyingly emphasizes.

The Schumann symphony was splendidly read, and with a brilliant force and effectiveness. The climax at the close of the opening allegro was given with a fire that was exciting in its vigorous impetuosity and its beautifully graduated crescendo. The wood wind again distinguished itself, especially in the piquant first trio of the scherzo and also in the warmer theme of the second trio. In this movement the violins gave one of the finest exhibitions of orchestral virtuosity it has ever afforded, notably in the tremendous coda. It was taken at a fearful pace, but every note came out distinctly. The adagio was exquisitely read, and in the true spirit of Schumann in his most poetic mood; and it was played with delightful purity and refinement of style. In short, the orchestra was at its very best, not only here, but through the whole concert.

Mr. Baermann was received with a friendliness that was enthusiastic, but the applause that greeted him on his first appearance, cordial and prolonged as it was, was as nothing to the storm of plaudits that rewarded him at the close of the concerto. This work has never had a more noble interpretation than he gave it last evening. From beginning to end it was Beethoven playing of the highest order, and was particularly impressive in its manliness, its freedom from affectation, its conscientious abstention from any attempt to make the concerto say something new, or more than the composer has placed clearly in evidence. Both intellectually and emotionally it was surpassingly beautiful, and in the large musicianly spirit that marked its rendering throughout, not only in regard to fidelity to every phase of mood and expression, but in respect to delicacy as well as virility and beauty of technique.

To listen to such playing as Mr. Baerman played last night was worth no end of vague and unmeaning discussions anent piano touch. Nothing could possibly be more even, more pearly and more charming than was the playing of the scale runs in which the concerto abounds. Volume of tone was obtained without abusing the power of the instrument, and the pedals were used with felicitous judgment, while in the more cantabile moments of the work the legato was perfect. It was a genuine delight to hear such healthy playing again. As in the past, Mr. Baermann, with the instinct and the innate modesty of the innate artist, obliterated himself as much as possible by avoiding all that tended to personal display, [illegible] only on devotion

It was, perhaps, a cruelty to place the fiery Sgambati between the sweet serenity of Haydn and the faultless classic beauty of Mozart. In the playing of the Mozart quintet, the high point of perfection was reached. Objection might be urged against the Haydn interpretation, in that subsidiary portions of the work were pushed into too great prominence, in opposition to the intentions of the composer; but the most exacting criticism could not but be charmed with the perfect manner in which the noble quartet was read. A curious consideration is, that if the modern spirit is right in its methods of seeking for and seeing beauty, what shall be said of the method of Mozart? Here is depth of thought, intensity of feeling, unimpeachable knowledge, and a smiling beauty that defies the shafts of time. There is nothing antiquated in the quintet, or, rather, in it is the antiquity of Greek sculpture, the antiquity of a time when the earth was younger, and genius more often spoke in the language of the gods, more closely saw the beauty which is the soul of the highest art. Of course it is no argument to say that a Sgambati is not a Mozart; but yet, in judging works of art, one is irresistibly tempted to use the highest standard of measurement. If we would know wherein Tupper is wanting, we must know wherein Shakspeare excels; in studying an asteroid, we shall reach a false conclusion if we forget the sun.

In conclusion, it remains to be repeated that the work of all the members of the Kneisel Quartet was of the highest quality; it was exquisitely finished work, and met with deserved recognition from a most critical audience.

The first Kneisel concert of the season, on Monday evening last, brought together the real lovers of chamber music, and the playing, it is needless to say, was of a very high order of excellence. A large and enthusiastic audience was present, among them being the Parkman Blakes, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Osgood, Mr. Elliott W. Pratt.

Miss Fanny French, Mr. John K. Paine, Mr. B. J. Lang and Miss Lang, Dr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. William P. Blake, Miss Isa Coolidge and her fiance, Mr. Eliot Hubbard, Mr. Carl Baerman, Dr. John Mason, just home from his summer abroad, Dr. Hooper, Mrs. William F. Apthorp, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mrs. Kennard and Miss Kennard, and nearly all the members of the symphony orchestra.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's New York series will be given on Thursday evening, Nov. 1, in the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme for this concert will include Sgambati's symphony in D, the tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, by Gluck; Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," and Goldmark's "Sappho" overture. M. Pol Plancon is to be the soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1894.

Symphony Concert Echoes, Baermann the Soloist.

Two symphonies and a concerto for pianoforte were the substantial offerings provided by director Paur for the third of this season's Symphony concerts. A program of greater variety would have been welcome to a majority of last night's audience, but the performance was of such general excellence that much enjoyment was derived from the concert.

The selections were: Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat major, and Schumann's symphony, No. 2, in C major.

Mr Carl Baermann was the soloist, and he was naturally greeted with cordial expressions of delight. Mr Baermann is generally acknowledged to hold the highest rank among resident pianists, and his annual appearance as a soloist with the Symphony orchestra has, for a number of years, been looked forward to as an especially enjoyable occasion.

His rare talent as an interpreter of piano music is too well known to require comment at this time. He has a splendid command of the mechanics of the piano, but remarkable as is his technique, it is as a sympathetic interpreter that Mr Baermann wins greatest admiration. There is nothing "showy" in his style of playing. Many pianists have appeared here who have fairly dazzled the audience by the brilliancy and force of their execution, but rarely has one been heard who gives more genuine satisfaction than does Mr Baermann. He has the rare faculty of conveying plainly to the audience the meaning of the composer whose work he so sympathetically portrays.

His performance of Beethoven's magnificent fifth concerto was at once scholarly and comprehensible. It was an intelligent and faithful reading of the score. There was no attempt to embellish the master's writing, or effort to gain applause by display of finger dexterity. At the conclusion of the performance Mr Baermann was recalled four times with great enthusiasm.

Schubert's exquisite symphony fragments were played in a manner deserving of praise, generally speaking, but several passages, notably in the first movement, were rather carelessly treated. The playing of the brass instruments was rather rough, and there was an occasional absence of customary precision in the work of the first violins. The performance of the second movement was much more successful.

The Schumann symphony was admirably played, a more satisfactory interpretation of the great work has not before been given here. There were none of the shortcomings noticeable in the performance of the Schubert number, and the enthusiastic plaudits which rewarded Mr Paur were well merited.

There will be no Symphony concert this week, the orchestra being in other cities. For Nov 9 and 10 the program will be:

Overture, "Die verkaufte Braut".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1.....Sgambati
(First time at these concerts.)
Suite, L'Arlesienne No. 1.....Bizet

There will be no concert this week, the next one being set down for Nov. 10, when the programme will be: Overture, "Die verkaufte Braut," Smetana; Symphony No. 1, Sgambati (first time), and "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 28.

The Symphony Concert.

There were no novelties given at the third Symphony concert, but the programme was none the less interesting. It was:

Symphony in B minor (Unfinished).....Schubert
Concerto in E-flat major.....Beethoven
Symphony in C-major.....Schumann

The two symphonies thus placed so closely together emphasize some of the difficulties with which a conductor has to contend in his interpretation of the works of the classic masters. Much has been written concerning these two particular symphonies, and there is great latitude of choice for those who are eager to understand their inner meaning. Some critics dwelling on the word "minor," find the B minor symphony unfinished, because of the flowing of the composer's tears, that sprung from his agony at the indifference of the world; on the other hand, the C "major" symphony suggests that in writing it the composer was taking a cheerful survey of the world; Schubert was warbling in the cold dampness of a pine forest; Schumann exulting from the breezy height of a sunlit mountain. Then there are interpreters who find that the Schubert symphony remained unfinished from excess of joy in the composer, the joy that paralyzes while it stimulates, and they find in the Schumann symphony a passionate protest against the world; a tone picture of restless, endless conflict, and the final triumph of passion over reason. Then there are countless intermediate interpretations, each interesting in itself, and each fatal to all the others. Mr. Paur's reading of the works was noticeable for its sympathy. In listening to Schubert's music, the attention is not distracted by a multiplicity of details, nor does it demand in the hearer that he shall be both an anatomist and a lover of beauty at the same time. We are not concerned in asking what was the composer's method, for the result is all sufficient; we are transported into a musical Utopia, where beauty is the beginning and end of all things. Hence the need of sympathy, a quality that cannot be assumed for the occasion nor its place assumed by anything else. Mr. Paur read beyond the written language down to the soul emotion, which in music is grandly vague, allowing each listener to absorb as much of it as is in harmony with his own soul development and present mood. In any piece of music each person reads his own heart emotions, and the same piece of music may have—and rightly have—twenty different meanings to twenty different persons. It was not Pheidias, but his admirers, who labelled his statues. Mr. Paur is the most sympathetic of conductors, and under his guidance we saw the fine, rich beauty of the unfinished symphony;—the beauty that is the vitalizing force of all that Schubert wrote. The opening of the allegro was given with fine impressiveness, while the various shades of coloring in the movement were rendered with a delicacy, a decision and a beauty that closely approached the finest art. The second movement was given with the rarest beauty, perfection in expression and won the heartiest applause for Mr. Paur. The firmer, not finer, and more decisive Schumann symphony was also rarely treated. The first movement was given with spirit and fire; the nervous gayety, the vigor and the dash of the scherzo were finely reproduced, and again won the heartiest applause for Mr. Paur; while the beautiful adagio received the most poetical treatment, and nothing could be broader, finer or more brilliant than the reading of the wonderful finale.

The concerto introduced the artist, Mr. Carl Baermann. It is needless to say that the noble work of Beethoven was nobly played. Mr. Baermann is always a reliable player; he has no moods and vain fancies; but is always at his best. He reaches the highest point of his high art in his playing of Beethoven, a master he has studied with the most loving and critical care. His reading of the concerto was broad and massive; it was in exquisite taste, and the finest shades of meaning were brought out with a [clearness] that [approached perfection. The fine cultured taste was as apparent as the faultless technique; the meaning was never obscured. Largeness of style, dignity, grace, exquisite finish, purity of tone, are the characteristics of Mr. Baermann's playing, and they were all evident in his treatment of the concerto. We know of few artists who approach Mr. Baermann in his Beethoven interpretations, fewer still who are guidrd by the irreproachable taste, the subtlety of insight, the broadness of vision and the perfect adaptation of means to end that distinguish Mr. Baermann as the artist. He was finely supported by the orchestra, and was enthusiastically recalled four times to bow his thanks.

The programme for the fourth concert is the Overture "Die verkaufte Brant," Smetana; Symphony No. 1, Sgambati, suite "L'Arlesienne No. 1." Bizet.

The Kneisel Quartet.

The first concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given on Monday evening, October 22. The programme was:

Quartet, G-major, op. 77.....Hadyn.
Quartet, D-flat, op. 17.....Sgambati.
Quintet, G-minor.....Mozart.

The Sgambati quartet is a larger or smaller work, according to the viewpoint from which it is studied, placed, as it was, between two approved masterpieces, it seemed a restless, nervous, fiery and, at times, an over-garrulous work. It is intensely modern in striving after effect for effect's sake, in its striving for novelties in out-of the-way corners, in its fierce contempt of serenity, in the defiance of the beauty that is its own reward. There is the modern mania for saying things in a vague way, of suggesting by extrinsic ornamentation that which should come from the soul; there was the modern struggle for effect at any cost, a passion that has lost the art of respecting itself, the animal lack of reserve in restraining overwrought feeling. There was no doubt as to intention, the ideas were clear and could easily be followed in their development, there was no monotony, and there were fine contrasts of color. The introduction is weird and effective, though artificial, a working from without inward. The first movement is treated with the hand of a master—a master of all the resources of the orchestra; the scherzo is delightful, both in subject and treatment, it is imaginative, brilliant and of exquisite workmanship; the andante is dignified in conception and carried out with admirable broadness of treatment, while the finale has a dash and impetuosity that carry all before it. The work is valuable in that it is a fine example of the modern spirit, the spirit that dares all, and says all, in defiance of tradition and sometimes of self-respect. It is not a work of beauty, as beauty was understood by the old masters, it is the beauty or, perhaps, unloveliness of passion that scientifically holds its finger on its own pulse, and yields to its moods while conscientiously studying its symptoms. It is the self-conscious, tolerant beauty that is saved from remorse by the strength of its morbid theory of the world. This art, fine as it is, always forgets one important physiological fact that is the basis of æsthetics; that is, that pleasure and not pain is the end of all art. The emotion that is aroused is too limited and too constantly kept in activity, with the result that tissue vitality is overworked and pleasure is swallowed up in exhaustion. However brilliant the color or the tone, the eye or the ear will lose its appreciation if the color or the tone be dwelt on too persistently. In the Sgambati quartet the passion and fiery restlessness are too persistent, too closely approach the boundary line of pain to make the work a thing of beauty. The music was delightfully played, and its many difficulties conquered with an ease that was an evidence of the highest art.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

It was in an unwonted place that many of Boston's lovers of chamber music gathered last Monday evening to hear the opening concert of the Kneisel quartette's tenth season. The partial disappearance of Chickering hall has left Union hall as the only available place for important chamber concerts. That is perhaps a trifle unfortunate; for the approaches, the fittings, and the associations of Union hall render it a by no means ideal place in which to listen to such music as Kneisel and his brother artists make. But it must indeed have been a captious hearer who refused to allow himself to enjoy the delightful concert of Monday evening. For, after all, the acoustics of any audience room of moderate size are only relatively good or bad. There is no sense which so readily accommodates itself to uncomfortable conditions as that of hearing. One can always hear in such a room as soon as one has found out how to listen.

We venture to say that no one in the audience failed to get on his "hearing cap"—if such a cap there be—at the earliest possible moment last Monday evening, for the concert began by the delightful and very well known quartette of Haydn in G, op. 77, No. 1, and there was not an uninteresting moment to the time when the last chord was played of the equally well known and even more beautiful quintette in G minor of Mozart, which ended the concert.

Of the rendering of these two classics it need only be said that the players fully sustained the high reputation which they already enjoy. The laurels they won in the playing of these works would easily be outnumbered and outshone by those which should be awarded them for the playing of the middle number of the programme, a quartette in D flat by Sgambati. The absolute mastery which the artists showed in their treatment of this extremely "modern" work merits nothing ishort of the highest praise. We have heard the work elsewhere and rendered by players of much reputation. But the Kneisel quartette's handling of it showed the qualities of coherency in what had hitherto seemed merely an interesting work. For, if there was one quality more prominent than another in the rendering, it was its lucidity.

And that means much in the case of a work like that of Sgambati. Fanciful to the last degree, the composer taxes the resources of the string quartette to an extent which might easily seem illegitimate to those who base their expectations of the future upon the accomplishments of the past. But such renderings as that of Monday show that Sgambati has demanded nothing which a competent body of players cannot furnish; and that he has composed a work which even if it does violate all precedent by ending in a minor key when it began in a major is full of tone beauty and art interest and is certainly not oppressively pessimistic.

November 12 is the date of the second concert. Several interesting novelties are promised for the season. We wish they might all be as delightful as the Sgambati number.

The audiences at the Symphonies last week were convincing that the society which makes Boston the fashionable musical centre it is, is really here at last and ready to participate in the pleasures as they come along, and they will be coming fast very soon. Among the familiar faces were Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote, Mr. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fay, Miss French, the Misses Riddle, Mr. Percival Gassett, Mrs. Hugh Cotton, Miss Heloise Hersey with a flock of thirty girls, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dana, Mrs. Alexander Wadsworth, Miss Goodwin, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. Gaugengigl, Miss Elsie Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, Mrs. Winsor, the Misses Winsor, Mrs. Phœbe Jenks, Mr. Arthur Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winslow, Mr. Henry W. Swift, Miss Isa Coolidge, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Miss Stackpole, Prof. Royce, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike and Mrs. Julius Eichberg.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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An audience that filled Music Hall, even to every available bit of standing room, was present last evening at the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was the largest attendance of the season thus far, and the most enthusiastic. The programme was:

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Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, E flat..Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, C.....Schumann

The soloist was Mr. Carl Baermann. The wonderfully beautiful fragment by Schubert, of which the accepted title is curiously at odds with the character of a work that is, on the whole, and in another sense, the most [illegible] of its composer's orchestral productions, was accorded an exceptionally fine performance. This symphony is pure music from beginning to end, and in it Schubert plunged at once into a style of symphony writing which was peculiarly his own as far as form, treatment and thought are concerned, and in which there is nothing of the influence of Beethoven, nor of any of the preceding masters in this species of composition. The work stood apart from other symphonies, when it was written, and has continued to stand apart from them until now. It is singularly in conflict with the established forms that were so unvaryingly and so closely followed, but it would not have been a whit more admirable or more fascinating if it had been a model in that respect. Its exquisite musical sentiment, its long-sustained melodiousness always chaste and never sinking into mere sentimentality, and its refined sensuousness suffice to place it foremost among the most delightful examples of pure music that have ever come from the brain of a composer.

In its day, its orchestration was no less novel in its color and its combinations than were its other distinctive characteristics, and now, some 70 and odd years since it was written, it is as fresh and as free from anything that can be considered old-fashioned, as it was when it was committed to paper. As much cannot be said for many a masterpiece that was contemporary with it, and that has come down to our time still in the full promise of immortality. Why the symphony was not completed is not known. Nine bars of a scherzo were written, and that is all. It is probable that, after having proceeded thus far, Schubert felt the embarrassment attendant on following two movements in triple time, with a third movement in similar rhythm, and abandoned the work. It was nothing to him. He made music at will. The fount of his inspiration was always full to overflowing, though perhaps it might have caused him a pang to throw the symphony aside if he was aware of the vast stride he had made in it between that in C of 1818 and the unfinished symphony of 1822, his next effort in that species of composition.

As has been already said, the work was beautifully played. Mr. Paur read it with unfailing truth to its every shade of expression, and in the keenest sympathy with its varying sentiments. The first movement in particular was given with a tenderness that was as searching as it was poetical. It was fairly and movingly sung in the lovely theme that is its chief distinction, a theme which for grace, pathos and simple naturalness has never been surpassed. The improvement in the body and the quality of tone emitted by the woodwind this season was strikingly exemplified in this work. The orchestra has never acquitted itself more brilliantly and more perfectly than it has in the concerts already given, and it is scarcely open to question if it has ever reached a high stage of efficiency in every direction as it now so strongly and so satisfyingly emphasizes.

The Schumann symphony was splendidly read, and with a brilliant force and effectiveness. The climax at the close of the opening allegro was given with a fire that was exciting in its vigorous impetuosity and its beautifully graduated crescendo. The wood wind again distinguished itself, especially in the piquant first trio of the scherzo and also in the warmer theme of the second trio. In this movement the violins gave one of the finest exhibitions of orchestral virtuosity it has ever afforded, notably in the tremendous pace, but every note came out distinctly. The adagio was exquisitely read, and in the true spirit of Schumann in his most poetic mood; and it was played with delightful purity and refinement of style. In short, the orchestra was at its very best, not only here, but through the whole concert.

Mr. Baermann was received with a friendliness that was enthusiastic, but the applause that greeted him on his first appearance, cordial and prolonged as it was, was as nothing to the storm of plaudits that rewarded him at the close of the concerto. This work has never had a more noble interpretation than he gave it last evening. From beginning to end it was Beethoven playing of the highest order, and was particularly impressive in its manliness, its freedom from affectation, its conscientious abstention from any attempt to make the concerto say something new, or more than the composer has placed clearly in evidence. Both intellectually and emotionally it was surpassingly beautiful, and in the large musicianly spirit that marked its rendering throughout, not only in regard to fidelity to every phase of mood and expression, but in respect to delicacy as well as virility and beauty of technique.

To listen to such playing as Mr. Baerman played last night was worth no end of vague and unmeaning discussions anent piano touch. Nothing could possibly be more even, more pearly and more charming than was the playing of the scale runs in which the concerto abounds. Volume of tone was obtained without abusing the power of the instrument, and the pedals were used with felicitous judgment, while in the more cantabile moments of the work the legato was perfect. It was a genuine delight to hear such healthy playing again. As in the past, Mr. Baermann, with the instinct and the innate modesty of the innate artist, obliterated himself as much as possible by avoiding all that tended to personal display, and was clearly bent only on devotion [illegible] result that nothing came between the public and the music. It was a great performance of a great concerto, and was instantly recognized as such by the audience, which broke spontaneously into a fury of applause when all was over, and recalled the artist three times. The conducting of the work by Mr. Paur was masterly in the best and fullest sense of the word. The solo instrument was never overwhelmed, and the closest sympathy between the soloist and the conductor was maintained. The applause through the concert was frequent and spirited, Mr. Paur being recalled twice after the glorious performance of the Schubert symphony.

There will be no concert this week, the next one being set down for Nov. 10, when the programme will be: Overture, "Die verkaufte Braut," Smetana; Symphony No. 1, Sgambati (first time), and "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet.

The first Kneisel concert of the season, on Monday evening last, brought together the real lovers of chamber music, and the playing, it is needless to say, was of a very high order of excellence. A large and enthusiastic audience was present, among them being the Parkman Blakes, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Osgood, Mr. Elliott W. Pratt.

Miss Fanny French, Mr. John K. Paine, Mr. B. J. Lang and Miss Lang, Dr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. William P. Blake, Miss Isa Coolidge and her fiance, Mr. Eliot Hubbard, Mr. Carl Baerman, Dr. John Mason, just home from his summer abroad, Dr. Hooper, Mrs. William F. Apthorp, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mrs. Kennard and Miss Kennard, and nearly all the members of the symphony orchestra.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's New York series will be given on Thursday evening, Nov. 1, in the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme for this concert will include Sgambati's symphony in D, the tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, by Gluck; Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," and Goldmark's "Sappho" overture. M. Pol Plancon is to be the soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1894.

Symphony Concert Echoes, Baermann the Soloist.

Two symphonies and a concerto for pianoforte were the substantial offerings provided by director Paur for the third of this season's Symphony concerts. A program of greater variety would have been welcome to a majority of last night's audience, but the performance was of such general excellence that much enjoyment was derived from the concert.

The selections were: Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat major, and Schumann's symphony, No. 2, in C major.

Mr Carl Baermann was the soloist, and he was naturally greeted with cordial expressions of delight. Mr Baermann is generally acknowledged to hold the highest rank among resident pianists, and his annual appearance as a soloist with the Symphony orchestra has, for a number of years, been looked forward to as an especially enjoyable occasion.

His rare talent as an interpreter of piano music is too well known to require comment at this time. He has a splendid command of the mechanics of the piano, but remarkable as is his technique, it is as a sympathetic interpreter that Mr Baermann wins greatest admiration. There is nothing "showy" in his style of playing. Many pianists have appeared here who have fairly dazzled the audience by the brilliancy and force of their execution, but rarely has one been heard who gives more genuine satisfaction than does Mr Baermann. He has the rare faculty of conveying plainly to the audience the meaning of the composer whose work he so sympathetically portrays.

His performance of Beethoven's magnificent fifth concerto was at once scholarly and comprehensible. It was an intelligent and faithful reading of the score. There was no attempt to embellish the master's writing, or effort to gain applause by display of finger dexterity. At the conclusion of the performance Mr Baermann was recalled four times with great enthusiasm.

Schubert's exquisite symphony fragments were played in a manner deserving of praise, generally speaking, but several passages, notably in the first movement, were rather carelessly treated. The playing of the brass instruments was rather rough, and there was an occasional absence of customary precision in the work of the first violins. The performance of the second movement was much more successful.

The Schumann symphony was admirably played, a more satisfactory interpretation of the great work has not before been given here. There were none of the shortcomings noticeable in the performance of the Schubert number, and the enthusiastic plaudits which rewarded Mr Paur were well merited.

There will be no Symphony concert this week, the orchestra being in other cities. For Nov 9 and 10 the program will be:

Overture, "Die verkaufte Braut".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1.....Sgambati
(First time at these concerts.)
Suite, L'Arlesienne No. 1.....Bizet

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 28.

The Symphony Concert.

There were no novelties given at the third Symphony concert, but the programme was none the less interesting. It was:

Symphony in B minor (Unfinished).....Schubert
Concerto in E-flat major.....Beethoven
Symphony in C-major.....Schumann

The two symphonies thus placed so closely together emphasize some of the difficulties with which a conductor has to contend in his interpretation of the works of the classic masters. Much has been written concerning these two particular symphonies, and there is great latitude of choice for those who are eager to understand their inner meaning. Some critics dwelling on the word "minor," find the B minor symphony unfinished, because of the flowing of the composer's tears, that sprung from his agony at the indifference of the world; on the other hand, the C "major" symphony suggests that in writing it the composer was taking a cheerful survey of the world; Schubert was warbling in the cold dampness of a pine forest; Schumann exulting from the breezy height of a sunlit mountain. Then there are interpreters who find that the Schubert symphony remained unfinished from excess of joy in the composer, the joy that paralyzes while it stimulates, and they find in the Schumann symphony a passionate protest against the world; a tone picture of restless, endless conflict, and the final triumph of passion over reason. Then there are countless intermediate interpretations, each interesting in itself, and each fatal to all the others. Mr. Paur's reading of the works was noticeable for its sympathy. In listening to Schubert's music, the attention is not distracted by a multiplicity of details, nor does it demand in the hearer that he shall be both an anatomist and a lover of beauty at the same time. We are not concerned in asking what was the composer's method, for the result is all sufficient; we are transported into a musical Utopia, where beauty is the beginning and end of all things. Hence the need of sympathy, a quality that cannot be assumed for the occasion nor its place assumed by anything else. Mr. Paur read beyond the written language down to the soul emotion, which in music is grandly vague, allowing each listener to absorb as much of it as is in harmony with his own soul development and present mood. In any piece of music each person reads his own heart emotions, and the same piece of music may have—and rightly have—twenty different meanings to twenty different persons. It was not Pheidias, but his admirers, who labelled his statues. Mr. Paur is the most sympathetic of conductors, and under his guidance we saw the fine, rich beauty of the unfinished symphony;—the beauty that is the vitalizing force of all that Schubert wrote. The opening of the allegro was given with fine impressiveness, while the various shades of coloring in the movement were rendered with a delicacy, a decision and a beauty that closely approached the finest art. The second movement was given with the rarest beauty, perfection in expression and won the heartiest applause for Mr. Paur. The firmer, not finer, and more decisive Schumann symphony was also rarely treated. The first movement was given with spirit and fire; the nervous gayety, the vigor and the dash of the scherzo were finely reproduced, and again won the heartiest applause for Mr. Paur; while the beautiful adagio received the most poetical treatment, and nothing could be broader, finer or more brilliant than the reading of the wonderful finale.

The concerto introduced the artist, Mr. Carl Baermann. It is needless to say that the noble work of Beethoven was nobly played. Mr. Baermann is always a reliable player; he has no moods and vain fancies; but is always at his best. He reaches the highest point of his high art in his playing of Beethoven, a master he has studied with the most loving and critical care. His reading of the concerto was broad and massive; it was in exquisite taste, and the finest shades of meaning were brought out with a [clearness] that approached perfection. The fine cultured taste was as apparent as the faultless technique; the meaning was never obscured. Largeness of style, dignity, grace, exquisite finish, purity of tone, are the characteristics of Mr. Baermann's playing, and they were all evident in his treatment of the concerto. We know of few artists who approach Mr. Baermann in his Beethoven interpretations, fewer still who are guidrd by the irreproachable taste, the subtlety of insight, the broadness of vision and the perfect adaptation of means to end that distinguish Mr. Baermann as the artist. He was finely supported by the orchestra, and was enthusiastically recalled four times to bow his thanks.

The programme for the fourth concert is the Overture "Die verkaufte Brant," Smetana; Symphony No. 1, Sgambati, suite "L'Arlesienne No. 1," Bizet.

The Kneisel Quartet.

The first concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given on Monday evening, October 22. The programme was:

Quartet, G-major, op. 77.....Hadyn.
Quartet, D-flat, op. 17.....Sgambati.
Quintet, G-minor .....Mozart.

The Sgambati quartet is a larger or smaller work, according to the viewpoint from which it is studied, placed, as it was, between two approved masterpieces, it seemed a restless, nervous, fiery and, at times, an over-garrulous work. It is intensely modern in striving after effect for effect's sake, in its striving for novelties in out-of the-way corners, in its fierce contempt of serenity, in the defiance of the beauty that is its own reward. There is the modern mania for saying things in a vague way, of suggesting by extrinsic ornamentation that which should come from the soul; there was the modern struggle for effect at any cost, a passion that has lost the art of respecting itself, the animal lack of reserve in restraining overwrought feeling. There was no doubt as to intention, the ideas were clear and could easily be followed in their development, there was no monotony, and there were fine contrasts of color. The introduction is weird and effective, though artificial, a working from without inward. The first movement is treated with the hand of a master—a master of all the resources of the orchestra; the scherzo is delightful, both in subject and treatment, it is imaginative, brilliant and of exquisite workmanship; the andante is dignified in conception and carried out with admirable broadness of treatment, while the finale has a dash and impetuosity that carry all before it. The work is valuable in that it is a fine example of the modern spirit, the spirit that dares all, and says all, in defiance of tradition and sometimes of self-respect. It is not a work of beauty, as beauty was understood by the old masters, it is the beauty or, perhaps, unloveliness of passion that scientifically holds its finger on its own pulse, and yields to its moods while conscientiously studying its symptoms. It is the self-conscious, tolerant beauty that is saved from remorse by the strength of its morbid theory of the world. This art, fine as it is, always forgets one important physiological fact that is the basis of æsthetics; that is, that pleasure and not pain is the end of all art. The emotion that is aroused is too limited and too constantly kept in activity, with the result that tissue vitality is overworked and pleasure is swallowed up in exhaustion. However brilliant the color or the tone, the eye or the ear will lose its appreciation if the color or the tone be dwelt on too persistently. In the Sgambati quartet the passion and fiery restlessness are too persistent, too closely approach the boundary line of pain to make the work a thing of beauty. The music was delightfully played, and its many difficulties conquered with an ease that was an evidence of the highest art.

It was, perhaps, a cruelty to place the fiery Sgambati between the sweet serenity of Haydn and the faultless classic beauty of Mozart. In the playing of the Mozart quintet, the high point of perfection was reached. Objection might be urged against the Haydn interpretation, in that subsidiary portions of the work were pushed into too great prominence, in opposition to the intentions of the composer; but the most exacting criticism could not but be charmed with the perfect manner in which the noble quartet was read. A curious consideration is, that if the modern spirit is right in its methods of seeking for and seeing beauty, what shall be said of the method of Mozart? Here is depth of thought, intensity of feeling, unimpeachable knowledge, and a smiling beauty that defies the shafts of time. There is nothing antiquated in the quintet, or, rather, in it is the antiquity of Greek sculpture, the antiquity of a time when the earth was younger, and genius more often spoke in the language of the gods, more closely saw the beauty which is the soul of the highest art. Of course it is no argument to say that a Sgambati is not a Mozart; but yet, in judging works of art, one is irresistibly tempted to use the highest standard of measurement. If we would know wherein Tupper is wanting, we must know wherein Shakspeare excels; in studying an asteroid, we shall reach a false conclusion if we forget the sun.

In conclusion, it remains to be repeated that the work of all the members of the Kneisel Quartet was of the highest quality; it was exquisitely finished work, and met with deserved recognition from a most critical audience.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

It was in an unwonted place that many of Boston's lovers of chamber music gathered last Monday evening to hear the opening concert of the Kneisel quartette's tenth season. The partial disappearance of Chickering hall has left Union hall as the only available place for important chamber concerts. That is perhaps a trifle unfortunate; for the approaches, the fittings, and the associations of Union hall render it a by no means ideal place in which to listen to such music as Kneisel and his brother artists make. But it must indeed have been a captious hearer who refused to allow himself to enjoy the delightful concert of Monday evening. For, after all, the acoustics of any audience room of moderate size are only relatively good or bad. There is no sense which so readily accommodates itself to uncomfortable conditions as that of hearing. One can always hear in such a room as soon as one has found out how to listen.

We venture to say that no one in the audience failed to get on his "hearing cap"—if such a cap there be—at the earliest possible moment last Monday evening, for the concert began by the delightful and very well known quartette of Haydn in G, op. 77, No. 1, and there was not an uninteresting moment to the time when the last chord was played of the equally well known and even more beautiful quintette in G minor of Mozart, which ended the concert.

Of the rendering of these two classics it need only be said that the players fully sustained the high reputation which they already enjoy. The laurels they won in the playing of these works would easily be outnumbered and outshone by those which should be awarded them for the playing of the middle number of the programme, a quartette in D flat by Sgambati. The absolute mastery which the artists showed in their treatment of this extremely "modern" work merits nothing ishort of the highest praise. We have heard the work elsewhere and rendered by players of much reputation. But the Kneisel quartette's handling of it showed the qualities of coherency in what had hitherto seemed merely an interesting work. For, if there was one quality more prominent than another in the rendering, it was its lucidity.

And that means much in the case of a work like that of Sgambati. Fanciful to the last degree, the composer taxes the resources of the string quartette to an extent which might easily seem illegitimate to those who base their expectations of the future upon the accomplishments of the past. But such renderings as that of Monday show that Sgambati has demanded nothing which a competent body of players cannot furnish; and that he has composed a work which even if it does violate all precedent by ending in a minor key when it began in a major is full of tone beauty and art interest and is certainly not oppressively pessimistic.

November 12 is the date of the second concert. Several interesting novelties are promised for the season. We wish they might all be as delightful as the Sgambati number.

The audiences at the Symphonies last week were convincing that the society which makes Boston the fashionable musical centre it is, is really here at last and ready to participate in the pleasures as they come along, and they will be coming fast very soon. Among the familiar faces were Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote, Mr. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fay, Miss French, the Misses Riddle, Mr. Percival Gassett, Mrs. Hugh Cotton, Miss Heloise Hersey with a flock of thirty girls, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dana, Mrs. Alexander Wadsworth, Miss Goodwin, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. Gaugengigl, Miss Elsie Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, Mrs. Winsor, the Misses Winsor, Mrs. Phœbe Jenks, Mr. Arthur Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winslow, Mr. Henry W. Swift, Miss Isa Coolidge, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Miss Stackpole, Prof. Royce, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike and Mrs. Julius Eichberg.

The American Hebrew

Love ye the truth and the peace. ואמת והשלם אהבו

PHILIP COWEN, Publisher.

New York, Tishri 26, 5655, October 26, 1894.

That superb organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give its five concerts this year at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of November 1, December 6, January 10, February 7 and March 14. The programme for the first concert is as follows: Symphony in D (first time), Sgambati; Tambourin, Gavotte, and Chaconne, Gluck; Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton," Saint-Saens; Overture, "Sappho," Goldmark. Mons. Plancon will be the soloist. At the second concert, Mr. Cesar Thomson will be the soloist; the third concert will be devoted to Wagner with Mme. Nordica, soloist, and at the fourth concert, Mr. Alwin Schroeder will play a new concerto for violincello, by C. M. Loeffler. The full programmes for all the concerts can now be obtained at Schuberth's in Union Square, where subscriptions are also received. Much fault was found last year with the programmes at some of the concerts, but music lovers will this season have no reason for complaint. A perfect feast of the best music is offered with several novelties, and it is needless to say anything of the playing that may be expected. From all accounts of the concerts in Boston which have already commenced the orchestra was never in better form.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

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MONDAY MORNING, OCT 29, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

THE LAST CONCERT THE BEST IN YEARS.

The Programme Was Wholly Classical Without Lack of Contrast — Conductor Paur and Prof. Baermann Share the Leading Honors—The Work of the Orchestra.

The concert of Saturday was a rather unusual one, for it was entirely in the classical vein and consisted practically of three symphonies. Beginning with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the list continued with Beethoven's E flat piano concerto (the "Emperor" is really a symphony with an interwoven solo part) and ended with Schumann's C major symphony. The programme calls for commendation rather than for defence; wholly classical it is yet full of contrast; and emotion, romance, and intellectuality, are presented either separately or combined, in its nine movements. It was magnificently played, and the interest and enthusiasm of an exceedingly large audience continued unabated to the very end. It is not too much to say that this was the most successful concert that has been given by the orchestra in recent years, as it certainly was the most healthful and educational.

The Schubert "Unfinished Symphony" is as rich in melody as if it were a set of "Songs Without Words," and if the intellectuality, the subtle development, of the ultra-classical school is absent, it is none the less attractive by its emotional power and thematic contrasts. The clearness with which these contrasts were brought out made the work a splendid preamble to the more intricate numbers which were to follow. One might have demanded more elasticity in the first movement, a trifle more of poetic license, but the second movement was a revelation. The perfection of shading, the exquisite balance of parts, the absolute surety of the attacks and general ensemble, these made a memorable performance. A word of special tribute must be spoken of the violoncello theme of the first movement, and the horn shading and the woodwind work of the second. There were some excellent chances for the oboe, and these were made good use of. It was interesting to note the sweet and delicate tone (somewhat thin, after the French manner) which M. Sautet employed in the Schubert Symphony, and the fuller and broader style (the German mode) which he gave to the great theme in the adagio of the Schumann symphony, making the instrument sound almost as an English horn. There are not many artists who can vary their style to the composition in this manner.

Mr. Paur was applauded to the echo after this symphony, and the public seemed to fully appreciate the excellence of his interpretation.

The piano concerto was played by Professor Baermann in a manner that calls for no static adjectives. The present writer has never heard it so well performed. Without vehemence of any kind, without the slightest forcing of tone, every phrase was clear as crystal, and complex rhythmic combinations with which the work bristles were never blurred or indecisive. The work is the acme of combination of intellectual and emotional qualities; one player makes it clear but dry, another gives the powerful character but blurs the different rhythmic formations which so frequently occur simultaneously in the two hands, but it is very seldom that an artist is equally great in the romantic and lyrical directions as was the case on this occasion. The pianist not only has not exaggerated, he has advanced.

Success in either of Beethoven's two last concertos is more rarely attained than in the Emperor or Last concerto, for the last two composers make a piano comparatively concertos, while Beethoven's first two (Nos. 1 and 2 also) remain essentially orchestral works; the pianist is bound to abnegate self, to merge himself in the tonal forces, to relinquish all personal display and think chiefly of ensemble effects, and this was commendably done on this occasion. How closely Beethoven meant to bind his forces together is indicated by the direction that the time-

concertos, just before the end of the first movement (coda) the solo instrument was given the opportunity to display all its technique in an unsupported passage (cadenza) generally derived the chief theme. This was purely a display of virtuosity and was to win applause for the technique of the artist. Examine the coda of this first movement of the "Emperor" and one will find a climax of brilliancy, but one in which the orchestra is made to share; it is in fact an orchestral cadenza of especial power. Hauptman called this work "a symphony with a pianoforte obbligato," and the intertwining of the chief and subordinate themes in this coda, through solo instrument and orchestra, is one of the touches that prove the fitness of the definition. Because of such close union of parts the pianist has twice the usual difficulty and does not make half the individual effect upon the audience, but he is the more honored by the truly musical auditor. The orchestra seemed inspired by the musicianly style of the artist at the piano, and the ensemble was scarcely ever anything but excellent the chief exception being the moment of transition from the adagio to the final rondo, where an instant of indecision was noticeable. The muted strings played the adagio with great expression, and the kettle-drummer displayed good discretion in the wonderful duet between piano and drum (only Beethoven, the liberator of the humbler instruments of the orchestra, could have thought of such a combination) in the passage just preceding the final coda. Of the piano playing in this Rondo one can only speak enthusiastically; Professor Baermann has done Boston an educational service by playing such a work in such a manner. It has become somewhat the fashion to speak of this concerto as over estimated, as belonging to a past school, and being about ready to be shelved; that is chiefly because so few artists are musicianly enough to play it. When one speaks of great statues the thoughts naturally revert to the Venus de Milo, and great tragedy leads the mind unconsciously to "Hamlet," the epics of past or present only form a road of suggestions toward "Paradise Lost," and all piano concertos can still but find their culmination and apotheosis in Beethoven's E flat concerto.

The excellences of this remarkable concert were not yet ended, if, as stated in the review of last week, one error often breeds successors in an orchestral programme, it is also true that excellence begets excellence. It was so on this occasion; everything was going so well that the orchestral forces seemed to feel able to conquer anything, and the Schumann symphony began with a loftiness that augured well for the finale of the concert. The bold shiftings of rhythm, the difficult syncopations so characteristic of Schumann, were given with perfect ensemble. That the repetition of themes in the first movement before the development was cut out was not a serious matter, although one could better condone "Cuts" in Schubert than in Schumann.

The double trio form used in the scherzo movement was the invention of Schumann, although he probably derived it from Beethoven's repetition of one trio in the minuet of his fourth, or the scherzo of his seventh symphony. The violins won their spurs in this scherzo; their performance could not have been surpassed by any orchestra in the world. Although the violins have also good work to do in the adagio, this is more essentially a woodwind movement. The oboe work has already been spoken of, it remains only to state that flutes and clarinets shared in the triumph. The contrapuntal treatment of the end was very clear and well balanced. The finale was as hearty and bracing as a bright October day. Nothing was forced, nothing exaggerated until the Coda which forms so grand an ending to the Symphony. Mr. Paur must beware of excess in climaxes; this Coda is a climax that may well lead a conductor to over-force the tone. Those great triplets on the kettle-drum (marked "solo" in the score to boot) may excuse somewhat of power, but they were given with the force of artillery. In the past season the kettle-drummer was criticized for his emphasis, and one must repeat the animadversion now. Perhaps the unfortunate man is between conductor and critic, between Scylla and Charybdis, and cannot reconcile the commands of the one and the diatribes of the other. Nevertheless one would again recommend a little less force in such a climax. One need not dwell however, on a single fault where all was so wonderfully well done, and it is more fitting to end with hearty congratulations to Mr. Paur and the orchestra and Professor Baermann for one of the most educational, dignified, and successful concerts of the symphonic series.

Louis C. Elson.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 28, 1894.

PROMPT PAUR.

The Fiat Has Gone Forth at the Symphony.

GO EARLY OR BE SHUT OUT.

How Fond Anticipations Were Changed to Disappointment Last Evening—The People There and What They Wore.

Be prompt! Where? Why, at the symphonies, to be sure.

The fiat has gone forth. Sharply at 7:50 last evening the doors were hastily closed in the faces of the just and the unjust alike; smiles were changed to frowns, anticipations gave way to disappointment. The man who came in his carriage with his two pretty daughters from Beacon street, and the musician and his wife who came down from Huntington avenue in a West End car, the pompous individual, sometimes called a gentleman, who blustered and asked, "By what authority do you keep us out?" the dozen or more who

CARL BAERMANN.

complained of the "absurd rule," etc., the man who wore a dress suit and the humble clerk—all were there, and so was the Post woman!

Moral: Go early.

About 100 persons missed hearing the "allegro moderato" of the first number, but there was nothing of a "moderato" movement when the rush to enter came fifteen minutes later.

What a scene! Who were there? Well, a very fair representative of Boston's "400," and many whose names figure prominently in the social register—the authority on blue blood.

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Schubert's symphony is well known and very popular at these concerts, and no season would be complete without at least one performance of it. Yet familiar as it was to the audience, it is doubtful if anyone has ever heard a more artistic and beautiful reading of the work. The melodious theme of the first movement was given with exquisite expression, and the interpretation of the leader was fully enjoyed by the musicians under him.

The second movement is more delicate, and for this reason, perhaps, Mr. Paur's control over the orchestra was more apparent. The piano passages were especially good, and the various notes which from time to time interrupted the theme were given their full significance. The whole work was rendered most satisfactorily, and found hearty appreciation.

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Bizet—Suite, "L'Arlesienne No. 1."

[37]

The American Hebrew

Love ye the truth and the peace. והאמת והשלם אהבו

PHILIP COWEN, Publisher.

New York, Tishri 26, 5655, October 26, 1894.

That superb organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give its five concerts this year at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of November 1, December 6, January 10, February 7 and March 14. The programme for the first concert is as follows: Symphony in D (first time), Sgambati; Tambourin, Gavotte, and Chaconne, Gluck; Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton," Saint-Saens; Overture, "Sappho," Goldmark. Mons. Plancon will be the soloist. At the second concert, Mr. Cesar Thomson will be the soloist; the third concert will be devoted to Wagner with Mme. Nordica, soloist, and at the fourth concert, Mr. Alwin Schroeder will play a new concerto for violincello, by C. M. Loeffler. The full programmes for all the concerts can now be obtained at Schuberth's in Union Square, where subscriptions are also received. Much fault was found last year with the programmes at some of the concerts, but music lovers will this season have no reason for complaint. A perfect feast of the best music is offered with several novelties, and it is needless to say anything of the playing that may be expected. From all accounts of the concerts in Boston which have already commenced the orchestra was never in better form.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT 29, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

THE LAST CONCERT THE BEST IN YEARS.

The Programme Was Wholly Classical Without Lack of Contrast — Conductor Paur and Prof. Baermann Share the Leading Honors—The Work of the Orchestra.

The concert of Saturday was a rather unusual one, for it was entirely in the classical vein and consisted practically of three symphonies. Beginning with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the list continued with Beethoven's E flat piano concerto (the "Emperor" is really a symphony with an interwoven solo part) and ended with Schumann's C major symphony. The programme calls for commendation rather than for defence; wholly classical it is yet full of contrast; and emotion, romance, and intellectuality, are presented either separately or combined, in its nine movements. It was magnificently played, and the interest and enthusiasm of an exceedingly large audience continued unabated to the very end. It is not too much to say that this was the most successful concert that has been given by the orchestra in recent years, as it certainly was the most healthful and educational.

The Schubert "Unfinished Symphony" is as rich in melody as if it were a set of "Songs Without Words," and if the intellectuality, the subtle development, of the ultra-classical school is absent, it is none the less attractive by its emotional power and thematic contrasts. The clearness with which these contrasts were brought out made the work a splendid preamble to the more intricate numbers which were to follow. One might have demanded more elasticity in the first movement, a trifle more of poetic license, but the second movement was a revelation. The perfection of shading, the exquisite balance of parts, the absolute surety of the attacks and general ensemble, these made a memorable performance. A word of special tribute must be spoken of the violoncello theme of the first movement, and the horn shading and the woodwind work of the second. There were some excellent chances for the oboe, and these were made good use of. It was interesting to note the sweet and delicate tone (somewhat thin, after the French manner) which M. Sautet employed in the Schubert Symphony, and the fuller and broader style (the German mode) which he gave to the great theme in the adagio of the Schumann symphony, making the instrument sound almost as an English horn. There are not many artists who can vary their style to the composition in this manner.

Mr. Paur was applauded to the echo after this symphony, and the public seemed to fully appreciate the excellence of his interpretation.

The piano concerto was played by Professor Baermann in a manner that calls for ecstatic adjectives. The present writer has never heard it so well performed. Without vehemence of any kind, without the slightest forcing of tone, every phrase was clear as crystal, and complex rhythmic combinations with which the work bristles were never blurred or indecisive. The work is the acme of combination of intellectual and emotional qualities; one player makes it clear but dry, another gives the powerful character but blurs the different rhythmic formations which so frequently occur simultaneously in the two hands, but it is very seldom that an artist is equally great in the romantic and technical directions as was the case on this occasion. The pianist not only has not deteriorated, he has advanced.

A success in either of Beethoven's two last concertos is more rarely attained than in a Chopin or a Liszt concerto, for the last named composers make a piano composition of their concertos, while Beethoven's (and Brahms' two piano concertos also) remain essentially orchestral works; the artist is bound to abnegate self, to merge himself in the tonal forces, to relinquish all personal display and think chiefly of ensemble effects, and this was commendably done on this occasion. How closely Beethoven desired to bind his forces together may be seen by his discarding the time-honored cadenza, in all the old concertos, just before the end of the first movement (coda) the solo instrument was given the opportunity to display all its technique in an unsupported passage (cadenza) generally derived the chief theme. This was purely a display of virtuosity and was to win applause for the technique of the artist. Examine the coda of this first movement of the "Emperor" and one will find a climax of brilliancy, but one in which the orchestra is made to share; it is in fact an orchestral cadenza of especial power. Hauptman called this work "a symphony with a pianoforte obbligato," and the intertwining of the chief and subordinate themes in this coda through solo instrument and orchestra, is one of the touches that prove the fitness of the definition. Because of such close union of parts the pianist has twice the usual difficulty and does not make half the individual effect upon the audience, but he is the more honored by the truly musical auditor. The orchestra seemed inspired by the musicianly style of the artist at the piano, and the ensemble was scarcely ever anything but excellent the chief exception being the moment of transition from the adagio to the final rondo, where an instant of indecision was noticeable. The muted strings played the adagio with great expression, and the kettle-drummer displayed good discretion in the wonderful duet between piano and drum (only Beethoven, the liberator of the humbler instruments of the orchestra, could have thought of such a combination) in the passage just preceding the final coda. Of the piano playing in this Rondo one can only speak enthusiastically; Professor Baermann has done Boston an educational service by playing such a work in such a manner. It has become somewhat the fashion to speak of this concerto as over estimated, as belonging to a past school, and being about ready to be shelved; that is chiefly because so few artists are musicianly enough to play it. When one speaks of great statues the thoughts naturally revert to the Venus de Milo, and great tragedy leads the mind unconsciously to "Hamlet," the epics of past or present only form a road of suggestions toward "Paradise Lost," and all piano concertos can still but find their culmination and apotheosis in Beethoven's E flat concerto.

The excellences of this remarkable concert were not yet ended, if, as stated in the review of last week, one error often breeds successors in an orchestral programme, it is also true that excellence begets excellence. It was so on this occasion; everything was going so well that the orchestral forces seemed to feel able to conquer anything, and the Schumann symphony began with a loftiness that augured well for the finale of the concert. The bold shiftings of rhythm, the difficult syncopations so characteristic of Schumann, were given with perfect ensemble. That the repetition of themes in the first movement before the development was cut out was not a serious matter, although one could better condone "Cuts" in Schubert than in Schumann.

The double trio form used in the scherzo movement was the invention of Schumann, although he probably derived it from Beethoven's repetition of one trio in the minuet of his fourth, or the scherzo of his seventh symphony. The violins won their spurs in this scherzo; their performance could not have been surpassed by any orchestra in the world. Although the violins have also good work to do in the adagio, this is more essentially a woodwind movement. The oboe work has already been spoken of, it remains only to state that flutes and clarinets shared in the triumph. The contrapuntal treatment of the end was very clear and well balanced. The finale was as hearty and bracing as a bright October day. Nothing was forced, nothing exaggerated until the Coda which forms so grand an ending to the Symphony. Mr. Paur must beware of excess in climaxes; this Coda is a climax that may well lead a conductor to over-force the tone. Those great triplets on the kettle-drum (marked "solo" in the score to boot) may excuse somewhat of power, but they were given with the force of artillery. In the past season the kettle-drummer was criticized for his emphasis, and one must repeat the animadversion now. Perhaps the unfortunate man is between conductor and critic, between Scylla and Charybdis, and cannot reconcile the commands of the one and the diatribes of the other. Nevertheless one would again recommend a little less force in such a climax. One need not dwell however, on a single fault where all was so wonderfully well done, and it is more fitting to end with hearty congratulations to Mr. Paur and the orchestra and Professor Baermann for one of the most educational, dignified, and successful concerts of the symphonic series.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1894.

PROMPT PAUR.

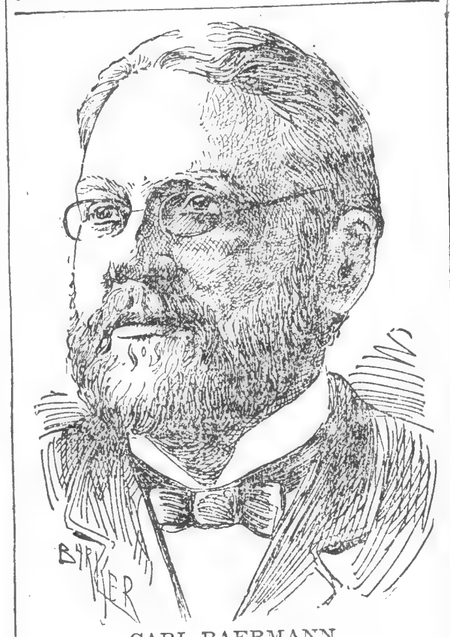
The Fiat Has Gone Forth at the Symphony.

GO EARLY OR BE SHUT OUT.

How Fond Anticipations Were Changed to Disappointment Last Evening—The People There and What They Wore.

Be prompt! Where? Why, at the symphonies, to be sure.

The fiat has gone forth. Sharply at 7:59 last evening the doors were hastily closed in the faces of the just and the unjust alike; smiles were changed to frowns, anticipations gave way to disappointment. The man who came in his carriage with his two pretty daughters from Beacon street, and the musician and his wife who came down from Huntington avenue in a West End car, the pompous individual, sometimes called a gentleman, who blustered and asked, "By what authority do you keep us out?" the dozen or more who



CARL BAERMANN.

complained of the "absurd rule," etc., the man who wore a dress suit and the humble clerk—all were there, and so was the Post woman!

Moral: Go early.

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Charles P. Curtis [illegible] who joined in pronouncing the third Symphony concert one of unusual merit.

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(First time at these concerts.)

Bizet—Suite, "L'Arlesienne No. 1."

[37]

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1894.

Music Hall, Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schubert: Unfinished Symphony in B minor.
Beethoven: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, opus 73.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C major, opus 61.
Mr. Carl Baermann was the pianist.

A noble programme, although both the orchestra and a large part of the audience seemed to think it somewhat over-long. What would our audiences, who begin to grow restless after the third half-hour, think of the Sunday afternoon programmes at the Conservatoire in Paris, which seldom last less than three hours? That anxious restlessness between half after nine and ten on Saturday evenings makes no very favorable moral atmosphere for the enjoyment of great music! Mr. Paur himself seemed to feel the rebound of it, for the way he hurried on the separate movements of the Schumann symphony, giving hardly breathing time between them, showed plainly how anxious he was to get through on time. Worst of all was the omission of the traditional repeats in the first movements of the two symphonies. No doubt the old classic composers, especially Schubert, now and then abused the two-dotted double-bar, and there is no artistic sense in taking all their "repeats" *au pied de la lettre;* but the first repeat in the first movement of a symphony oftener has a real artistic significance than not, the modulating transition from the first part of the movement to the working-out often produces its full effect only after one has heard the different transition from the same point back to the beginning of the movement; to omit the repeat in such cases is to do the work a real injury. And, when the first part is so exceedingly short as in Schumann's second symphony, the omission of the repeat is doubly deplorable.

The more one hears the two movements of Schubert's unfinished symphony, the more strongly is he impressed with the wondrous charm of the composer's genius, and also with his characteristic shortcomings. There can be no question about it; a man must be a contrapuntist, born and bred, to achieve mastery in symphonic writing; the greatest charm of style, the most prurient fertility of invention in the world, will not atone for a lack of skill in handling thematic material. A composer's lack of this often revenges itself upon him in quite unexpected ways. Here is Schubert, for instance, as spontaneous and facile a writer as any in the whole list; when he gets into the contrapuntal vein, you do not feel that he, like Weber, is at a loss what to do, but you often do feel that his genius loses much of its freshness and charm, and that he becomes singularly dry and scholastic. Take those two-part imitations between the violins and basses in the first part of the first movement of this B minor symphony; how devoid of life they seem; how like mere exercises they sound! In the *Andante con moto*, too, Schubert's unfortunate prolixity is sorely felt; the movement hardly escapes being tedious, in spite of moments of the most exquisite beauty and fascination, such an amount of mere repetition is there in it. Undoubtedly the beauty of the work outweighs its shortcomings, and one cannot afford to lay it on the shelf; but the imperfections are still there, and become all the more glaring with time and familiarity. The performance was exceedingly fine.

Schumann's great C major symphony was superbly given. How far away the old times now seem, when our old Harvard orchestra used to struggle with this symphony, and the first movement—especially the working-out—used to sound so ragged and uncouth! One might be pardoned then for thinking that Schumann knew but little about scoring. But how strong and energetic, without seeming in the least frantic, that wild chromatic second theme in the first part of the first movement sounds now! What a beautiful glow of color encompasses the sighing figure of the wood-wind in the working-out, that figure which, in the old days, used to sound like the faded rags and tatters of a melody! How the skilful handling of a fine orchestra fills out all the "looped and windowed raggedness" that used to half-clothe that wondrous melody of the *Adagio*, not to speak of what our present violin virtuosity does for the Scherzo! Perhaps nowhere in the whole symphony is the indispensableness of our orchestra's present fine playing more keenly to be felt than in that "overgrown" Coda to the Finale; Mr. Paur and his men now hold the music together as with a grip of steel, and we recognize this stupendous Coda as the stoutly coherent and overwhelmingly energetic development of one fine idea, as the true crown of a great symphony; long, if you will, but never prolix. To hear such a work so given is a rare delight; not even the ill-boding shadow of the last electric car could dim its glory.

Mr. Baermann has seldom done finer work than his playing of the great E-flat concerto on Saturday evening. There was a jarring element in the first movement, but it was not his fault; whenever the first theme was to be given as an orchestral *tutti*, Mr. Paur took it at a quicker tempo than Mr. Baermann's; this not only destroyed the unity of tempo in the movement, but had, by association, a certain smack of something closely akin to vulgarity; it reminded one of that once-fashionable hurrying of the *ritornello* between the verses of English ballads which used to be one of the favorite tricks of accompanists. At one point of the concerto Mr. Baermann takes a leaf out of von Bülow's book: like von Bülow, he omits the cross-accent in the high arpeggio accompaniment to the theme of the *Adagio*, playing the arpeggi as if the thousand little syncopating slurs, plainly printed in the score, did not exist. We could never understand why von Bülow did this; neither can we understand why Mr. Baermann imitates him in it; for this persistent syncopated accent in the pianoforte has been as much, and as admiringly, talked about by commentators as any point in the whole concerto; it is famous all the world over! But, apart from this, Mr. Baermann played the wonderful work with admirable feeling, force and effect, and with far more self-control than he often shows. Perhaps, indeed, one could have wished him to let himself go a little more in one or two passages; a little more soulful *abandon* and warmth of coloring would have been not unwelcome where the pianoforte plays the principal theme of the *Adagio*; here Beethoven

[illegible] change the whole character of the theme which first appears as a choral psalm-tune in the muted strings, but now assumes all the individually expressive character of a passionate solo—*passionate* is perhaps not quite the right word, but the warmth of emotion expressed in the music comes very near to passion. Something more of unbridled brilliancy, too, might have been imparted to that last bewitching working-up of the theme, between the pianoforte and wood-wind, in the Coda of the Finale; here is one of the places where Beethoven tosses up his hat and shouts! But, upon the whole, if Mr. Baermann's self-command seemed just a thought rigid in these two passages, its general fine influence upon his performance was none the less unmistakable: each one of the three movements was firmly held together, the detail-work never obliterated the main outline, and the development of the music was shown to be finely coherent. Mr. Baerman showed his usual warmth and energy, but free from all disturbing nervousness; he was master of his own fine qualities, and never merely at their mercy. He was rapturously applauded, and well earned it.

The next programme is: Smetana, overture to "Prodaná nevěsta;" Sgambati, symphony No. 1, in D major (first time at these concerts); Bizet, suite from "L'Arlésienne," No. 1. The rehearsal and concert come on Nov. 9 and 10, respectively; there will be no concert this week.

THE STANDARD UNION.

WILLIAM BERRI. MURAT HALSTEAD.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 29, 1894.

FOR GOOD MUSIC.

The Organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

ITS FOURTEENTH SEASON.

MESSRS. PAUR AND HIGGINSON, THE MANAGER AND ASSISTANT—LEADER PAUR'S ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS WORK—PERSONNEL OF THE ORCHESTRA—THERE ARE NO AMERICANS IN THE ORCHESTRA.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

Boston, Oct. 27.—It has been an unexpected pleasure to-day to have a chat with Emil Paur, the leader of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, and also to see some others who are familiar with the organization, especially the assistant manager, Frederick R. Comee. Mr. Paur is an uncommonly genial gentleman to converse with, being quick in comprehension, intelligent and clear in expression, and, above all, apparently full of kindly good nature and of enthusiasm for his work. He speaks warmly of his orchestra; his associates speak warmly of him; they have the highest appreciation of Henry L. Higginson (not Col. T. W. Higginson, the author), the liberal founder of the Symphony Orchestra, and they give no small credit for success to Charles A. Ellis, the manager of Boston Music Hall, and of the Symphony Orchestra, who is highly praised for a business capacity equal to his modesty. Such mutual good feeling and appreciation are not expected among so many artists and their associates, and it is this fraternity of sentiment, lifted above the professional aspect of what they are doing, which makes it all the pleasanter to tell of their prospects for the season, and of the personnel of the orchestra.

EMIL PAUR,
Conductor Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This is the fourteenth season of the great [illegible] orchestra. In 1881 Henry L. Higginson established it out of his strong love of music and determined to maintain it at a high standard. He paid from the outset sufficiently high salaries to the musicians to enable him to control their time, and thus to do all possible to bring the orchestra up to his standard of efficiency. It has been a labor of love with him from the beginning, and to him belongs whatever credit attaches to the maintaining of this famous organization. Having been founded in face of warning that it would be an expensive indulgence to him, the public will be pleased to know that Mr. Higginson, thanks to the generous appreciation of his endeavors, has not been obliged to incur the loss to which he exposed himself when he instituted this enterprise.

Mr. Paur has spent the summer for the most part at his home in Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs within the limits of Boston, preparing for the season which is now auspiciously begun. His programmes are carefully prepared, for they are not the same for the different cities in which the orchestra will play this season. He finds that it is better for the musicians to require something new of them frequently. If they were permitted to play the same programme over and over, he says, it would render them mechanical and unappreciative in their interpretation. If new selections are given, it keeps up their interest in their work. It gives them something fresh to be mastered and enjoyed. So there is constant progress, and it is seen to be as true of an orchestra as it is of a tree, a newspaper or a great successful business, that where there is life there will be growth. Mr. Paur is enthusiastic over the quality of the orchestra this year, for it is better than it ever was before. This being his second season with them, he finds that they understand him and he them better than before. They have become accustomed to each other, and they know better than at first how to respond to his leadership. The truth of this is seen in the appreciation by the public, for it is a matter of comment that the orchestra has never been better than under the hands of Mr. Paur. Yet with this improvement over last year, there are only two new men out of the eighty-seven who compose the entire orchestra—the first clarinet and the first bassoon.

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It is perhaps not flattering to our native American musical talent to learn that while on the orchestra are Germans, Russians, Poles, Italians, Englishmen Frenchmen and Hungarians, there are none of our native stock represented. The names are sufficient proof that our appreciation of orchestral music is rather in listening than in performing. Some of these men of foreign names were born in this country, and to that extent they are Americans, but it would be unjust to deprive their old fatherland of the credit of their musical genius. Most of the orchestra, at any rate, are natives of the Old World. Our protection of home talent under the strong arm of the Government does not yet extend to musicians, for which we may be thankful.

The winter will be fully occupied by the engagements which have already been made for the orchestra. There will be twenty-four rehearsals and as many concerts in Boston. A series of ten will be given in Cambridge, and one of six in Providence. Seasons will also be filled in Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. No engagements have been made further West. There will be one appearance in New Haven and four or five other single appearances in as many different cities. It is possible that the orchestra will travel some in the spring after the close of the present season, but that has not been settled.

Mr. Paur regards Boston, Cambridge and Brooklyn as the places most appreciative of his orchestra. But, contrary to what many might suppose, he says that the American public, as he sees it in his audiences, appreciate good music as the people do in Germany. It may be said, however, that he doubtless sees the most musical portion of the American people present at his entertainments. He finds much popular interest in the symphony concerts and a general understanding of music on the part of the American people. Doubtless one of the reasons why the orchestra is so well appreciated in Boston is because it is a local institution of which the people are very proud, and, furthermore, there are in Boston during the musical season a people of high musical sensibility from all over the country. Boston is the musical metropolis of the nation, and not only do the talented learners come from all over the United States, but accomplished teachers from many different States as well come here in order to find pupils. This being so, it is not strange that there should be a constant demand for seats at the performances of the orchestra. As far as can be seen, these rehearsals and concerts, both being equally finished performances, are as fully appreciated as at any time during the last thirteen years. Every seat is habitually sold, and there is always a great rush for the balcony seats when the doors are open.

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The concerts in Boston are given in Music Hall, and nothing has been heard lately of the project of a new hall on the Back Bay. That enterprise was undertaken when it seemed certain that the present hall would be taken for the route of an elevated road, but that danger no longer threatens. There is still, however, a feeling of insecurity regarding the future of the hall, and it is possible that the proposed plan for a new one will be eventually carried out. If the hall were larger than this Mr. Paur and the Symphony Orchestra would easily fill it.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Montag, 29. Oktober 1894.

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[38]

Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schubert: Unfinished Symphony in B minor.
Beethoven: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, opus 73.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C major, opus 61.
Mr. Carl Baermann was the pianist.

A noble programme, although both the orchestra and a large part of the audience seemed to think it somewhat over-long. What would our audiences, who begin to grow restless after the third half-hour, think of the Sunday afternoon programmes at the Conservatoire in Paris, which seldom last less than three hours? That anxious restlessness between half after nine and ten on Saturday evenings makes no very favorable moral atmosphere for the enjoyment of great music! Mr. Paur himself seemed to feel the rebound of it, for the way he hurried on the separate movements of the Schumann symphony, giving hardly breathing time between them, showed plainly how anxious he was to get through on time. Worst of all was the omission of the traditional repeats in the first movements of the two symphonies. No doubt the old classic composers, especially Schubert, now and then abused the two-dotted double-bar, and there is no artistic sense in taking all their "repeats" *au pied de la lettre;* but the first repeat in the first movement of a symphony oftener has a real artistic significance than not, the modulating transition from the first part of the movement to the working-out often produces its full effect only after one has heard the different transition from the same point back to the beginning of the movement; to omit the repeat in such cases is to do the work a real injury. And, when the first part is so exceedingly short as in Schumann's second symphony, the omission of the repeat is doubly deplorable.

The more one hears the two movements of Schubert's unfinished symphony, the more strongly is he impressed with the wondrous charm of the composer's genius, and also with his characteristic shortcomings. There can be no question about it; a man must be a contrapuntist, born and bred, to achieve mastery in symphonic writing; the greatest charm of style, the most prurient fertility of invention in the world, will not atone for a lack of skill in handling thematic material. A composer's lack of this often revenges itself upon him in quite unexpected ways. Here is Schubert, for instance, as spontaneous and facile a writer as any in the whole list; when he gets into the contrapuntal vein, you do not feel that he, like Weber, is at a loss what to do, but you often do feel that his genius loses much of its freshness and charm, and that he becomes singularly dry and scholastic. Take those two-part imitations between the violins and basses in the first part of the first movement of this B minor symphony; how devoid of life they seem; how like mere exercises they sound! In the *Andante con moto*, too, Schubert's unfortunate prolixity is sorely felt; the movement hardly escapes being tedious, in spite of moments of the most exquisite beauty and fascination, such an amount of mere repetition is there in it. Undoubtedly the beauty of the work outweighs its shortcomings, and one cannot afford to lay it on the shelf; but the imperfections are still there, and become all the more glaring with time and familiarity. The performance was exceedingly fine.

Schumann's great C major symphony was superbly given. How far away the old times now seem, when our old Harvard orchestra used to struggle with this symphony, and the first movement—especially the working-out—used to sound so ragged and uncouth! One might be pardoned then for thinking that Schumann knew but little about scoring. But how strong and energetic, without seeming in the least frantic, that wild chromatic second theme in the first part of the first movement sounds now! What a beautiful glow of color encompasses the sighing figure of the wood-wind in the working-out, that figure which, in the old days, used to sound like the faded rags and tatters of a melody! How the skilful handling of a fine orchestra fills out all the "looped and windowed raggedness" that used to half-clothe that wondrous melody of the *Adagio*, not to speak of what our present violin virtuosity does for the Scherzo! Perhaps nowhere in the whole symphony is the indispensableness of our orchestra's present fine playing more keenly to be felt than in that "overgrown" Coda to the Finale; Mr. Paur and his men now hold the music together as with a grip of steel, and we recognize this stupendous Coda as the stoutly coherent and overwhelmingly energetic development of one fine idea, as the true crown of a great symphony; long, if you will, but never prolix. To hear such a work so given is a rare delight; not even the ill-boding shadow of the last electric car could dim its glory.

Mr. Baermann has seldom done finer work than his playing of the great E-flat concerto on Saturday evening. There was a jarring element in the first movement, but it was not his fault; whenever the first theme was to be given as an orchestral *tutti*, Mr. Paur took it at a quicker tempo than Mr. Baermann's; this not only destroyed the unity of tempo in the movement, but had, by association, a certain smack of something closely akin to vulgarity; it reminded one of that once-fashionable hurrying of the *ritornello* between the verses of English ballads which used to be one of the favorite tricks of accompanists. At one point of the concerto Mr. Baermann takes a leaf out of von Bülow's book: like von Bülow, he omits the cross-accent in the high arpeggio accompaniment to the theme of the *Adagio*, playing the arpeggi as if the thousand little syncopating slurs, plainly printed in the score, did not exist. We could never understand why von Bülow did this; neither can we understand why Mr. Baermann imitates him in it; for this persistent syncopated accent in the pianoforte has been as much, and as admiringly, talked about by commentators as any point in the whole concerto; it is famous all the world over! But, apart from this, Mr. Baermann played the wonderful work with admirable feeling, force and effect, and with far more self-control than he often shows. Perhaps, indeed, one could have wished him to let himself go a little more in one or two passages; a little more soulful *abandon* and warmth of coloring would have been not unwelcome where the pianoforte plays the principal theme of the *Adagio*; here Beethoven has added some ineffably beautiful ornaments which change the whole character of the theme which first appears as a choral psalm-tune in the muted strings, but now assumes all the individually expressive character of a passionate solo—*passionate* is perhaps not quite the right word, but the warmth of emotion expressed in the music comes very near to passion. Something more of unbridled brilliancy, too, might have been imparted to that last bewitching working-up of the theme, between the pianoforte and wood-wind, in the Coda of the Finale; here is one of the places where Beethoven tosses up his hat and shouts! But, upon the whole, if Mr. Baermann's self-command seemed just a thought rigid in these two passages, its general fine influence upon his performance was none the less unmistakable: each one of the three movements was firmly held together, the detail-work never obliterated the main outline, and the development of the music was shown to be finely coherent. Mr. Baerman showed his usual warmth and energy, but free from all disturbing nervousness; he was master of his own fine qualities, and never merely at their mercy. He was rapturously applauded, and well earned it.

The next programme is: Smetana, overture to "Prodaná nevěsta;" Sgambati, symphony No. 1, in D major (first time at these concerts); Bizet, suite from "L'Arlésienne," No. 1. The rehearsal and concert come on Nov. 9 and 10, respectively; there will be no concert this week.

THE STANDARD UNION.

WILLIAM BERRI. MURAT HALSTEAD.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 29, 1894.

FOR GOOD MUSIC.

The Organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

ITS FOURTEENTH SEASON.

MESSRS. PAUR AND HIGGINSON, THE MANAGER AND ASSISTANT—LEADER PAUR'S ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS WORK—PERSONNEL OF THE ORCHESTRA—THERE ARE NO AMERICANS IN THE ORCHESTRA.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

Boston, Oct. 27.—It has been an unexpected pleasure to-day to have a chat with Emil Paur, the leader of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, and also to see some others who are familiar with the organization, especially the assistant manager, Frederick R. Comee. Mr. Paur is an uncommonly genial gentleman to converse with, being quick in comprehension, intelligent and clear in expression, and, above all, apparently full of kindly good nature and of enthusiasm for his work. He speaks warmly of his orchestra; his associates speak warmly of him; they have the highest appreciation of Henry L. Higginson (not Col. T. W. Higginson, the author), the liberal founder of the Symphony Orchestra, and they give no small credit for success to Charles A. Ellis, the manager of Boston Music Hall, and of the Symphony Orchestra, who is highly praised for a business capacity equal to his modesty. Such mutual good feeling and appreciation are not expected among so many artists and their associates, and it is this fraternity of sentiment, lifted above the professional aspect of what they are doing, which makes it all the pleasanter to tell of their prospects for the season, and of the personnel of the orchestra.

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Conductor Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This is the fourteenth season of the orchestra. In 1881 Henry L. Higginson established it out of his strong love of music and determined to meaintain it at a high standard. He paid from the outset sufficiently high salaries to the musicians to enable him to control their time, and thus to do all possible to bring the orchestra up to his standard of efficiency. It has been a labor of love with him from the beginning, and to him belongs whatever credit attaches to the maintaining of this famous organization. Having been founded in face of warning that it would be an expensive indulgence to him, the public will be pleased to know that Mr. Higginson, thanks to the generous appreciation of his endeavors, has not been obliged to incur the loss to which he exposed himself when he instituted this enterprise.

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[38]

arteries of the brain and spinal marrow. The cause of the severe headaches, which to overcome often required the greatest energy, has also been found. It was occasioned by two nerves whose origin laid in a cicatrice of the brain covering, and which terminated in the scalp, the cicatrice being the result of an inflammation of the brain covering in his childhood. In other respects Bülow's brain offers the greatest interest by its formation and especially its comparative size."

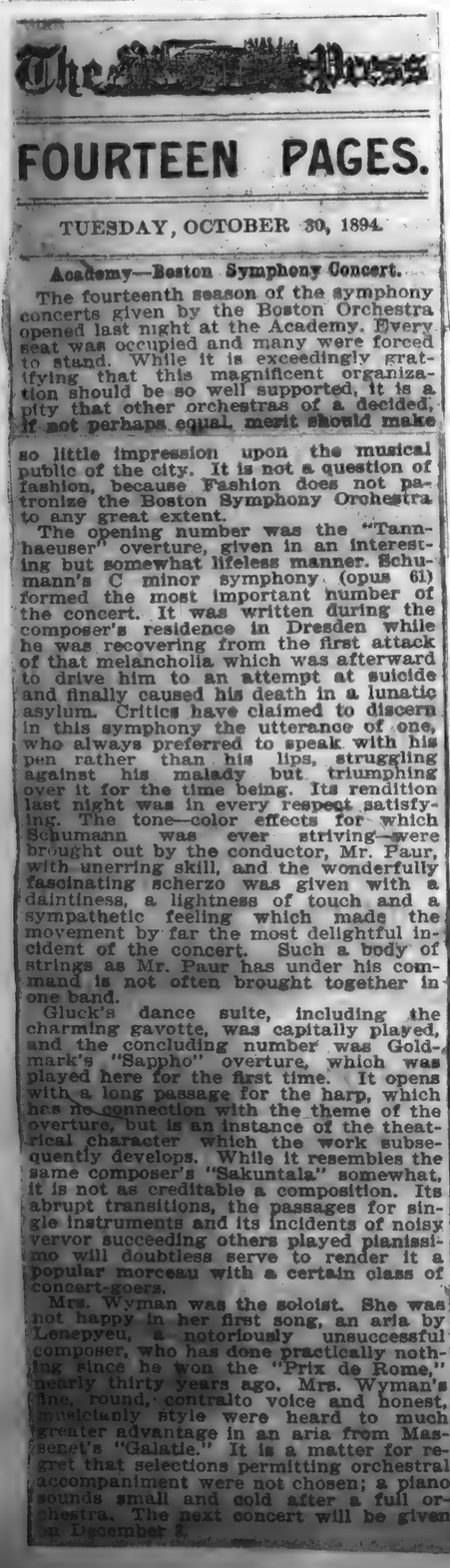
CHANGES AT CARNEGIE HALL.

THE atmosphere has been charged during the last several weeks with rather ominous rumors regarding pending changes in the administrative department of Carnegie Music Hall. Heated sessions of the board of directors are said to have recently been held, at which considerable criticism on the conduct of the affairs of the hall were indulged in, and the board is now supposed to be divided into two antagonistic sections, one favoring the continuation of the management under Mr. Morris Reno, and the other, as a matter of course, demanding a change simply because the first party does not demand it. We suppose such is always the case when two antagonistic elements come into conflict.

It is even said that there is considerable friction at present between Mr. Reno and Mr. Walter Damrosch, the latter insisting upon a change and asking the prerogative of naming Mr. Reno's successor. At the hall there is no evidence of the perturbed state of affairs and everyone pursues his duties in a sphynx-like manner, usually indicative of grave and responsible duties, but also, at times, taken as evidence of a pending cataclysm.

Whether or not Mr. Reno's administration has proved to be a failure, there is no question in the minds of all who have had contact with him that he seems to have devoted all of his energies to the work in hand, risking even his health in the arduous duties connected with what we suppose to be a rather ungrateful position. Naturally the inside operations of the institution are unknown to the public, and it is difficult to secure information on the subject or on such matters as affect the value of the stock of the company—if it has any value just now.

The erection of the new and ungainly addition which has destroyed the symmetry of the structure and changed its appearance to that of an East Side tenement may have had some influence upon the



The [illegible] Press.

FOURTEEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

Academy—Boston Symphony Concert.

The fourteenth season of the symphony concerts given by the Boston Orchestra opened last night at the Academy. Every seat was occupied and many were forced to stand. While it is exceedingly gratifying that this magnificent organization should be so well supported, it is a pity that other orchestras of a decided, if not perhaps equal, merit should make so little impression upon the musical public of the city. It is not a question of fashion, because Fashion does not patronize the Boston Symphony Orchestra to any great extent.

The opening number was the "Tannhaeuser" overture, given in an interesting but somewhat lifeless manner. Schumann's C minor symphony (opus 61) formed the most important number of the concert. It was written during the composer's residence in Dresden while he was recovering from the first attack of that melancholia which was afterward to drive him to an attempt at suicide and finally caused his death in a lunatic asylum. Critics have claimed to discern in this symphony the utterance of one, who always preferred to speak with his pen rather than his lips, struggling against his malady but triumphing over it for the time being. Its rendition last night was in every respect satisfying. The tone-color effects for which Schumann was ever striving—were brought out by the conductor, Mr. Paur, with unerring skill, and the wonderfully fascinating scherzo was given with a daintiness, a lightness of touch and a sympathetic feeling which made the movement by far the most delightful incident of the concert. Such a body of strings as Mr. Paur has under his command is not often brought together in one band.

Gluck's dance suite, including the charming gavotte, was capitally played, and the concluding number was Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, which was played here for the first time. It opens with a long passage for the harp, which has no connection with the theme of the overture, but is an instance of the theatrical character which the work subsequently develops. While it resembles the same composer's "Sakuntala" somewhat, it is not as creditable a composition. Its abrupt transitions, the passages for single instruments and its incidents of noisy vervor succeeding others played pianissimo will doubtless serve to render it a popular morceau with a certain class of concert-goers.

Mrs. Wyman was the soloist. She was not happy in her first song, an aria by Lenepveu, a notoriously unsuccessful composer, who has done practically nothing since he won the "Prix de Rome," nearly thirty years ago. Mrs. Wyman's fine, round, contralto voice and honest, musicianly style were heard to much greater advantage in an aria from Massenet's "Galatie." It is a matter for regret that selections permitting orchestral accompaniment were not chosen; a piano sounds small and cold after a full orchestra. The next concert will be given on December 4.

the touch alone, without any assistance from the pedal, effect a sustained, singing, lyric tone, a brilliant, pearly, sparkling tone, full of life and animation, a thundering, rich, glowing tone; and, again, tones so delicate, soft and ethereal as to be scarcely audible? And then, an artist who knows the means by which these various tones and moods are expressed, who is imaginative and has before him some beautiful ideal which he endeavors to reach, will he not draw from a piano sounds which are noble in their sonority and richness, and charm one by the passion and beauty of his playing? His nature may be ever so musical and warm; his emotion ever so deep and sincere, and all admirably controlled and guided by his intelligence, but if he has not an elastic, sensitive, certain and perfectly developed touch, with a true, independent, flexible mechanism, his tone will positively be harsh and unpleasant, notwithstanding the piano may be a good one, simply because his pianistic equipment is bad and not properly cultivated. The whole matter rests right here: if a pianist has not a good, artistic touch, his tone will likewise suffer, and will be correspondingly bad.

KREHBIEL IN BOSTON.

MR. KREHBIEL was invited to Boston to attend the Symphony concert of the 20th, on which occasion Mr. Chadwick's new symphony was played. He published his impressions, views and opinions in the New York "Tribune" of the 22d, and here are the articles in Boston newspapers written in reply.

The Boston "Herald," October 28, published the following:

Mr. Krehbiel gave an elaborate review of Mr. Chadwick's new symphony in last Monday's New York "Tribune." In the preliminary comments on the work the critic takes occasion to say: "As I write I am not able to say what is the voice of the newspaper reviewers, but if it is not kindly the circumstance will only add a little to the bewilderment which long range readers of the Boston newspapers have frequently felt in the past respecting the Bostonian standard of judgment. I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of 'doxy'; that is, the kind not exemplified in the work under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programs are as varied as those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances." This little tilt at Boston criticism in advance of what it would say of the work in question is droll, as is also the sneer at Mr. Paur, which would seem to indicate that he is to be again subjected to the "critical scalpel" of New York "newspaper reviewers." Mr. Krehbiel's general estimate of the work is that "as a whole the symphony is capitally written, although there are a few spots of over-elaboration and turgid instrumentation." As this is, in essence, the verdict that Boston "newspaper reviewers" passed on the symphony, Mr. Krehbiel must have felt much gratified on finding that their judgment was so much in harmony with his own, and that musical orthodoxy in Boston does not differ greatly from musical orthodoxy in New York, as represented and protected by him. But what page in the last court calendar pronounced New York musical criticism an infallible authority?

The "Transcript," October 27, spoke editorially as follows:

THE ART ATMOSPHERE IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Mr. Chadwick's latest symphony, just offered to our hearing, meets with distinguished consideration from Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who discusses the work at length in the New York "Tribune," illustrating his comments with quotations from the work. The illustrations, to be sure, are not always legible, but the intention is kindly. Of interest apart from the critical analysis of the symphony are Mr. Krehbiel's remarks concerning the difference of the musical atmosphere of New York and Boston. There are more concerts and better performances to be heard in the larger city, but in New York the air surrounding musical affairs is self contained and strictly professional. It is possible in New York to give three or four concerts of magnitude on the same evening without causing a commotion among musicians or public, and a manifestation of concern in the artistic outcome of a concert in which he has taken part is never seen in an orchestral player. An explanation of this indifference is found in the large number of skilled players in the city. Mr. Krehbiel has authority for the statement that New York can furnish orchestral players who can read at sight in numbers far beyond the available supply—outside of the organized orchestras which are in constant service—in any of the European capitals, not even excepting Vienna.

So much for New York. In Boston, according to Mr. Krehbiel, there is much less of the commercial element, the young native musicians are more numerous, and the feeling of pride in their work is far more marked among the players of high-class orchestral music. The guild spirit here being more vital than in New York, it follows that resident composers have more encouragement with us, so far at least as performances of their works are incentives to labor. Later, Mr. Krehbiel expresses his views of the

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Philadelphia, Tuesday, October 30, 1894.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

All the pleasurable attributes attendant upon a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were in evidence last evening, when that fine organization, thoughtfully led by Emil Paur, began its Philadelphia season at the Academy of Music. A large and characteristic audience, containing many sincere music-lovers, and of the real symphony concert appearance and mood, gave the necessary *éclat* to the occasion; the programme was well chosen (to say that it seemed a trifle less attractive, in its entirety, than some past ones might be considered a kind of Philistinism), and the band was in just that form, and under just the proper discipline, to promise an effective presentation of the allotted numbers. The latter comprised one of the best-liked examples of Wagner, his overture to Tannhæuser," the C Major symphony of Schumann, three movements (tambourine, gavotte and chaconne) from a suite of dance pieces selected by Gevaert from Glück's operas, and Goldmark's new overture to "Sappho," in G flat major (op. 44).

The symphony of Schumann, one of, if not the greatest, of that, of en incomprehensible composer, is a work that scored a veritable triumph when played by this same band in former years under Mr. Nikisch's interpretation—a word that has unusual significance in this instance, for in the symphony under consideration everything depends upon the way in which it is, so to speak, elucidated. The first movement, even under the best readings, is far from clear, as was once more apparent last night, and it is a matter of record that when the composition was first produced in London none of the great critics could discover any merit in it. As with other of Schumann's music, it is a sealed book, except to the specially competent reader. But it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Paur's reading, as shown last evening, and the wholly admirable execution of his men, especially in the *scherzo* and *adagio*, exploited the production under the very best auspices, so that the *cognoscenti* must at least have been satisfied, whatever may have been the feelings (doubtless unexpressed) of the un-elect among the audience. The work fairly bristles with technical difficulties, and the fact that the orchestra not only surmounted these, but went further, and gave justifiable excuse for the revival of the symphony, is something that calls for unqualified praise.

The important novelty on the programme (which should not have come last) was "Sappho" Overture, and it proved in some ways a pleasant disappointment. That is to say, it possessed a melodic charm and grace hardly to be expected, and while it had here and there a certain artificial quality noticeable in some of Goldmark's music—a striving, as it were, after grand effects without sufficient results—the general treatment of the piece was both interesting and attractive, while it was given a remarkably good performance under Mr. Paur. The overture would doubtless be even more welcome on a second hearing, which is more than can be said for certain efforts of the composers of the Goldmark school.

Of the rest of the concert it may be remarked that one of its most charming incidents was the exquisite performance of the Glück excerpts, and that Mrs. Wyman, the soloist, was much applauded for her singing of arias by Massenet and Lavepreu.

arteries of the brain and spinal marrow. The cause of the severe headaches, which to overcome often required the greatest energy, has also been found. It was occasioned by two nerves whose origin laid in a cicatrice of the brain covering, and which terminated in the scalp, the cicatrice being the result of an inflammation of the brain covering in his childhood. In other respects Bülow's brain offers the greatest interest by its formation and especially its comparative size."

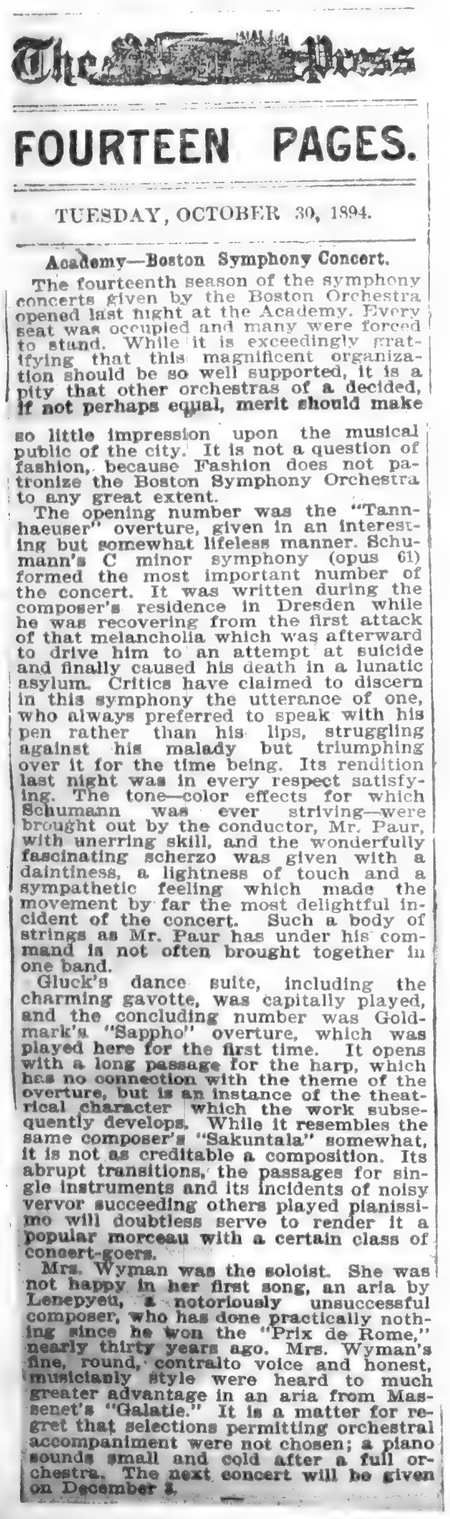
CHANGES AT CARNEGIE HALL.

THE atmosphere has been charged during the last several weeks with rather ominous rumors regarding pending changes in the administrative department of Carnegie Music Hall. Heated sessions of the board of directors are said to have recently been held, at which considerable criticism on the conduct of the affairs of the hall were indulged in, and the board is now supposed to be divided into two antagonistic sections, one favoring the continuation of the management under Mr. Morris Reno, and the other, as a matter of course, demanding a change simply because the first party does not demand it. We suppose such is always the case when two antagonistic elements come into conflict.

It is even said that there is considerable friction at present between Mr. Reno and Mr. Walter Damrosch, the latter insisting upon a change and asking the prerogative of naming Mr. Reno's successor. At the hall there is no evidence of the perturbed state of affairs and everyone pursues his duties in a sphynx-like manner, usually indicative of grave and responsible duties, but also, at times, taken as evidence of a pending cataclysm.

Whether or not Mr. Reno's administration has proved to be a failure, there is no question in the minds of all who have had contact with him that he seems to have devoted all of his energies to the work in hand, risking even his health in the arduous duties connected with what we suppose to be a rather ungrateful position. Naturally the inside operations of the institution are unknown to the public, and it is difficult to secure information on the subject or on such matters as affect the value of the stock of the company—if it has any value just now.

The erection of the new and ungainly addition which has destroyed the symmetry of the structure and changed its appearance to that of an East Side tenement may have had some influence upon the



The Press

FOURTEEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

Academy—Boston Symphony Concert.

The fourteenth season of the symphony concerts given by the Boston Orchestra opened last night at the Academy. Every seat was occupied and many were forced to stand. While it is exceedingly gratifying that this magnificent organization should be so well supported, it is a pity that other orchestras of a decided, if not perhaps equal, merit should make so little impression upon the musical public of the city. It is not a question of fashion, because Fashion does not patronize the Boston Symphony Orchestra to any great extent.

The opening number was the "Tannhaeuser" overture, given in an interesting but somewhat lifeless manner. Schumann's C minor symphony (opus 61) formed the most important number of the concert. It was written during the composer's residence in Dresden while he was recovering from the first attack of that melancholia which was afterward to drive him to an attempt at suicide and finally caused his death in a lunatic asylum. Critics have claimed to discern in this symphony the utterance of one, who always preferred to speak with his pen rather than his lips, struggling against his malady but triumphing over it for the time being. Its rendition last night was in every respect satisfying. The tone-color effects for which Schumann was ever striving—were brought out by the conductor, Mr. Paur, with unerring skill, and the wonderfully fascinating scherzo was given with a daintiness, a lightness of touch and a sympathetic feeling which made the movement by far the most delightful incident of the concert. Such a body of strings as Mr. Paur has under his command is not often brought together in one band.

Gluck's dance suite, including the charming gavotte, was capitally played, and the concluding number was Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, which was played here for the first time. It opens with a long passage for the harp, which has no connection with the theme of the overture, but is an instance of the theatrical character which the work subsequently develops. While it resembles the same composer's "Sakuntala" somewhat, it is not as creditable a composition. Its abrupt transitions, the passages for single instruments and its incidents of noisy vervor succeeding others played pianissimo will doubtless serve to render it a popular morceau with a certain class of concert-goers.

Mrs. Wyman was the soloist. She was not happy in her first song, an aria by Lenepveu, a notoriously unsuccessful composer, who has done practically nothing since he won the "Prix de Rome," nearly thirty years ago. Mrs. Wyman's fine, round, contralto voice and honest, musicianly style were heard to much greater advantage in an aria from Massenet's "Galatie." It is a matter for regret that selections permitting orchestral accompaniment were not chosen; a piano sounds small and cold after a full orchestra. The next concert will be given on December 3.

the touch alone, without any assistance from the pedal, effect a sustained, singing, lyric tone, a brilliant, pearly, sparkling tone, full of life and animation, a thundering, rich, glowing tone; and, again, tones so delicate, soft and ethereal as to be scarcely audible? And then, an artist who knows the means by which these various tones and moods are expressed, who is imaginative and has before him some beautiful ideal which he endeavors to reach, will he not draw from a piano sounds which are noble in their sonority and richness, and charm one by the passion and beauty of his playing? His nature may be ever so musical and warm; his emotion ever so deep and sincere, and all admirably controlled and guided by his intelligence, but if he has not an elastic, sensitive, certain and perfectly developed touch, with a true, independent, flexible mechanism, his tone will positively be harsh and unpleasant, notwithstanding the piano may be a good one, simply because his pianistic equipment is bad and not properly cultivated. The whole matter rests right here: if a pianist has not a good, artistic touch, his tone will likewise suffer, and will be correspondingly bad.

KREHBIEL IN BOSTON.

MR. KREHBIEL was invited to Boston to attend the Symphony concert of the 20th, on which occasion Mr. Chadwick's new symphony was played. He published his impressions, views and opinions in the New York "Tribune" of the 22d, and here are the articles in Boston newspapers written in reply.

The Boston "Herald," October 28, published the following:

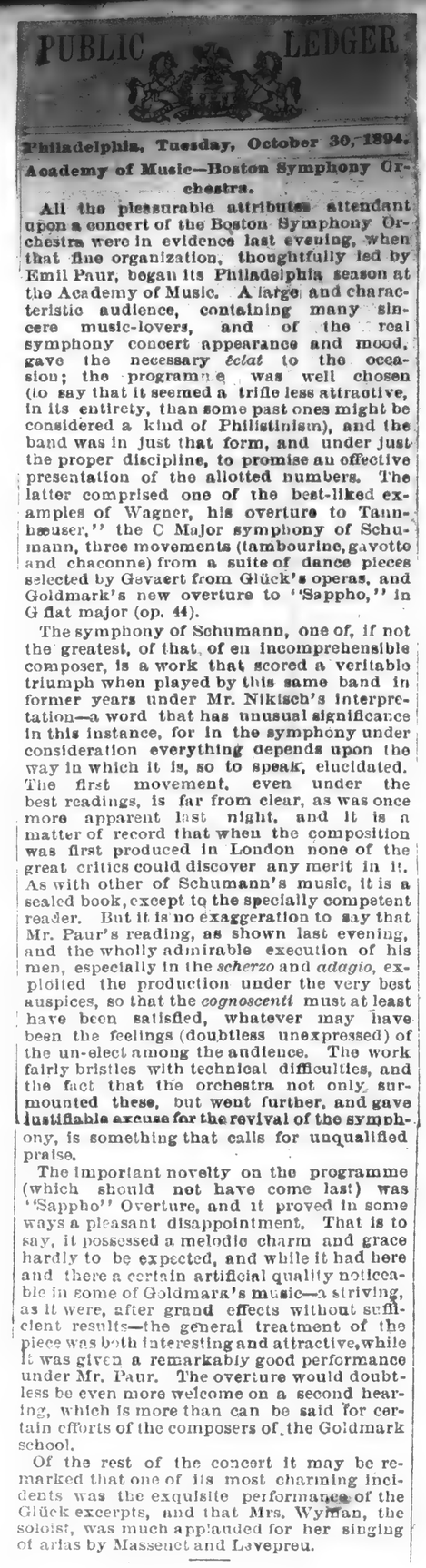
Mr. Krehbiel gave an elaborate review of Mr. Chadwick's new symphony in last Monday's New York "Tribune." In the preliminary comments on the work the critic takes occasion to say: "As I write I am not able to say what is the voice of the newspaper reviewers, but if it is not kindly the circumstance will only add a little to the bewilderment which long range readers of the Boston newspapers have frequently felt in the past respecting the Bostonian standard of judgment. I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of 'doxy'; that is, the kind not exemplified in the work under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programs are as varied as those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances." This little tilt at Boston criticism in advance of what it would say of the work in question is droll, as is also the sneer at Mr. Paur, which would seem to indicate that he is to be again subjected to the "critical scalpel" of New York "newspaper reviewers." Mr. Krehbiel's general estimate of the work is that "as a whole the symphony is capitally written, although there are a few spots of over-elaboration and turgid instrumentation." As this is, in essence, the verdict that Boston "newspaper reviewers" passed on the symphony, Mr. Krehbiel must have felt much gratified on finding that their judgment was so much in harmony with his own, and that musical orthodoxy in Boston does not differ greatly from musical orthodoxy in New York, as represented and protected by him. But what page in the last court calendar pronounced New York musical criticism an infallible authority?

The "Transcript," October 27, spoke editorially as follows:

THE ART ATMOSPHERE IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Mr. Chadwick's latest symphony, just offered to our hearing, meets with distinguished consideration from Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who discusses the work at length in the New York "Tribune," illustrating his comments with quotations from the work. The illustrations, to be sure, are not always legible, but the intention is kindly. Of interest apart from the critical analysis of the symphony are Mr. Krehbiel's remarks concerning the difference of the musical atmosphere of New York and Boston. There are more concerts and better performances to be heard in the larger city, but in New York the air surrounding musical affairs is self contained and strictly professional. It is possible in New York to give three or four concerts of magnitude on the same evening without causing a commotion among musicians or public, and a manifestation of concern in the artistic outcome of a concert in which he has taken part is never seen in an orchestral player. An explanation of this indifference is found in the large number of skilled players in the city. Mr. Krehbiel has authority for the statement that New York can furnish orchestral players who can read at sight in numbers far beyond the available supply—outside of the organized orchestras which are in constant service—in any of the European capitals, not even excepting Vienna.

So much for New York. In Boston, according to Mr. Krehbiel, there is much less of the commercial element, the young native musicians are more numerous, and the feeling of pride in their work is far more marked among the players of high-class orchestral music. The guild spirit here being more vital than in New York, it follows that resident composers have more encouragement with us, so far at least as performances of their works are incentives to labor. Later, Mr. Krehbiel expresses his views of the



PUBLIC LEDGER

Philadelphia, Tuesday, October 30, 1894.

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The symphony of Schumann, one of, if not the greatest, of that of en incomprehensible composer, is a work that scored a veritable triumph when played by this same band in former years under Mr. Nikisch's interpretation—a word that has unusual significance in this instance, for in the symphony under consideration everything depends upon the way in which it is, so to speak, elucidated. The first movement, even under the best readings, is far from clear, as was once more apparent last night, and it is a matter of record that when the composition was first produced in London none of the great critics could discover any merit in it. As with other of Schumann's music, it is a sealed book, except to the specially competent reader. But it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Paur's reading, as shown last evening, and the wholly admirable execution of his men, especially in the *scherzo* and *adagio*, exploited the production under the very best auspices, so that the *cognoscenti* must at least have been satisfied, whatever may have been the feelings (doubtless unexpressed) of the un-elect among the audience. The work fairly bristles with technical difficulties, and the fact that the orchestra not only surmounted these, but went further, and gave justifiable excuse for the revival of the symphony, is something that calls for unqualified praise.

The important novelty on the programme (which should not have come last) was "Sappho" Overture, and it proved in some ways a pleasant disappointment. That is to say, it possessed a melodic charm and grace hardly to be expected, and while it had here and there a certain artificial quality noticeable in some of Goldmark's music—a striving, as it were, after grand effects without sufficient results—the general treatment of the piece was both interesting and attractive, while it was given a remarkably good performance under Mr. Paur. The overture would doubtless be even more welcome on a second hearing, which is more than can be said for certain efforts of the composers of the Goldmark school.

Of the rest of the concert it may be remarked that one of its most charming incidents was the exquisite performance of the Glück excerpts, and that Mrs. Wyman, the soloist, was much applauded for her singing of arias by Massenet and Lavepreu.

critical faculty among us, or rather his inability to determine what is our standard of judgment. He writes:

> I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of "doxy;" that is, the kind not exemplified in the work under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programs are as varied as are those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances.

A compliment may be drawn from between the lines of this confession. If we have reached the point where admiration, properly tempered, may be felt and expressed alike for a Strauss waltz and a Wagner music drama, we stand on the highest plane of æsthetic culture. If we could only be sure that that distinction is ours—but it is not yet certain that taste so sound among our connoisseurs that music can be heard and judged on its own merits without regard to its source, except, perhaps, by a few enlightened amateurs who are not indebted to teachers or conservatories at home or abroad for their critical or appreciative faculties. As for the professional critics among us, who, like professional critics all the world over, are as often guided by popular opinion as they guide it, if they have not the guild spirit of the musicians, all the more to their credit—setting aside the question of their capacity, individually or collectively considered. It seems, however, that they cannot be collectively considered, according to Mr. Krehbiel, who is therefore confused in his attempts to formulate a musical creed from the comments in our newspapers on works, singers and players.

How much better is the New York way! There they have the guild spirit among the recognized, though not organized, academicians. When you take up the "Morning Trumpet" and read the judgment of this opera or that pianist, just appealing for metropolitan favors, you need rarely go further to learn the opinions of the guild. The "Noonday Clarion" and the "Afternoon Annunciator" will read the same in spirit, and so, too, will the serials especially devoted to music, the "Weekly Diapason" and the "Monthly Harmonica." It is very soothing, this freedom from contention among the chosen few, but it may chance to stand in the way of progress, as for instance should a composer who is not a friend of someone of the guild attempt to gain a hearing for a new work in New York; for they do say that there have been productions in New York of works, favorably received elsewhere, which have been deliberately neglected by the entire gang—beg pardon, College of Critics—because Mr. X or Mr. Z of the coterie has passed the word for faint praise or concealed censure or absolute indifference. But the charge that the methods of the trade unions have thus been imitated is really shocking!

The Boston "Journal," October 28, had this to say:

Mr. Krehbiel, of New York, was in town a week ago Saturday to hear Mr. Chadwick's symphony, and his views and opinions were published in the New York "Tribune" of last Monday. He surveyed city, music and musicians as through a telescope set up on another and a happier planet.

"The musical activities of Boston," says Mr. Krehbiel. "are always an interesting study to the observer from New York."

Now this statement may be reversed easily, and as follows: The musical activity of a lecturer from New York is always an interesting study to the observer in Boston.

Mr. Krehbiel adds: "Not wholly because of their extent or their variety, for in sooth, despite the Symphony Orchestra, with its weekly public rehearsal and concert, New York hears much more music every season of all kinds than Boston; nor even because of their superior merit, for one can assert that the average of performance is higher in New York than it is in Boston, notwithstanding the efforts of the superb organization which Mr. Higginson maintains."

Does Mr. Krehbiel really believe the latter half of this statement? Is there any orchestra in New York that plays as well twenty-four times in the season as the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Paur? Is it not the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston, that delights the music lovers of New York by the exquisite finish of its performance? Are there so many choral societies in New York that are superior to the Händel and Haydn, the Cecilia and the Apollo? Do wandering stars, singers, or violinists shine with more than ordinary brilliancy over Manhattan? Or how does Mr. Krehbiel know the superiority of musical performances in this city, unless he listens to the bourgeois musical attempts in Boston through a long distance telephone? Even with the aid of space annihilating science it would be difficult to judge of the respective merits of two concerts when they were synchronous and it would indeed require a practiced ear.

But we should not complain, for Mr. Krehbiel finds "among the musicians, composers, teachers and performers a more vital guild spirit in Boston than in New York." This settles it. We still are the people. But we never should have known it, had not Mr. Krehbiel discovered and named this element of superiority. Messrs. Paur, Zerrahn, Lang, Kneisel, Adamowski, Faelten, Chelius, et al. have been working away industriously, doing the best they could, and yet not until Monday, October 22, 1894, on the arrival of the New York "Tribune" from the metropolis, was it discovered by their fellow townsmen that these musicians were imbued, filled, possessed with "a vital guild spirit." Perhaps the musicians themselves were ignorant of their great good fortune.

"As I write," says Mr. Krehbiel, "I am not able to say what is the voice of the newspaper reviewers; but if it is not kindly the circumstances will only add a little to the bewilderment which long range readers of the Boston newspapers have frequently felt in the past respecting the Bostonian standard of judgment. I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of 'doxy;' that is, the kind not exemplified in the work under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programs are as varied as those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances."

Let no reader form an unjust idea of Mr. Krehbiel's character. He is a large, fine looking man, of genial disposition. He is welcomed here heartily by friends and admirers whenever he leaves New York to visit the provinces. The supposition that his mind has been impaired by unremitting attention to the subtle meaning of the Wagnerian opera is as absurd as insulting. He is a veritable sleuth hound on the track of a folksong, and he can scent his prey when others abandon the chase. He is also a graceful writer. When Mr. Paur "dallies with dances" Mr. Krehbiel is seriously distressed, and as Mr. Paur is a kindly man he will no doubt suspend henceforth his offensive dalliance. It is even possible that Mr. Paur will cease to love Liszt.

So, too, the newspaper reviewers of Boston were deeply pained to learn that they have on former occasions provoked "bewilderment" in the manly breast of Mr. Krehbiel. It is his own fault, however, for he has of late neglected his duty; he has not lectured here for a year or so. There was a time when Mr. Krehbiel unrolled the Wagner panorama, and we all profited thereby. There was a time when, with the assistance of Mr. Seidl, he took the trouble to explain to us the mysteries of coral in all its branches, antipathes, heliospora, meandrina, the family cyathophyllidæ, fungia, tubipora, astroides and even the millepores, which are only distantly related to the other coralligenous animals, though their calcareous skeletons also form extensive reefs.

Alas, those pleasant and instructive afternoons are over. Now, if we all, like sheep, have gone astray, it's Mr. Krehbiel's fault. When Mr. Dvorák's great "North American" symphony was brought over here, although Mr. Krehbiel was present for the purpose of disliking the performance under Mr. Paur, there was no preparatory lecture to give points to the conductor and to put the hearers in the proper mood for enjoyment. He should, therefore, be the last to reproach us with confused notions concerning "musical orthodoxy."

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[39]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

THE first Kneisel Quartet concert of the tenth season was given October 22, in Union Hall. The Quartet was assisted by Mr. Max Zach, who played the second viola in the quintet by Mozart. The program was as follows:

Quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 1.....Haydn
Quartet, D flat major, op. 17.....Sgambati
First time at these concerts.
Quintet, G minor.....Mozart

This quartet by Sgambati was first played in public in Boston by the Listemann Quartet, November 11, 1889. The performance then was unfortunate, in that it precluded a calm and judicious valuation of the composition.

They say that of late years Sgambati, the musician, is more Italian in feeling and disposition. However this may be, it is true that during the extremely sensitive period of creation he was under the spell and the dominion of Liszt. In certain ways close companionship with the Hungarian visitor was undoubtedly valuable, as in awakening enthusiasm, broadening the horizon, inspiring generous, catholic appreciation; but it is doubtful whether such intimacy was of benefit to Sgambati as a composer. The reproach has been made that when a young Italian finds his melodic invention does not warrant his following in the steps of the leading Italian opera makers, he turns about and copies or tries to surpass the shining lights of the hyper-modern Germans. I do not know enough about the later works of Sgambati to say whether his melodic vein is thin, but in this quartet the themes are as a rule of little interest, nor is there evidence of spontaneous or finely nurtured melody.

The first movement opens with an adagio, which in its mock mysticism and pseudo solemnity recalls Liszt in feeblest mood. The pathos is here spelled with a B. Nor does the vivace leave a fixed impression of definite conviction and mastery of expression. The restlessness is that of weakness rather than strength. The second movement is a masterpiece. Striking, piquant, with a touch of diablerie, alluring in rhythm, firmly knit together, concise, it is one of the most fascinating movements in modern chamber music. The third movement, an andante, abounds in passages of genuine beauty, in delightful harmonic surprises, although it does not rise to the high level of the scherzo. The finale is, to me at least, disagreeable music, music that may be called unnecessarily ugly.

The unpleasant feature of this composition is the general tendency to strain after an effect. Here is no determined quartet-writing in the old and approved sense of the term. The composer seems to say, "Come now and see what I can do with these four well-known instruments." In the first movement, for instance, he takes a choral and treats it extravagantly; not without brilliancy, not without an exhibition of technical skill, but the hearer feels that the music should have been composed for an orchestra. The suggestion of what the composer intended drives out the realization of his attempt. There is a singular absence of the flowing, sensuous or even trivial song of his fatherland. He hints at the solemn ritual of the church, he endeavors to impress by monotonous iteration of a pointless remark, he churns himself into a passion and shrieks once or twice, until the hearer is ready to cry out, "The voice of the Abbé Liszt!"

Now should one protest because in a string quartet there is a desire to create a mood and a consequent abandonment in small or large measure of traditional form? Traditions are but fleeting clouds, and fetich worship in music dies hard, but it is dying. If by taking liberties the composer gains an effect of beauty or strength, or thereby puts the hearer in sympathy with its own mood, why should one quarrel with the means employed? But Sgambati did not succeed when he was most ambitious. The second movement is free from this besetting sin of vain extravagance, and so, too, the slow movement is most beautiful when there is the least apparent attempt to excite wonder.

Now on the other hand, if the end of all art is the fabrication of unity, as some believe, then is such a work as the quintet of Mozart "the finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go." There is more of Italy in one movement of this composition than in the whole quartet by Sgambati. Take the second theme, for instance, of the first movement: how frank, how direct, how intense, and not so unlike Verdi, the Verdi of the middle period when he was terribly in earnest; but the suggestion of similarity ceases after the first few measures. As for the adagio, there is the true classical serenity, the absolute control of expression. There is no straining after an effect any more than there is apparent effort in a phenomenon of nature. Such music is as the "flight of the gray gull over the bay, or the tall leaning of sunflowers on their stalk, or the appearance of the sun journeying through heaven, or the appearance of the moon afterward.

The performance of the Sgambati Quartet, which bristles with difficulties, as well as of the music of Haydn and Mozart, compelled praise and admiration, and Mr. Kneisel's playing in the adagio of the quintet will live long in the memory.

* * *

The program of the third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, "Unfinished".....Schubert
Concerto, E flat, for piano and orchestra.....Beethoven
Mr. Baermann, pianist.
Symphony, C major.....Schumann

Familiar program numbers, and yet there are many questions that arise when this music is played. Why did Schumann, for instance, introduce the passage of staccato counterpoint immediately after that noble burst of passion which dies away in the series of violin trills? Was it because he had been studying counterpoint with great vigor, and thought he must use his knowledge pedantically? For writers about this symphony delight to speak of the "fruits of his contrapuntal studies."

Dry, indeed, is this particular fruit, which smells of chalk and the blackboard. And how incongruous it seems! What has it to do with the wild romance of the adagio, to me at least one of the greatest, if not the greatest, symphonic slow movements since Beethoven. Then, too, how could the sensitive Schumann have endured the stiffness of the two trios to the scherzo, particularly the last. The scherzo itself, with its demoniacal fury, showed the superb quality and the technical proficiency of the strings. But outside of this scherzo and the adagio, the symphony is not of abiding strength or even interest.

Another question that still excites dispute is the proper pace of the second theme of the first movement of the "Unfinished" symphony, the theme sung first by the 'cellos. There is the tendency to drag it beyond endurance, to introduce an arbitrary adagio, to make it too beautiful. In Berlin ten years or so ago there was a reaction in view of free and breezy criticism, and the recoil was too far. If Mr. Paur erred at all last evening it was slightly, and on the side of slowness.

Is not one of the greatest charms of the "Unfinished" symphony the fact that it was unfinished. Or would Schubert, if he had added a scherzo and a finale, have violated his general principle in works of long breath, which called for a decrescendo of musical interest? Already was the slow movement below the level of the preceding allegro. And is there in absolute music of the romantic school anything more beautiful than this allegro? The few opening measures of the free fantasia are enough to immortalize the work.

Mr. Baermann gave a thoughtful, accurate and finely balanced performance of the concerto. Perhaps in the last movement there were traces of restlessness, and he used occasionally the "loud pedal," so-called, too freely, but all in all, it was an unusually fine performance. It was eminently musical also in this, that there was no attempt to overthrow and subdue the orchestra. Mr. Baermann was content with the indications suggested by Beethoven, and he realized how cunningly the composer had arranged it so that the orchestra would not drown out the piano, and it would be necessary for the latter instrument to vie in vain, hopeless rivalry.

In spite of the heat and the foul air many stood throughout the concert.

There will be no Symphony concert this week. The next rehearsal and concert will be given November 9 and 10, when the program will be as follows: Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut," Smetana; Sgambati's first symphony (first time at these concerts); Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.

Baltimore American

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO LOVERS OF THE ESTHETIC.

Baptism of the New Hall of the Auditorium Company Will Be Engraven on the Memory of Baltimoreans as a Conspicuously Important Event—To Be Opened With a Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Assistance of Renowned Artists Promised.

The concert to be given at Music Hall next Wednesday evening will be a "red-letter" event of the musical season. The doors of this new and magnificent "Temple of Music" will then be opened to the public for the first time, and the concert will introduce a remarkable aggregation of famous artists in every way worthy of the important occasion. The concert is the first of the annual series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This fine organization will appear in full ranks, numbering eighty-seven musicians, and will be accompanied by a quartet of singers composed of the great prima donna soprano, Mme. Melba, and her associates, Mme. Scalchi, Messrs. Maugiere and Plancon, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The advent of a singer of the calibre of Mme. Melba (who has never been heard in this city) is in itself a musical event of leading importance. This brilliant cantatrice within the last seven years has won by her superb vocalization the highest possible distinction in Paris, Brussels, Milan, London and New York, and is perhaps entitled to the very first place among the singers of the present day.

She is of Scotch descent and was born in Australia. At a very early age she began the study of the pianoforte with her mother, who was an amateur of ability. When about twelve years old it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of musical beauty, and after some years of study in Australia, acting upon the advice of friends, she went to Paris to seek the advantage of tutition from the celebrated Mme. Marchesi.

Notwithstanding the many objections raised by Mr. Mitchell, her father, a landed proprietor at Melbourne, and one of the commissioners of the Melbourne Exhibition, a lyric career became irresistible, and after studying with Mme. Marchesi for about a year, Mme. Melba made her debut on the 15th of October, 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Her success was so immediate and brilliant that the intendant, M. Lapissada, who had only arranged for a single appearance, engaged her for a term, and she subsequently appeared as Lakme, Violetta, Ophelie and Lucia. Subsequently, Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her first appearance in England as Lucia with a success that will be remembered with pleasure by all opera-goers.

From October to the following May, Madame Melba was again engaged at Brussels, after which she returned to Paris, and having studied the part of the heroine of Ambroise Thomas' opera of "Hamlet" with the composer, she made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times, and described by the French press in the most enthusiastic terms.

Madame next studied the role of Juliette, with the assistance of the composer, Charles Gounod, and appeared in London in that character in June, 1889, with Jean de Reske in his favorite part of Romeo.

In the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang in several representations of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelie, Lucia and Gilda.

Later assumptions of Mme. Melba were Esmeralda at Covent Garden, in Goring Thomas' opera of that name; Elsa de Brabant, in Wagner's "Lohengrin," and Elaine, which M. Bemberg had written expressly for her, to whom, by the way, and to Jean de Reske, the work is dedicated.

Mention of her appearance in the part of Micaela in the picturesque opera of "Carmen" at the Opera Comique, given to provide the funds for a statue for M. Bizet, its gifted composer, should not be forgotten. This was subsequently repeated at Covent Garden to the Carmen of Zelie de Lussan, and it may be safely asserted that the beautiful phrases allotted to Micaela have never been so delightfully sung as by the "Australian Nightingale."

Last season Madame Melba made her debut in America at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, singing throughout the season with the same success that attended her appearances in the European capitals and giving such satisfaction to her managers, Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, that she has been re-engaged for the current season at a princely honorarium.

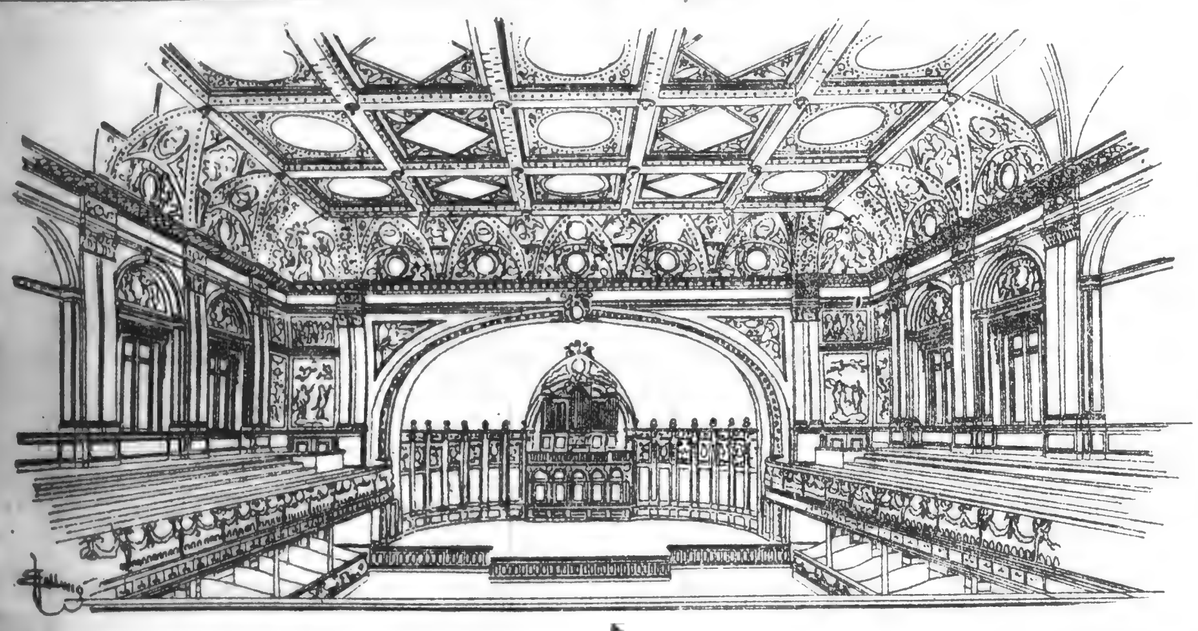
Madame Melba's voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with an extensive range, reaching to E in alt., the tone being crystalline in its sweetness and clearness.

It is perfectly even throughout the register, and her vocalization, in the purest Italian style, is almost unrivalled in fluency and absolutely faultless, while the development recently exhibited by Melba, in a dramatic sense, promises a position for her as a lyric equal to her extraordinary powers as a vocalist.

Madame Scalchi, the famous operatic contralto, is too well known in this city to require extended notice. Mons. Maugiere is a tenor of considerable ability, and Mons. Plancon, who is a great favorite at the Grand Opera, Paris, is one of the best baritones that ever visited America, and fairly divided the honors with Edward de Reszke during the last opera season in New York.

An Incorporated Band.

A new band has been organized in this



GENERAL VIEW OF AUDITORIUM AND STAGE OF MUSIC HALL.

Showing Scheme of Decoration for Wall and Ceiling.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

A Delightful Concert Attended by a Very Large Audience.

The Boston Symphony season opened last night at the Academy of Music, which was crowded in every part. The orchestra has been somewhat reinforced since last season. Mr. Paur was hardly at his best last night. The Tannhaeuser overture, which opened the concert, was played with great repression and the lack of brasses was notable. It was a refined production, though lacking in the breadth and dignity given it by other directors. The Symphony was Schumann's C major, a work of varied characteristics, which the orchestra played admirably. The Gluck "Tambourine, Gavotte and Chacoune" was played with all the delicacy for which the organization is so famous. The new number of Goldmark's "Sappho Overture," which is characteristic of that master.

Miss Julie M. Wyman, who has a small but pleasing voice, sang to piano accompaniment an aria by Lenepreu and one from Massanet's "Galathee."

The audience was enthusiastic and entirely undiscriminating. While it has been said that Mr. Paur was hardly at his best last night, it might be more properly said that the program was chiefly at fault. While it was an interesting concert it was less noteworthy than that excellent organization is accustomed to give us.

THE RECORD.

Philadelphia, October 30, 1894.

Boston Symphony Orchestra — Academy of Music

Carl Goldmark's latest orchestral work, the "Overture to Sappho in G flat major," was given its first Philadelphia performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its first concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening. The score recalls in many respects the Hungarian composer's earlier "Overture to Sakuntala," but, it must be admitted, is much less impressive. The contrasts between the instruments are happily developed, but the fitful flitting from gentle oboe and violin solos to stormy outbursts of almost the full orchestra leaves an unpleasant, unsymmetrical impression upon the memory of the listener. The turbulent first theme is oddly introduced by broad phrases on the harp, the full lyrical beauty of which was rather lost last night. The single harp was often almost too much drowned by the heavy bowing of the violinists. The half sweet and half melancholy pastoral melody which threads the piece haunts the imagination forcibly, however, and gains an enriched splendor when heard in the octaves of oboe and horn. The grand pæan is worthy, too, of the brilliant Goldmark.

The feature, however, of the concert—and the masterpiece—proved to be the opening number, Wagner's wonderful "Overture to Tannhaeuser." It is safe to declare that never before had that familiar overture so magnificent an interpretation before a Philadelphia audience. The violins did heroic work, and throughout the entire orchestral struggle of the Pilgrims and the sprites of Venusberg the shadings were majestically depicted by all the instruments. The perfect control of Conductor Emil Paur was emphatically revealed in the instant responses. The final return of the Pilgrims' chorus on the trombones and trumpets against the melodic figure on the violins evoked an ovation of applause from the immense audience. Schumann's "Symphony No. 2, in C major," provoked small enthusiasm. To most music-lovers Schumann is still the Browning of music, cloudy in form and purpose. The final coda was a blind groping for expression, despite its tremendousness. The scherzo second movement, with its picturesque trios and its remarkable finale on the violins, will, on the contrary, long linger in the remembrance of all who heard it. The predominant merit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is that it is superb in the strings.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

First Concert for the Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The auditorium of the Academy of Music was crowded in every part last evening when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave the first of the five concerts in which it is to be heard here during the present season. Upon this occasion the symphony was that by Schumann in C major No. 4. This is great music, but it is anything but easy music, either to execute or to appreciate. It exhibits in a superlative degree alike the merits and the defects which constitute the characteristics of Schumann's work. It is wonderfully vital, salient and energetic. It is full of original ideas, many of them of the utmost beauty, and it exhibits in its ultimate development and most convincing aspect the composer's unequalled faculty for the combination of tone-color. The skill with which the various instruments are in their turn employed in order to produce the precise effect desired is extraordinary, and an impression is thus produced on the mind as of something singularly vivid and gorgeous, fantastically varied and differently brilliant, like the patterns of a kaleidoscope. The trouble is that Schumann overlays his pattern with such a wealth of ornamental arabesques, that to any but the expert eye the original design is overshadowed by the multitude of detail of which it is the basis. This to a large extent is true of last night's symphony. The scherzo and the adagio are clear enough, but the opening movement demands the closest attention, while much of the finale is only intelligible to the trained musician. For this reason there was some suggestion of relief in the applause which the close of the symphony elicited, and yet it was all beautifully played, not only with an absolute and never-failing technical sufficiency, but with broad intelligence, a fine sense of proportion and delicately sympathetic insight. The rushing scherzo, with its dazzling exhibition of the brilliancy of the strings, was naturally most effective, but the delivery of the slow movement was not less masterly, and afforded even a surer test of quality, and the entire performance in every respect was most admirable. Of the other instrumental numbers the dance music by Gluck pleased the audience most, especially an extremely melodious and characteristic gavotte, which would gladly have been heard over again. The playing of the "Tannhaeuser" overture, though beautifully refined and lucid, lacked something of breadth and power, and was not sufficiently worked up to a convincing climax, while the Goldmark overture seemed on a first hearing labored and incoherent. Mrs. Julie M. Wyman was the soloist. She has an agreeable voice and a good method, but her genre is the chanson, and last night both of her selections were unfortunate. They were too low for her range, and they were not interesting. It may indeed be questioned whether at a symphony concert songs with piano are not out of place. At least there ought always to be one aria with orchestral accompaniment. The date of the next concert is December 3.

The Times

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

Academy of Music.

Mr. Paur's pride must have been highly gratified by the splendid audience which welcomed the opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Academy was more than crowded, and presented almost the brilliance of an opera night. There was only one orchestral novelty on the programme, Goldmark's "Sappho" overture. Towards this, as toward so much else of the work of the hour, the audience found itself in an attitude of interested expectancy, hopeful of agreeable but not great things. And agreeable things they received. Goldmark, though always literary, is always original, a man who orchestrates cleverly, boldly and deftly, and in his new overture he repeats the distinguishing attractions as well as the style of the "Sakuntala." It is not very deep music, perhaps, this "Sappho" overture; for one thing it is not particularly suggestive of Sappho; but in the strength of its themes and its well-defined treatment, now clear and contrasting, now dashing and forcible in the true "plein orchestre" school, it is a good addition to the modern menu-programme. For the other numbers Mr. Paur played the "Tannhaeuser" overture, in which the violins were heard to unusual advantage; the Schumann C major symphony, with its ever-lovely opening numbers, and some dance music from Gluck, among which a gavotte proved exquisitely charming and aroused long-continued applause. The soloist, Mrs. Julie M. Wyman, sang an aria from Lenepreu, "Lajeune Captive," and the rather tame aria from Massenet's "Galathee."

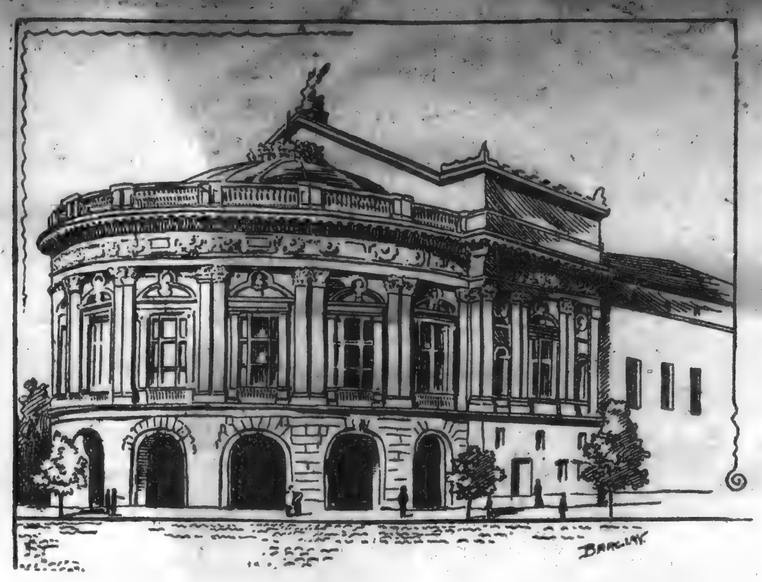
Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 30. Oktober 1894.

Boston Symphonie Orchester. Dieses ausgezeichnete Orchester gab gestern Abend in der Academy of Music das erste von fünf großen Konzerten unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur. Es wurde die Tannhäuser Ouverture in musterhafter Weise zum Vortrag gebracht, außerdem die berühmte Schumann'sche C dur Symphonie, Tänze aus Gluck's Opern und die hier noch unbekannte Ouverture zu Goldmark's „Sappho". In der Symphonie waren das „Scherzo" und das „Adagio" die erfolgreichsten. Die ungeheuren technischen Schwierigkeiten, welche die Komposition bietet, wurden spielend überwunden. Als Solistin fungirte Frau Julie M. Wyman, eine tüchtige Lieder-Sängerin, deren schöne, wohlgeschulte Stimme selbst in den ihr weniger günstig gelegenen Arien zur Geltung kam. Das nächste Konzert findet am 3. Dezember statt.

[41]

SUPERB TEMPLE OF MUSIC.



Baltimore's Great Auditorium to Open Its Doors This Week.

Baltimore has the finest auditorium in the South and one that cannot be easily rivalled anywhere in the country in the new Music Hall, which will be opened this week.

Its unusual size, its beautiful decorations, the charming tone of classic elegance everywhere apparent in its furnishing combine to make it one of the most attractive and magnificent places of amusement in America.

The opening of a hall so splendidly adapted to its purpose will have an enthusing effect on the musical interests of Baltimore. It will be an inspiration and will make this city more than ever a

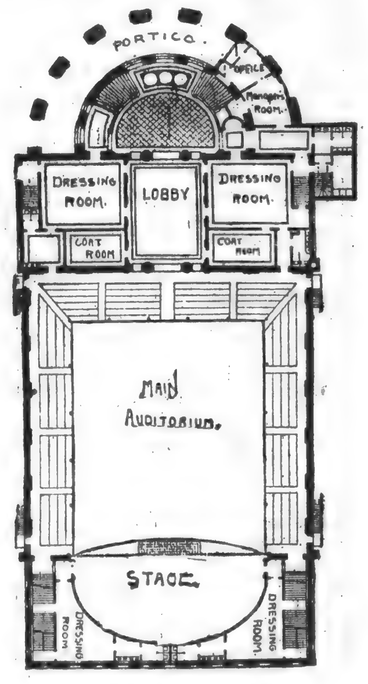


Diagram of the Main Floor.

centre of musical culture and will bring the largest companies and most celebrated artists. With the Peabody Conservatory to create a craving for classical music and the high class performances of the Music Hall to satisfy it, the people of Baltimore will, indeed, be fortunate.

Music Hall, as it stands completed, is a monument to the public spirit and persevering energy of the gentlemen who built it. They have worked in the face of great obstacles and have overcome all difficulties in their determination to furnish the city of Baltimore a music hall which should be worthy of the city and adequate to its needs. Baltimore's commercial, social and educational supremacy are unquestioned among all the cities of the South, and the Music Hall will be the crowning point that will give the city wide musical fame also.

The Opening an Epoch.

The opening of Music Hall marks the beginning of an epoch for Baltimore. The city has never had a music hall adequate for the attractions which would have come and which passed Baltimore by because of the lack of a suitable hall. The new auditorium is essentially a music hall, but it has three rooms besides the main hall suitable for concerts, dances and festivals.

The opening attraction—the Boston Symphony Orchestra—is very strong. Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor and the

Conductor Emil Paur.

soloists will be: Mme. Melba, soprano; Mme. Scalchi, contralto; M. Maugiere, tenor; M. Plancon, baritone. The orchestra contains 87 musicians, which, with the soloists obtained from the Grand Italian and French Opera Company of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York (by special arrangement with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau), form the greatest combination of artists that has ever appeared in a single concert in this city.

On the evening of the opening all the parlors, reception rooms and banquet halls of the building will be illuminated and opened for inspection by the public.

A series of five concerts will be given by the same organization that opens the hall on Wednesday evening, October 31, December 5, January 9, February 6 and March 13. The following soloists will take part in the concerts: Mme. Melba, prima donna soprano; Mme. Nordica, prima donna soprano; Mme. Scalchi, contralto; Mme. Maugiere, tenor; Mr. Plancon, baritone; Mr. Caesar Thomson, violin; Mr. Alwin Schroeder, violencello.

Programme of Opening Concert.

Vorspiel, "Dei Meistersinger"....Wagner
Romanza from "Mignon".....A. Thomas
Mons. Maugiere.
Aria from "Don Carlos".....Verdi
Mons. Plancon.
Aria, "Sweet Bird" (l'allegro il penseoso), Handel
(Flute obligato, Mons. Mole), Mme. Melba
Entr' acte, "Gwendoline," first time Chabrier
Aria, "Che Faro," from "Orpheus,"..Gluck
Mme. Scalchi.
Song, "The Two Grenadiers"...Schumann
Mons. Plancon.
Waltz, "Se Seran Rose".....Arditi
Mme. Melba.
Overture, scherzo, notturno and wedding march from "The Midsummer Night's Dream"..... .... Mendelssohn
Quartet from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mesdames Melba and Scalchi, Messrs. Maugiere and Plancon.
Overture, "Egmout".. ... .Beethoven

Mme. Nellie Melba.

Mme. Nellie Melba, the star soloist, who, within the last five years, has gained the highest possible distinction in Paris, Brussels, London, Milan and New York, was born in Australia. She is of Scotch descent, and at the early age of 3 years her mother, who was an amateur of ability, began to teach her the piano; and at 6 years of age she was heard at a public concert given in aid of the funds of the Presbyterian Church at Richmond.

Madame Melba made her debut on the 15th of October, 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Her success was so immediate and brilliant that M. Lapissada, who had only arranged for a single appearance, engaged her for a term, and she subsequently appeared as Lakma, Violetta, Ophelia and Lucia. Subsequently Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her first appearance in London as Lucia.

She returned to Paris, and made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times. She next studied the role of Juliette, with the assistance of Charles Gounod, and appeared in London in that character in June, 1869, with Jean de Reszke in his favorite part of Romeo. In the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang in several representations of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelie, Lucia and Gilda.

The latest assumptions of Madame Melba have been as Esmeralda at Covent Garden, in Goring Thomas' opera of that name; Elsa de Brabant in Wagner's "Lohengrin"; and Elaine, which M. Bemberg had written expressly for her, to whom, and to Jean de Reszke, the work is dedicated.

Mme. Nellie Melba.

During her short artistic career Madame Melba has received a number of valuable presents from admirers, among whom may be included several crowned heads of Europe. A magnificent brooch of rubies and diamonds is the gift of Her Majesty, and from the Prince and Princess of Wales she has received a brooch of diamonds and pearls, and bracelet of rubies and diamonds. The Czar gave her a splendid bracelet of pearls and diamonds; while the Grand Duke Alexis handed her a brooch, with bracelet to match, of sapphires and diamonds.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau induced her to visit America last year, and her brilliant triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, in that remarkable season of Italian and French grand opera are familiar to the music-lovers throughout this country. Madame Melba's voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with an extensive range, reaching to E in alt, the tone being crystalline in its sweetness and clearness. It is perfectly even throughout the register, and her vocalization, in the purest Italian style, is almost unrivaled in fluency and absolutely faultless, while the development recently exhibited by Madame Melba in a dramatic sense promises a position for her as a lyric artist equal to her extraordinary powers as a vocalist.

Coming Attractions.

The new Music Hall not only starts out well, but it has a good list of attractions to keep it going. It is not expected that a new house should have the strong attractions which a well-established auditorium can secure and the list of the Music Hall's attractions is on that account all the more surprising. Included in the list are the following:

Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Seidl Orchestra.
Damrosch Orchestra.
Sousa's Band.
Princeton College Glee and Banjo Club.
Ysaye, Belgian violin soloist.
Thomson, Belgian violin soloist.

These are among the traveling attractions. It has besides a number of the leading local entertainments in which are the following:

Haydn Society concerts.
Home for Consumptives' bazaar.
Baptist Orphanage bazaar.
Fidelia Assembly ball and banquet.
Letter Carriers' Association ball.

The strong list of attractions is due to the energy of Mr. John J. Nolan, the manager, who has had 12 years' experience in managing such companies and houses as Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, National Opera Company, Juch Opera Company, Hinrich's Opera Company, Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, Urania and Carnegie Music Hall.

Music Hall is owned by the Auditorium Company, an organization of which the officers and directors are:

Mr. Frank Frick, president; Mr. W. Graham Bowdoin, vice-president; Mr. Robert C. Davidson, treasurer; Mr. R. S. Albert, secretary; Mr. Charles Keidel, Mr. Alexander Frank, Mr. Bernard N. Baker, Mr. David L. Bartlett and Mr. J. Le Roy White.

Will Rival the Finest.

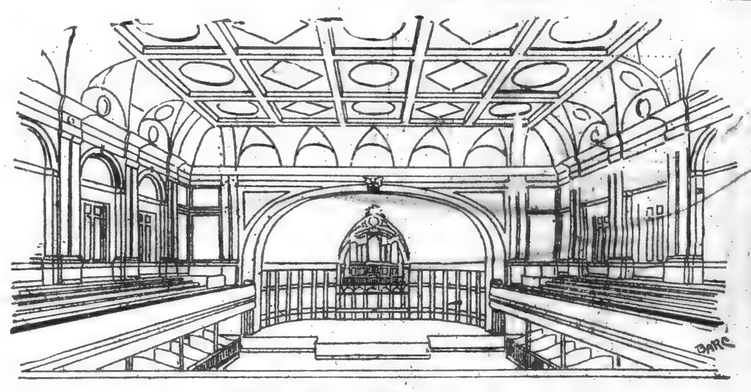
The building bids fair to rival the finest places of amusement in the country, not only on account of the size and conveniences of the auditorium itself, but through the number and arrangement of the other halls, passages, dressing-rooms, etc., which are especially planned to be used in connection with it or for separate and distinct performances.

It may be said, in a general way, to meet the requirements of every variety of entertainment, both musical, social, political and educational, for which there is a demand. The building stands between Mt. Royal and Maryland avenues, near their junction, and has entrances from both.

The site is wisely selected, being almost in the centre of the best quarter of city residences, surrounded by the principal lines of street railways, and near both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Stations. Therefore, as a convenient centre for the kind of attractions for which it has been built the Music Hall hardly has

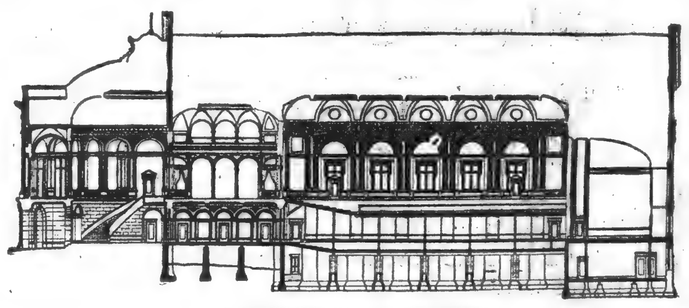
Diagram of the Gallery Floor.

a rival in Baltimore; and with its other advantages it promises for itself a great success in the future, and to become of inestimable value to the city in which it is built and for whose advancement it is dedicated.



AUDITORIUM AND STAGE.

The building still lacks its semi-circular front, the absence of which not only mars the entire effect of the building as seen from Mt. Royal avenue, but deprives the general plan of the interior of its most striking and unusual feature. A temporary vestibule of frame has, however, been erected where the semi-circular hall will stand, leading to the lobby and to the dressing-rooms, and making an ample and convenient entrance to the building from that direction. The lobby (30 by 40 feet) gives access to the main floor of the auditorium and to the staircases to the gallery and assembly-rooms above. It is flanked by dressing-rooms, coatrooms and lavatories, which are so arranged that they can be used in connection with the assembly-room above them, as well as with the auditorium itself, according to the character of the entertainments in progress.



LONGITUDIN AL SECTION.

Will Seat 3000.

The auditorium itself is one of the largest music halls in this country, being 110 feet in length, exclusive of the stage, and 100 feet in width. It has a full seating capacity of 3000 persons, although at present only 2634 seats have been provided as sufficient for its present needs. The central portion of the main floor, 70 by 85 feet, is flat, and provided with 1100 movable seats upon a canvas covering. These will be removed when balls are given, or any other entertainment that requires a clear floor space.

The 240 seats under the galleries and overlooking this space are so arranged that they can at any time be divided into sections by light partitions and converted into "stalls" thereby. The galleries on the three sides of the auditorium have a full seating capacity of 1044 persons.

The stage is elliptical in plan. Its width is 70 feet, its depth 40 feet and its seating capacity about 500 persons. The organ gallery is in the centre of the east wall and forms the principal feature of the stage.

On either side are large dressing-rooms with lavatories adjoining for the performers' use, and above them again other rooms suitable either as dressing-rooms or storerooms. Easy access is provided to the auditorium on each floor, both from the Maryland avenue and Mt. Royal avenue entrances. The staircases to the former will be used as a general rule for exits only.

The general effect of the auditorium and of the stage is simple but good. The decoration has been used sparingly and with great care, and the color scheme, while in keeping with the general simplicity of the interior, is light and attractive.

All experiments that have been made to try the acoustic qualities of the auditorium have brought the most satisfactory results and prove beyond doubt that it possesses unusual advantages for hearing not only orchestral and choral music, but a single voice, either in speaking or in singing.

The Assembly Room.

The assembly-room is connected with the lobby and dressing rooms below by a staircase from either end, and it also connects directly with the gallery of the auditorium, thus answering the requirements of a foyer. It possesses from its size and general arrangements excellent advantages as a ball-room, lecture-room or concert hall. The windows on the east side of the room open directly into the auditorium, enabling it to be used in connection with the larger hall whenever occasion requires. The open floor space in this room is 60 by 40 feet and the ceiling 40 feet above. At either end are passages or lobbies containing together more than half that amount of space and above them galleries, reached by staircases, for musicians, etc.

The decoration of the assembly-room is more elaborate in detail and its coloring more striking than that of any other portion of the building. While it now possesses advantages over any other hall of its character in Baltimore, it is natural to suppose that together with the semi-circular colonnade of the enrtance hall, which it is hoped will soon be added to the building, there will be no more effective arrangements for balls and social and musical entertainments generally found in the country than these will together afford.

ASSEMBLY ROOM.

At the other end of the building and below the stage is another hall of the same length and width, but with lower ceiling, 15 feet, and much simpler finish generally. Its entrances are at either end, and open directly from Maryland avenue. Adjoining it is the banquet hall of the same dimensions, finished in dark wood and possessing the necessary pantries in connection with it for suppers, etc.

There are also anterooms, dressing-rooms and lavatories adjoining these two halls to make their purposes complete, and special facilities for a great variety of entertainments have thereby been assured. Furthermore, being connected with the auditorium by staircases at either end, these halls can be used in connection with the larger hall when balls fairs and public meetings are being given.

Safety in a Panic.

On account of the number of staircases and entrances connected with all of the halls in the building opening upon the streets at both ends, not only the convenience, but the safety of the public has been thoroughly well provided for. Openings for four fire-escapes from each floor of the auditorium have been arranged to add, if necessary, further security against danger of fire or panic.

The building is provided with electric light in abundance, a special plant in the building, being supplemented with gas for special occasions. The heating and ventilating apparatus is most complete, and the fan system with which the building has been provided has already proved most thorough and satisfactory in its effects in both conditions of heat and cold.

It has been three years since the first meeting was held to provide for the erection of the Music Hall. On November 28, 1891, the initiatory meeting of those interested was held at the Mount Vernon Hotel. A general committee of 30 was appointed at that meeting to take the whole matter in charge. The following were appointed members of the committee:

Men Who Built It.

Messrs. B. N. Baker, Frank Frick, Blanchard Randall, Edward F. Leyh, R. C. Davidson, Ernest Knabe, Richard S. Albert, J. Le Roy White, Alex. Frank, George H. Sargeant, Charles A. Martin, I. Guggenheimer, Alfred Dohme, F. M. Colston, A. H. Hecht, Henry Lauts, Henry Smith, A. K. Shriver, G. M. Shriver, F. H. Gotlieb, Nelson Hiss, W. A. Hanway, Louis Schneider, George Savage, J. F. Supplee, Ross Jungnickel, George Blumer, W. H. Love, D. L. Bartlett and W. Graham Bowdoin.

The committee went to work at once and by April 11, 1892, had secured subscriptions for $150,000. The organization was incorporated under the title of The Auditorium Company of Baltimore, with a capital stock of $200,000, and the following were named as directors for the first year:

Messrs. Frank Frick, W. Graham Bowdoin, R. C. Davidson, Richard S. Albert, Ernest Knabe, D. L. Bartlett, B. N. Baker, Alexander, Frank and J. Le Roy White.

The lot on which the building now stands was purchased for $43,000. It fronts 223 feet on Mount Royal avenue and 117 feet on Maryland avenue. Competitive designs for a building were asked for and from a number presented the present design was selected.

[42]

REDUCTION

RATIO

15x

2.5 mm

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

Century

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St. Paul, MN 55119

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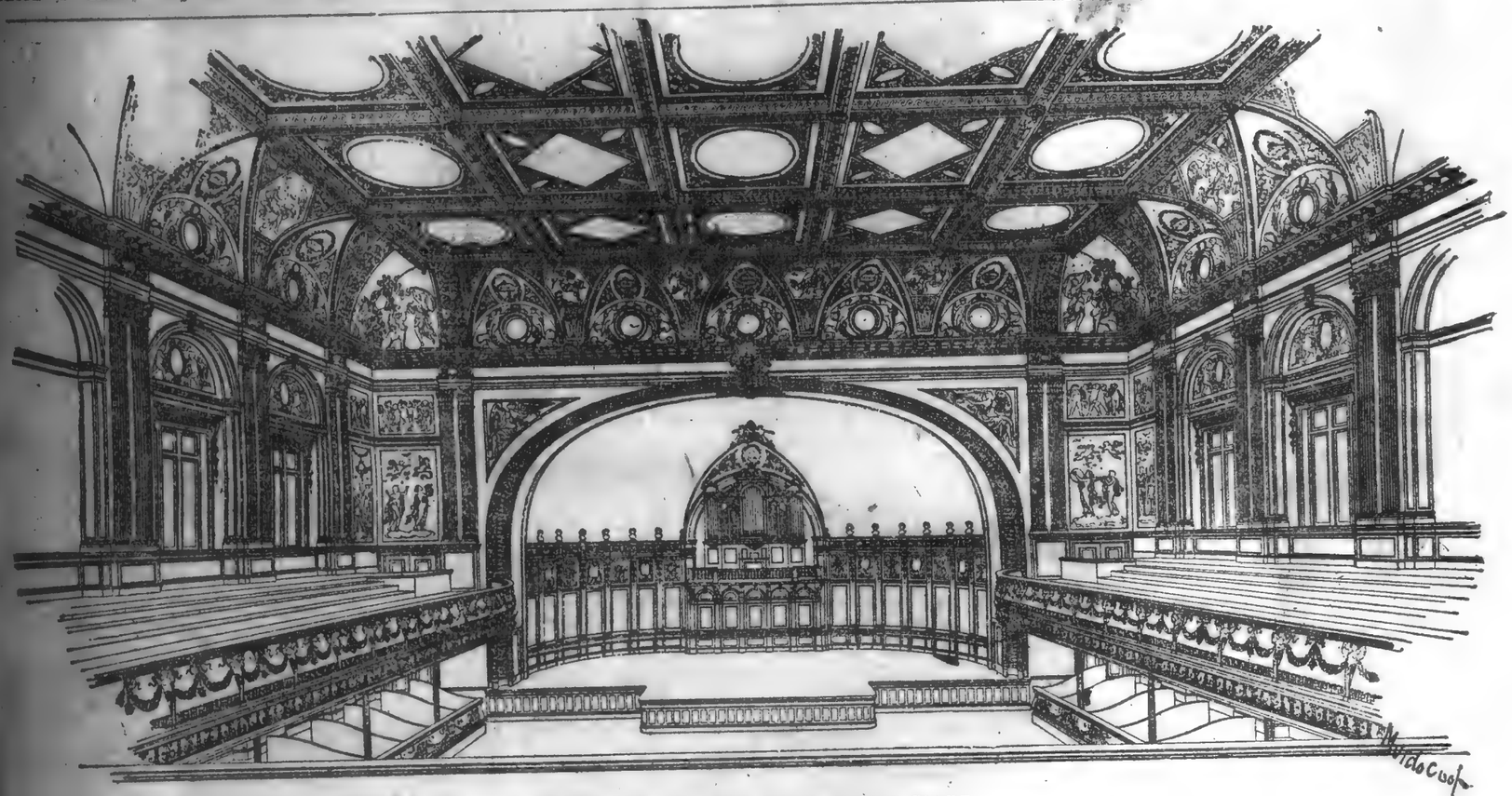

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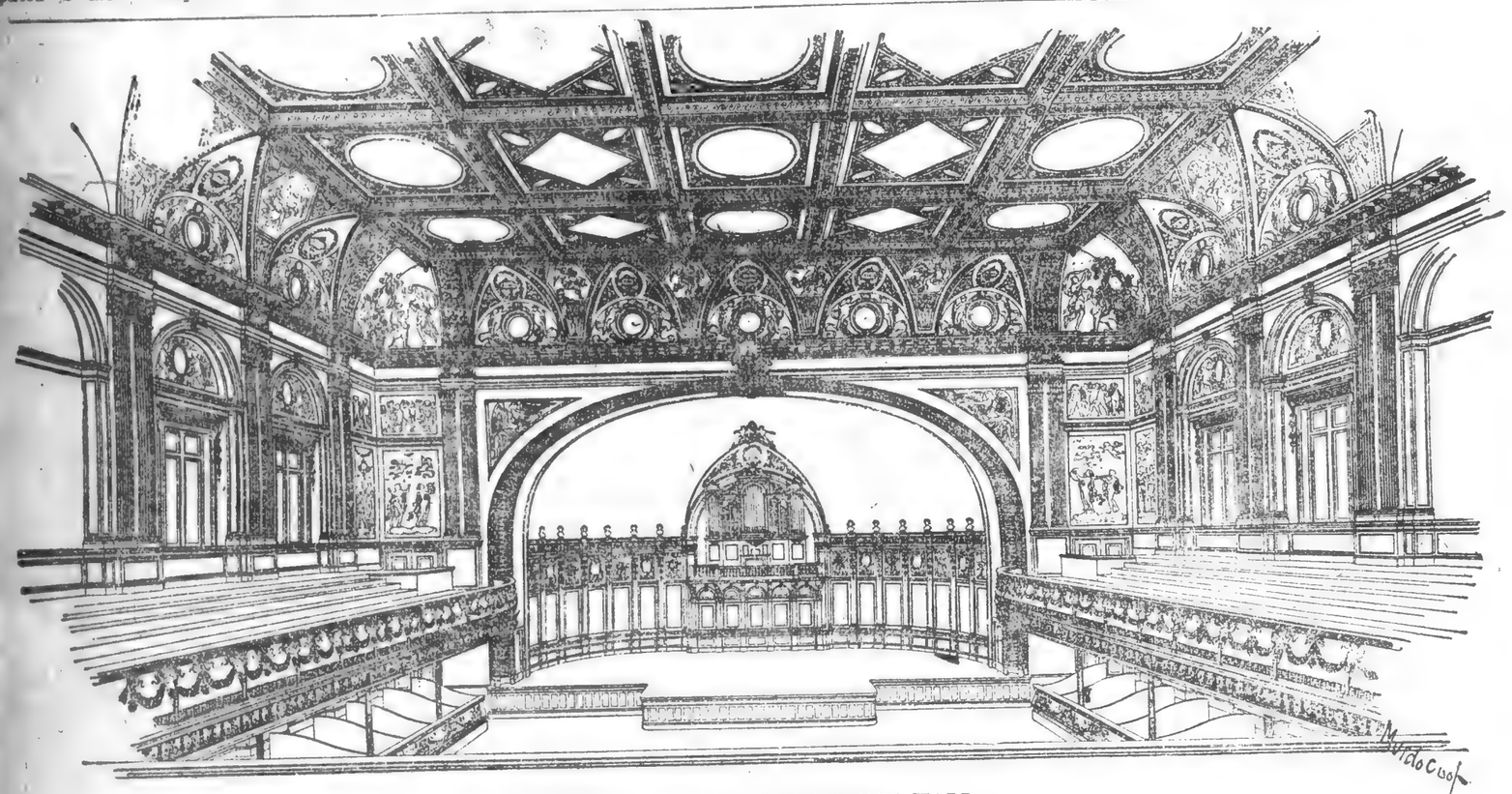

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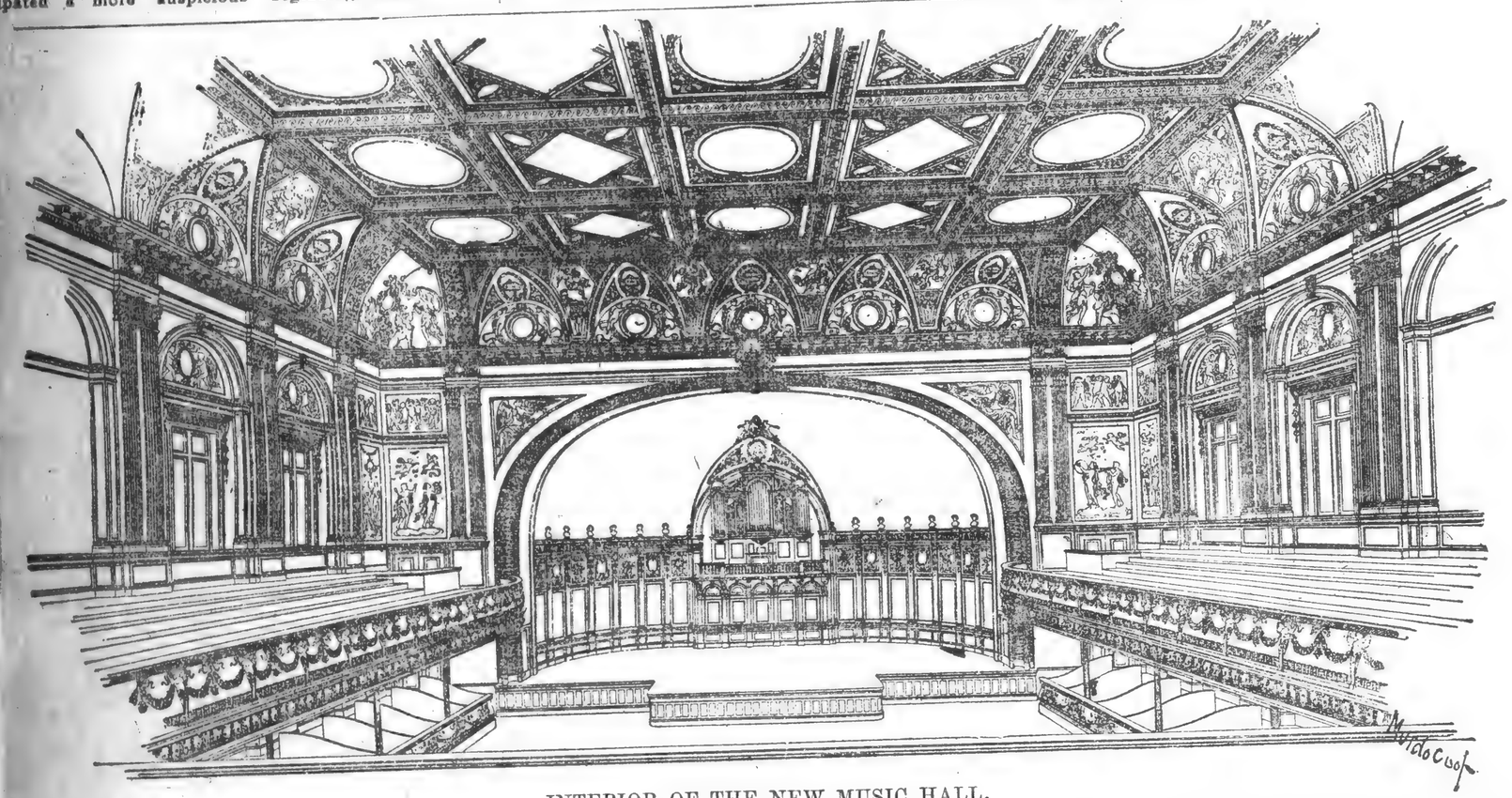

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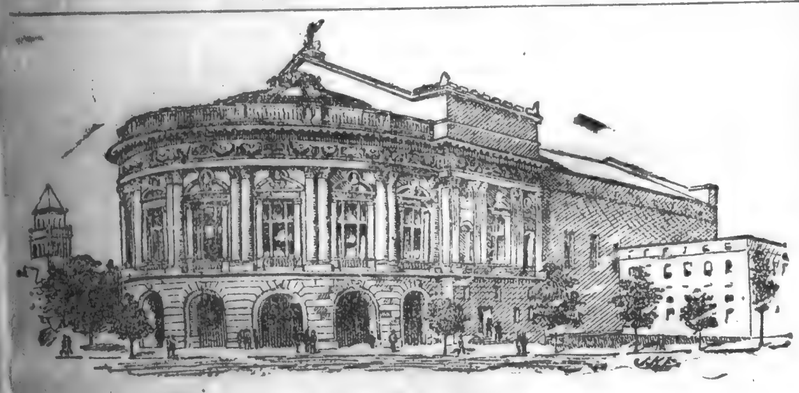

THE MUSIC HALL.

[43]

MADAME MELBA, QUEEN OF SONG,

Heard at the Opening of the New Music Hall.

A BRILLIANT EVENT.

Three Thousand People Throng the Auditorium.

MUSIC, JEWELS AND BEAUTY.

The Initial Concert of the Most Brilliant Musical Season Baltimore Has Ever Experienced—Paur's Matchless Orchestra Fully Supports the Celebrated Vocalists—A Critical Analysis of the Performance.

BALTIMORE'S new Music Hall, on Mount Royal avenue, west of Charles, was gloriously dedicated and opened last night.

The doors of the magnificent structure were thrown wide open to the public for the first time, and the people of this city saw fulfilled an ambition and desire of years. The most ardent well-wishers of this enterprise could hardly have anticipated a more auspicious beginning. Wealth, beauty and culture, all were present to assist in launching this commendable venture upon its splendid mission. There have been occasions frequently when throngs of representative people were gathered under one roof, but rarely has there been one more brilliant than the audience which greeted the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night.

The event had been looked forward to with great interest. The people were as eager for an opportunity to inspect the new building as they were to listen to the performance.

As early as 7 o'clock the hosts began to gather. Those first on the grounds were desirous of purchasing their tickets at the window, and shortly after the doors were opened a line was formed reaching far out into the street. The anxious ones were accommodated as quickly as possible, but two seemed to arrive for every one that passed into the hall.

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Then a hush of expectancy fell upon the audience. The people had been satisfied with their inspection of the building, and now waited anxiously for the concert to begin. All were on the qui vive to hear Madame Melba. The Boston Symphony Orchestra had been heard here before, but Melba, never. She came preceded by a fame that few singers of the day can boast of. Before the evening was over, she more than demonstrated that her enviable reputation was attained by true merit alone.

Madame Melba.

With one or two exceptions, however, the selections given were hardly up to the Boston Symphony Orchestra standard. Not that they were indifferently played, but the critical ones in the audience, no doubt, looked for numbers of more depth and classical construction than those given in the main. At night, however, the light compositions were thought to be in keeping with the joyousness of the occasion.

Madame Melba was the bright particular star of the evening. Fairly sparkling in a costume of turquoise-blue satin, besprinkled with sprays of cut steel, she came on for her triumph. The applause of recognition was not long, the people were too anxious to hear her voice.

Her first solo was the "Sweet Bird" of Haendel, with flute obligato. And she sung it like a bird. Such a succession of pure and perfect trills and hard to imagine and much more difficult to describe. Few singers can take turns in the middle register without a gutteral break, but with Melba the tones flowed with a crystalline brilliancy that blunted the sheen of the jewels at her throat. In the duo in thirds with the flute the voice and instrument blended with a purity was superb, while the "echo oppregiotura" in canton effect was almost a revolution. The the roulades were as near perfect as well-schooled vocalism can produce, and, although no opportunity was lost for an opportunity at coleratuer display, there was no attempt at vocal acrobatics.

Great credit is also due the work of Mr. Chales Mole, the flantist. He played a silver instrument of the Boehm pattern, and gave a splendid exhibition of technique and breadth of tone. Mme. Melba was recalled again and again, and responded by repeating a part of the same solo.

Equally as successful was she in the rendition of Orditi's waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," and as an encore to this beautiful yet hackneyed work sang a German love song.

The Other Soloists.

Mons. Plancon has a sonorous and musical baritone, which he uses with good judgment, although at times he became too emphatic, causing a perceptible harshness. He did exceedingly well with the aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," and was thrice recalled. He was far more successful in the singing of Schuman's "The Two Grenadiers," with its patriotic "Marsalles," and an encore was demanded and given.

Madame Scalchi scored her usual triumph. She is not a stranger to the lyric lovers of this city, and was accorded a warm greeting. She sang the "Chefaro," from Gluck's "Orpheus," and as an encore gave a Russian composition.

The audience was not a little disappointed in M. Mangiere, the tenor. He has a musical, sympathetic voice, but it lacks body and range, and in taking the higher tones he is forced to resort to falsetto tones. In place of the selection from "Mignon" scheduled, he sang the "Salut, Demure, Chaste et Pure," from Gounod's "Faust."

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It must not be imagined from this, however, that there were no further applicants for admission after the house was full, for many hundred, as soon as informed that seats were unobtainable, left rather than stand up. The love of fine music implanted in young women was particularly brought out by the presence of a number of well-known society girls scarcely through with the year of their debut. They seemed to enjoy the different numbers thoroughly, and clapped their daintily gloved hands in applause frequently. On the whole, it was not a representative society gathering, being made up mostly of musical extremists in Baltimore, but yet there were enough of the 400 present to stamp it as a real big event. There were few evening costumes, and the general color of the dresses was sombre in the extreme, though lighter at intervals, with a gown or two of blue, pink, &c.

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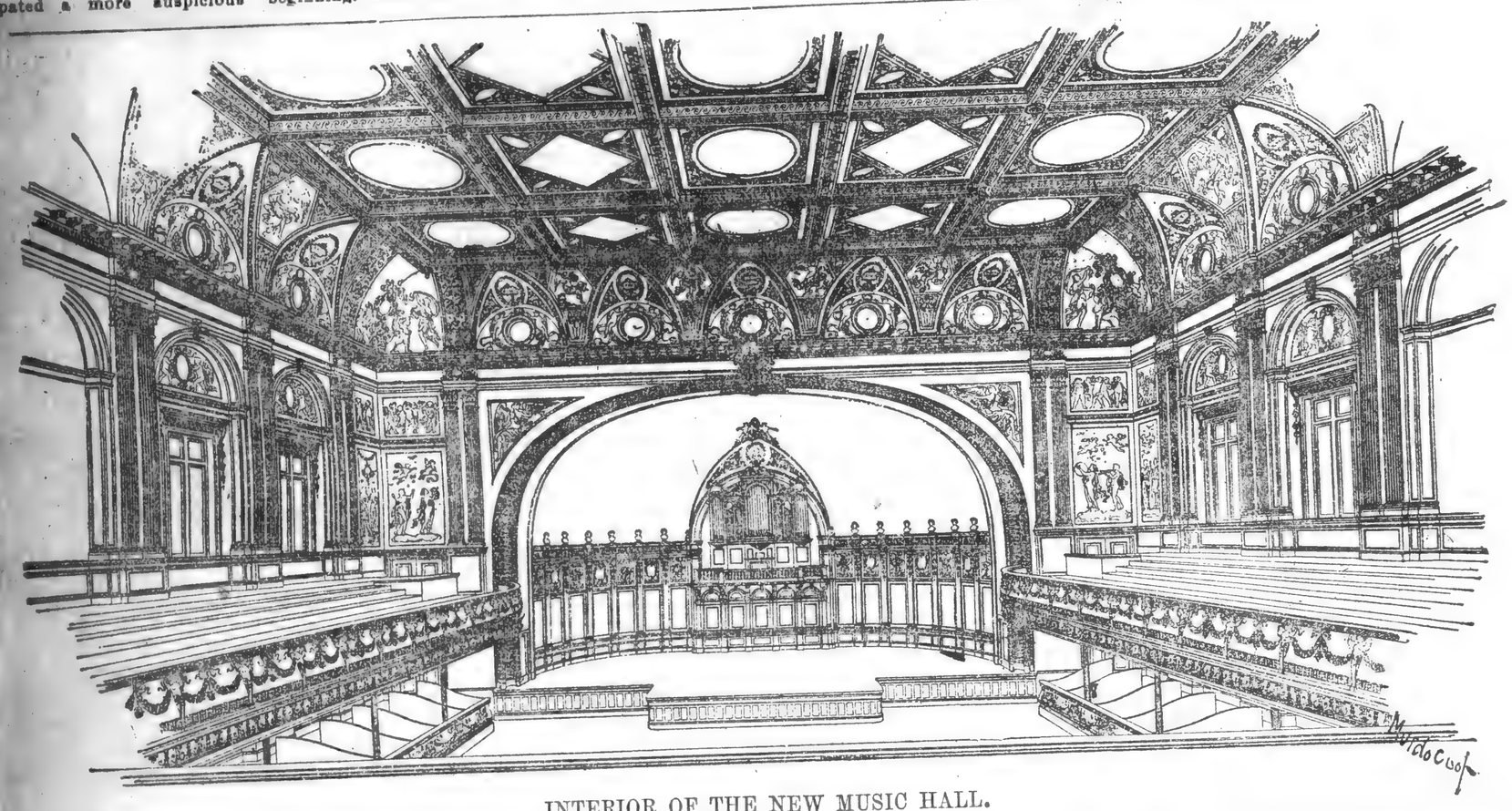

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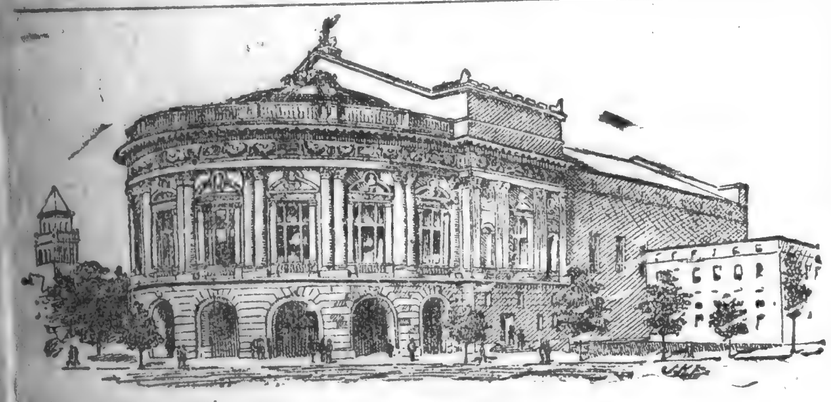

THE MUSIC HALL.

Another Stradivarius.

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL'S recent purchase of a Stradivarius violin adds one more to the number in this city of "supposed to be genuine" instruments of the greatest of all violin makers. Mr. Kneisel purchased his "Strad" of his former teacher, Prof. Gruen of Vienna, and it is stated that he paid $5000 for it. This instrument was made in 1717, which is admitted to have been during the best period of its maker's wonderful productiveness. Patrons of the symphony and of the Kneisel Quartette concerts will have the pleasure of listening to this rare instrument. A fine Guarnarius violin, a Gaspar de Salo viola, and an Amati 'cello are also owned by other members of the Kneisel Quartette. The aggregate value of these instruments in the commercial estimation of their owners is $14,000. The celebrated String Quartette of London possess instruments that have a market value of $25,000. But, after all, it can hardly be assumed that audiences, even in this musically enlightened 19th century, are capable of appreciating the difference in tone-quality between the instruments of one of these Quartettes and those of any other. Nor is it necessary that they should possess so subtle an appreciation to enjoy the interpretations of the artists who, through the mediumship of such perfect instruments, are all the better able to reach the highest excellence in their art.

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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Baltimore American

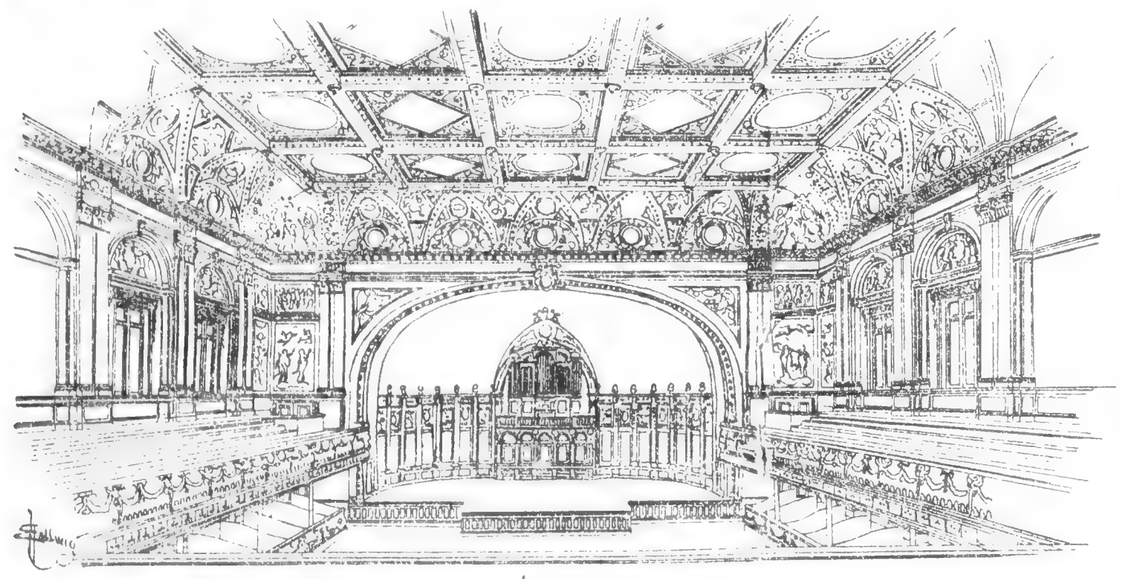
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

THOUSANDS OF SPONSORS AT THE AUDITORIUM'S CHRISTENING.

Formal Opening of the New Music Hall With a Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Brilliant Assemblage—A Profusion of Flowers, Both in the Audience and on the Stage—Foreign Artists Receive a Warm Welcome—Acoustic Properties.

Rarely has any event, either social or musical, created such widespread interest as the opening of the new Music Hall yesterday evening. It was a red-letter night for Baltimoreans, and about three thousand of her most representative citizens graced the occasion with their presence. The occasion was doubly interesting—first, the formal opening of the building itself, and second, the initial appearance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The opening night of the latter is always an event of importance in the musical circles, and is welcome to Baltimore, but when it brings four such artists with it as



INTERIOR OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Monsieur Maugiere and Monsieur Plancon, it is indeed a time of rejoicing. By half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening all roads seemed to lead to the Music Hall. The street cars were crowded, the streets were filled with pedestrians, while in front of the building there was a mass of carriages, each waiting in line for a place in front of the main entrance.

Within the large lobby all was animation. Those who already had tickets quietly waited to get in line and file into the spacious auditorium, while those who had none eagerly tried to get to the ticket window. Just before eight o'clock there was a solid phalanx of humanity entering the three gates and moving onto the main floor or up to the galleries. The scene was a very brilliant one, as beautifully gowned women, many of whom were in exquisite costume, and men in evening dress, were shown to their seats by a well-trained corps of ushers in charge of Mr. A. L. Watkins. A few women were without any head covering, but most of them wore either crownless bonnets or velvet or jeweled bandeaux. Flowers adorned many corsages, and chrysanthemum boutonnieres were in the coats of most of the men.

Floral Decorations.

The stage, where the orchestra was arranged, was decorated with a quantity of tall fresh palms that formed a background for the musicians, while in front, at the base, were arranged variegated palms and tropical plants. The hall was brilliantly lighted with electric bulbs, which unfortunately ceased to glow in the early part of the evening. The gas was then lighted and gave a dim, religious light for the remainder of the time. The flowers presented by the directors of the hall to Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi and to Mr. Emil Paur, the director, were simply superb. At the beginning of the concert Mr. Paur was given a director's stand with music rest and baton complete, made of chrysanthemums and American beauty roses. Madame Melba and Madame Scalchi received immense baskets of pink and white chrysanthemums that were so large they could scarcely carry them, and tremendous bouquets of roses that filled the air with fragrance as they were taken down the aisle. As each soloist appeared there was loud applause, and when Melba came out the air was rent in twain.

She wore a beautiful trained, low-necked gown of pale blue satin, spangled with silver discs, and a blue chiffon waist studded with diamond pins. Around her throat was a gorgeous diamond necklace.

Madame Scalchi's gown was a French creation of striped satin, brocaded with pink nosegays, and embellished with rare cream-colored lace. Her jewels were diamonds in the shape of odd brooches, and she wore a jeweled butterfly in her hair.

The acoustics of the new hall were very satisfactory, and the voices could be clearly and distinctly heard at any point in the auditorium. The orchestra also carried well, and all the musicians expressed themselves as pleased with the new building in this respect.

The dimensions of the hall make it unusually resonant, and an orchestra which sounds large in a theater seems to double in size when heard in this grand enclosure, without the interference of scenery and the large space back of the curtain in theaters. There was, therefore, much speculation as to the probable acoustic properties of the new hall, as its breadth and length are very nearly the same, thereby approaching the square form, which is generally very damaging to musical productions. The hall would undoubtedly be imperfect in this respect but for the balcony extending around the three sides, and which prevents extreme reverberation. The happy medium between a non-resonant and a too-resonant auditorium is thereby attained.

As Melba and Scalchi left last night for New York, and as they wished to show their appreciation of the flowers received from the directors of the Music Hall, they telephoned to The American for advice as to how they should dispose of the flowers, and at the suggestion of this paper the flowers were sent to the Home for Incurables with the compliments of Melba and Scalchi, in appreciation of their gracious reception in this city. After the concert there were more adjectives hurled through the doors of the new Music Hall than will soon be heard again, and most of them were qualified by an adverb, and they were all in the superlative degree. Success, with a big S, is the one word that conveys the result of yesterday evening.

Music of the Concert.

The Vorspiel, or prelude to the Wagner opera The Mastersinger, gave the orchestra an opportunity to display itself to great advantage. The full size of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its thirty violins, ten violas, sixteen cellos and double basses, fifty-six strings in all, was realized for the first time in this city.

The vocal numbers on the program were singularly lacking in novelty. Monsieur Maugiere delivered the first, and at the same time made his first appearance in Baltimore, in the familiar "Salve Dimora" from Faust, changing the program by substituting this number for the Romance from Mignon. He was evidently not in good voice, as he used the falsetto for the celebrated high C, and was not always perfect in intonation.

Mons. Plancon, the French baritone, chose an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," composed about thirty years ago, and which does not compare very favorably with Verdi's more modern works, as Falstaff, or the Prologue in Pagliacci, which gainer for Campanari such an immense ovation at the Seidl concert last week. Plancon has a large voice, which comes out very fully in the resonant hall, but lacks somewhat in smoothness and evenness. He was heartily recalled.

Melba's debut in Baltimore was made in the old-fashioned aria "Sweet Bird," from Handel's "Il Penserosa." The music is of the classic bravura style, filled with the vocal exercises, roulades, trills and the like, that were considered the most important requisite of music a hundred and fifty years ago. Melba's method proved that she could triumph easily over all the obstacles and difficulties of the old school, and in which many modern prima donnas are sadly deficient. Handel's music gives the vocal organs the best exercise they can possibly have, and the singer who has mastered his works will have little difficulty in anything modern. At the same time, the old songs can not compare in expression or intensity with musical conceptions of modern masters. Melba was accorded a storm of applause on finishing, and recalled several times. The flute obligato of Mons. Mole added greatly to the effect of her triumph. She is a great artist on the concert stage, but will never be thoroughly heard in Baltimore until she appears, as she will, later in the season, in grand opera. She was well loaded with various designs in floral offerings, which obliged her to come to the footlights several times to receive the well continued applause. She finally responded to encores for both her numbers. Baltimore will await her coming and appearance in grand opera with great interest.

Madame Scalchi repeated the beautiful Gluck aria "Che Faro," from Orpheus and Eurydice, which she has sung so often in this city. This aria, although of the old French-German school, is one of music's immortal numbers. It is as fresh today as it was a hundred years ago. It was true to nature at first, and will be enjoyed as long as music is sung. In dramatic force and art, Scalchi is still herself, but her voice cannot be compared to that of her own former years. In fact, it is becoming harsh, and would hardly be tolerated if she were now making her debut. She was encored, and sang the concluding portion of the air from "Semiramide," "Ah, quel giorno!"

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A Splendid Auditorium.

The auditorium itself is one of the largest music halls in this country, being 110 feet in length, exclusive of the stage, and 100 feet in width. It has a full seating capacity of 3,000 persons, although at present only 2,634 seats have been provided, as sufficient for its present needs. The central portion of the main floor (70x85 feet) is flat, and provided with 1,100 movable seats upon a canvas covering. These will be removed when balls are given, or any other entertainment that requires a clear floor space. The 240 seats under the galleries and overlooking this space are so arranged that they can at any time be divided into sections by light partitions and converted into stalls thereby. The galleries on the three sides of the auditorium have a full seating capacity of 1,044 persons. The stage is elliptical in plan. Its width is 70 feet, its depth 40 feet, and its seating capacity about 500 persons. The organ gallery is in the center of the east wall, and forms the principal feature of the stage.

On either side are large dressing-rooms, with lavatories adjoining, for the performers' use, and above them again other rooms, suitable either as dressing-rooms or store-rooms. Easy access is provided to the auditorium on each floor, both from the Maryland avenue and Mount Royal avenue entrances. The staircases to the former will be used, as a general rule, for exits only.

The general effect of the auditorium and of the stage is simple, but good. The decoration has been used sparingly and with great care, and the color scheme, while in keeping with the general simplicity of the interior, is light and attractive.

The Assembly Room.

The assembly room is connected with the lobby and dressing-rooms below by a staircase from either end, and it also connects directly with the gallery of the auditorium, thus answering the requirements of a foyer. It also possesses, from its size and general arrangements, advantages as a ball-room, lecture-room or concert hall. The windows on the east side of the room open directly into the auditorium, enabling it to be used in connection with the larger hall whenever occasion requires. The open floor space in this room is 60x40 feet, and the ceiling forty feet above. At either end are passages or lobbies, containing together more than half that amount of space, and above them galleries, reached by staircases, for musicians, &c. The decoration of the assembly room is more elaborate in detail and its coloring more striking than that of any other portion of the building.

At the other end of the building and below the stage is another hall of the same length and width, but with lower ceiling (fifteen feet), and much simpler finish generally. Its entrances are at either end, and open directly from Maryland avenue. Adjoining it is the banquet hall, of the same dimensions, finished in dark wood, and possessing the necessary pantries in connection with it for suppers, &c. There are, also, ante-rooms, dressing-rooms and lavatories adjoining these two halls, to make their purposes complete, and special facilities for a great variety of entertainments have thereby been assured. Furthermore, being connected with the auditorium by staircases at either end, these halls can be used in connection with the larger hall when balls, fairs and public meetings are being given.

On account of the number of staircases and entrances connected with all of the halls in the building opening upon the streets at both ends, not only the convenience, but the safety, of the public has been well provided for. Openings for four fire-escapes from each floor of the auditorium have been arranged, to add, if necessary, further security against danger of fire or panic. The building is provided with electric light in abundance, a special plant in the building, supplemented with gas for special occasions. The heating and ventilating apparatus is most complete, and the fan system with which the building has been provided has already proved most thorough and satisfactory in its effects in both conditions of heat and cold. The Music Hall was built by Henry Smith & Sons, of Baltimore, from drawings and under the supervision of Griffin & Randall, architects, New York.

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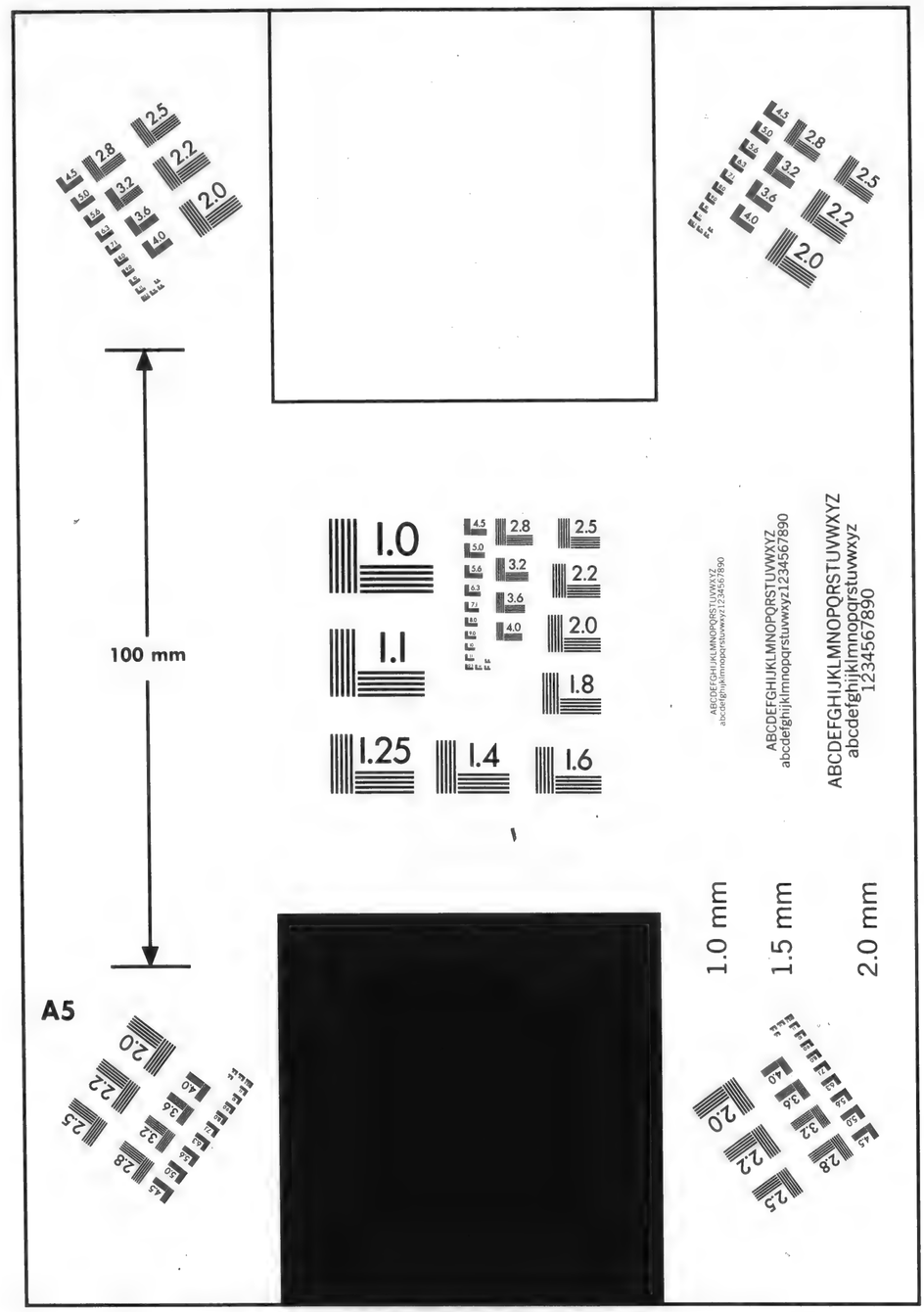

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Baltimore American

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

THOUSANDS OF SPONSORS AT THE AUDITORIUM'S CHRISTENING.

Formal Opening of the New Music Hall With a Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Brilliant Assemblage—A Profusion of Flowers, Both in the Audience and on the Stage—Foreign Artists Receive a Warm Welcome—Acoustic Properties.

Rarely has any event, either social or musical, created such widespread interest as the opening of the new Music Hall yesterday evening. It was a red-letter night for Baltimoreans, and about three thousand of her most representative citizens graced the occasion with their presence. The occasion was doubly interesting—first, the formal opening of the building itself, and second, the initial appearance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The opening night of the latter is always an event of importance in the musical circles, and is welcome to Baltimore, but when it brings four such artists with it as Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Monsieur Maugiere and Monsieur Plancon, it is indeed a time of rejoicing. By half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening all roads seemed to lead to the Music Hall. The street cars were crowded, the streets were filled with pedestrians, while in front of the building there was a mass of carriages, each waiting in line for a place in front of the main entrance.

Within the large lobby all was animation. Those who already had tickets quietly waited to get in line and file into the spacious auditorium, while those who had none eagerly tried to get to the ticket window. Just before eight o'clock there was a solid phalanx of humanity entering the three gates and moving onto the main floor or up to the galleries. The scene was a very brilliant one, as beautifully gowned women, many of whom were in exquisite costume, and men in evening dress, were shown to their seats by a well-trained corps of ushers in charge of Mr. A. L. Watkins. A few women were without any head covering, but most of them wore either crownless bonnets or velvet or jeweled bandeaux. Flowers adorned many corsages, and chrysanthemum boutonnieres were in the coats of most of the men.

Floral Decorations.

The stage, where the orchestra was arranged, was decorated with a quantity of tall fresh palms that formed a background for the musicians, while in front, at the base, were arranged variegated palms and tropical plants. The hall was brilliantly lighted with electric bulbs, which unfortunately ceased to glow in the early part of the evening. The gas was then lighted and gave a dim, religious light for the remainder of the time. The flowers presented by the directors of the hall to Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi and to Mr. Emil Paur, the director, were simply superb. At the beginning of the concert Mr. Paur was given a director's stand with music rest and baton complete, made of chrysanthemums and American beauty roses. Madame Melba and Madame Scalchi received immense baskets of pink and white chrysanthemums that were so large they could scarcely carry them, and tremendous bouquets of roses that filled the air with fragrance as they were taken down the aisle. As each soloist appeared there was loud applause, and when Melba came out the air was rent in twain.

She wore a beautiful trained, low-necked gown of pale blue satin, spangled with silver discs, and a blue chiffon waist studded with diamond pins. Around her throat was a gorgeous diamond necklace.

Madame Scalchi's gown was a French creation of striped satin, brocaded with pink nosegays, and embellished with rare cream-colored lace. Her jewels were diamonds in the shape of odd brooches, and she wore a jeweled butterfly in her hair. The acoustics of the new hall were very satisfactory, and the voices could be clearly and distinctly heard at any point in the auditorium. The orchestra also carried well, and all the musicians expressed themselves as pleased with the new building in this respect.

The dimensions of the hall make it unusually resonant, and an orchestra which sounds large in a theater seems to double in size when heard in this grand enclosure, without the interference of scenery and the large space back of the curtain in theaters. There was, therefore, much speculation as to the probable acoustic properties of the new hall, as its breadth and length are very nearly the same, thereby approaching the square form, which is generally very damaging to musical productions. The hall would undoubtedly be imperfect in this respect but for the balcony extending around the three sides, and which prevents extreme reverberation. The happy medium between a non-resonant and a too-resonant auditorium is thereby attained.

As Melba and Scalchi left last night for New York, and as they wished to show their appreciation of the flowers received from the directors of the Music Hall, they telephoned to The American for advice as to how they should dispose of the flowers, and at the suggestion of this paper the flowers were sent to the Home for Incurables with the compliments of Melba and Scalchi, in appreciation of their gracious reception in this city. After the concert there were more adjectives hurled through the doors of the new Music Hall than will soon be heard again, and most of them were qualified by an adverb, and they were all in the superlative degree. Success, with a big S, is the one word that conveys the result of yesterday evening.

Music of the Concert.

The Vorspiel, or prelude to the Wagner opera The Mastersinger, gave the orchestra an opportunity to display itself to great advantage. The full size of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its thirty violins, ten violas, sixteen cellos and double basses, fifty-six strings in all, was supplemented with gas for special occasions. The heating and ventilating apparatus is most complete, and the fan system with which the building has been provided has already proved most thorough and satisfactory in its effects in both conditions of heat and cold. The Music Hall was built by Henry Smith & Sons, of Baltimore, from drawings and under the supervision of Griffin & Randall, architects, New York.

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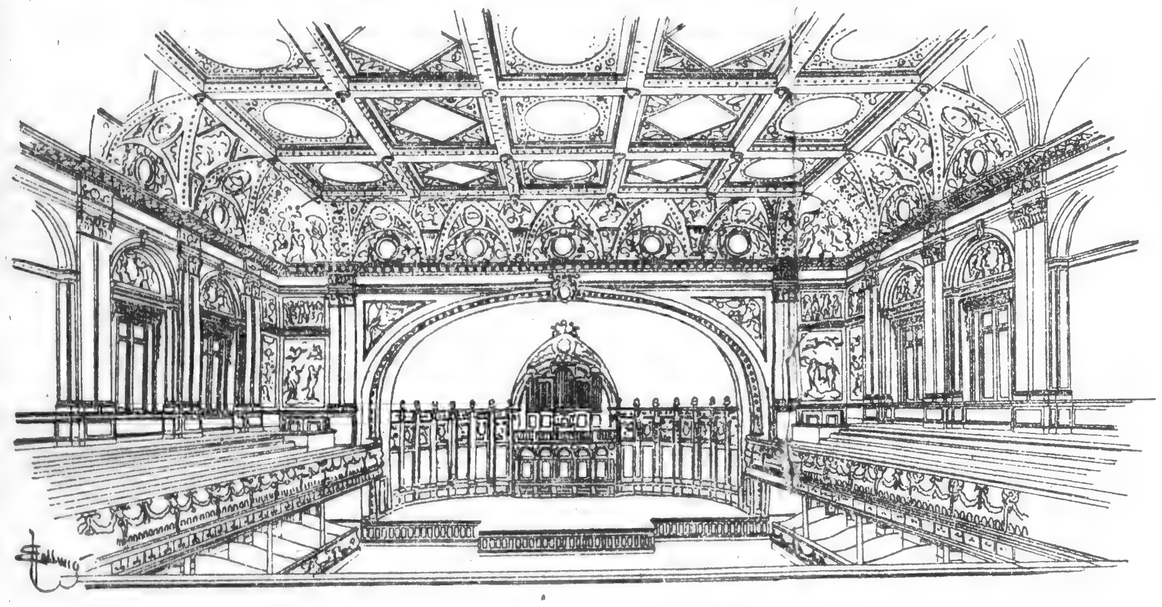

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WITH BOSTON'S FAMOUS ORCHESTRA

A Large and Brilliant Audience Delighted with the Concert and also with the Splendid New Building which Has Been Dedicated to Music

Illumined by a flood of soft radiance falling on delicate tints of buff and cream and blue, the new Music Hall was thrown open last night to the gaze of 2,800 Baltimoreans at one of the most brilliant musical events of many years.

With the combined attractions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a group of some of the greatest opera singers of the day and a new hall which ranks among the best in the country, the faces of the auditors, animated at first with sudden surprised delight, wore a continuously happy expression that deepened as the evening wore on and the majestic strains of opera music, old and new, filled the beautiful hall.

The audience was one of the most brilliant that has ever gathered in a Baltimore place of amusement. The musical world, the social world, the literary world—indeed, the cultured world in general of the city was represented by prominent men and women who assembled partly out of interest in the Boston Orchestra's programme, partly out of pride in the new home of art and partly because they had chimed in with the contagious impression that everybody else was going to be there.

A Magnificent Hall.

The hall was seen at its best when the audience was first seated, for later in the evening, when the musical programme had begun, the lights began to misbehave and glaring calciums had to be pressed into service for fear the hall would be plunged into darkness.

The first impression, with the incandescent lights glowing softly and steadily, was this: A vast auditorium formed of graceful arches and squares, colored in creamy shades and so tastefully arranged that the vision became enchanted with the harmonious whole before the fine details were thought of.

[illegible] end arose the [illegible] a great arch of exquisite symmetry and surmounted by musical emblems, near which hovered two heroic winged figures, typical also of the art divine. Within the stage a smaller arch inclosed the most romantic of Romeo-and-Juliet balconies, hung with gobelin blue velours, and over the arch were poised, in bold relief, two dimpled cherubs clinging airily to massive lyres.

On the ceiling of the auditorium the prevailing creamy tints was broken by sky-blue squares, and back of the gallery at the rear another suggestion of delicate color was made by glimpses of the rose tints in the foyer caught through the white arches of the main hall.

The huge stage was fringed with gigantic palms that added just the one needed touch of "growing things" in the picture, and taken all in all the scene was one that was a fitting artistic setting to the musical feast to be first set forth in its walls.

Test of Acoustics.

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Emil Paur, the leader, had just stepped on his stand and picked up his baton when a sensation was created by the sight of a great floral music stand and baton going up the aisle with ushers staggering under it. The appropriate emblems were handed to the smiling director, who thereafter directed from the floral stand.

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In the brilliant vocal finale the four singers joined their voices in the famous quartette from "Rigoletto," with Melba's tones soaring flute-like over the others, Scalchi's rolling out with beautiful sonority, and the two male voices according well with their companions. It seemed for the time as if the old days of Italian opera were again at hand, and as if brilliant colorature singing and vocal feats were the things of the hour. The audience longed for an encore. Again and again the singers were brought to the stage, Melba each time making a little move as of a spoilt child that didn't want to speak its little piece again, a coquettish touch of babyishness that was found charming in the great diva, but would not have been tolerated in a smaller light. The encore was not forthcoming, so Paur took his stand and closed the concert with the "Academic Overture," by Brahms, after which the audience went slowly out into the street, comparing notes delightedly about hall and concert and singers.

How the Hall was Built.

Although several articles descriptive of the Music Hall have been published in THE SUN from time to time, a short resume of the origin of the enterprise which has given to Baltimore one of the best halls in the country, and a short description of the building itself are appropriate at this time.

Mr. Frank Frick and Mr. B. N. Baker deserve the credit for having put on foot the project for building a hall that would be suitable for holding large concerts and balls and for the meeting place of conventions and other large gatherings. Baltimore needed such a hall, and the need was felt more plainly than ever after the destruction of the old Concordia Opera House, in which so many great conventions had been held. It is difficult to secure the theatres during the dramatic season, and, with the exception of these, the Fifth Regiment Armory has been the only available large hall in the city, and this is almost entirely unsuited to the uses for which the Music Hall has been built.

Messrs. Frick and Baker had a consultation with a number of prominent business men, which resulted in a meeting at the Mount Vernon Hotel in November of 1891, at which it was determined to raise [illegible] $250,000, if possible, for the erection of the hall. Times were hard and the subscriptions came in slowly. It was found that the whole amount desired could not be raised by the time it was desired to begin building, and as subscriptions for $150,000 had been received by April of 1893, it was decided to go ahead with the amount in hand.

Competitive plans had been submitted by some of the leading architects of the country. Those furnished by Griffin & Randall of New York, were decided by the expert, Mr. Richard M. Hunt, of New York, to be best adapted for the uses which the proposed hall was to be put, and they were adopted. Building operations were begun in the summer of 1893, and on September 22 the corner-stone of the building was laid by Mr. Frick. At the time of the laying of the corner-stone subscriptions amounting to about $190,000 had been received.

Exterior and Interior.

The lot on which the building stands has a frontage of 223 feet on Mount Royal avenue and runs back to Maryland avenue, on which it has a frontage of 117 feet. The ground cost the company $43,000. The money remaining after the purchase of the lot was not sufficient for the erection of the building according to the architect's designs, so it was deemed better to go ahead and put up the hall with its essential useful features first, leaving the architectural and ornamental features to be added when sufficient money is raised to enable the company to proceed. It was also necessary to omit a portion of the ornamental work of the interior. This can be added to the building as it now stands at any time.

The exterior, however, needs as soon as possible the handsome semi-circular front which is intended to be the building's most attractive feature. Without it the structure presents a big, rough, barn-like appearance, and is but little more attractive looking than the storage warehouse a few blocks away. As the building now stands, with the ground, it has cost about $225,000. It will take fully $60,000 to add the semi-circular front, so that completed according to the designs of the architects, and including the cost of the ground on which it stands, the Music Hall will represent an investment of nearly $300,000.

Even without the imposing semi-circular front, with its stately entrance hall and broad promenade, the building is remarkably complete in its details. Its principal feature is, of course, the main hall in which last night's concert was given. This is 110 feet long exclusive of the stage and 100 feet wide. Its full seating capacity is 3,000. The central portion of the main floor is flat and is provided with 1,100 seats on a canvas covering so that they can be easily removed when balls are given or any other entertainment that requires a clear floor space. This space contains 6,000 square feet of surface. Under the galleries are nearly 300 seats which can be divided into sections by light partitions and converted into stalls. The galleries on the three sides of the auditorium have a seating capacity of over 1,000 persons. The stage is elliptical in plan, is 70 feet wide and 40 feet deep, and will seat 500 persons.

Under the stage is another hall, and adjoining it is a banquet hall, finished in dark wood, with pantries and kitchens adjoining.

An assembly-room is on the second floor over the lobby and dressing-rooms. It will make a comparatively small but beautiful ball-room, lecture-room or concert hall. Its open floor space is 40 by 60 feet, and the ceiling is 40 feet above the floor. At either end are passages or lobbies containing together more than half the clear floor space, and above them galleries for musicians. The decoration of the assembly-room is more elaborate in detail, and in coloring is more striking than that of any other portion of the building.

Officers and Directors.

The company which was formed for the erection of the hall was incorporated under the name of the Auditorium Company of Baltimore, with a capital stock of $200,000. It is said that the intention was originally to call the building the Auditorium. Before this name was formally adopted the building was called, by general consent, Music Hall, and it has never been changed. It is not likely to be, for it is particularly fitting and means a great deal more than Auditorium.

The officers and directors of the Auditorium Company are as follows: Frank Frick, president; W. Graham Bowdoin, vice-president; Robert C. Davidson, treasurer; R. S. Albert, secretary; Charles Keidel, Alexander Frank, Bernard N. Baker, David L. Bartlett and J. Le Roy White.

[44]

sion of Flowers, Both in the Audience and on the Stage—Foreign Artists Receive a Warm Welcome—Acoustic Properties.

Rarely has any event, either social or musical, created such widespread interest as the opening of the new Music Hall yesterday evening. It was a red-letter night for Baltimoreans, and about three thousand of her most representative citizens graced the occasion with their presence. The occasion was doubly interesting—first, the formal opening of the building itself, and second, the initial appearance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The opening night of the latter is always an event of importance in the musical circles, and is welcome to Baltimore, but when it brings four such artists with it as Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Monsieur Maugiere and Monsieur Plancon, it is indeed a time of rejoicing. By half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening all roads seemed to lead to the Music Hall. The street cars were crowded, the streets were filled with pedestrians, while in front of the building there was a mass of carriages, each waiting in line for a place in front of the main entrance.

Within the large lobby all was animation. Those who already had tickets quietly waited to get in line and file into the spacious auditorium, while those who had none eagerly tried to get to the ticket window. Just before eight o'clock there was a solid phalanx of humanity entering the three gates and moving onto the main floor or up to the galleries. The scene was a very brilliant one, as beautifully gowned women, many of whom were in exquisite costume, and men in evening dress, were shown to their seats by a well-trained corps of ushers in charge of Mr. A. L. Watkins. A few women were without any head covering, but most of them wore either crownless bonnets or velvet or jeweled bandeaux. Flowers adorned many corsages, and chrysanthemum boutonnieres were in the coats of most of the men.

Floral Decorations.

The stage, where the orchestra was arranged, was decorated with a quantity of tall fresh palms that formed a background for the musicians, while in front, at the base, were arranged variegated palms and tropical plants. The hall was brilliantly lighted with electric bulbs, which unfortunately ceased to glow in the early part of the evening. The gas was then lighted and gave a dim, religious light for the remainder of the time. The flowers presented by the directors of the hall to Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi and to Mr. Emil Paur, the director, were simply superb. At the beginning of the concert Mr. Paur was given a director's stand with music rest and baton complete, made of chrysanthemums and American beauty roses. Madame Melba and Madame Scalchi received immense baskets of pink and white chrysanthemums that were so large they could scarcely carry them, and tremendous bouquets of roses that filled the air with fragrance as they were taken down the aisle. As each soloist appeared there was loud applause, and when Melba came out the air was rent in twain.

She wore a beautiful trained, low-necked gown of pale blue satin, spangled with silver discs, and a blue chiffon waist studded with diamond pins. Around her throat was a gorgeous diamond necklace.

Madame Scalchi's gown was a French creation of striped satin, brocaded with pink nosegays, and embellished with rare cream-colored lace. Her jewels were diamonds in the shape of odd brooches, and she wore a jeweled butterfly in her hair. The acoustics of the new hall were very satisfactory, and the voices could be clearly and distinctly heard at any point in the auditorium. The orchestra also carried well, and all the musicians expressed themselves as pleased with the new building in this respect.

The dimensions of the hall make it unusually resonant, and an orchestra which sounds large in a theater seems to double in size when heard in this grand enclosure, without the interference of scenery and the large space back of the curtain in theaters. There was, therefore, much speculation as to the probable acoustic properties of the new hall, as its breadth and length are very nearly the same, thereby approaching the square form, which is generally very damaging to musical productions. The hall would undoubtedly be imperfect in this respect but for the balcony extending around the three sides, and which prevents extreme reverberation. The happy medium between a non-resonant and a too-resonant auditorium is thereby attained.

As Melba and Scalchi left last night for New York, and as they wished to show their appreciation of the flowers received from the directors of the Music Hall, they telephoned to The American for advice as to how they should dispose of the flowers, and at the suggestion of this paper the flowers were sent to the Home for Incurables with the compliments of Melba and Scalchi, in appreciation of their gracious reception in this city. After the concert there were more adjectives hurled through the doors of the new Music Hall than will soon be heard again, and most of them were qualified by an adverb, and they were all in the superlative degree. Success, with a big S, is the one word that conveys the result of yesterday evening.

Music of the Concert.

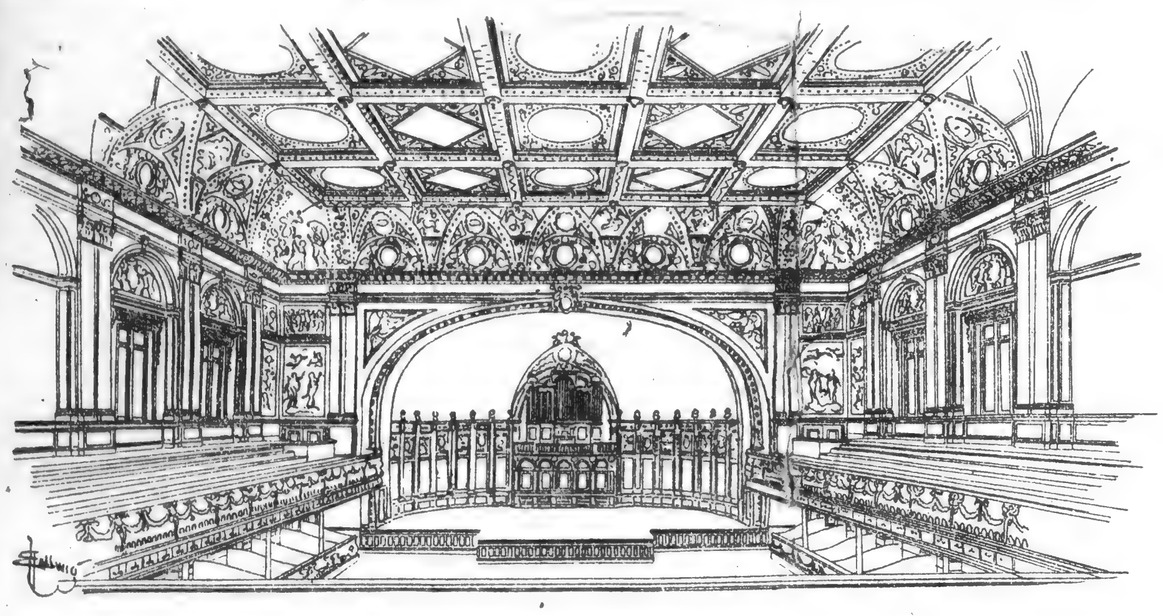
The Vorspiel, or prelude to the Wagner opera The Mastersinger, gave the orchestra an opportunity to display itself to great advantage. The full size of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its thirty violins, ten violas, sixteen cellos and double basses, fifty-six strings in all, was realized for the first time in this city.

The vocal numbers on the program were singularly lacking in novelty. Monsieur Maugiere delivered the first, and at the same time made his first appearance in Baltimore, in the familiar "Salve Dimora" from Faust, changing the program by substituting this number for the Romance from Mignon. He was evidently not in good voice, as he used the falsetto for the celebrated high C, and was not always perfect in intonation.

Mons. Plancon, the French baritone, chose an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," composed about thirty years ago, and which does not compare very favorably with Verdi's more modern works, as Falstaff, or the Prologue in Pagliacci, which gained for Campanari such an immense ovation at the Seidl concert last week. Plancon has a large voice, which comes out very fully in the resonant hall, but lacks somewhat in smoothness and evenness. He was heartily recalled.

Melba's debut in Baltimore was made in the old-fashioned aria "Sweet Bird," from Handel's "Il Penserosa." The music is of the classic bravura style, filled with the vocal exercises, roulades, trills and the like, that were considered the most important requisite of music a hundred and fifty years ago. Melba's method proved that she could triumph easily over all the obstacles and difficulties of the old school, and in which many modern prima donnas are sadly deficient. Handel's music gives the vocal organs the best exercise they can possibly have, and the singer who has mastered his works will have little difficulty in anything modern. At the same time, the old songs can not compare in expression or intensity with musical conceptions of modern masters. Melba was accorded a storm of applause on finishing, and recalled several times. The flute obligato of Mons. Moie added greatly to the effect of her triumph. She is a great artist in the concert stage, but will never be thoroughly heard in Baltimore until she appears, as she will, later in the season, in grand opera. She was well loaded with various designs in floral offerings, which obliged her to come to the footlights several times to receive the well continued applause. She finally responded to encores for both her numbers. Baltimore will await her coming and appearance in grand opera with great interest.

Madame Scalchi repeated the beautiful Gluck's aria "Che Faro," from Orpheus and



INTERIOR OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Hough Cottman, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howland, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, General and Mrs. Felix Agnus, Mrs. N. G. Penniman, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gary, Miss Nellie Stirling, Miss Helen Harvey, the Misses Lurman, Miss Mary Boone, Miss Mary Keyser, Miss Josephine Poe, Miss Mary Shearer, Miss Fannie Gray, Miss Florence Ranstead, Miss Eleanor Smith, the Misses Agnus, the Misses Gary, Miss Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Von Lingen, Miss Bertie Von Lingen, Mrs. O. N. Butler, Miss Mary Butler, Mr. Thomas Baker, Mr. Barton Smith, Mr. Percy McLaran, the Messrs. Ahrens, Mr. Geo. Armistead, Miss Mary Goldsborough, Miss Ellen Goldsborough, Mrs. H. C. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Pendleton, Dr. and Mrs. B. Merrill Hopkinson, Miss Alice Key Blunt, Mrs. George W. Dobbin, Miss Florence Basshor, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitelock, Dr. Wm. F. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Williams, Miss Virginia Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whitridge, Mrs. Fitzgerald Smith, Miss Margaret Atkinson, Miss HenriettaTilghman, Mrs. Lovell, Miss Beulah Smith, Miss Mabel Ford, Mrs. Arthur Shreve, Mrs. Joshua Harvey; Miss Laura Jenkins, Miss Lulu Jenkins, Miss Mary H. Jenness, Mrs. Charles P. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Tunstall Smith, Messrs. S. Johnson Poe, George May, B. N. Baker, Charles Keidel, Edward Gray, Otto Sutro, John McKim, the Messrs. Farber, J. Crossan Cooper, the Messrs. Riggs, Signor Minetti, Dr. Eugene Van Ness, Frank Taylor, Messrs. Charles Boone, Gerard S. Hopkins, Samuel S. Keyser, George Andrews, Dr. Thomas L. Shearer, Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, Dr. Mactier Warfield, Dr. Robert Reuling, Dr. Geo. Reuling, Mr. Frank Harvey, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. John S. Ford, the Messrs. Penniman, A. L. Gambrill, George W. Dobbin, Jr., Thomas C. Basshor, Robert Lehr, Lucien Odend'hal, Edwin Aler, Harold Randolph, F. F. Peard, B. Howard Tyson, Arthur Robson, J. Seth Hopkins, H. P. C. Wilson, Dr. T. Buckler, Miss Mary Chatard, Dr. Ferdinand Chatard, Miss Bond, Mr. Heber Stryker, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Sanchez, Mr. Leonce Rabillon, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley M. Oler, Miss Mary Murdoch, Mr. John Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Alan P. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. John N. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn R. Meekins, Mrs. Fisher Sloan, Miss Ella Buzby, Mrs. Joel Gutman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Key, Miss Alice Horwitz, Miss Nellie Porter, Miss Olivia Gill, General and Mrs. John Gill, Miss Belle Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Lurman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keidel, the Misses Hall, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Chisolm, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Fisher, Miss Sally Fisher, Miss Dugan, the Misses Devries, the Misses Dammann, Miss Buckler, Dr. P. C. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Maude Thompson.

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING.

Inception of Movement Which Led to Its Erection.

The new Music Hall was begun about three years ago, when Mr. Frank Frick and the late Ernest Knabe conceived the idea of its need in this community.

The first meeting looking to its accomplishment was held at the Mount Vernon Hotel, and subscriptions were at once solicited, after which stock was apportioned. A board of directors was appointed, and the scheme rapidly assumed definite shape, the company taking the name of the Auditorium Company of Baltimore.

The new Music Hall stands between Mount Royal and Maryland avenues, near their junction, and has entrances from both. It may be said, in a general way, to meet the requirements of every variety of entertainment—musical, social, political and educational— for which there is a demand. Not only on account of the auditorium itself is it adapted to present needs, but, through the number and arrangement of the other halls, passages, dressing-rooms, &c., which are especially planned to be used in connection with it, or for separate and distinct performances. The site is wisely selected, being almost in the center of the best quarter of city residences, surrounded by the principal lines of street railways, and near both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania stations. The building still lacks, however, its semi-circular front, the absence of which not only mars the entire effect of the building as seen from Mount Royal avenue, but deprives the general plan of the interior of its most striking and unusual feature. A temporary vestibule of frame has, however, been erected where the semi-circular hall will stand, leading to the lobby and to the dressing-rooms, and making an ample and convenient entrance to the building from that direction. The lobby (30x40 feet) gives access to the main floor of the auditorium and to the staircases to the gallery and assembly rooms above. It is flanked by dressing-rooms, coat-rooms and lavatories, which are so arranged that they can be used in connection with the assembly room above them, as well as with the auditorium itself, according to the character of the entertainments in progress.

A Splendid Auditorium.

The auditorium itself is one of the largest music halls in this country, being 110 feet in length, exclusive of the stage, and 100 feet in width. It has a full seating capacity of 3,000 persons, although at present only 2,634 seats have been provided, as sufficient for its present needs. The central portion of the main floor (70x85 feet) is flat, and provided with 1,100 movable seats upon a canvas covering. These will be removed when balls are given, or any other entertainment that requires a clear floor space. The 240 seats under the galleries and overlooking this space are so arranged that they can at any time be divided into sections by light partitions and converted into stalls thereby. The galleries on the three sides of the auditorium have a full seating capacity of 1,044 persons. The stage is elliptical in plan. Its width is 70 feet, its depth 40 feet, and its seating capacity about 500 persons. The organ gallery is in the center of the east wall, and forms the principal feature of the stage.

On either side are large dressing-rooms, with lavatories adjoining, for the performers' use, and above them again other rooms, suitable either as dressing-rooms or store-rooms. Easy access is provided to the auditorium on each floor, both from the Maryland avenue and Mount Royal avenue entrances. The staircases to the former will be used, as a general rule, for exits only.

The general effect of the auditorium and of the stage is simple, but good. The decoration has been used sparingly and with great care, and the color scheme, while in keeping with the general simplicity of the interior, is light and attrac-

supplemented with gas for special occasions. The heating and ventilating apparatus is most complete, and the fan system with which the building has been provided has already proved most thorough and satisfactory in its effects in both conditions of heat and cold. The Music Hall was built by Henry Smith & Sons, of Baltimore, from drawings and under the supervision of Griffin & Randall, architects, New York.

Officers of the Company.

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THE SUN, BALTIMORE,
THURSDAY MORNING,
NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

MELBA AT MUSIC HALL.

She and Other Celebrated Singers at the Grand Opening

WITH BOSTON'S FAMOUS ORCHESTRA

A Large and Brilliant Audience Delighted with the Concert and also with the Splendid New Building which Has Been Dedicated to Music

Illumined by a flood of soft radiance falling on delicate tints of buff and cream and blue, the new Music Hall was thrown open last night to the gaze of 2,800 Baltimoreans at one of the most brilliant musical events of many years.

With the combined attractions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a group of some of the greatest opera singers of the day and a new hall which ranks among the best in the country, the faces of the auditors, animated at first with sudden surprised delight, wore a continuously happy expression that deepened as the evening wore on and the majestic strains of opera music, old and new, filled the beautiful hall.

The audience was one of the most brilliant that has ever gathered in a Baltimore place of amusement. The musical world, the social world, the literary world—indeed, the cultured world in general of the city was represented by prominent men and women who assembled partly out of interest in the Boston Orchestra's programme, partly out of pride in the new home of art and partly because they had chimed in with the contagious impression that everybody else was going to be there.

A Magnificent Hall.

The hall was seen at its best when the audience was first seated, for later in the evening, when the musical programme had begun, the lights began to misbehave and glaring calciums had to be pressed into service for fear the hall would be plunged into darkness.

The first impression, with the incandescent lights glowing softly and steadily, was this: A vast auditorium formed of graceful arches and squares, colored in creamy shades and so tastefully arranged that the vision became enchanted with the harmonious whole before the fine details were thought of.

of "growing things" in the picture, and taken all in all the scene was one that was a fitting artistic setting to the musical feast to be first set forth in its walls.

Test of Acoustics.

Naturally a great deal of interest was felt in the concert as a test of the acoustics of the new hall, and the test seemed a successful one. The music resounded clearly and brilliantly, perhaps a little too brilliantly, suggesting an interesting question in acoustics. If a new violin or a new bell needs the seasoning power of time to mellow it and tone it down, why should not the same be true of the plaster and bricks of a music hall? At all events it seems natural to suppose that the new hall, already so well equipped acoustically, should become better and better with every concert given in it and with every strain of music that resounds against its heavy walls.

Compliment to Paur.

The opening concert was an especially appropriate one. The programme was almost wholly operatic, and although operatic concerts in the abstract are far from being the most artistic and satisfactory kind, there was so much that was admirable in the exponents and so much reason why the programme should not be too serious or heavy for the occasion that the affair was a success from beginning to end.

Emil Paur, the leader, had just stepped on his stand and picked up his baton when a sensation was created by the sight of a great floral music stand and baton going up the aisle with ushers staggering under it. The appropriate emblems were handed to the smiling director, who thereafter directed from the floral stand.

The director was warmly welcomed. There is something earnest and rugged and hearty about the thick-set little Viennese that makes him wear well. He conducted works by Wagner, Chabrier, Mendelssohn and Brahms with vigorous warmth.

Notable Group of Singers.

The audience fairly went wild over the opera folk. There were Melba, Plancon, Scalchi and Maugiere, who, "singly and in groups," caused the house to ring with plaudits.

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Melba is a second Patti in some respects. Her voice is so rare a combination of purity, power and brilliance, controlled by perfect vocal art, that it would seem as if this dashing Australian woman could easily rank with the foremost lyric sopranos in the world. She takes every note in her compass without effort or distortion of face. Her attack is precise and her voice wonderfully flexible, but she has not the warmth of a great dramatic soprano.

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In the brilliant vocal finale the four singers joined their voices in the famous quartette from "Rigoletto," with Melba's tones soaring flute-like over the others, Scalchi's rolling out with beautiful sonority, and the two male voices according well with their companions. It seemed for the time as if the old days of Italian opera were again at hand, and as if brilliant colorature singing and vocal feats were the things of the hour. The audience longed for an encore. Again and again the singers were brought to the stage, Melba each time making a little move as of a spoilt child that didn't want to speak its little piece again, a coquettish touch of babyishness that was found charming in the great diva, but would not have been tolerated in a smaller light. The encore was not forthcoming, so Paur took his stand and closed the concert with the "Academic Overture," by Brahms, after which the audience went slowly out into the street, comparing notes delightedly about hall and concert and singers.

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Exterior and Interior.

The lot on which the building stands has a frontage of 228 feet on Mount Royal avenue and runs back to Maryland avenue, on which it has a frontage of 117 feet. The ground cost the company $43,000. The money remaining after the purchase of the lot was not sufficient for the erection of the building according to the architect's designs, so it was deemed better to go ahead and put up the hall with its essential useful features first, leaving the architectural and ornamental features to be added when sufficient money is raised to enable the company to proceed. It was also necessary to omit a portion of the ornamental work of the interior. This can be added to the building as it now stands at any time.

The exterior, however, needs as soon as possible the handsome semi-circular front which is intended to be the building's most attractive feature. Without it the structure presents a big, rough, barn-like appearance, and is but little more attractive looking than the storage warehouse a few blocks away. As the building now stands, with the ground, it has cost about $225,000. It will take fully $80,000 to add the semi-circular front, so that completed according to the designs of the architects, and including the cost of the ground on which it stands, the Music Hall will represent an investment of nearly $300,000.

Even without the imposing semi-circular front, with its stately entrance hall and broad promenade, the building is remarkably complete in its details. Its principal feature is, of course, the main hall in which last night's concert was given. This is 110 feet long exclusive of the stage and 100 feet wide. Its full seating capacity is 3,000. The central portion of the main floor is flat and is provided with 1,100 seats on a canvas covering so that they can be easily removed when balls are given or any other entertainment that requires a clear floor space. This space contains 6,000 square feet of surface. Under the galleries are nearly 300 seats which can be divided into sections by light partitions and converted into stalls. The galleries on the three sides of the auditorium have a seating capacity of over 1,000 persons. The stage is elliptical in plan, is 70 feet wide and 40 feet deep, and will seat 500 persons.

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The officers and directors of the Auditorium Company are as follows: Frank Frick, president; W. Graham Bowdoin, vice-president; Robert C. Davidson, treasurer; R. S. Albert, secretary; Charles Keidel, Alexander Frank, Bernard N. Baker, David L. Bartlett and J. Le Roy White.

Rarely has any event, either social or musical, created such widespread interest as the opening of the new Music Hall yesterday evening. It was a red-letter night for Baltimoreans, and about three thousand of her most representative citizens graced the occasion with their presence. The occasion was doubly interesting—first, the formal opening of the building itself, and second, the initial appearance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The opening night of the latter is always an event of importance in the musical circles, and is welcome to Baltimore, but when it brings four such artists with it as Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Monsieur Maugiere and Monsieur Plancon, it is indeed a time of rejoicing. By half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening all roads seemed to lead to the Music Hall. The street cars were crowded, the streets were filled with pedestrians, while in front of the building there was a mass of carriages, each waiting in line for a place in front of the main entrance.

Within the large lobby all was animation. Those who already had tickets quietly waited to get in line and file into the spacious auditorium, while those who had none eagerly tried to get to the ticket window. Just before eight o'clock there was a solid phalanx of humanity entering the three gates and moving onto the main floor or up to the galleries. The scene was a very brilliant one, as beautifully gowned women, many of whom were in exquisite costume, and men in evening dress, were shown to their seats by a well-trained corps of ushers in charge of Mr. A. L. Watkins. A few women were without any head covering, but most of them wore either crownless bonnets or velvet or jeweled bandeaux. Flowers adorned many corsages, and chrysanthemum boutonnieres were in the coats of most of the men.

Floral Decorations.

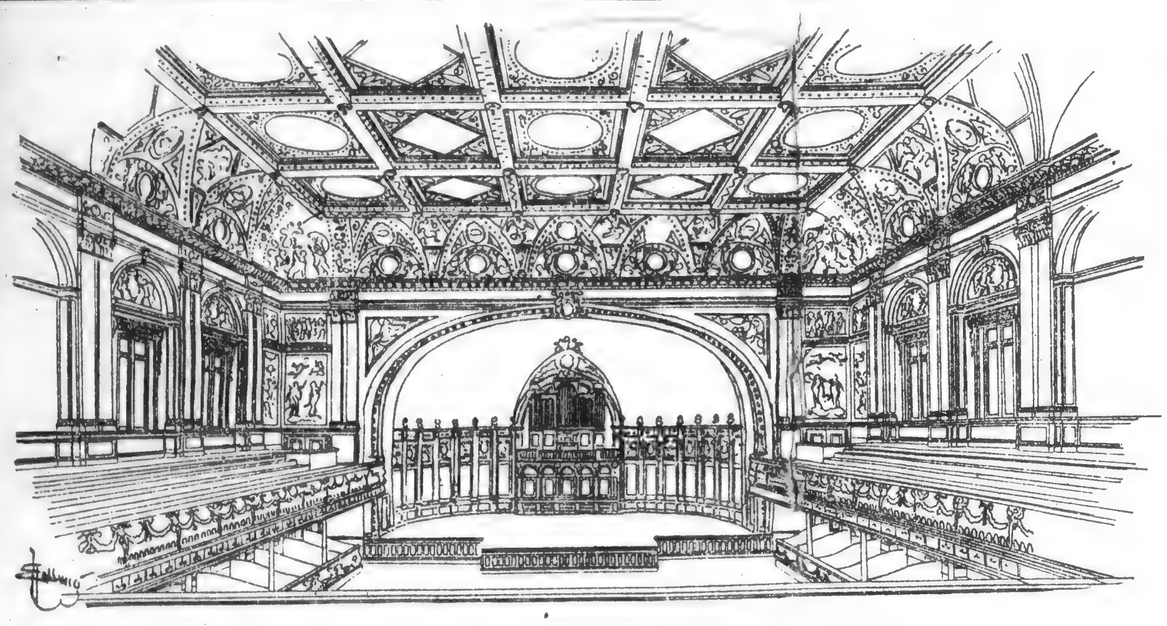
The stage, where the orchestra was arranged, was decorated with a quantity of tall fresh palms that formed a background for the musicians, while in front, at the base, were arranged variegated palms and tropical plants. The hall was brilliantly lighted with electric bulbs, which unfortunately ceased to glow in the early part of the evening. The gas was then lighted and gave a dim, religious light for the remainder of the time. The flowers presented by the directors of the hall to Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi and to Mr. Emil Paur, the director, were simply superb. At the beginning of the concert Mr. Paur was given a director's stand with music rest and baton complete, made of chrysanthemums and American beauty roses. Madame Melba and Madame Scalchi received immense baskets of pink and white chrysanthemums that were so large they could scarcely carry them, and tremendous bouquets of roses that filled the air with fragrance as they were taken down the aisle. As each soloist appeared there was loud applause, and when Melba came out the air was rent in twain.

She wore a beautiful trained, low-necked gown of pale blue satin, spangled with silver discs, and a blue chiffon waist studded with diamond pins. Around her throat was a gorgeous diamond necklace.

Madame Scalchi's gown was a French creation of striped satin, brocaded with pink nosegays, and embellished with rare cream-colored lace. Her jewels were diamonds in the shape of odd brooches, and she wore a jeweled butterfly in her hair. The acoustics of the new hall were very satisfactory, and the voices could be clearly and distinctly heard at any point in the auditorium. The orchestra also carried well, and all the musicians expressed themselves as pleased with the new building in this respect.

The dimensions of the hall make it unusually resonant, and an orchestra which sounds large in a theater seems to double in size when heard in this grand enclosure, without the interference of scenery and the large space back of the curtain in theaters. There was, therefore, much speculation as to the probable acoustic properties of the new hall, as its breadth and length are very nearly the same, thereby approaching the square form, which is generally very damaging to musical productions. The hall would undoubtedly be imperfect in this respect but for the balcony extending around the three sides, and which prevents extreme reverberation. The happy medium between a non-resonant and a too-resonant auditorium is thereby attained.

As Melba and Scalchi left last night for New York, and as they wished to show their appreciation of the flowers received from the directors of the Music Hall, they telephoned to The American for advice as to how they should dispose of the flowers, and at the suggestion of this paper the flowers were sent to the Home for In-



INTERIOR OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Hough Cottman, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howland, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, General and Mrs. Felix Agnus, Mrs. N. G. Penniman, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gary, Miss Nellie Stirling, Miss Helen Harvey, the Misses Lurman, Miss Mary Boone, Miss Mary Keyser, Miss Josephine Poe, Miss Mary Shearer, Miss Fannie Gray, Miss Florence Ranstead, Miss Eleanor Smith, the Misses Agnus, the Misses Gary, Miss Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Von Lingen, Miss Bertie Von Lingen, Mrs. O. N. Butler, Miss Mary Butler, Mr. Thomas Baker, Mr. Barton Smith, Mr. Percy McLaran, the Messrs. Ahrens, Mr. Geo. Armistead, Miss Mary Goldsborough, Miss Ellen Goldsborough, Mrs. H. C. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Pendleton, Dr. and Mrs. B. Merrill Hopkinson, Miss Alice Key Blunt, Mrs. George W. Dobbin, Miss Florence Basshor, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitelock, Dr. Wm. F. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Williams, Miss Virginia Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whitridge, Mrs. Fitzgerald Smith, Miss Margaret Atkinson, Miss Henrietta Tilghman, Mrs. Lovell, Miss Beulah Smith, Miss Mabel Ford, Mrs. Arthur Shreve, Mrs. Joshua Harvey, Miss Laura Jenkins, Miss Lulu Jenkins, Miss Mary H. Jenness, Mrs. Charles P. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Tunstall Smith, Messrs. S. Johnson Poe, George May, B. N. Baker, Charles Keidel, Edward Gray, Otto Sutro, John McKim, the Messrs. Farber, J. Crossan Cooper, the Messrs. Riggs, Signor Minetti, Dr. Eugene Van Ness, Frank Taylor, Messrs. Charles Boone, Gerard S. Hopkins, Samuel S. Keyser, George Andrews, Dr. Thomas L. Shearer, Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, Dr. Mactier Warfield, Dr. Robert Reuling, Dr. Geo. Reuling, Mr. Frank Harvey, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. John S. Ford, the Messrs. Penniman, A. L. Gambrill, George W. Dobbin, Jr., Thomas C. Basshor, Robert Lehr, Lucien Odend'hal, Edwin Aler, Harold Randolph, F. F. Peard, B. Howard Tyson, Arthur Robson, J. Seth Hopkins, H. P. C. Wilson, Dr. T. Buckler, Miss Mary Chatard, Dr. Ferdinand Chatard, Miss Bond, Mr. Heber Stryker, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Sanchez, Mr. Leonce Rabillon, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley M. Oler, Miss Mary Murdoch, Mr. John Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Alan P. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. John N. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn R. Meekins, Mrs. Fisher Sloan, Miss Ella Buzby, Mrs. Joel Gutman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Key, Miss Alice Horwitz, Miss Nellie Porter, Miss Olivia Gill, General and Mrs. John Gill, Miss Belle Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Lurman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keidel, the Misses Hall, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Chisolm, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Fisher, Miss Sally Fisher, Miss Dugan, the Misses Devries, the Misses Dammann, Miss Buckler, Dr. P. C. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Maude Thompson.

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING.

Inception of Movement Which Led to Its Erection.

The new Music Hall was begun about three years ago, when Mr. Frank Frick and the late Ernest Knabe conceived the idea of its need in this community.

The first meeting looking to its accomplishment was held at the Mount Vernon Hotel, and subscriptions were at once solicited, after which stock was apportioned. A board of directors was appointed, and the scheme rapidly assumed definite shape, the company taking the name of the Auditorium Company of Baltimore.

The new Music Hall stands between Mount Royal and Maryland avenues, near their junction, and has entrances from both. It may be said, in a general way, to meet the requirements of every variety of entertainment—musical, social, political and educational— for which there is a demand. Not only on account

fifty years ago. Melba's method proved that she could triumph easily over all the obstacles and difficulties of the old school, and in which many modern prima donnas are sadly deficient. Handel's music gives the vocal organs the best exercise they can possibly have, and the singer who has mastered his works will have little difficulty in anything modern. At the same time, the old songs can not compare in expression or intensity with musical conceptions of modern masters. Melba was accorded a storm of applause on finishing, and recalled several times. The flute obligato of Mons. Mole added greatly to the effect of her triumph. She is a great artist on the concert stage, but will never be thoroughly heard in Baltimore until she appears, as she will, later in the season, in grand opera. She was well loaded with various designs in floral offerings, which obliged her to come to the footlights several times to receive the well continued applause. She finally responded to encores for both her numbers. Baltimore will await her coming and appearance in grand opera with great interest.

Madame Scalchi repeated the beautiful Gluck aria "Che Faro," from Orpheus and Eurydice, which she has sung so often in this city. This aria, although of the old French-German school, is one of music's immortal numbers. It is as fresh today as it was a hundred years ago. It was true to nature at first, and will be enjoyed as long as music is sung. In dramatic force and art, Scalchi is still herself, but her voice cannot be compared to that of her

supplemented with gas for special occasions. The heating and ventilating apparatus is most complete, and the fan system with which the building has been provided has already proved most thorough and satisfactory in its effects in both conditions of heat and cold. The Music Hall was built by Henry Smith & Sons, of Baltimore, from drawings and under the supervision of Griffin & Randall, architects, New York.

Officers of the Company.

The officers and directors of the Auditorium Company of Baltimore are: Frank Frick, president; W. Graham Bowdoin, vice president; Robert C. Davidson, treasurer; R. S. Albert, secretary, and Charles Keidel, Alexander Frank, Bernard N. Baker, David L. Bartlett and Julian Le Roy White.

ing-rooms and lavatories adjoining these two halls, to make their purposes complete, and special facilities for a great variety of entertainments have thereby been assured. Furthermore, being connected with the auditorium by staircases at either end, these halls can be used in connection with the larger hall when balls, fairs and public meetings are being given.

On account of the number of staircases and entrances connected with all of the halls in the building opening upon the streets at both ends, not only the convenience, but the safety, of the public has been well provided for. Openings for four fire-escapes from each floor of the auditorium have been arranged, to add, if necessary, further security against danger of fire or panic. The building is provided with electric light in abundance, a special plant in the building,

THE SUN, BALTIMORE,

THURSDAY MORNING,

NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

MELBA AT MUSIC HALL.

She and Other Celebrated Singers at the Grand Opening

WITH BOSTON'S FAMOUS ORCHESTRA

A Large and Brilliant Audience Delighted with the Concert and also with the Splendid New Building which Has Been Dedicated to Music

Illumined by a flood of soft radiance falling on delicate tints of buff and cream and blue, the new Music Hall was thrown open last night to the gaze of 2,800 Baltimoreans at one of the most brilliant musical events of many years.

With the combined attractions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a group of some of the greatest opera singers of the day and a new hall which ranks among the best in the country, the faces of the auditors, animated at first with sudden surprised delight, wore a continuously happy expression that deepened as the evening wore on and the majestic strains of opera music, old and new, filled the beautiful hall.

The audience was one of the most brilliant that has ever gathered in a Baltimore place of amusement. The musical world, the social world, the literary world—indeed, the cultured world in general of the city was represented by prominent men and women who assembled partly out of interest in the Boston Orchestra's programme, partly out of pride in the new home of art and partly because they had chimed in with the contagious impression that everybody else was going to be there.

A Magnificent Hall.

The hall was seen at its best when the audience was first seated, for later in the evening, when the musical programme had begun, the lights began to misbehave and glaring calciums had to be pressed into service for fear the hall would be plunged into darkness.

The first impression, with the incandescent lights glowing softly and steadily, was this: A vast auditorium formed of graceful arches and squares, colored in creamy shades and so tastefully arranged that the vision became enchanted with the harmonious whole before the fine details were thought of.

suggesting an interesting question in acoustics. If a new violin or a new bell needs the seasoning power of time to mellow it and tone it down, why should not the same be true of the plaster and bricks of a music hall? At all events it seems natural to suppose that the new hall, already so well equipped acoustically, should become better and better with every concert given in it and with every strain of music that resounds against its heavy walls.

Compliment to Paur.

The opening concert was an especially appropriate one. The programme was almost wholly operatic, and although operatic concerts in the abstract are far from being the most artistic and satisfactory kind, there was so much that was admirable in the exponents and so much reason why the programme should not be too serious or heavy for the occasion that the affair was a success from beginning to end.

Emil Paur, the leader, had just stepped on his stand and picked up his baton when a sensation was created by the sight of a great floral music stand and baton going up the aisle with ushers staggering under it. The appropriate emblems were handed to the smiling director, who thereafter directed from the floral stand.

The director was warmly welcomed. There is something earnest and rugged and hearty about the thick-set little Viennese that makes him wear well. He conducted works by Wagner, Chabrier, Mendelssohn and Brahms with vigorous warmth.

Notable Group of Singers.

The audience fairly went wild over the opera folk. There were Melba, Plancon, Scalchi and Maugiere, who, "singly and in groups," caused the house to ring with plaudits.

Melba, the Second Patti.

Melba is a second Patti in some respects. Her voice is so rare a combination of purity, power and brilliance, controlled by perfect vocal art, that it would seem as if this dashing Australian woman could easily rank with the foremost lyric sopranos in the world. She takes every note in her compass without effort or distortion of face. Her attack is precise and her voice wonderfully flexible, but she has not the warmth of a great dramatic soprano.

Plancon, the Great Tenor.

When a little door on the side of the stage opened and a tall, good-natured looking Mephisto entered, the audience at once took on an air of expectancy, for Mons. Pol Plancon—it was he, the great French basso—walked in with an irresistable air of owning the earth, which he soon did own or at least that part of it represented in the new Music Hall. Melba may have won her hearers by her great voice, but Plancon carried his hearers by force of his artist temperament. He is simply a bundle of temperament. It gushes out in his glorious voice, it proclaims itself in the heartfelt and melodious French which rolls from his throat in resonant verse, and it brought him in touch with every listener. There was something characteristically French about this huge singer, and when, in Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," he burst out with the national anthem, it made every man and woman in the audience feel like standing up and singing with him, or of doing something equally rash or impossible.

Scalchi and Maugiere.

Mme. Scalchi's big voice was heard in two solos, which showed her to be still a great contralto, with a voice uneven and somewhat worn in its upper register, but still so round and rich as a whole that its very brusqueness fascinated her hearers as of old.

Mons. Maugiere, a French tenor, sang an aria from "Faust" with success.

Quartette from "Rigoletto."

In the brilliant vocal finale the four singers joined their voices in the famous quartette from "Rigoletto," with Melba's tones soaring flute-like over the others, Scalchi's rolling out with beautiful sonority, and the two male voices according well with their companions. It seemed for the time as if the old days of Italian opera were again at hand, and as if brilliant colorature singing and vocal feats were the things of the hour. The audience longed for an encore. Again and again the singers were brought to the stage, Melba each time making a little move as of a spoilt child that didn't want to speak its little piece again, a coquettish touch of babyishness that was found charming in the great diva, but would not have been tolerated in a smaller light. The encore was not forthcoming, so Paur took his stand and closed the concert with the "Academic Overture," by Brahms, after which the audience went slowly out into the street, comparing notes delightedly about hall and concert and singers.

How the Hall was Built.

Although several articles descriptive of the Music Hall have been published in THE SUN from time to time, a short resume of the origin of the enterprise which has given to Baltimore one of the best halls in the country, and a short description of the building itself are appropriate at this time.

Mr. Frank Frick and Mr. B. N. Baker deserve the credit for having put on foot the project for building a hall that would be suitable for holding large concerts and balls and for the meeting place of conventions and other large gatherings. Baltimore needed such a hall, and the need was felt more plainly than ever after the destruction of the old Concordia Opera House, in which so many great conventions had been held. It is difficult to secure the theatres during the dramatic season, and, with the exception of these, the Fifth Regiment Armory has been the only available large hall in the city, and this is almost entirely unsuited to the uses for which the Music Hall has been built.

Messrs. Frick and Baker had a consultation with a number of prominent business men, which resulted in a meeting at the Mount Vernon Hotel in November of 1891, at which

not sufficient for the erection of the building according to the architect's designs, so it was deemed better to go ahead and put up the hall with its essential useful features first, leaving the architectural and ornamental features to be added when sufficient money is raised to enable the company to proceed. It was also necessary to omit a portion of the ornamental work of the interior. This can be added to the building as it now stands at any time.

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[44]

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

PUBLISHED BY
THE EVENING NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE CITY.
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CHAS. H. GRASTY, President. DOUGLAS H. GORDON, Secretary-Treasurer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 31, 1894.

OPENING OF MUSIC HALL.

EVERY INDICATION POINTS TO IT BEING A GREAT EVENT.

The Famous Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Soloists, Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, Mons. Plancon and Mons. Maugiere Hold a Morning Rehearsal—The Acoustics of the Great Auditorium Pronounced Most Excellent.

The new Music Hall thrilled with the vibrations of song for the first time at noon today, when Mme. Melba poured forth a wonderful melody of bird notes in a private rehearsal, in which she was supported by the Boston Symphony Company's orchestra, and Mme. Scalchi, contralto; M. Maugiere, tenor, and M. Plancon, baritone.

The Hall was found to be almost perfect. Its acoustics were declared to be excellent. Mme. Melba was highly pleased and will fill the place with the sweetest vibrations of her wonderful voice tonight.

The opening of the Hall has been an event looked forward to for months. The subscription sale of seats was very large and the single seats were taken rapidly as soon as the sale opened. All the indications promise a great event. There is a great auditorium, there is a great combination of artists to open it and there will be a great crowd to lend the magnetism of numbers and inspire the performers and soloists to their best efforts. Tonight's audience will be a superb compliment to Mme. Melba and her associates in the evening's entertainment as well as to the owners of Music Hall, whose enterprise has pushed the great project to completion. In the qualities of wealth and culture it will be such an audience as is rarely gathered in any auditorium in America.

The Morning Rehearsal.

There was a rehearsal this morning at the hall. It was announced for 11.30 o'clock, and the 87 members of the orchestra were right on time, for Conductor Emil Paur doesn't have his performers coming in late. The stage was filled with men, chairs, music stands and instruments. A big golden harp stood at one corner, with a slender young man to twang it. All around the back was a row of big basses. The librarian of the orchestra, Mr. Sauerkraut, stood with an elbow on the piano watching his friends. He takes care of the music and has to make himself scarce when the hearty German performers get hungry.

The central figure was Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor, dressed in an ordinary brown business suit, with a close-cropped reddish beard and hair neatly cut. He is one of the most noted conductors in the world. He has a harsh, heavy voice, which he occasionally uses on members of the orchestra. In a rehearsal Mr. Paur taps with his baton and says, "Ein, zwei, drei," and the orchestra begins playing.

The orchestra is under good discipline and moves as one person. It contains 15 nationalities among its performers, gives an average of three concerts a week, 24 matinees and 24 evening concerts in Boston, and an annual series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Cambridge and Richmond. It was organized in 1881 by Mr. Henry L. Higginson of Boston from musical and not commercial motives. Each of its members is an artist, and there is a constant effort to improve the standard.

The orchestra was playing its selections running as lightly as a flowing brook, when a messenger went hurriedly to Manager C. A. Ellis under some excitement with the announcement:

"Mme. Melba has arrived and she ought to be introduced to Mr. Paur!"

Mr. Ellis did not exactly do it that way. He took Mr. Paur down from the stage and presented him to Mme. Melba, who stood down near the front under the left balcony. They had never met before, but they wasted no time in becoming friends and forming a high regard for the ability of each other.

Mme. Melba's Conquest.

Soon Mme. Melba went to the stage to sing. She stood by the conductor and kept her face turned much of the time toward the orchestra. She wore black silk with jet ornaments, a black hat with black plumes and a black veil, but her hands were covered with snowy-white gloves. She made immediate conquest of everyone in the room by her magnetism of manner.

As for the members of the orchestra they became at once enthusiastic over her. She sang a few notes with an easy off-hand manner, smiling toward the orchestra. When she finished the performers set up a great clatter, pounding with their bows on the music stands and instruments. It was their way of applauding.

Later on they became so enthusiastic they dropped their instruments and clapped their hands when she finished. While they played she smiled at them and they smiled back and at each other. She enthused them and won them. When she sings tonight it will be with the support of an orchestra thoroughly in sympathy with her slightest effort and desire.

Mme. Melba's supremacy was as thorough over the few persons sitting in the body of the hall as it was over the musicians. Once she dropped a sheet of music and an elderly gentleman seven rows of seats away from the stage made a convulsive spring forward as if to pick it up, and then smiled sheepishly as he realized how far he was from her.

She sang more to try the orchestra than for any other purpose and found it perfectly responsive. She sent out some trills [illegible] around the hall and then stopped [illegible] of herself.

When she thought the movement might be improved on she gestured with her white-gloved hands and pointed with her finger on Mr. Paur's score. When she came to the climax containing an unusually high note she gave a little laugh and pointed playfully to the ceiling without trying the note. She was saving her voice for tonight, when she will take all the notes high and low.

Gossip About the Great Singer.

Mme. Melba's home is in Paris. Her husband does not travel with her, but she spends as much time at home as possible. She does not like the American way of heating houses. She is not accustomed to it, and it makes her take cold. She lives like any other woman, eats what she likes, enjoys the theatre and takes frequent walks. She is accompanied on her tours by Miss Bennett as companion, and by two maids.

She has some of the finest dresses ever seen on the stage. Tonight she will appear in a concert dress of pale blue. The skirt will be satin spangled, and she will wear a chiffon bodice, trimmed with heliotrope flowers. Her ornaments will be turquoise and diamonds.

Mme Melba practices but little while she s touring. Her voice is natural and does not require much practice. She will leave after the concert tonight on a late train for New York. She will sing in New Haven, Conn., Friday night and will open the season of grand opera in New York November 19 in "Romeo and Juliet."

The Orchestra and Programme.

The Boston Symphony Company has the following instruments.

Sixteen first violins, 14 second violins, 9 violas, 8 violoncelli, 8 basses, 1 harp, 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 oboes, 1 Eng horn, 2 clarionets, 1 bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 contra bassoon, 3 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, 1 tuba, 1 typani, 6 percussion instruments.

Tonight's programme follows:

Vorspiel, "Dei Meistersinger".....Wagner
Romanza from "Mignon".....A. Thomas
Mons. Maugiere.
Aria from "Don Carlos".....Verdi
Mons Plancon.
Aria, "Sweet Bird" (l'allegro il pensoso).....Handel
(Flute obligato, Mons. Mole)...Mme. Melba
Etnr' acte, "Gwendoline," first time..
.....Chabrier
Aria, "Che Faro," from "Orpheus"..Gluck
Mme. Scalchi.
Song, "The Two Grenadiers"..Schumann
Mons. Plancon.
Waltz, "Se Seran Rose".....Arditi
Mme. Melba.
Overture, scherzo, notturno and wedding march from "The Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Quartette from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mesdames Melba and Scalchi, Messrs. Maugiere and Plancon.
Overture, "Egmout".....Beethoven

The doors tonight will be open at 7 o'clock to permit inspection of the building. The concert will begin at 8 o'clock. Carriages approaching from Maryland avenue will use the South drive. Carriages approaching from the west will use the North drive.

OPENING OF THE MUSIC HALL.

The opening of the new Music Hall tonight is an event of interest, not only to the musical world, but to Baltimoreans generally, as such a place for public assembly has long been needed in this city, and with its completion we now have, it is declared, the finest in the country. All that experts could suggest as required to make such a building perfect has been supplied, almost regardless of cost, and in ours other cities will seek a model when they may desire to erect a similar structure.

The musical art is growing here and those who follow it are receiving more encouragement than formerly. Musical taste has developed rapidly and extensively within recent years and is no longer confined to a few. With the new Music Hall it will be possible to give public entertainments on the finest scale, and the building may also be put to a multitude of other uses, even large political conventions, if necessary. The auditorium is of great size and will accommodate vast assemblies. During the last half a dozen years the complaint, well founded, has constantly been made that Baltimore had no large hall, particularly for concert entertainments on a grand scale, and on this account, no doubt, some of the best musical enterprises have failed to visit the city. There will now be no further ground for expressions of regret on this account, as the new Music Hall supplies in every particular the public want.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The finest orchestra in the world played some of the finest music in the world in a city of a million people yesterday and gathered half of a house to hear it. And Philharmonic weather had not set in either. It is hardly to be wondered at that the managers have thought of discontinuing the concerts in this city and have put off the next one until January, for it is said that the audiences in Brooklyn are smaller than those in any town where the orchestra plays. It comes this season larger, stronger and if possible, better than ever, and Mr. Paur gets more out of it, now that he has grown accustomed to his men. While most of the faces are familiar, there are several new players, but the animating spirit has suffered no change. There is no band in the world that is so awake as this, none that seems to have such a sense of enjoyment of its own work, none that is so quickly responsive, not only to the baton of the conductor, but to his very thought. The strings are of magical lucency and smoothness, the brasses, though powerful, are never coarse and in all divisions there is a unity of tone and a singleness of expression that would be little less than amazing had we not become used to it. Nothing but incessant practice as an orchestra can accomplish these results and the superiority of this band is due to the fact that its members are always together in their work, whereas in most of the orchestras the performers are allowed to play in their leisure evenings and afternoons in theaters, small halls and military bands. Mr. Paur has magnetism among his men, though he does not exercise it much upon the audience. He is trying to correct some of his uncouth habits and has measurably succeeded. He seldom stamps on the floor now, but he has had his hair cut and while the result is not as disastrous as it was in the case of Mr. Panks, it is not agreeble. Most people, however, like to see other people just like all people, and it will console them to know that Mr. Paur's hair is now of the same length as the hair of the customary laborer, mechanic and dry goods clerk and that he has no individuality in his clothes. He has individuality in his mind and that suffices without ocular proof of it. He furnishes this week a programme that is short and sweet; a symphony, an overture, a march, a set of dances and two songs. The bill is too short by a quarter of an hour. It opens with Wagner's "Kaiser" march, and it was a revelation. To many it was as if they had heard the music for the first time. It had all the pomp and glory and force of an imperial function. The dynamic effects were tremendous, the battery alone having been increased to seven men. The thing grew and grew until it shadowed the earth like thunder clouds, and the outpour was a deluge of harmony. It was Jovian. Mr. Paur was equally happy in the Berlioz number, the "Roman Carnival" overture, with its fantastic instrumentation—you can generally tell Berlioz in the dark—its jingling saltarello and its air of threatening gayety. There was a set of dances by Gluck, too, that was played with taste and discrimination, a tambourin, a gavotte and a chaconne—a sweet and sunny episode in the concert that made a softly lighted picture of old days when men were gallant and women were as they always are; when there were rustling robes and periwigs, silver and sconces, and a scent of rosemary and lavender. We hear too little of Gluck. He has the brightness and purity of Mozart, but he has heart and thought, which Mozart has not. Mozart was a happy child; Gluck, a man. Strange to say, Mr. Paur did not interpret Schumann when he played his symphony in C major as sympathetically or as felicitously as he translates the scores of Wagner or Beethoven. There was a lack on the emotional side. Schumann is perhaps the most intellectual of all composers, unless the rising generation shall award that distinction to the now abstruse and often dreary Brahms, but he is also one of the sweetest singers and most refined of poets. The C major symphony is a delightful example of his work and its charm and sway are perennial. Its seriousness is at times almost churchly, as in the opening measures and the adagio, though the scherzo is as full of spring happiness. But, if there was a want in the reading, there was nothing in the technical performance that called for criticism. The strings were firm and solid, the staccato for the wood wind in the first trio had the crystaline tinkle of the harp, and in the allegro the flute run was like the song of a distant thrush in a wood. Yes, there was one fault, though. It was in the tuning of the drums, one of which was nearly half a tone out of key in the closing movement. The drummer dragged the time also when he touched the tambourine in the Gluck number. The soloist was Julie M. Wyman, who wore street dress and a medal and sang pleasantly. Her selections were a rather mournful air from Bemberg's "Death of Joan of Arc" and a bit from Masse's "Galatea." This latter piece is dramatic, varied, originally harmonized as to the accompaniment—why was it not played by the orchestra instead of on the piano?—and it has the curious avoidance of form that we note in all later French art, pictorial, musical and poetic, Verlaine standing as the type of the sensitivist in verse. Mrs. Wyman was applauded heartily and Mr. Paur had also to bow his acknowledgments at the end of every numebr. The regular concert will be given at the Academy this evening, and for the honor of art and the honor of Brooklyn it is hoped that the public will make a better show than it did yesterday.

NEW YORK HERALD.

HERALD SQUARE.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

FIRST BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A concert without a virtuoso of some sort as the chief attraction has become such a rarity here that an entertainment, such as was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, should be hailed as a delightful relief.

Not that there was an utter absence of soloists upon this occasion. But M. Plancon is only an artist, thank heaven, not a virtuoso, and he can do many things without ever doing anything that is bad. He sang an aria from "The Seasons," by Gluck, with exquisite finish of style, and he delivered Pogner's "Address' from "Die Meistersinger" with wonderful enthusiasm.

The numbers which were looked forward to with more than common interest were a symphony by Sgambati, and a new overture entitled "Sappho," by Goldmark.

The former, to tell the truth, is not a very impressive work. It is dignified, is interesting enough contrapuntally, and all the fine movements, an allegro in D major, and an andante in G minor, a Schumannesque scherzo in B flat major, a serenata in D minor, and a final allegro in D major are well written. Melodically, however, the ideas are too small for symphonic development, and the composer constantly strives after new instrumental combinations, which may sound remarkably well—on paper.

As for Goldmark's new overture, it is simply an orchestral tumult. The music glows with the color of Sulamith and Assad, but you cannot mention this "Sappho" in the same breath with "Sakuntala," "Penthisilea," or "Prometheus."

Besides these numbers the orchestra played with that smoothness, sonority and that splendid balance of tone three dances by Gluck.

But the "Phaeton" was not well done. From the very start the tempo was taken at such a headlong pace that a climax became impossible, and Herr Paur missed, to my thinking, the dramatic possibilities of Saint Saens' music.

The World.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Work of Sgambati's and Goldmark's "Sappho" Overture the Two Chief Novelties Presented.

The season of symphony concerts was appropriately inaugurated at the Metropolitan last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, still the best organization of its kind on this side the water. The word "still" is used advisedly, for though Boston seems inclined to glorify Mr. Paur at the expense of former conductors, it can hardly be denied that this orchestra does not play as well as it did. There is perhaps little difference from a purely technical standpoint rather wold there seem to be now a lack of that entire sympathy between conductor and players essential if the best artistic results are to be produced.

The playing of the orchestra has certainly not gained in either precision or brilliancy under the present regime. The feature of the pr gramme was a symphony (No. 1) by Giovanni Sgambati, the well-known Italian pianist and composer (first performed Rome, 1881). This symphony in five movements—allegro vivace, andante mesto, scherzo (double) and trio, serenata and finale is an exceedingly erudite and it must be confessed rather dull work. Severe in style, it is more remarkable for constructive ability than for original melodic thought or imagination. The orchestral treatment suggests both Berlioz and Liszt, and there is little of either Italian sunshine or poetic feeling in the themes or in their treatment.

Only once does the Italian throw off his Teutonic lion-skin, and that is in the serenatas, a movement full of grace and charm. The first two movements are diffuse and sombre, while the finale lacks distinction. The scherzo, really a double one and quite original in form, is also both individual, rhythmic and interesting. Altogether a work showing solid musical attainments, but hardly marked symphonic genius or aptitude.

Another novelty on the programme was Goldmark's latest orchestral composition, op. 44, an overture, "Sappho," which in form and general treatment suggests the composer's former "Sakuntala" overture. A charming, poetic composition, this new overture, full of life, color and variety—possibly, like the knowledge we have of the great poetess whose name it bears, somewhat fragmentary in thematic character; this, too, perhaps, intentional with the composer. The work is brilliantly scored for very large orchestra—bass clarinet and other extras—and will undoubtedly prove a popular concert number. Its fault lies in being entirely too modern in tone for its text; there is no suspicion of the classic, even archaic, flavor of the times of the great unknown Sappho. But it has poetry, sentiment, power and mystery, and so is not unpictorial and certainly powerful.

The orchestra also played a tambourin, gavotte and chaconne of Gluck, and Saint-Saens's symphonic poem, "Phaeton," the latter very well, though the best work of the evening was done in the overture, which was splendidly rendered. M. Plancon, who was the soloist of the evening, was in excellent voice and never sang better. His rendering of "Le Laboreur," from Haydn's "The Seasons," both as to phrasing and delivery, was simply delightful, and he was equally successful in "Pogner's Address," from "Die Meistersinger," both numbers being rapturously applauded.

The symphony once disposed of, the concert was most enjoyable, though the Metropolitan does not seem to be the best place in the world for orchestral music. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Few Words About These "Educational" Programs.

"Musicians and Music Lovers," a Book by W. F. Apthorp.

Essays That Interest and Abound in Valuable Suggestion.

It seems that the program of the Symphony concert on the 27th ult. was regarded by some as highly "educational," and, therefore, to be praised loudly. This program was made up of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; Beethoven's E flat concerto for piano and orchestra; and Schumann's C major Symphony. It is true that the performance was excellent for the most part, and at times unusually fine. It is true that piano students and piano teachers might have learned some valuable lessons by hearing Mr. Baermann play. But why was the program per se educational? Why should it be more educational than that of next Saturday, which will include an overture by Smetana, a symphony by Sgambati, and a suite by Bizet?

Is not such characterization of an eminently respectable and familiar program a phase of fetich worship.

It is now agreed generally that it is safe to applaud heartily works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Their position is secure. Even Schumann is now regarded by the majority as a classic. Truly are they great names, glories of the Temple of Music, but there are other names to be respectfully considered. Strict and undeviating attention paid to the works of those here mentioned does not necessarily make for musical righteousness.

All sorts and conditions of music should be known. Education does not consist merely in slavish adoration of respectability, in love, wonder and praise of music of the past. It is just as necessary to know what contemporaries are doing as to be reminded of what the ancients did. It is of greater importance that young musicians and music lovers should hear for the first time a symphony by Sgambati than for the tenth time a symphony by Schumann.

You should not, you cannot ignore the existence of composers of today. Because a composition is signed Chabrier, or MacDowell, or Sinding, or Chadwick, you have a right to say, "These works are interesting or dull, well-made or of inferior workmanship;" but you have no right to dismiss them carelessly because they have not won the approval of two or three generations of hearers.

There are certain musical works that resemble Hume's History of England, a complete set of Walter Scott, the Spectator, and the long line of books which "no gentleman's library should be without;" but to depend upon them alone for "educational" purposes would be to imitate the conservatism of the Chinese.

It may be said, although some shriek out "A blasphemer! Stone him to death!" that any student of instrumentation will learn more by suggestion and stimulation in hearing and by study of the score from Chabrier's Prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline," or from MacDowell's suite than from repeated examinations and hearings of Schumann's C major Symphony. I am not comparing the musical worth of these compositions. I speak only of a detail in practical education.

Nothing can show more plainly the parochial condition of music in the United States than this absurd exaltation of the ancients at the expense of the moderns. Why, Beethoven and Schumann were moderns once and looked at askew by many contemporaries who no doubt talked of the educational advantages to be gained by hearing the works of their predecessors.

There is much modern music that is weak, or extravagant, or bad. No one disputes this assertion. On the other hand how much that is dull and hopelessly old fashioned and merely routine work is to be found in these same ancients who are held in awful veneration.

So in opera, the tendency is to approve only that which is familiar: "Faust" with the faithful Miss Bauermeister as Martha, or "Lohengrin" with an Ortrud who occasionally does not stray from the true pitch. The first decent performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," or "I Pagliacci," was of greater educational value to the musicans of this town than was the fiftieth performance of a well-known opera; not because it was a "novelty," but because it showed the spirit and the purpose of a new and intelligent school of opera-makers.

Because there was the mighty Elizabethan age, or because Goethe and Byron lived, shall Hugo, Browning, Whitman, Verlaine be neglected? Because the humane Fielding described man for all time, shall Hardy or De Maupassant go unread, or be admitted to the library under protest?

One may well exclaim with Walt Whitman:

"Great are the myths—I too delight in them;
Great are Adam and Eve—I too look back and accept them;
Great the risen and fallen nations, and their poets,
Women, sages, inventors, rulers, warriors and priests,
Great is today, and beautiful,
It is good to live in this age—there never was any better."

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prepar... repeatedly occasions by William F. Apt... The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Apthorp's book has, first of all, this great merit: it is almost always interesting. Some may find traces of irritating arrogance, or undue familiarity, or affectation in the choice of words. I confess I like these faults, if they are faults. I like, for instance, this familiar, colloquial, everyday comparison, on page 74: "I have heard many people complain that fugues are dry; you might say, with equal reason, that demijohns are dry—some are and some are not—it all depends upon what is in them." It is also true that somebody is always a-talking or a-writing to Mr. Apthorp. It's Buelow, or Franz, or Lowell, or Dresel. But what was said is often worthy of repeating. It is very likely that Mr. Apthorp's intercourse with Mr. Dresel led him to value him extravagantly as a musical guide, philosopher and friend. But the enthusiasm evoked is a reward. The voice of Mr. Apthorp trembles and his face flushes when he speaks of the dead man and remembers what he said, and imagines what he might have said. He is also enthusiastic over Bach. "I know," says Mr. Apthorp, "that I can hardly open a volume of Bach without a certain feeling of superstitious terror." He talks prettily about "the sacred mysteries of Bach's art." "Donizetti and Bellini, the melodious exterior of whose music, beautiful as an archangel, but thinly veils the imperfect anatomy of a Mollusk, are already falling into oblivion. A Bach chorus is eternal." But why compare such dissimilar men, oh, Mr. Apthorp? Why plunge madly into such molluscan rhetoric? If your friend Bach, in his own day, had tried to write opera, he would have made a sorry mess of it. And why focus together men of such utterly different characters, purposes and times? Furthermore, you are not discriminating, you say a Bach chorus is "eternal." If you mean by this that it will live forever in the sense of the eternity of the finale of "The Passion Music According to Matthew," your proposition may easily be disputed. Some of Bach's music, much of it, is dull, dull beyond redemption. There are organ fugues and choral variations that even the adoring Haupt would not play or give to his pupils. He would frame some excuse; he would shake his head, take snuff, and turn the pages until he could conscientiously say: "But this, this is a masterpiece." No, Mr. Apthorp, there are many choruses by Bach that are simply daily spider-spinnings of counterpoint. You, however, seem to fall "nearly into the frame of mind of the French critic who wrote of Victor Hugo: 'Every one has his own way. As for me who speak here, I admire everything; like a brute.'" Stop a moment. Was it not Hugo himself who said this of Shakspeare in regard to a famous command of Falstaff?

In your article on Bach you say "The one point which differentiates the organ from all other instruments is that it has no accent, no power of emphasis. Its tone is dead." This is perhaps true to a certain degree, although much depends on how the instrument is played. They that have heard Haupt, Merkel, Guilmant, Gigout, Saint-Saens, Widor would not be likely to make this reproach.

"Some of his (Bach's) greater organ pieces have been arranged for orchestra: the Passacaglia in C minor and the Toccata in F." But it is not at all likely that the latter piece was written originally for the organ, and some of the acute students of Bach believe that the former was composed for a piano with two keyboards and a set of pedals.

The article "Additional Accomplishments to Bach's and Handel's Scores" will interest chiefly those who are willing to indulge in fisticuffs over a tradition or a breach of reverence, so-called. Here, Mr. Apthorp says, and his manner is cocky, "whether a musical phrase be played on an organ or on a clarinet, it still remains one and the same phrase." "Yes," or "no" may be the answer here. For the question of modification through color enters. To some the phrase would be a skeleton clothed by the organ in maiden white, but by the clarinet in robe of yellow or purple.

Of interest to all and of undoubted value to many is the opening article, "Musicians and Music Lovers," and full of shrewd, cool sense are the pages devoted to "Some thoughts on Musical Criticism." Mr. Apthorp pays a noble tribute to the memory of the late J. S. Dwight, a tribute of friendship and appreciation. Nor does his affection prevent him from telling the truth about Mr. Dwight's musical equipment: "Of specifically musical organization he had extremely little; his only native aptitude for the art consisted in what is commonly called 'a fair ear' and general aesthetic sensibility. It may be doubted whether he ever really studied music; his technical knowledge of the art was always slight. * * * He had a certain rather superficial knowledge of the rudiments of harmony. * * * He never developed anything that could fairly be called musical facility; he never handled musical notation with the ease of a craftsman, and always found some difficulty in following performances from the score, especially when things went at a rapid tempo. His naturally musical ear never developed to more than an average pitch of delicacy; technical slips seldom disturbed him, and 'rough performances' fully satisfied him, if only the right spirit was there."

Admirable, most admirable in many respects, although the reader may not sympathize always with the spirit or agree in the conclusions, are the articles on Meyerbeer and Offenbach. And yet the article on the supreme master of opera-bouffe, as great a genius in his way as Palestrina in his, or Wagner in his, is well-nigh brought to naught by an unaccountable, fatal, indecent, outrageous omission. "When he (Offenbach) tried to mount still higher in the scale, as in 'Barkouf' (1860) and 'Robinson Crusoe' (1867), he failed signally; he could not walk securely in the higher forms of composition." And you have never heard, Mr. Apthorp, of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," an "opéra fantastique," first performed Feb. 10, 1881, at the Opéra-Comique, four months after the death of the composer? You may say that your article on Offenbach appeared originally in the International Review for March, 1881, and that it was written before the production of the said opera. But in your preface to this volume you state that the essay has been repeatedly ... enthusiastically in Berlin, associated in Vienna with the terrible tragedy of the Ring Theatre, played in the United States wretchedly and in a wretched version by the Soldene company, is not even mentioned by you, not even in a partial and hurried catalogue. And yet it was the one work on which Offenbach labored faithfully and with hope of immortality.

The critics of Berlin, who are not given to slopping over, spoke of pages in this strange, fascinating work as worthy of Mozart. Reyer, after hearing it, repented publicly of harsh things written by him in former years against the composer. In Hanslick's "Aus dem Opernleben der Gegenwart" (pp. 81-91) there is a careful and most appreciative review of this posthumous work. This "Contes d'Hoffmann" is to Offenbach what "William Tell" is to Rossini. "La Belle Hélene," like "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," is the more characteristic, more genial work; but in each case the more serious opera shows a musical strength and purpose that had been denied by carpers, and even by admirers. It is true that Offenbach left only the piano and voice arrangement, with copious indications for the instrumentation, and that Guiraud, following these instructions, prepared the work for performance; but the wealth of beautiful, gay and melancholy melody, the surprising richness and dramatic quality of harmony, the sustained dramatic power, as in the two trios of the third act, where Dr. Miracle invokes the demon's aid to induce Antonio to sing, although he knows that it will be her swan song, and rejoices with horrid joy, as she will thereby be separated eternally from Hoffmann—the ghastly trio of the men in the darkness, relieved at times by the electric sparks from the fiend's knuckles, the trio between the hesitating maiden, the demonical physician and the dead mother, who, from her portrait, urges Antonia to sing—these, in their full mastery of dramatic and musical technique, are the work of Offenbach. If you were to hear this most original work, Mr. Apthorp, you would rewrite that sentence on page 197.

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There is much to admire and praise in this volume, and, if space allowed, it would be a pleasure to quote passage after passage that stated or suggested something of value. Mr. Apthorp, like a sensible man, knows that in criticism horizons shift. Woe to that man who always sees to the same inflexible boundary, never contradicts himself, never recants. Here is a book that will interest the amateur as well as the practical musician. And even he that reads about music and the drama only to be at ease in general conversation will find here an agreeable task and much that will be of profit to him, although in the reading he may be unconscious of instruction. It is a good thing for music, it is a good thing for Boston that Mr. Apthorp dwells here and writes.

PHILIP HALE.

The New York Recorder.

BY GEORGE W. TURNER.

FRIDAY, November 2, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ARTISTS

Their Season Opened Last Evening in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Pulse of Passion Missed, but More Freshness and Fire than Last Season.

The Metropolitan Opera House is to be the scene of the operations of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. Whether or not the big house had anything to do with the sonorous side of the case, certainly last night, at the first concert of the series, there was a marked improvement on the purely dynamic end of the story. Emil Paur, the conductor, not only looks more American, but he seemed warmer, more virile and less scholastic. One misses, naturally enough, the pulse of passion, but there is more freshness, more fire, than last season.

The programme was not so edifying as it looked. A symphony—his first—by the Italian composer Sgambate and a new overture by Karl Goldmark created a pleasant anticipation, which was not by any means realized. The symphony is weak structurally, although fairly warm in coloring. The overture called "Sappho" is most richly instrumented, yet displays a paucity of ideas that was disheartening. Goldmark has for years stood for all that is Semitic in music. But his "Sakuntala" and his "Phometheus" overtures represent his best say. He is not only distinctively influenced by his contemporaries, but he is more "up-to-date" than most of them, as he absorbs Mascagni and Brahms with equal facility. Of the Lesbian side of the music we saw very little. The Vale of Hebron and that warm place where the Venus of "Tannhauses" lived and loved were in evidence, but not anything more tangible in the way of originality.

The Symphony did not redeem the promise of its first start, although the last movement was energetic. There was a Serenata which was trivial and out of place. The slow movement was labored; the Scherzo of a conventional type with a touch of "diabelrie," put there by a student of modern masters. The "raison d'etre" of the horn-fanfare in the first movement was not apparent. Sgambuti, however, can be congratulated on penning always effective codas. He always comes in under the tapeline, as racing men would say, with great effect.

Gluck was represented by some pretty and well selected dance measures, and that arch-master of representation, Saint-Saens, by his symphonic poem, "Phaeton." M. Pol Planton was the singer. He was in superb form, and gave us an aria from Haydn's "Creation" and "Pogner's Addres." He made a distinct hit. Mr. Paur was well received, and the band played marvelously well.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1894.

Baltimore's New Music Hall.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 31, 1894.—Baltimore's new music hall was dedicated to-night in the presence of one of the largest audiences that have assembled herein many years. Thanks to the liberality and enterprise of a number of leading citizens, an edifice which artists pronounce the most complete in all its appointments of any music hall in the country has been erected. The auditorium is large enough to seat over 3,000 people, and the platform is sufficiently large to accommodate the largest orchestra without crowding. The auditorium is 110 feet in length, and upon the main floor are 1,100 movable seats, which can be done away with when open space is required for balls or other entertainments of a like nature. The platform, which is at the far end under the organ gallery, is ellipsical in shape. The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Melba Concert Company provided the inaugural program.

Ten new faces are seen in the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. All but two are string players at the "back desks." One, however, ought to fill a long felt want. He is the new first clarinet, M. Pourtau, formerly of the opera orchestra at Lyons. The French wood-wind players are noted for their elegance of style and their general technical certainty. If M. Pourtau comes up to the standard set by the other admirable French artists in the orchestra, Messrs. Mole and Sautet, he will be a valuable acquisition. The other new player is Herr Litke, bassoon, a former resident of this city.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
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VOL. XCVI., NO. 127.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

The Symphony Orchestra on Its Travels.

Last Week of "1492" at the Tremont—Dan Daly in "Prince Pro Tem" at the Museum—The Melba Concerts This Week—Benefit for an Industrial School—Notes.

The Boston Symphony orchestra went on its first trip of the season last week, and appeared in Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore, where it assisted at the opening of the magnificent new music hall, and New York. In all these places it was received with great enthusiasm, and its performances and its conductor were freely and cordially praised, except by the critics of the last named city. In fact, there was much of reserve in the comments of the New York press, which, though it was not lacking in praise, praised grudgingly as a whole. This, however, was expected, for the majority of the crtics of that city have for some reason or other resolved to be displeased with Mr. Paur, no need how brilliant may be the results he obtains from the splendid body of artists that he conducts. Mr. de Koven of the World concedes that the orchestra is still the best organization of its kind on this side the water, but the word "still" is used advisedly, for, as Mr. de Koven sapiently remarks: "Though Boston seems inclined to glorify Mr. Paur at the expense of former conductors, it can hardly be denied that this orchestra does not play as well as it did. There is, perhaps, little difference from a purely technical standpoint; rather would there seem to be now a lack of that entire sympathy between conductor and players, essential, if the best results are to be produced. The playing of the orchestra has certainly not gained in either precision or brilliancy under the present regime." From which may be derived the belief that Mr. de Koven still worships at the shrine of the faraway Nikisch, and yearns for that peculiar style of conducting that the new director of music at the Buda-Pesth opera house exemplified. It is difficult to understand how the orchestra should have lost anything in precision in its release from a conductor whose method of directing made precision almost impossible. While Mr. de Koven says that there is, perhaps, little difference in the performances of the orchestra from a purely technical standpoint, and that it certainly has not gained in brilliancy, Mr. Krehbiel of the Tribune says that it "played with incisive brilliancy and vigor, but not always with that technical finish which its hearers have been accustomed to. "As will be seen, the one observes a loss in brilliancy and a technique worthy praise, the other finds incisive brilliancy and a loss in technique. It is true that Mr. de Koven is, to some extent, a musician, and that Mr. Krehbiel is not, but both agree in finding fault with the orchestra, though they contradict each other. If the plan be, as it is strongly suspected to be, to "down" Mr. Paur in New York, there should be some agreement regarding the details, as far as fundamental principles are concerned.

Mr. Krehbiel does not say much of the performances, but he contrives to give a passing sneer at the conductor, in saying: "The programme, with the exception of the group of dances by Gluck, was made up of works of the most modern utterance in music—works in which Mr. Paur is most effective as an interpreter"; which means, if it means anything, that our conductor is not as happy in reading Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann as he is in reading the music of the present day. The compliment is decidedly a back-handed one. Mr. Henderson of the Times finds something more pleasant to say, and rises to rapture in the following fervid expressions of sentiment: "The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a great and abiding joy. True, its visits are few and far between, but it does come around every year, and those of us who are not suffering from local pride go and revel in the wealth of beauty it brings us. Think of 85 players with but a single thought; 85 instruments that breathe as one! It is simply overmastering. This grand and glorious orchestra is so full of power, so prodigal in the luxury of its tone-giving, so superb in the pulsating thunders of its attack, so gentle in the sighing of its pianissimo, that it fills the whole atmosphere of an auditorium with such a throbbing vitality of sound that every hearer breathes music and lives a symphony. One of their concerts is the very vintage of melody and harvest of harmony. The senuous embrace of the warm tone that surrounds one is in itself a musical experience of a lifetime. He is a cold man who can sit through one of their concerts unmoved." This is praise, indeed, despite the conflict between the singular and the plural number in some of the pronouns. "The vintage of melody and harvest of harmony" is good; as is also "pulsating thunders" and likewise "the sensuous embrace of the warm tone." However, Mr. Henderson was carried away by delight, and his resort to the rich rhetorical literary style of the emotional West may be forgiven. Then, too, he compliments Mr. Paur on his fine reading and the orchestra on its superb precision, its vigor and its tone. Mr. De Koven finds a falling off in precision; Mr. Henderson finds the vigor superb and he also finds the tonal quality of the strings clearer and purer than it was last season.

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The Evening Post says little of the orchestra's playing, contenting itself with the remark that the Boston orchestra and their conductor played Goldmark's "Sappho" overture and the "Phaeton" of Saint-Saens, "admirably," except that the climax of the latter, when "Jupiter smites the foolish charioteer with a thunderbolt, was much too tame." And by way of emphasizing his observation the critic thus drops into anecdotage: "We were once present at a rehearsal of the old Harvard Symphony orchestra in Boston when the director gave the cymbal-player directions to smash his instrument if necessary, adding that the society would pay for a new pair. In truth, the cymbals in this piece ought to be played by a Chinaman." Only this and nothing more, except that in writing of the scherzo of the Sgambati symphony, the critic says: "This scherzo is in quasi-waltz rhythm, which may be the reason why Mr. Paur produced it, for we know now that he dallies with dances. Possibly he would even commit the atrocity of playing a Strauss waltz, if it could be smuggled in as a symphonic movement." The alliterative phrase, "dallies with dances," is a bold plagiarism from Mr. Krehbiel's sneer of the week before; but wherein Mr. Paur has "dallied with dances" is a mystery in Boston.

Such is the pith of New York critical comments on the first concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, as far as it regards the orchestra and its playing. It is not very critical and not very generous, save in the case of Mr. Henderson; and much of it is very silly and strikingly ill-natured. However, the critical public was enthusiastic, and with it, Mr. Paur and his orchestra made an overwhelming success.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

BOSTON VERSUS NEW YORK.

MR. H. E. KREHBIEL, the musical critic of the "Tribune," recently went to Boston, and when he came back he said in print things which stirred up his friends at the Hub. They replied to him with courteous incisiveness. It was not good of them to drop those sparks about the infrequency of Mr. Krehbiel's lectures in Boston; for how can Boston possibly stand in need of instruction from the lecture platform when every blessed and beautiful one of its twenty-four symphony concerts is illuminated by the clear sunlight of Mr. Apthorpe's program notes? Mr. Krehbiel went to Boston to lecture once upon a time, and even though the one and only Mrs. Jack attended each discourse and hung in mute rapture upon his accents, he returned to New York like Khem Singh in Kipling's "On the City Wall," and said, "It is no good out yonder." Westward the star of discourse turned its way. Mr. Krehbiel has a delightful route, extending from Cincinnati to Alton, Ill. If Boston can live without him, he can certainly live without Boston.

But there was really no good reason why the Bostonians should be so stirred up. Mr. Krehbiel merely confessed that he was unable to comprehend the grounds upon which musical judgments were formed in Boston. We take this to have been a most delicate tribute to the genius of the St. Botolphians. Their wisdom is like the peace of God, in that it passeth understanding. But Mr. Krehbiel's opinion is not necessarily that of all New York. There are others.

The critical judgment of the professional reviewers of New York and Boston, as a plain matter of fact, does not differ any more widely than does the critical judgment of the New Yorkers among themselves; and this declaration is made with a full estimate of the importance of the statements contained in the Boston "Transcript's" dissection of Mr. Krehbiel. The writer of this article, who certainly permitted his warmth of feeling to get the better of his memory, declared that in New York the critics were in the habit of co-operating in the formation of critical judgments. It was unfortunate, indeed, that almost on the heels of his assertion that "when you take up the 'Morning Trumpet' and read the judgment of this opera or that pianist, just appealing for metropolitan favors, you need rarely go further to learn the opinions of the guild," came the production of "Rob Roy" and the débuts of César Thomson and Marie Louise Bailey. The "Herald," "Times" and "World" were most hearty in their praise of the operetta; the "Tribune" was politely disappointed, and the "Sun" bitterly condemnatory. All the papers, except the "Tribune," were swift and emphatic in their approval of M. Thomson; but Mr. Krehbiel was not quite certain what he thought. This does not look as if there was any general agreement among the critics.

But our good friend of the "Transcript" is ignorant of one or two other interesting things, in regard to which we take pleasure in enlightening him. It is popularly supposed among musical persons that Krehbiel, of the "Tribune;" Finck, of the "Evening Post," and Henderson, of the "Times," form an alliance of fierce and determined Wagnerites. As a matter of fact, Mr. Krehbiel and Mr. Henderson differ radically on Wagnerian questions, as anyone can ascertain by reading their books. A year ago or more Mr. Finck and Mr. Henderson quarreled about the latter's review of the former's "Life of Wagner," and they have not spoken to one another since. Mr. Steinberg, of the "Herald," does not "train" with the other critics at all and never enters the press room of the opera house. Mr. De Koven, of the "World," writes his articles on a pad while sitting in his seat in the auditorium, and hence does not wait to hear the opinions of his confrères. It was unworthy of the dignity of a great newspaper like the Boston "Transcript" to assert that any person or any work is condemned or praised in New York at the suggestion of some one critic. Such stories are frequently told by disappointed virtuosi, who are astounded by the fact that American critics do not blindly follow the lead of certain amiable gentlemen in Leipsic, Vienna and Berlin. But THE MUSICAL COURIER knows the independence of the New York critics. They frequently disagree, and they are sometimes unanimously wrong. But they never form a cabal against any musician. They may be poor, but they are honest.

It has already been asserted in this article that the opinion of Mr. Krehbiel is not necessarily that of all New York. His assertion that this city hears more good music in a season than Boston did not mean that we hear better music. He meant simply what he said—that there are a greater number of good musical entertainments given in New York than in Boston. That this is true is not due to the existence of a finer musical taste here, but simply to the presence of a greater population and a larger wealth. If Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau give fifty performances of opera here against a dozen there, it is because there are more wealthy people here to pay for them.

But we think that neither Mr. Krehbiel nor any other critic in this city will assert that we possess an orchestra superior in merit to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or a quartet that surpasses that led by Mr. Kneisel. We pay for more than twenty-four orchestral concerts in one season and we hear more than two good quartets. We even pay for the pleasure of listening to our friends from Boston, and we are quite willing to admit that we pay for nothing that gives us a better return for our money. But our friends at the Hub will at least do us New Yorkers the justice to admit that we appreciate them, and therefore we must have a certain amount of musical taste behind our members and our bank accounts.

Boston is a good city. We have no sympathy with any New Yorker who assumes a patronizing air and lugs in references to "the provinces." Nothing can be more provincial than the assumption of such an attitude by a New Yorker. Boston is smaller than New York, but it is time that we Americans gave over measuring merit by size, And it would be more seemly in smaller cities to abandon their custom of flying to arms every time a New Yorker utters a criticism. They should remember that these outcries are confessions that our opinions have weight. The musical critics of Boston treated Mr. Krehbiel with altogether too much consideration; a paragraph would have been enough for him. Other men in New York, whose opinions are perhaps quite as valuable as his, delight in praising the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Boston musical taste and even Mr. Paur. THE MUSICAL COURIER gladly declares its belief in Boston. That city has a great deal of fine music, a goodly array of admirable performances, a strong corps of teachers, a notable body of young composers, a scholarly conductor, and a staff of critics who are gentlemen and good fellows, and who can never by any possible chance be suspected of agreeing in their judgments.

THE playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at their first concert last week displayed no especial difference from last season. Nor has Mr. Paur changed one iota in his methods of conducting. An extended review of the concert may be found elsewhere.

First Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SGAMBATI'S first symphony in D is thirteen years and more of age. The work of a man in whom the scholastic predominates at the expense of the emotional, it nevertheless contains many interesting moments. It is sometime dramatic, it has color, the tonality is modern in its restlessness, and the work is unquestionably penned by a sound musician, yet it does not carry conviction, it does not give the impression of supreme mastery or of what the last generation called inspiration. Giovanni Sgambati, pianist pupil of Liszt, ardent student of modern music, somehow or other leaves the imagination unfired. In its entirety the symphony does not suggest coherence or concentration. In structure it is amorphous and its themes are not original. But there are the marks of the workman on it and enough of the surge of intellectual passion to render it a composition which demands our respect, even our admiration.

It was the "pièce de résistance" at the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday evening.

The first movement, while not largely molded, has plenty of rhythmic life, nor is the treatment of the main ideas unfruitful. It is in the slow movement the composer betrays his lack of intensity and warmth. The scherzo and serenata which follow are well made, but the relevancy of the latter is not apparent. The finale is spirited and the ending is quite vigorous. In the work there is an odd blending of the conservatory and the stage. Sgambati is divided in his artistic ideals. Half a century ago he would have been a rigid classicist, rejecting unceremoniously the flowery temptations of the romantics. He has studied Schumann, Liszt and Brahms to good advantage. He works better in smaller forms, as evidenced in his quintets and other chamber music. His piano concerto is not very interesting.

Gluck was represented on the program by some classical dances from his operas. A tambourin from "Iphigenie en Aulide," a gavot from "Armide," and the grand chaconne from the first named opera and "Orphée" were played with taste and finish.

Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," lacked the climacteric point in Mr. Paur's reading. Technically it was well played, of course.

Goldmark's new overture, "Sappho." is only its creator's forty-fourth work, and is in the key of G flat. Its opening phrases for harp are Oriental and chant-like. But we soon are pitched overboard into a troubled sea. Goldmark's passion is Eastern and short lived. His big, sensuous cantabile theme, which is the apex of the tumultuous first subject, is truly Goldmarkian. The working out is interesting, and there is altogether a strong savor of romance in the overture, which, we believe, was played by Mr. Seidl last summer. It has not the freshness nor charm of several earlier works in the same form, but it was welcome, with its commanding manner and gorgeous orchestral garb, after the rather halting utterances of the muse of the Italian composer.

The solo singer of the evening was M. Pol Plançon, the French basso, who gave the "Laborer" aria from the "Seasons" and "Pogner's Address." His singing was, as usual, marked by taste and intelligence. He was in good voice.

The orchestra, which is always on its mettle while in this city, played with unusual freedom and warmth.

It is still the best permanent orchestra in the country, just as its conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, has still the same angular beat, the same cut and dried conception and the same non-magnetic personality. He is a drillmaster and not a great conductor. The next concert occurs December 6 with César Thomson as soloist.

SUNDAY HERALD.
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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

The Symphony Orchestra on Its Travels.

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The Boston Symphony orchestra went on its first trip of the season last week, and appeared in Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore, where it assisted at the opening of the magnificent new music hall, and New York. In all these places it was received with great enthusiasm, and its performances and its conductor were freely and cordially praised, except by the critics of the last named city. In fact, there was much of reserve in the comments of the New York press, which, though it was not lacking in praise, praised grudgingly as a whole. This, however, was expected, for the majority of the critics of that city have for some reason or other resolved to be displeased with Mr. Paur, no heed how brilliant may be the results he obtains from the splendid body of artists that he conducts. Mr. de Koven of the World concedes that the orchestra is still the best organization of its kind on this side the water, but the word "still" is used advisedly, for, as Mr. de Koven saplently remarks: "Though Boston seems inclined to glorify Mr. Paur at the expense of former conductors, it can hardly be denied that this orchestra does not play as well as it did. There is, perhaps, little difference from a purely technical standpoint; rather would there seem to be now a lack of that entire sympathy between conductor and players, essential, if the best results are to be produced. The playing of the orchestra has certainly not gained in either precision or brilliancy under the present regime." From which may be derived the belief that Mr. de Koven still worships at the shrine of the faraway Nikisch, and yearns for that peculiar style of conducting that the new director of music at the Buda-Pesth opera house exemplified. It is difficult to understand how the orchestra should have lost anything in precision in its release from a conductor whose methods of directing made precision almost impossible. While Mr. de Koven says that there is, perhaps, little difference in the performances of the orchestra from a purely technical standpoint, and that it certainly has not gained in brilliancy, Mr. Krehbiel of the Tribune says that it "played with incisive brilliancy and vigor, but not always with that technical finish which its hearers have been accustomed to. "As will be seen, the one observes a loss in brilliancy and a technique worthy praise, the other finds incisive brilliancy and a loss in technique. It is true that Mr. de Koven is, to some extent, a musician, and that Mr. Krehbiel is not, but both agree in finding fault with the orchestra, though they contradict each other. If the plan be, as it is strongly suspected to be, to "down" Mr. Paur in New York, there should be some agreement regarding the details, as far as fundamental principles are concerned.

Mr. Krehbiel does not say much of the performances, but he contrives to give a passing sneer at the conductor, in saying: "The programme, with the exception of the group of dances by Gluck, was made up of works of the most modern utterance in music—works in which Mr. Paur is most effective as an interpreter"; which means, if it means anything, that our conductor is not as happy in reading Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann as he is in reading the music of the present day. The compliment is decidedly a back-handed one. Mr. Henderson of the Times finds something more pleasant to say, and rises to rapture in the following fervid expressions of sentiment: "The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a great and abiding joy. True, its visits are few and far between, but it does come around every year, and those of us who are not suffering from local pride go and revel in the wealth of beauty it brings us. Think of 85 players with but a single thought; 85 instruments that breathe as one! It is simply overmastering. This grand and glorious orchestra is so full of power, so prodigal in the luxury of its tone-giving, so superb in the pulsating thunders of its attack, so gentle in the sighing of its pianissimo, that it fills the whole atmosphere of an auditorium with such a throbbing vitality of sound that every hearer breathes music and lives a symphony. One of their concerts is the very vintage of melody and harvest of harmony. The senuous embrace of the warm tone that surrounds one is in itself a musical experience of a lifetime. He is a cold man who can sit through one of their concerts unmoved." This is praise, indeed, despite the conflict between the singular and the plural number in some of the pronouns. "The vintage of melody and harvest of harmony" is good; as is also "pulsating thunders" and likewise "the sensuous embrace of the warm tone." However, Mr. Henderson was carried away by delight, and his resort to the rich rhetorical literary style of the emotional West may be forgiven. Then, too, he compliments Mr. Paur on his fine reading and the orchestra on its superb precision, its vigor and its tone. Mr. De Koven finds a falling off in precision; Mr. Henderson finds the vigor superb and he also finds the tonal quality of the strings clearer and purer than it was last season.

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congratulated on penning always effective codas. He always comes in under the tape line, as racing men would say, with great effect." It is probable that such playfully critical remarks gave rise to a prevailing belief that the musical criticisms in some of the metropolitan journals are written by the sporting editor.

The New York Sun's comments on the orchestra are brief, and are chiefly confined to considerations of acoustics. The change of the place of performance from Carnegie Hall to the Metropolitan Opera House is thus lucidly discussed: "The body of tone was less concentrated and consequently less intense in volume and less marked in coloring and effect. Perhaps Mr. Paur has scarcely yet got the gauge of the Metropolitan's requirements. It is like the giant of childhood's tales, who had such an enormous appetite that Jack the Giant Killer stood amazed to witness his gastronomic capacity. The Opera House swallows up sound with extreme avidity, and if the Boston Symphony orchestra can make more forte their fortissimos their audiences will be more deeply impressed and better satisfied. It must not be construed that things did not go well last evening, however. One only missed the pithy centrality and strong focus and the sense of power and weight of tone which would obtain from the same playing in a smaller invironment where the sound would necessarily be less diffused." "Pithy centrality" and the allusion to Jack the Giant Killer are very felicitous, only it is to be regretted that nothing whatever is said of the performances of the orchestra.

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It has already been asserted in this article that the opinion of Mr. Krehbiel is not necessarily that of all New York. His assertion that this city hears more good music in a season than Boston did not mean that we hear better music. He meant simply what he said—that there are a greater number of good musical entertainments given in New York than in Boston. That this is true is not due to the existence of a finer musical taste here, but simply to the presence of a greater population and a larger wealth. If Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau give fifty performances of opera here against a dozen there, it is because there are more wealthy people here to pay for them.

But we think that neither Mr. Krehbiel nor any other critic in this city will assert that we possess an orchestra superior in merit to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or a quartet that surpasses that led by Mr. Kneisel. We pay for more than twenty-four orchestral concerts in one season and we hear more than two good quartets. We even pay for the pleasure of listening to our friends from Boston, and we are quite willing to admit that we pay for nothing that gives us a better return for our money. But our friends at the Hub will at least do us New Yorkers the justice to admit that we appreciate them, and therefore we must have a certain amount of musical taste behind our members and our bank accounts.

Boston is a good city. We have no sympathy with any New Yorker who assumes a patronizing air and lugs in references to "the provinces." Nothing can be more provincial than the assumption of such an attitude by a New Yorker. Boston is smaller than New York, but it is time that we Americans gave over measuring merit by size, And it would be more seemly in smaller cities to abandon their custom of flying to arms every time a New Yorker utters a criticism. They should remember that these outcries are confessions that our opinions have weight. The musical critics of Boston treated Mr. Krehbiel with altogether too much consideration; a paragraph would have been enough for him. Other men in New York, whose opinions are perhaps quite as valuable as his, delight in praising the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Boston musical taste and even Mr. Paur. THE MUSICAL COURIER gladly declares its belief in Boston. That city has a great deal of fine music, a goodly array of admirable performances, a strong corps of teachers, a notable body of young composers, a scholarly conductor, and a staff of critics who are gentlemen and good fellows, and who can never by any possible chance be suspected of agreeing in their judgments.

THE playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at their first concert last week displayed no especial difference from last season. Nor has Mr. Paur changed one iota in his methods of conducting. An extended review of the concert may be found elsewhere.

First Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SGAMBATI'S first symphony in D is thirteen years and more of age. The work of a man in whom the scholastic predominates at the expense of the emotional, it nevertheless contains many interesting moments. It is sometime dramatic, it has color, the tonality is modern in its restlessness, and the work is unquestionably penned by a sound musician, yet it does not carry conviction, it does not give the impression of supreme mastery or of what the last generation called inspiration. Giovanni Sgambati, pianist pupil of Liszt, ardent student of modern music, somehow or other leaves the imagination unfired. In its entirety the symphony does not suggest coherence or concentration. In structure it is amorphous and its themes are not original. But there are the marks of the workman on it and enough of the surge of intellectual passion to render it a composition which demands our respect, even our admiration.

It was the "pièce de résistance" at the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday evening.

The first movement, while not largely molded, has plenty of rhythmic life, nor is the treatment of the main ideas unfruitful. It is in the slow movement the composer betrays his lack of intensity and warmth. The scherzo and serenata which follow are well made, but the relevancy of the latter is not apparent. The finale is spirited and the ending is quite vigorous. In the work there is an odd blending of the conservatory and the stage. Sgambati is divided in his artistic ideals. Half a century ago he would have been a rigid classicist, rejecting unceremoniously the flowery temptations of the romantics. He has studied Schumann, Liszt and Brahms to good advantage. He works better in smaller forms, as evidenced in his quintets and other chamber music. His piano concerto is not very interesting.

Gluck was represented on the program by some classical dances from his operas. A tambourin from "Iphigenie en Aulide," a gavot from "Armide," and the grand chaconne from the first named opera and "Orphée" were played with taste and finish.

Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," lacked the climacteric point in Mr. Paur's reading. Technically it was well played, of course.

Goldmark's new overture, "Sappho," is only its creator's forty-fourth work, and is in the key of G flat. Its opening phrases for harp are Oriental and chant-like. But we soon are pitched overboard into a troubled sea. Goldmark's passion is Eastern and short lived. His big, sensuous cantabile theme, which is the apex of the tumultuous first subject, is truly Goldmarkian. The working out is interesting, and there is altogether a strong savor of romance in the overture, which, we believe, was played by Mr. Seidl last summer. It has not the freshness nor charm of several earlier works in the same form, but it was welcome, with its commanding manner and gorgeous orchestral garb, after the rather halting utterances of the muse of the Italian composer.

The solo singer of the evening was M. Pol Plançon, the French basso, who gave the "Laborer" aria from the "Seasons" and "Pogner's Address." His singing was, as usual, marked by taste and intelligence. He was in good voice.

The orchestra, which is always on its mettle while in this city, played with unusual freedom and warmth.

It is still the best permanent orchestra in the country, just as its conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, has still the same angular beat, the same cut and dried conception and the same non-magnetic personality. He is a drillmaster and not a great conductor. The next concert occurs December 6 with César Thomson as soloist.

Hartford Post.

Largest Circulation of any Republican Paper in Connecticut.

Hartford, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1894.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

Greatly Enjoyed by a Cultured Audience Yesterday Afternoon.

Mr. Kneisel's Famous Stradiuarius Violin, and the Other Noted Instruments.

This celebrated Kneisel quartette, which is named after its famous leader Franz Kneisel made its first appearance before a Hartford audience for the season of 1894 yesterday afternoon, and in spite of the severe storm, which raged all the afternoon, a good audience had assembled to greet it This quartette has established itself in the affections of Hartford music-lovers through its former visits and its performance of yesterday only strengthened and intensified the high regard in which it is held.

The opening number on the programme was Beethoven's B flat major quartette, opus 18, and was played with that rare delicacy of treatment and conscientious adherence to the composer's idea which is a characteristic of this famous club. The second number, the D flat major quartette by Sgambati, was new to most Hartford people and aroused a high degree of enthusiasm by its original and masterly construction, as well as by its wonderful performance. This work calls for the highest perfection of technical skill and the quartette showed itself fully equal to its requirements. The most enthusiastic applause following each movement, testified to the great delight it afforded the cultured audience present. The final number was Hayden's well-known G major quartette, opus 77 and was a worthy finale to a most interesting and highly instructive programme.

Franz Kneisel, the leader of the quartette, played for the first time in Hartford, upon a celebrated violin, which has but just come into his possession. It is by the king of all Cremonese violin makers, Antonius Stradiuarius and was made in 1717. It belonged to the former teacher of Mr. Kneisel, Professor Gruen of Vienna, and Mr. Kneisel made a visit to his teacher this summer for the express purpose of securing this instrument which has been known to him for many years. It took a deal of persuasion and a large amount of money to accomplish its possession but the high esteem in which Mr. Kneisel is held by Professor Gruen together with $5,000 in cash paid for the instrument, accomplished the object of his journey.

Mr. Kneisel is in raptures over the possession of such a rare instrument and those who heard its delicious singing quality of tone at yesterday's concert can understand his feeling, its pure and far-reaching tone being apparent to every one.

This quartette is famed for the fine instruments possessed by its members as well as for its artistic performances, Mr. Schroeder the 'cellist possessing a remarkably fine specimen of the work of Nicholas Amati, the predecessor and master of Stradiuarius, upon which he played yesterday. Mr. Svecenski the viola player possesses a remarkably unique and ancient specimen of the Cremonese school whose tone no one who has heard the quartette will soon forget, while Mr. Roth the second violin, plays upon Mr. Kneisel's former instrument, an old and fine one.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1894.

The hearing provided for the chamber music of Sgambati by the Kneisel Quartette at their first concert of the season was soon succeeded by an opportunity for becoming acquainted with his orchestral music as illustrated in his first symphony, inasmuch as that work occupied the central position on Mr. Paur's fourth programme. It was listened to with close attention and apparently made a very favorable impression, although the hesitancy of the Symphony audiences to commit themselves outright according to their real likes and dislikes always renders it difficult to be sure what they actually feel in regard to a new work which comes to them without any particular label or commendation.

Allowance made for the vaster and stronger scheme of symphonic composition, one derives from a single hearing of this work notions akin to those received from the string quartette. A tentative and doubtful state of mood and fancy apparently supplied the creative impulse, which finds its full scope for speech and expression in a large, various, rich and potent orchestration, free from tricks and whims, individual enough in spite of some suggestions of admiration for the modern German school and some traces of the influence of Berlioz and even of Gounod, and courage enough to dare to be rude in form and rough in tone upon occasion.

As was said in our remarks upon the quartette, Sgambati is one of the men who think and feel, who walk slowly, are more careful than prolific, and yet may be obscure and illogical simply because the time of full command of themselves and their means has not arrived. Of this last condition they may not be aware, imagining that what signifies to them meaning and purpose must convey these to others with corresponding definiteness.

In this symphony, first performed in Rome about thirteen years ago, it is easy to find its author's nationality, in spite of his respect for forms into which the music of his country is only just beginning to mould itself. The fondness for melody, the free flow and sensitive spirit of the airs, whether they be gay and pulsing briskly, as in the scherzo, or pleasingly melancholy and musingly amorous, as in the andante and serenade,—the calm gravity, as of solemn services, and the delight in beautiful tones drawn from the most favorable registers of the instruments, are all distinctively Italian. So too is the erratic, episodic and occasionally surprising course of the first movement; for the more advanced Italian writers even of songs have for a good many years evinced a disposition to break their regular rhythms with sudden ejaculatory phrases which have a wonderfully dramatic effect when properly uttered, but seem quite irrelevant to the general plan of the song. For this movement seems almost—and we do not mean the comparison to be a petty one—like a condensed opera, in its queer, brief irruptions of violent phrases into smoothly going passages, its climaxes which do not conclude, and its bland pages which shift without warning into other pages of vehement assertiveness. Nor is it at all unreasonable that if the influence of the better kinds of religious music should be recognizable in portions of Sgambati's writing, that of the strongest emotional school should also be felt there.

The finale is akin to the first movement in its multiciplicity of themes, its frequent interpolation of by-thoughts and its unexpected deductions from announced premisses. It has vigor and strength, and it ends with a good appeal to enthusiasm in the listener. The great beauties of the symphony and the best suggestions of its composer's personality are to be found in the middle movements. There are in these deep tenderness, unaffected pathos, pure song, sportiveness and real melody, while there is almost nothing harsh, ugly or abrupt.

The instrumentation is almost always masterly, and the composer's affection for what is mellifluous is constantly illustrated by his skill in bringing not only the lower voices of the orchestra in prominence, but in using their deepest registers to emphasize an idea or to give a mood fulness and impressiveness.

The programme began with that vigorous, peculiar and entertaining overture to "The Sold Bride" of Smetana, about which one would be glad to know more than merely its author's name. If the overture represents the opera and is a true prelude to it, the story ought to be exciting and the action full of busy contrasts; for the tremendous activity of the brilliant fugal passages, and the gentle episodes which are let into the vehement ensembles, almost portentous with unisons and octaves, indicate a drama of strong contrasts and energetic exposition.

The only other number was the first of the suites arranged by Bizet from his music to Daudet's "L'Arlesienne." This included the Prelude, with its sturdy, emphatic march and its softer, slower measures; the Minuet; the brief little Adagio for the muted strings and the lively, stirring Carillon and it is always a favorite.

The virtuosity of the orchestra was [especially displayed in the overture, portions of which were taken at an almost breakneck pace and carried through without a stumble or a check, each group of players in turn making capitally the odd little crescendo in the long first theme, but none—and the same is to be said of them all in union—ever getting quite down to the pianissimi on which the effects depend for their extreme value.

Mr. Paur's intelligence, excellent intention and firmness did well by the symphony, so that if any oddities perplexed or any disagreeable bits displeased; the composer and not he was to be blamed, while it certainly seemed as if all which could be made of the work as a whole was derived from it.

The Bizet also had an admirable rendering, although more softness of touch and more delicacy of tone would have improved the adagio, which ought to be very nigh to the evanescent in its effect.

The opportunities for the direct appearance of leading instruments happened to be unusually numerous in this programme and it was most agreeable to observe the fine tone and the artistic phrasing of the new first clarinet and bassoon, while the rarely heard voice of the saxophone was most obedient to Mr. Strasser's skill.

The next programme stands thus:—Mozart's E-flat symphony; Peter Benoit's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, to be heard for the first time. Mr. Mole being the soloist; the entr'-acte from Schubert's "Rosamunde;" the B-minor Schubert march in Liszt's orchestral arangement, and Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY [illegible]

VOL. X. VI., NO. 1[illegible]

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Sgambati's Work Finely Read and Brilliantly Played.

This Symphony Heard for the First Time Here—It Is Stronger in Treatment Than in Invention—The Delightful Smetana Overture and the Exquisite Bizet Suite.

The concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall, last night, was an exceptionally interesting one. The programme was:

Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major, op. 16....Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The symphony was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is much clearer and much more genial than is the quartet by the same composer, recently performed by the Kneisel quartet, but the composer seems to be constantly struggling toward a point that he as constantly fails to reach. The work is more positive in intention than it is in achievement, and yet it is steadily interesting, owing to the fine workmanship and the independent originality that mark it. In some respects it does violence to the generally received idea of what a symphony should be, but it is wholly symphonic in character, as far as dignity of style, high aim and seriousness of treatment are concerned. Unfortunately, when all is over, no very deep or abiding impression has been made and a feeling prevails that the work as a whole is hollow—is without pith; in fact, to compare large things with small, it suggests a pie, of which the upper crust and the bottom layer are of the very best puff paste, but without any filling between them. Here and there are fragments of melody that are exquisite in their grace and delicacy, and in the fourth movement a serenata that takes something of the form of an elaborate introduction to the finale. Here is an accompaniment that on its first appearance is almost alarmingly suggestive of a familiar figure in conventional Italian opera scores; but the composer uses it so ingeniously and so effectively that he escapes anything resembling a realization of the apparent threat of sinking into vulgar commonplace. The orchestration is very brilliant and masterly throughout, and taxes the performers to the utmost, especially the wind; but the distinctive qualities of the different instruments are never lost sight of and their capacities are never abused, while the scoring is always faultlessly clear.

The opening movement is the most elaborate and the most carefully worked out. It is prolific in charming movements for the wood wind, but they lead to nowhere in particular, and seem to be produced for the effect they produce rather than because they are any logical outcome of the underlying design of the movement. The andante is broad in style and dignified in effect, but its themes are vague in both structure and development, such charm as the movement has, lying in its rich, if sombre, instrumentation. The scherzo is piquant, picturesque and strikingly new, and is peculiarly interesting for its rhythmic swing and for its fresh and graceful trio, with its elaborate and beautiful scoring. The serenata, already alluded to, is full of the spirit of refined romance, but is somewhat unsatisfying by reason of its uncertain tonality. The finale is pervaded by fire and impetuosity and occasionally reaches to a power almost thrilling, the orchestration again, even in its most tumultuous striving after climax upon climax, showing the most perfect clearness, the whole culminating with splendid brilliancy. Still, notwithstanding there is so much to admire in the work and the finish that marks it in every technical essential, it is stronger in treatment than in invention, and has the aspect of a colossal sketch rather than that of a complete and well-rounded whole. There is much in it that conveys the impression of a series of well conceived episodes, interesting instrumentally, and that have been carefully pieced together, but without fully concealing the points at which they are joined. It is thoroughly of the modern school, but although Sgambati's artistic affiliations are known to be strongly German, the symphony suggests the more advanced contemporary music of France than it does that of the fatherland. It shows the great progress that has been made in instrumental music in Italy, and it was well that it was accorded a hearing here for that reason. No such important work for the orchestra has been written by an Italian since the day of Cherubini, and with all its shortcomings no symphony of such general worth has been produced by any living composer except Brahms. It was finely read by Mr. Paur and brilliantly played by the orchestra. Once more the great improvement that has been made in the wood wind this season made itself felt in the fine body and admirable balance of tone, as well as in the precision that distinguished the playing of the florid and difficult passages written for this element of the orchestra.

The spirited and delightful Smetana overture was given in a manner that reflected honor on both the strings and the wood wind. The Bizet suite continues to grow on further acquaintance. It is exquisite music, alike in conception and treatment. Mr. Paur was particularly happy in his reading of the work throughout, notably in the lovely andante of the first number, which was taken at a pace that permitted the saxophone solo to be heard to the best advantage, and with the effect intended by the composer. The dainty minuet was interpreted with peculiar felicity, and nothing could have been more refined in its grace and delicacy than the rendering of the tender adagietto. In fact, the performance of the orchestra through the whole concert presented no opportunity for even the most confirmed fault finder to exercise his gifts in that capacity. The applause through the evening was frequent and heartily appreciative. The symphony was well received, and it was evident that it made a very favorable impression.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, Peter Benoit (first time); entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march in B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture, "Le Part du Diable," Auber. Mr. Charles Mole is to be the soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 11.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourth Symphony concert called forth a large audience to hear the following programme:

Overture, Die verkaufte Braut.....Smetana
Symphony No, 1.....Sgambati
Suite L' Arlesieane No. 1.....Bizet

The Sgambati symphony is a large work, not always faithful to set forms, and suggestive of modern iconoclasm in its strivings after strange effects, and its excessive devotion to orchestration as a something to be worshipped for itself rather than a fitting accompaniment to ideas. And yet there is no lack of ideas in the symphony, and they are worthy of being developed; but it may be objected that the development is over-obtrusive. Modern musicians seem to have lost the skill and art of saying anything quietly; like a woman's letter, modern music is all unduly italicized, very frequently to draw attention to ideas that should, from their insignificance, be allowed to remain in the background. A sense of repose, an absence of all evidence of effort, a proper balance of effect, an appropriate gradation of colors are all essential to the highest works of art, and yet they are generally missing in modern music. The typical present day symphony is a restless striving after novelties; excessive and yet vague groping for striking effects; an early using up of all the contrasts of which an orchestra is capable, and a consequent monotony in repeating what has already been done; a never-ending restlessness, for which there is no reason, and an over-abundance of ornamentation for which there is no excuse. These defects (others may call them virtues) are all apparent in a greater or less degree in Sgambati's symphony. There are always interesting points to keep the attention fixed and to stimulate curiosity; there are also positive beauties that arouse enthusiasm and are dwelt on lovingly by memory; but the expenditure of nerve force is in excess, and what should be a long pleasure is a short luxury, interrupted by a long pain. There are but few contrasts, by means of which exhaustive nerve tissue has the opportunity to repair itself, and so prepare for fresh stimulation; the one species of stimulation is kept up without pause, and ever-worked nerves rebel. The symphony is the work of a symphony-maker, who is a musician, and not the work of a musician whose large ideas flow in symphonic dimensions. It is artificial in that it is a reflection of Sgambati's German studies; what he has learned is far more prominent than what he has felt, and as the result of allowing knowledge to take the place of inspiration, he is sometimes diffuse, sometimes unmeaning, and sometimes even dull. There is no evidence of self-restraint or of reserve power; there is rather the garrulousness of the pedant who delights to dwell on the small things of his loved art or science, and who gives us microscopic measurements when we ask for aerial perspective and barbarous high-sounding nomenclature when we are seeking for the beauties of nature. The first movement seems desirous of saying something whose meaning we miss, then it sought to do by force what would not be done by gentleness. It suggested a savage trying to make himself understood in a partially understood civilized language. The second movement, andante mesto was beautiful in subject and in treatment filled with fine fancies developed in the most delicate manner with an exquisite sense of artistic proportion and contrasts. The scherzo is heavy, the serenata somewhat commonplace in theme and over elaborate in ornament, a struggle after simplicity that ends in affectation. The finale is brilliant, and the working out of the very finest quality. From a technical viewpoint it is a fine and most elaborate piece of work.

Mr. Paur conducted the symphony with fine direction and with faultless taste. The interpretation of the Smetana overture and of the Bizet suite was delightful, the delicate playing of the minuetto and adagio in the latter work winning for Mr. Paur and his orchestra the most enthusiastic applause.

The programme for the next concert is the Mozart Symphony in E-flat; a Symphonic Poem (first time) by Peter Benoit; Schumann's Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"; the Schubert-Liszt March in B-minor, and Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture. The soloist is Mr. Charles Mole.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11, 1894.

The Fourth Symphony.

The usual large audience crowded Music hall last evening, and with the customary well-considered applause gave evidence of enjoying the program provided by director Paur for the fourth of this season's symphony concerts. Variety was not a feature of the program, and the concert was unusually short, but no one was ever yet heard to complain of the briefness of a symphony. These were the selections played: Overture to "The Sold Bride," Bedrich Smetana; symphony No. 1, in D major, op 16, Giovanni Sgambati; "L'Arlesienne," orchestral suite No. 1, Georges Bizet.

The symphony was heard here for the first time. It is a pretentious scholarly composition, and is notable for occasional brilliancy in scoring and uniqueness in harmonic effects. In style Sgambati's symphony is suggestive of the modern Italian school, a school which shows the strong influence of German composers in orchestral works. There are several passages for strings in the second movement which might readily have suggested to Mascagui some of the most beautiful effects in his "Cavalleria Rusticana." This suggestion is, however, no discredit to Mascagui, the resemblance is only such as may be expected from writers of the same school. The symphony was first played in Rome, March, 1881.

Of the five movements the first and second, allegro and andante, are the most interesting. There are several delicious melodies in the allegro, also some very dainty effects are gained by the clarinets and violas playing a little sighing, chromatic figure against a novel, twittering accompaniment by the violins and flutes. Another pleasing feature of this movement is an exquisite passage for the horns. The horns are given considerable prominence throughout the symphony, and as played yesterday it was a treat to hear them. The solo horn was particularly well played.

The second movement is interesting chiefly because of the fanciful treatment of a variety of wonderful little themes and the effective introduction of an impressive choral melody. The scherzo is not devoid of duiness, and the serenade, or fourth movement, would be tiresome were it not for a guitar like accompaniment by the strings, which is interesting because of its novelty if for nothing more. The brilliant finale is elaborately scored. A splendid performance was given by the orchestra.

The several charming numbers of Bizet's orchestral suite were exquisitely played, and were immensely enjoyed by the audience. Particularly pleasing was the minuet, in the performance of which the precision of the violin players was shown to great advantage.

Mr Chas. Mole will be the soloist at the next concert, when the program will be as follows:

Symphony in E-flat .....Mozart
Symphonic poem, for flute and orchestra .....Peter Benoit
(First time.)
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde" .....Schubert
March in B minor .....Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "Carlo Broschi" .....Auber

[48]

The Hartford Post.

Largest Circulation of any Republican Paper in Connecticut.

Hartford, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1894.

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The opening number on the programme was Beethoven's B flat major quartette, opus 18, and was played with that rare delicacy of treatment and conscientious adherence to the composer's idea which is a characteristic of this famous club. The second number, the D flat major quartette by Sgambati, was new to most Hartford people and aroused a high degree of enthusiasm by its original and masterly construction, as well as by its wonderful performance. This work calls for the highest perfection of technical skill and the quartette showed itself fully equal to its requirements. The most enthusiastic applause following each movement, testified to the great delight it afforded the cultured audience present. The final number was Hayden's well-known G major quartette, opus 77 and was a worthy finale to a most interesting and highly instructive programme.

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Boston Courier.

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In this symphony, first performed in Rome about thirteen years ago, it is easy to find its author's nationality, in spite of his respect for forms into which the music of his country is only just beginning to mould itself. The fondness for melody, the free flow and sensitive spirit of the airs, whether they be gay and pulsing briskly, as in the scherzo, or pleasingly melancholy and musingly amorous, as in the andante and serenade,—the calm gravity, as of solemn services, and the delight in beautiful tones drawn from the most favorable registers of the instruments, are all distinctively Italian. So too is the erratic, episodic and occasionally surprising course of the first movement; for the more advanced Italian writers even of songs have for a good many years evinced a disposition to break their regular rhythms with sudden ejaculatory phrases which have a wonderfully dramatic effect when properly uttered, but seem quite irrelevant to the general plan of the song. For this movement seems almost—and we do not mean the comparison to be a petty one—like a condensed opera, in its queer, brief irruptions of violent phrases into smoothly going passages, its climaxes which do not conclude, and its bland pages which shift without warning into other pages of vehement assertiveness. Nor is it at all unreasonable that if the influence of the better kinds of religious music should be recognizable in portions of Sgambati's writing, that of the strongest emotional school should also be felt there.

The finale is akin to the first movement in its multiciplicity of themes, its frequent interpolation of by-thoughts and its unexpected deductions from announced premisses. It has vigor and strength, and it ends with a good appeal to enthusiasm in the listener. The great beauties of the symphony and the best suggestions of its composef's personality are to be found in the middle movements. There are in these deep tenderness, unaffected pathos, pure song, sportiveness and real melody, while there is almost nothing harsh, ugly or abrupt.

The instrumentation is almost always masterly, and the composer's affection for what is mellifluous is constantly illustrated by his skill in bringing not only the lower voices of the orchestra in prominence, but in using their deepest registers to emphasize an idea or to give a mood fulness and impressiveness.

The programme began with that vigorous, peculiar and entertaining overture to "The Sold Bride" of Smetana, about which one would be glad to know more than merely its author's name. If the overture represents the opera and is a true prelude to it, the story ought to be exciting and the action full of busy contrasts; for the tremendous activity of the brilliant fugal passages, and the gentle episodes which are let into the vehement ensembles, almost portentous with unisons and octaves, indicate a drama of strong contrasts and energetic exposition.

The only other number was the first of the suites arranged by Bizet from his music to Daudet's "L'Arlesienne." This included the Prelude, with its sturdy, emphatic march and its softer, slower measures; the Minuet; the brief little Adagio for the muted strings and the lively, stirring Carillon and it is always a favorite.

The virtuosity of the orchestra was especially displayed in the overture, portions of which were taken at an almost breakneck pace and carried through without a stumble or a check, each group of players in turn making capitally the odd little crescendo in the long first theme, but none—and the same is to be said of them all in union—ever getting quite down to the pianissimi on which the effects depend for their extreme value.

Mr. Paur's intelligence, excellent intention and firmness did well by the symphony, so that if any oddities perplexed or any disagreeable bits displeased, the composer and not he was to be blamed, while it certainly seemed as if all which could be made of the work as a whole was derived from it.

The Bizet also had an admirable rendering, although more softness of touch and more delicacy of tone would have improved the adagio, which ought to be very nigh to the evanescent in its effect.

The opportunities for the direct appearance of leading instruments happened to be unusually numerous in this programme and it was most agreeable to observe the fine tone and the artistic phrasing of the new first clarinet and bassoon, while the rarely heard voice of the saxophone was most obedient to Mr. Strasser's skill.

The next programme stands thus:—Mozart's E-flat symphony; Peter Benoit's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, to be heard for the first time. Mr. Mole being the soloist; the entr'-acte from Schubert's "Rosamunde;" the B-minor Schubert march in Liszt's orchestral arangement, and Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

SUNDAY HERALD

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Sgambati's Work Finely Read and Brilliantly Played.

This Symphony Heard for the First Time Here—It Is Stronger in Treatment Than in Invention—The Delightful Smetana Overture and the Exquisite Bizet Suite.

The concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall, last night, was an exceptionally interesting one. The programme was:

Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major, op. 16....Sgambati
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The symphony was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is much clearer and much more genial than is the quartet by the same composer, recently performed by the Kneisel quartet, but the composer seems to be constantly struggling toward a point that he as constantly fails to reach. The work is more positive in intention than it is in achievement, and yet it is steadily interesting, owing to the fine workmanship and the independent originality that mark it. In some respects it does violence to the generally received idea of what a symphony should be, but it is wholly symphonic in character, as far as dignity of style, high aim and seriousness of treatment are concerned. Unfortunately, when all is over, no very deep or abiding impression has been made and a feeling prevails that the work as a whole is hollow—is without pith; in fact, to compare large things with small, it suggests a pie, of which the upper crust and the bottom layer are of the very best puff paste, but without any filling between them. Here and there are fragments of melody that are exquisite in their grace and delicacy, and in the fourth movement a serenata that takes something of the form of an elaborate introduction to the finale. Here is an accompaniment that on its first appearance is almost alarmingly suggestive of a familiar figure in conventional Italian opera scores; but the composer uses it so ingeniously and so effectively that he escapes anything resembling a realization of the apparent threat of sinking into vulgar commonplace. The orchestration is very brilliant and masterly throughout, and taxes the performers to the utmost, especially the wind; but the distinctive qualities of the different instruments are never lost sight of and their capacities are never abused, while the scoring is always faultlessly clear.

The opening movement is the most elaborate and the most carefully worked out. It is prolific in charming movements for the wood wind, but they lead to nowhere in particular, and seem to be produced for the effect they produce rather than because they are any logical outcome of the underlying design of the movement. The andante is broad in style and dignified in effect, but its themes are vague in both structure and development, such charm as the movement has, lying in its rich, if sombre, instrumentation. The scherzo is piquant, picturesque and strikingly new, and is peculiarly interesting for its rhythmic swing and for its fresh and graceful trio, with its elaborate and beautiful scoring. The serenata, already alluded to, is full of the spirit of refined romance, but is somewhat unsatisfying by reason of its uncertain tonality. The finale is pervaded by fire and impetuosity and occasionally reaches to a power almost thrilling, the orchestration again, even in its most tumultuous striving after climax upon climax, showing the most perfect clearness, the whole culminating with splendid brilliancy. Still, notwithstanding there is so much to admire in the work and the finish that marks it in every technical essential, it is stronger in treatment than in invention, and has the aspect of a colossal sketch rather than that of a complete and well-rounded whole. There is much in it that conveys the impression of a series of well conceived episodes, interesting instrumentally, and that have been carefully pieced together, but without fully concealing the points at which they are joined. It is thoroughly of the modern school, but although Sgambati's artistic affiliations are known to be strongly German, the symphony suggests the more advanced contemporary music of France than it does that of the fatherland. It shows the great progress that has been made in instrumental music in Italy, and it was well that it was accorded a hearing here for that reason. No such important work for the orchestra has been written by an Italian since the day of Cherubini, and with all its shortcomings no symphony of such general worth has been produced by any living composer except Brahms. It was finely read by Mr. Paur and brilliantly played by the orchestra. Once more the great improvement that has been made in the wood wind this season made itself felt in the fine body and admirable balance of tone, as well as in the precision that distinguished the playing of the florid and difficult passages written for this element of the orchestra.

The spirited and delightful Smetana overture was given in a manner that reflected honor on both the strings and the wood wind. The Bizet suite continues to grow on further acquaintance. It is exquisite music, alike in conception and treatment. Mr. Paur was particularly happy in his reading of the work throughout, notably in the lovely andante of the first number, which was taken at a pace that permitted the saxophone solo to be heard to the best advantage, and with the effect intended by the composer. The dainty minuet was interpreted with peculiar felicity, and nothing could have been more refined in its grace and delicacy than the rendering of the tender adagietto. In fact, the performance of the orchestra through the whole concert presented no opportunity for even the most confirmed fault finder to exercise his gifts in that capacity. The applause through the evening was frequent and heartily appreciative. The symphony was well received, and it was evident that it made a very favorable impression.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, Peter Benoit (first time); entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march in B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture, "Le Part du Diable," Auber. Mr. Charles Mole is to be the soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 11.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourth Symphony concert called forth a large audience to hear the following programme:

Overture, Die verkaufte Braut.....Smetana
Symphony No, 1.....Sgambati
Suite L' Arlesienne No. 1.....Bizet

The Sgambati symphony is a large work, not always faithful to set forms, and suggestive of modern iconoclasm in its strivings after strange effects, and its excessive devotion to orchestration as a something to be worshipped for itself rather than a fitting accompaniment to ideas. And yet there is no lack of ideas in the symphony, and they are worthy of being developed; but it may be objected that the development is over-obtrusive. Modern musicians seem to have lost the skill and art of saying anything quietly; like a woman's letter, modern music is all unduly italicized, very frequently to draw attention to ideas that should, from their insignificance, be allowed to remain in the background. A sense of repose, an absence of all evidence of effort, a proper balance of effect, an appropriate gradation of colors are all essential to the highest works of art, and yet they are generally missing in modern music. The typical present day symphony is a restless striving after novelties; excessive and yet vague groping for striking effects; an early using up of all the contrasts of which an orchestra is capable, and a consequent monotony in repeating what has already been done; a never-ending restlessness, for which there is no reason, and an over-abundance of ornamentation for which there is no excuse. These defects (others may call them virtues) are all apparent in a greater or less degree in Sgambati's symphony. There are always interesting points to keep the attention fixed and to stimulate curiosity; there are also positive beauties that arouse enthusiasm and are dwelt on lovingly by memory; but the expenditure of nerve force is in excess, and what should be a long pleasure is a short luxury, interrupted by a long pain. There are but few contrasts, by means of which exhaustive nerve tissue has the opportunity to repair itself, and so prepare for fresh stimulation; the one species of stimulation is kept up without pause, and ever-worked nerves rebel. The symphony is the work of a symphony-maker, who is a musician, and not the work of a musician whose large ideas flow in symphonic dimensions. It is artificial in that it is a reflection of Sgambati's German studies; what he has learned is far more prominent than what he has felt, and as the result of allowing knowledge to take the place of inspiration, he is sometimes diffuse, sometimes unmeaning, and sometimes even dull. There is no evidence of self-restraint or of reserve power; there is rather the garrulousness of the pedant who delights to dwell on the small things of his loved art or science, and who gives us microscopic measurements when we ask for aerial perspective and barbarous high-sounding nomenclature when we are seeking for the beauties of nature. The first movement seems desirous of saying something whose meaning we miss, then it sought to do by force what would not be done by gentleness. It suggested a savage trying to make himself understood in a partially understood civilized language. The second movement, andante mesto was beautiful in subject and in treatment filled with fine fancies developed in the most delicate manner with an exquisite sense of artistic proportion and contrasts. The scherzo is heavy, the serenata somewhat commonplace in theme and over elaborate in ornament, a struggle after simplicity that ends in affectation. The finale is brilliant, and the working out of the very finest quality. From a technical viewpoint it is a fine and most elaborate piece of work.

Mr. Paur conducted the symphony with fine direction and with faultless taste. The interpretation of the Smetana overture and of the Bizet suite was delightful, the delicate playing of the minuetto and adagio in the latter work winning for Mr. Paur and his orchestra the most enthusiastic applause.

The programme for the next concert is the Mozart Symphony in E-flat; a Symphonic Poem (first time) by Peter Benoit; Schumann's Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"; the Schubert-Liszt March in B-minor, and Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture. The soloist is Mr. Charles Mole.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11, 1894.

The Fourth Symphony.

The usual large audience crowded Music hall last evening, and with the customary well-considered applause gave evidence of enjoying the program provided by director Paur for the fourth of this season's symphony concerts. Variety was not a feature of the program, and the concert was unusually short, but no one was ever yet heard to complain of the briefness of a symphony. These were the selections played: Overture to "The Sold Bride," Bedrich Smetana; symphony No. 1, in D major, op 16, Giovanni Sgambati; "L'Arlesienne," orchestral suite No. 1, Georges Bizet.

The symphony was heard here for the first time. It is a pretentious scholarly composition, and is notable for occasional brilliancy in scoring and uniqueness in harmonic effects. In style Sgambati's symphony is suggestive of the modern Italian school, a school which shows the strong influence of German composers in orchestral works. There are several passages for strings in the second movement which might readily have suggested to Mascagni some of the most beautiful effects in his "Cavalleria Rusticana." This suggestion is, however, no discredit to Mascagni, the resemblance is only such as may be expected from writers of the same school. The symphony was first played in Rome, March, 1881.

Of the five movements the first and second, allegro and andante, are the most interesting. There are several delicious melodies in the allegro, and some very dainty effects are gained by the clarinets and violas playing a little sighing, chromatic figure against a novel, twittering accompaniment by the violins and flutes. Another pleasing feature of this movement is an exquisite passage for the horns. The horns are given considerable prominence throughout the symphony, and as played yesterday it was a treat to hear them. The solo horn was particularly well played.

The second movement is interesting chiefly because of the fanciful treatment of a variety of wonderful little themes and the effective introduction of an impressive choral melody. The scherzo is not devoid of dulness, and the serenade, or fourth movement, would be tiresome were it not for a guitar-like accompaniment by the strings, which is interesting because of its novelty if for nothing more. The brilliant finale is elaborately scored. A splendid performance was given by the orchestra.

The several charming numbers of Bizet's orchestral suite were exquisitely played, and were immensely enjoyed by the audience. Particularly pleasing was the minuet, in the performance of which the precision of the violin players was shown to great advantage.

Mr Chas. Mole will be the soloist at the next concert, when the program will be as follows:

Symphony in E-flat .....Mozart
Symphonic poem, for flute and orchestra (First time.) .....Peter Benoit
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde" .....Schubert
March in B minor .....Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "Carlo Broschi" .....Auber

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1894.

The program of the fourth symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major, op. 16.....Sgambati
"L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The story of Smetana's opera is told in another column of the Journal. The overture is familiar to concert goers under the title here given, and also under that of "Overture to a Comedy." It is a delightful piece of work, whatever its name is. It is so fresh, so spontaneous, so logical. Here is no pot-pourri, no absurd attempt at fine, yet incongruous writing. The piece is built mainly out of one theme, admirably treated, the theme, I believe, that is used in the vital scene of the opera.

Bizet's suite from the music to "L'Arlésienne" is always welcome, and last night it was read most intelligently by Mr. Paur. Take, for instance, the andante molto of unearthly beauty in which the solo is played by the saxophone. When the work was last given under Mr. Nikisch the tempo was so absurdly fast that the sad and tender melody that characterizes in Daudet's melodrama the appearance of poor Frederi, the "innocent," was without meaning, although the same excellent artist, Mr. Strasser, was the player. It is true that Bizet's music gains greatly when it is performed in the theatre, serves as commentary, establishes, or confirms a mood. To me, at least, it is his masterpiece, a greater work of art even than "Carmen."

Mr. Apthorp, in the program book, says that "this is the first of two orchestral suites arranged by the composer from his entr' actes, and incidental music to Alphonse Daudet's drama." Mr. Apthorp is mistaken. Suite No. 2 was arranged by Guiraud after the death of Bizet. Is not Mr. Apthorp also mistaken in giving the date of the first performance of Daudet's piece as Sept. 30, 1872? The date was Oct. 1. And what does the compiler of the program book mean by saying, "critics have called it (The Sold Bride), the best comic opera since Lortzing and Von Weber." It is true that Weber wrote a comic opera, "Abu Hassan," and at a pinch another dramatic work of his might be dubbed a "comic opera," but he is not distinctively known as a master of this species of entertainment. Mr. Apthorp's calling is here a high one. He is supposed to instruct. He teaches the ignorant or the indifferent to detect a subsidiary theme, to dilate with the proper emotion, to enjoy thoroughly that fetich known as the "Sonata form." It is his solemn duty, therefore, to be painfully accurate in statements of fact.

The Sgambati symphony is a work not to be lightly considered, not to be carelessly dismissed. It is not without its paradox; that is to say, infinite labor leads often to a trifling result. Now Sgambati is least of all superficial. You can almost see the sweat wrung from him by his work, and yet the hearer is often tempted to ask, "Why such labor?" The impressions after a single hearing are these: the chief faults are poverty of genuine melodic thought and an absence of true depth of feeling. Perhaps this latter impression is not properly expressed. Let me put it this way:

There is more true musical thought, there is greater felicity of expression with the simplest means in the adagietto in the suite by Bizet than in this whole symphony by Sgambati. The first movement is interesting, it is at times impressive. Here as in other movements there are charming passages, rare bits of instrumentation, delightful and unexpected harmonic progressions, surprising contrapuntal devices, but the hearer is always able to pry curiously into the means employed by the composer. He is never swept away by passionate outburst, he is never moved profoundly by thoughtful beauty of music. Constantly he is tempted to cry out "Well done; that's mighty clever."

Take the serenata, for instance. If you are priggish you may object to its presence as a fifth wheel to the symphonic coach. But if we must have modern symphonies let there be three, four or six movements, provided they interest. In this serenata there is a dash of Northern mist, a suggestion of Grieg, then you think the conventional serenade of Italy will be sung, a tune perhaps not without vulgarity; but how cunningly and how agreeably he disappoints you. There is always some little touch in the harmonies or the instrumentation that saves the piece from the reproach of triviality. Yet do you miss the sensuous, distinctive tune of Italy.

The second movement is full of suggestions of the gorgeous ceremony of the Holy Catholic church, as in that quartet by Sgambati played lately at a Kneisel concert. Even in the scherzo, full of delightful things, Sgambati cannot get wholly away from the cathedral. In spite of the occasional brilliancy and the ingenious rhythmical devices of the finale, it is the weakest, the most perfunctory of the movements. Here certainly is a work that was worth the playing and worth the hearing. It is easy to say here is Berlioz, here is Liszt, here Wagner shows his head, and here you hear Boito's harp; when you have said all this, there still remains the man Sgambati, earnest and ingenious.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: The symphony is without entrails.

All in all, the concert gave genuine pleasure. The performance was admirable, the selections were interesting, and the concert was of most reasonable length. It is also a pleasure to see that Mr. Paur is as careful in the performance of pieces called by the ignorant "light" or "unpretentious" as he is in the reading and performance of a "classic" work.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1894.

THE SGAMBATI SYMPHONY IN D MAJOR

Given by the Symphony Orchestra Saturday Evening—A Work of Great Merit, but Not a Masterpiece—Smetana's "Sold Bride"—Mme. Melba's Concert.

It no longer requires the presence of a soloist to draw a large audience to the symphony concerts: the programme of Saturday was purely orchestral, yet the hall was filled in every part. The performance justified the attendance, for the very first number of the programme, Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride," was performed in a manner that proved that the technique of our orchestra, great as it has been, is advancing. No orchestra of the world could have exceeded the brilliancy of the execution of the fugal passages which form the chief theme of this overture. It began with canonic imitations running through every part of the string quintette, even the contrabasses entering independently at one time. The difficulty of such a work, taken at a flying pace, is enormous, yet the different voices were clear and well balanced. The Achilles heel was only to be found in the aforesaid contrabass passages, which is even more trying than the famous passage which ends the Beethoven Fourth Symphony. Most commendable was the virility and hartiness of the interpretation of the entire work, and the Coda was given with a dash that aroused the audience to great enthusiasm. It was the virtuosity of the soloist presented by an entire orchestra.

The next number was the Sgambati symphony in D major. Not a work to be classed with the world's masterpieces, but to be accorded distinguished consideration nevertheless, for Italy has not contributed much to the orchestral repertoire, and her recent efforts in this field deserve the recognition of the world. One may therefore thank Mr. Paur for including such a symphony in his list, for musical education can only grow by comparison of works and schools, and this opportunity has not been sufficiently afford to us in the past. The work is by no means distinctively national, it is not nearly as Italian as Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, but it shows most interestingly the sprouting of German seeds in Italian soil. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau;" the themes are often Italian themes, but the treatment is more frequently German. The modern unrest and the ceaseless modulation are there, and of the production of chromatics there is no end.

Probably the chief fault of the symphony and especially of its first movement is its fragmentary character; many powerful thoughts lead to nowhere in particular; a series of magnificent porticos to which the architect has failed to add a palace.

The second movement, Andante Mesto, has a melancholy oboe theme which recalls Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony and its brooding, but the treatment is again in the freest modern vein. Much harp and flute is brought in here, and the instruments were perfectly played. The strength of the woodwind of the orchestra was clearly shown in this movement, and it is safe to say that this department is better now than it has ever been in our orchestral history. Much excellence was also shown in crescendo and diminuendo effects by the entire orchestra, extending even to the end of the movement with a swell upon the kettledrum, which was given with proper reserve.

The best movement of the whole symphony seemed, at a sigle hearing, to be the Scherzo, which presented quaint themes, little effort and much originality. Here the composer did not feel the necessity of being profound, and the lack of earned endeavor reveals to us the natural Sgambati, melodic, musical and spontaneous.

The serenade which follows is also melodic, but is preceded by an enormous amount of preluding, as if the composer desired to give an apology in skilful modulations for becoming tuneful. Finally the muted violins give a song-like theme, with plenty of pizzicato a companiment, and the first violins deserve praise for the delicacy with which it was played. It led directly into a furious finale (could an irate father have broken up the serenade?) which was less clear than the two preceding movements. In the work, as a whole, Sgambati seems sometimes to have thoroughly mastered his learning, and sometimes to be mastered by it.

The concert ended with a delightful work which showed in every measure how freely a really great composer may indulge in melody. Bizet had more red blood in his musical veins than any of his Gallic contemporaries; had he lived even to middle age it is safe to predict that he would have been the central figure of the modern French school. His "Suite Arlesienne" No. 1 (altogether better than the No. 2 which was compiled subsequently), is neutral ground, where musician and populace may meet and enjoy themselves. It was played gloriously, and proved that our conductor is stronger in the light veins of music than he has received credit for being. The unison passages of the beginning were given with a swing that at once caught the hearty spirit of the work, and the interest and applause of the audience grew with each succeeding movement. For the first time this season (in the variations of the prelude) one had an opportunity of judging definitely of the quality of the bassoons, and the verdict must be a very favorable one; the staccato bass, running in triplets, given by these instruments was superbly played, always clear, never obtrusive. So far as one can judge by the works given thus far there is not a weak spot in our orchestra at present, although the reviewer believs that a couple of additional contrabasses would make a better balance of parts.

A long succession of ecstatic adjectives must weary the reader, therefore it may be succinctly stated that the brilliancy of the concert was maintained to the very end, the muted strings in the adagietto and the hearty, healthy character of the Carillon, as revealed in the reading, calling for especial praise.

The saxophone solo was excellently performed in the first movement. It is a pity that other composers do not take a leaf from Bizet's book and use this instrument in orchestral scores, since it has a distinct and graphic tone-color which deserves a place upon the tone-painter's palette, as also does the rough snore of the ophicleide, the dreamy ecstasy of the viol d'Amore and the funereal black of the basset-horn, none of which instruments are in general use today.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening was as follows:

Smetana: Overture to "Prodaná nevěsta."
Sgambati: Symphony No. 1, in D major, opus 16.
Bizet: Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.

Here were three examples of as many modern orchestral schools, two of which are not particularly familiar to us as yet; the Czech, the Italian and the French. The Czech school we know principally through Antonin Dvorák, Smetana's most distinguished pupil; to be sure, we have had the master's overture to "Prodaná nevěsta" here once before; but that once hardly prevents its being a new work to us. It is both curious and interesting to find the man whose main object in life was to found a truly national school of music in Bohemia, first presented to us through a work which is essentially a modern development of the old Mozart fugued overture. It gives one a pleasant notion of Smetana and his striving; one feels his artistic sincerity and wisdom; here, at least, in his patriotic ambition to write thoroughly Czech music, he has wisely striven after new matter, not unwisely after new forms. The overture is delightful from beginning to end; the free fugued form fits the material to a T, and is treated with a skill and verve that shows fully what inherent liveliness there is in the fugue. Particularly artistic, too, is the way the composer has treated the little melodious episode in the middle of the overture, giving just hint enough at a *cantabile* second theme not to break completely with the traditional overture form, and yet not enough to destroy the continuity of development which is one of the essentials of good fugal writing. The performance was in every way worthy of the work; full of vigor, brightness, snap and accent; the music bubbled and sparkled like champagne!

Sgambati's symphony is a charming composition in another way; it is, perhaps, not a work conceived on quite the high plane of his string quartet recently played here by the Kneisels; but it is an eminently genial and beautiful work. There are some current legends about composers which it is well not to believe too unguardedly; among such are those which report certain composers as being rather dry and lacking in melodic invention. These legends are often to be explained by the quarters from which they have come. For instance, it was at one time the common opinion in Paris that Cherubini was a very dry old boy, immeasurably learned and "classical," if you please, but lacking the gift of facile melody, and, upon the whole, somewhat uninspired. Well, to a public brought up on Rossini and Auber it was quite enough to label a composer as "classic" to make it plain to the meanest capacity that he must be dry. In the same way one need not be surprised at the Italian public finding a certain dryness in a man like Sgambati, who was the pioneer of the so-called "classical" movement in Italy; he did not write hand-organ tunes, so it was evident that his melodic inspiration was none of the richest. But, if we may judge from the quartet and the symphony we have lately heard here, the man is anything but dry; true, one does not find in his music that downrightness, that uncompromising glare of passionateness, unrelieved by any poetic penumbra, that is characteristic of a good deal of Italian writing; there is perhaps somewhat too much of ideality in his conceptions to suit a certain grade of Italian taste. But of dryness, in any true sense of the word, we can find exceedingly little in him. More than this, no matter how much he may have learned from German technique, he remains Italian to the backbone; Italian in feeling, Italian in expression, Italian most of all in that he, like Berlioz (who although a Frenchman by birth and heredity, was peculiarly happy in his tone-painting of Italian scenes), evidently looks upon absolute melody as the true musical unit.

We found the symphony not only interesting, but very delightful. Now and then, as in the Scherzo, one comes upon moments that seem a little labored; in the Serenata (fourth movement) the vastness of suggestion of the opening *ritornello* seems out of proportion to the small form and homely character of the serenade itself. Again, that working-up of a choral melody in the *Andante*, beautiful as it is, and gorgeously rich in color, strikes one as a little—what shall we call it?—as perhaps a little artlessly ingenuous; this sort of thing recalls the atmosphere of the Henselt concerto, rather than that of any really great master-work; it has a certain tang of *salon* sentimentalism. Sgambati does the same thing in the Trio of the Scherzo, but he does it better, because more concisely and with a lighter and more suggestive touch. The first movement strikes us as admirable throughout, and the Finale is capital. The *Andante mesto* is stoutly built and finely proportioned; all in it, save the ecclesiastical interlude in the middle, is on a very high plane; and one may say of the ecclesiastical part that, admitting the thing to be worth doing, it could hardly have been done better. The Scherzo seems to fail, in attempting to enter a domain of poetic imaginativeness in which few Italians have been really at home; Spontini failed in a similar way in his fairy operas, in a field where he could not hope to win in his rivalry with Weber; in this Scherzo of Sgambati's one finds but the glittering outer shell of fantasticism, not the true vital spark. But it is unspeakably good for us here to make the acquaintance of such Italian music as this; it gives us some things, and things of high value, which no German can give us; and it shows the composer as walking with a very firm step, as quite sure of saying what he means to say. We can at present think of no modern French composer treating the symphonic form so well and sympathetically; Sgambati takes liberties with it, to be sure, but takes them as a man does who has a right to it. His instrumentation is truly masterly, and he always gets the full value out of the means he employs. The symphony was admirably played.

Bizet's first "Arlésienne" suite seems more bewitching every time one hears it. Perhaps we have never yet heard that wonderful little interlude (*Andante molto* in A-flat major) in the first movement given its full effect. The saxophone solo is exceedingly difficult—musically, if not technically—and it takes the most superb playing to give it its due prominence in the movement. It is really the central figure, the principal melody; all the rest is but accompaniment or *obbligato*. But it takes the greatest skill in phrasing and warmth of sentiment to make the somewhat colorless, stopped-diapason tone of the saxophone maintain its prestige against that ineffably beautiful, ever-recurring sigh of the clarinet, the effect of which is almost to monopolize the listener's attention. We have never yet heard the saxophone melody seem otherwise than in the background. The whole suite was (with this single exception) splendidly played, the dainty minuet just escaping an encore.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in E-flat major; Peter Benoit, symphonic poem for flute and orchestra (first time); Schubert, entr'acte from "Rosamunde;" Schubert-Liszt, Reiter-Marsch in B minor; Auber, overture to "Carlo Broschi" ("La Part du Diable"). Mr. Charles Molé will be the flutist.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper of New England.
SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Short and Brilliant Programme at Last Night's Performance.

Although an exceedingly short programme, the Symphony concert of last evening was certainly the most brilliant so far given this season. At all points the work of the musicians was well nigh marvellous, and, although there were but three numbers, they were such as to give Mr. Paur's men splendid opportunities, which, as already stated, they made the most of. Mr. Paur, too, should be given much credit for his careful conducting, and that his labors of the evening were heartily appreciated was amply evidenced by the marked enthusiasm of the audience after each movement.

The novelty of the evening was the D major symphony of Sgambati in five movements. The first movement, somewhat irregular in form, is delightfully worked out, the clarinets and violas being heard to good effect. A pretty little waltz-like movement is noticeable here and there, the first part being brought to a quiet close. In the second movement, which is particularly melodious, the basses play an important part. The third movement is a scherzo, graceful and rhythmic in the extreme, while the last two movements perfectly fulfil the expectations of the previous ones, the final working out being brilliant and elaborate. The symphony is scored for full modern orchestra.

The two other numbers were the overture to Smetana's "The Sold Bride" and Bizet's orchestral suite, "L'Arlesienne." The latter contains four quaint, ingeniously arranged movements, the first opening vigorously with a fortissimo theme, which gradually changes to a short march, then to a poetic melody. The second movement is a sort of minuet, this being followed by a short movement for muted strings. The suite closes with a combination of scherzo and trio of great beauty.

At the next concert Mr. Charles Mole will be the soloist.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1894.

KNEISEL CONCERT.

The capacity of Union Hall was tested by the large and enthusiastic audience that gathered to hear the Kneisel quartet in the following programme:

Quartet in D minor, Cherubini.
Quartet in E flat major, op. 74, Beethoven.
Piano trio in A minor, Rubinstein.

The Cherubini quartet is a finely wrought out work, and deserves to be heard more frequently in our concert rooms. It is in the highest degree exhilatory in its direct simplicity, in its freshness, suggestive of the open air. There is technical knowledge enough and to spare, but it is used for the elaboration of ideas, and is held sternly in its subordinate place.

Its absolute sincerity is in marked contrast to many modern and more elaborate, but less artistic, compositions. The sincerity of purpose and of performance that is at the base of all enduring works of art, and without which even genius is a delusion and a snare. The first movement is somewhat of a surprise, and perhaps a disappointment, and it hints a trifle at being dull; the larghetto has a beautiful theme, nobly developed, and it was finely played, calling forth a spontaneous burst of enthusiastic applause, the first of the evening. The scherzo is dainty, quaint and charmingly original in treatment, and was a strange mingling of joy and of sadness; recalling the gayety and sunshine of the open air, and the gloom and sadness of a tomb. It was superbly interpreted, and at its conclusion met with applause that strongly hinted at an encore. The broad, vigorous finale was played with a fire and an enthusiasm that carried all before it, and concluded a work that is of the very finest make, while it received an interpretation that for artistic completeness and conscientiousness is deserving of the highest praise.

The large and noble Beethoven quartet was played with admirable breadth and dignity, and kept the audience in a state of emotion that found vent in applause at inappropriate moments; the adagio with its tender and full utterances gave Mr. Kneisel the opportunity to excel in his best vein. This movement was played throughout with the most exquisite taste and finish; with perfect comprehension of the composer's meaning, and with the very rarest sincerity, the noble violin of Mr. Kneisel responding to his bow with a beauty and fulness of voice that reached the high point of perfection. The presto also received a fine reading, being played with perfect clearness and with perfect gradations of tone color, while the allegretto was a beautiful example of ensemble playing, the fine work of each instrument fitting together in a flawless whole. The enthusiasm of the evening expended itself on this work, and at its conclusion the players were enthusiastically recalled.

The Rubenstein trio just falls short of being a great work; it is filled with novel ideas that are often treated with the hand of a master; the themes are large and dignified; the development is always musicianly and always has a meaning, but when pleasure is at its height some triviality or some little insincerity creeps in and converts the imagined god into the average human being. The flight of the imagination is here always wavering; it begins at a great height and falls in gradually smaller and smaller curves until it touches the earth. The second was the one movement that stirred the audience, and this for its brilliant dash and fire. The difficult and exacting piano part was played by Mr. Ernst Perabo with a fine conscientiousness and with perfect comprehension. It was a brilliant interpretation, musicianly, and based on sound skill and judgment, and in the artistic subordination of means to end in its attention to the finest shades of meaning and in that frankness characteristic of all that Mr. Perabo performs. His work was fully appreciated by the audience, and won for him earnest and deserved applause.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1894.

The Second Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Union Hall.

Few in the large audience at the Kneisel Quartet Concert in Union Hall, last evening, could have been unduly mindful that the concert was over two hours in length; for there was the reconciling quality in attendance of an uncommonly good program. From first to last the concert was of fascinating interest. First was given a quartet in D minor by Cherubini.

A well known encyclopedia of music, noted for its elegant binding, would inform the musical world that Cherubini only wrote two string quartets (Sic.). There are actually six in number. His first quartet was composed in 1814; No. 2—C major—in 1829; No. 3—D minor—performed last evening, 1834, and these, prior to 1837, were followed by three more.

Musically considered, the quartet in D minor stands very near Haydn, who, more than any other composer, Cherubini so admired; and we can but find the noble pedagogue far superior to Haydn in richness and also, as need not be told, in his scholarly command of means. Would that he had not so constantly avoided homophony, and that he had imbibed more of his unpretentions, yet none the less indispensable art, from Father Haydn.

The scherzo of the quartet—not so idealized a scherzo as Beethoven would have made—nevertheless charms as but few such movements can. At the moderato sans lenteur of this movement, which is really a polacca, pure and simple, the master has his say with neither reticence nor restraint; and, strangely enough, from Cherubini, the lively emotion of a dance, with gay, well-nigh teasing humor fills the heart.

The elevation and energy of the last movement well sustains the interest to the very end, and yet the great work, as a whole, is, after all, something of a Janus, for one of its two faces is turned backward and the other forward.

The most valuable work on the program was easily Beethoven's opus 74 in E flat major, regarding which masterpiece there is really but little new to say. Certainly in its external proportions, if not in its depth of meaning, it surpasses the bounderies that Beethoven had hitherto reached in chamber music.

The trio, op. 85, by Anton Rubinstein, came last, and a single hearing of the work would itself preclude the necessity of passing judgment. It certainly appears to be all that Mr. Perabo, in a recently published critique, has claimed for it; while the seriousness of thought and nobility of mood of certain portions of it are very impressive. Is the moderato—excepting, of course, the charming meno mosso—mere tone-play? So it seemed at a first hearing. Wagnerish enough, to be sure, is the weird and mysterious finale; but all such thoughts are naught more than impressions; and the "magnificent work" that Mr. Perabo has found after serious and important study is doubtless a reality.

Perhaps the trio shows but few signs of a uniform plan throughout; still it ought not to be demanded that any artistic conventionality—in other words conventionalism—should influence a musical character so capably independent (if not always creative) as Rubinstein.

The technical difficulties of the work are stupendous, and these are mostly confined to the pianoforte part, which Mr. Perabo played with great clearness and all due subordinacy.

He was the real and only Perabo, indeed, in his piquant and winsome rendering of the quasi-berceuse with which the moderato con moto is interpolated. Of Mr. Kneisel and his associates it would seem supererogatory to say more than that both the Cherubini and Beethoven were superbly well played. Let the Cherubini quartet be repeated. It was, doubtless, as great a novelty as the Rubinstein "Trio" to a majority of the Kneisel Quartet's patrons. Thanks, gentlemen, for your liberal "cuts" in the Rubinstein. The work is too long, albeit its lengths are "heavenly."

NOTES

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1894.

Kneisel Quartet.

The second Kneisel quartet concert in Union hall last night attracted an audience even larger than that which usually attends these popular entertainments, and the program was of more than ordinary interest. The only fault to be found with the performance is that it was a bit too long. An hour and a half of quartet music is all that the most enthusiastic musician cares to listen to in one evening. Last night the concert lasted fully two hours and many people were obliged to go out before it ended.

Ernst Perabo was the soloist. With the assistance of Mr Kneisel and Mr Schroeder he played Rubinstein's piano trio in A minor. This was the last number on the program, and last night's performance was the first time this trio has been performed at these concerts. Perabo played with exquisite taste and his technique was, as usual, almost perfect. The two middle movements of the trio aroused great enthusiasm.

The other numbers were Cherubini's quartet in D minor and the Beethoven quartet in E flat major. The Cherubini has never before been played at the Kneisel concerts; it is interesting and very musical. The larghetto and scherzo movements are full of melody and tone coloring, and the whole composition is a valuable addition to the repertory of the quartet. The next concert will be given Dec 10.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 13, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartette Concert.

The concert at Union Hall last night began with periwigs and ended with dancing dervishes. From the primness of Cherubini to the fury of Rubinstein was a long step, but Beethoven stood between the two as a mediator.

Cherubini's quartette in D minor began with a very clear and concise allegro in which everything was well-adapted to the vehicle of expression, nothing was swollen beyond the powers of the string quartette. The movement which was most attractive in this work was the scherzo, in which there was a large degree of canonic imitation, and almost constant contrapuntal work. The chief theme of the trio of this was especially art active and consiste l of a showy violin theme (excellently played by Mr. Kneisel) accompanied by simple pizzicato effects. The finale was the most modern of the four movements.

One scarcely needs to state that Beethoven's quartette in E flat (op. 74) was well played by the Kneisel Quartette; they are Beethoven players *par excellence*, and can make even the capricious and subtle final quartettes (the C sharp minor for instance) sound clear and intelligible.

It was noticeable, however, in this work, that Mr. Kneisel's tone has become broader and more virile. This may be partly ascribed to the fine instrument he uses this season.

The concert ended with Rubinstein's piano trio in A minor, a composition, unequal, as almost all of the works of this composer are, but interesting from the first note to the last. The first movement seemed the weakest, the second the strongest of the set. There was a Slavonic flavor even in the opening notes, and the development of the first movement was furious after the Russian manner. The coda was not very clear in tonality and was bizarre even to the final cadence.

The second movement, a free Sherzo, was heavily rhythmic, and dealt very largely in a figure formed of a single note in graphic repetition. This constant reiteration was intentionally mobotonous and became very impressive after exactly the manner of the repeated note in Schubert's C major symphony, or Beethoven's violin concerto. A fine contrast was afforded by the trio (or what stood in place of it) where a beautiful legato theme was announced by the piano. Mr. Ernst Perabo was the pianist.

Mr. Perabo is not only a very poetic pianist but he is, what is rarer still, an excellent chamber musician. Many even of our greatest pianists could take a lesson from his faithful self-abnegation in concerted work; he merges himself entirely in the ensemble, and if one thinks less of the pianist than of the general effect produced, the musician is all the more ready to acknowledge the debt due to the man who never forces his tone, and who does not think of the piano as a solo instrument in trio, quartette or quintette. Such careful work makes one long to hear Mr. Perabo in a concerto, in something more ambitious than a chamber concert.

To return to our piano trio. The andante was not so effective. Its chief theme has a degree of melodic beauty and is contrasted with a rather fiery episode, in which a six-noted figure plays an important part, but here the reiteration becomes tiresome, and the very long organ-point ('cello) with which the movement ends is pushed to the extreme. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," says the old proverb. The Tartar begins to show in the development of the themes of the finale, and the fierce and dashing style is kept on to the very end.

The large audience testified a keen appreciation of the work, and pianist, violinist and violoncellist shared the well-earned applause.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper

OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY, MORNING, NOV. 13, 1894.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet's season was given last night at Union Hall to the usual crowded audience. The programme consisted of three numbers—the Beethoven quartet in E flat major (op. 74), a quartet by Cherubini in D minor which was given for the first time in these concerts, as was the final number, a Rubinstein trio for violin, 'cello and piano.

The Cherubini quartet is a sufficiently well known composition here, with a remarkably fine second movement (larghetto sostenuto), and a scherzo quite agreeably surprising and out of the usual in Cherubini's music.

The Rubinstein trio, though lacking in "scheme," was thoroughly enjoyable. Ernest Perabo, who assisted the quartet, was hampered by the piano, which was not quite as brilliant as the composition demanded.

The Beethoven selection was taken by the audience quite as a matter of course, and as an old friend. The second violin was a little out of tune in the allegro—the A string slipped, and the consequent jar made the only disagreeable note of the whole concert.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1894.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Ernst Perabo, gave its second concert in Union Hall, last evening, the programme being as follows:

Cherubini: Quartet No. 3, in D minor.
Beethoven: Quartet in E-flat major, opus 74.
Rubinstein: Pianoforte Trio No. 4, in A minor, opus 85.

Cherubini's D minor quartet may have been played here before; but we doubt if many of us remember a performance of it. Of all Cherubini's six-string quartets the first, in E-flat major, is the only one that is currently played; and a hearing of this third one, in D minor, suggests a tolerably good explanation of the fact. If the E-flat quartet has maintained its place in the current chamber concert repertory more surely than its companions, it must be because it has more intrinsic life in it than they. It is interesting to have heard the D minor quartet, for once, but not much more than interesting; with all the easy mastery exhibited in it, the work shows the wrinkles of age quite unmistakably. It has had its day, but that day is now past. It was admirably played, in just the right spirit; but one listened to it with effort, and it failed to fix the attention by its own strength.

Beethoven's E-flat quartet (dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz, though not one of the six commonly so-called "Lobkowitz quartets") is a horse of another color. Here all is life and vigor! It is in every way a most remarkable work; few other compositions by the master, belonging to the same period, are what might be called such positive museums of Beethovenish traits; it gives one a quasi-panoramic view of the whole Beethoven. One finds in it Beethoven's warmth and depth of sentiment, a never-failing sense for beauty and proportion, his daring, tricksy fantasticism, and, with all these, that wonderful sense for artistic measure in expression which separates Beethoven from so many of the passionate or fantastic writers who have come after him. There is something entirely Northern—one might almost say Anglo-Saxon—in the modesty Beethoven shows in some pages of this quartet in the matter of profound and poignant emotional expression; he will draw with perfect frankness from the deepest wells of emotion, but he will not let the tear stay glistening on his cheek; he brushes it away, and forthwith meets you with a smile, or a brusque heartiness of manner which can, however, cheat only the superficial observer. Or again, after opening a vista upon all that is most profound in human feeling, he will suddenly play off before you the most dazzling magician's tricks,—brilliantly and lightheartedly, but never frivolously. What many-colored kaleidoscope of a Berlioz or a Liszt can vie in fantastic brilliancy with that wonderful series of virtuoso arpeggj of the first violin (page 8 of Litolff's edition of the score) against the weird *pizzicato* of the other instruments, with the melody creeping in after a while in imitation in the second violin and viola? Here is the great work of a great master; a work with immortality in it. The performance was exceedingly fine. Perhaps it showed, in a passage or two, a certain shortcoming of our excellent quartet; a lack of perfect and convincing force and freedom in passionate expression; now and then one might feel that the phrase was conceived on a larger and more heroic scale than that of the playing. But it is better, in this matter, to keep a little within the true limit than to overstep it; where the music itself is so brim-full of emotion, the expression had better sin on the side of over-modesty than on that of outrageousness. And in all else the four players rose to the full height of their task.

If the Cherubini Quartet seemed a little dry and mechanical in its perfection of form and treatment—a perfection from which much of the breath of life had gone out—the Rubinstein trio was rough and savage enough in all conscience. One might wonder a little at Mr. Perabo's choosing it, were it not for the well-known fact that, in art as in other matters, the element of sheer Dr. Fell, and his opposite, can never wholly be left out of our calculation; there are times when one likes a thing, and that, too, heartily, simply because one likes it, and one's taste and judgment have nothing to do with the business. And, as Mr. Perabo has admitted with entire frankness that he finds the work uncouth in material and expression, and very faulty in form, one must conclude that he finds some inexplicable hidden link between it and his own emotional receptiveness. The wondrous beauty, and unfeigned enthusiasm of his playing showed well enough how he felt about it. To us the work is dull, hard to listen to, and unmeaning—unless such meaning as one finds in the howling of the wind and the dashing of waves can satisfy one's demands upon a musical composition. Rubinstein never was a master of form and musical development; a fact which is deplorable enough even in those of his works where—as in the B-flat trio, opus 52—the subject matter is often of the finest. But here, where the thematic material itself is so vague in outline and uncouth in character, the almost total lack of logical development and symmetry of form renders his expression well-nigh inarticulate; he descends from the illiterate human being to the brute beast! Of course there is something in the work, even something that gives one a hint at genius; if the composer, for the most part, merely howls, sighs or bellows, one may say that only a man of genius could *so* howl, sigh and bellow. There is a certain quasi-elemental strength in the work. But savagery remains savagery, take it how you will, and music is, upon the whole, a civilized art. The performance was superb at every point, Mr. Perabo's never-failing beauty of tone doing all it might toward compensating for the roughness of the music, and his two fellow-players aiding and abetting him like true artists.

Boston [illegible]

MONDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1894.

NO NEW MUSIC HALL AT PRESENT.

Colonel H. L. Higginson Says That He Thought It Was Understood That So Long as the Old Music Hall Remained There Would Not Be a New One.

What has become of the new Music Hall that Boston was to have? is a question that has sometimes been asked of late, to which there has been no satisfactory reply. The asking of it has only served to rouse a momentary interest in a subject which less than a year ago occupied a large share of the public attention. This morning, in answer to the inquiry whether there was anything new to report about the project, Colonel Henry L. Higginson, one of the chief promoters of the enterprise, and a member of the committee that has the matter in charge, said—

"No, there is nothing new. I thought that it was generally understood that so long as the old Music Hall remained there would not be a new one. If the present hall were sold tomorrow, then a new hall would of course have to be provided at once. But so long as the old hall stands without danger of alteration or removal on account of rapid transit schemes or any other causes, the plan for a new hall is not likely to be pushed. Then, too, this is not a time to ask people for money for any such project. The model of the new Music Hall, that was shown in the new Public Library building, is still in possession of the committee and is stored in this city."

The other members of the committee are Edward W. Hooper and J. Montgomery Sears. The sum of $400,000, which it was thought would be all that was needed, was subscribed by the end of June, 1893, and since then the site on Huntington and Massachusetts avenues has been secured and the plan for a building submitted by McKim, Mead & White. There the matter now rests, and, according to the statement of Colonel Higginson, there it is likely to rest for some time to come.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

Symphony Concert.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening at Infantry Hall. As usual the performance was of such even excellence that the critic's task becomes a mere sinecure. This organization has long been universally recognized as the best permanent orchestra in the country, this recognition being heartily accorded even by the wise men of Gotham, who are apt upon occasion to look down as from a superior height upon the city of Boston and all its doings and belongings. Famous musicians from abroad have favored it with complimentary comparisons to the great European orchestras, some even going so far as to assign it the first place. There is then nothing left for Providence to do—speaking in all seriousness—but to accept and admire. The absence this season of the numerous "course" concerts of several years past, some of which have presented first-class attractions, helps to draw renewed attention toward and interest in the Symphony concerts. Last night's programme was as follows:

Schubert.....Symphony No. 9, in C major, Op. posth.
I. Andante—Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace—Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.
Saint-Saens.....Introduction and Rondo Cappriccioso for Violin
Bach.....Passacaglia
Monsigney.....Chaconne and Rigodon from Suite "Aline Reine de Golconde"
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi"

This was a programme of a decidedly Frenchy flavor, despite the fact that its chief number bears the name of Schubert, and that a bit of Father Bach's ponderous philophony was sandwiched in by way of preserving a proper classical balance. In spite of the assertion so frequently heard that there is no nationality in art, the fact remains that in the art of music there is nothing so impossible as for a man to eliminate from his creations the trace of his blood and birth. It is not a thing that can be described and catalogued or laid bare by any process of musical dissection; it evades analysis and defies description, but as it is there all the time—the subtle flavor, the inner essence, the one unchanging factor that every musician instantly recognizes without the aid of a programme book or a prefatory lecture. Take, for instance, the second and third numbers upon last night's programme, and imagine if you can the composer's names to be reversed; it would be a feat impossible to a musical mind.

Schubert's great symphony, the one which Schumann called "of a divine length," received a most careful and sympathetic reading by Mr. Paur, and a superb rendition at the hands of his skilled players. No finer work in the symphonic form has ever been penned, save two of Beethoven's and possibly one of Schumann's. Bach's C minor Passacaglia (originally written for the organ), is more interesting as a display of his marvellous contrapuntal ability than anything else, though Esser has scored it for orchestra with supreme fidelity and skill.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. T. Adamowski of the orchestra. His number was of the brilliant and pyrotechnical sort, which is well suited to his taste and ability. The result was highly pleasing to the audience, and the applause was vigorous and long, both from them and his brother players. The Chaconne by Monsigny seemed hardly worth a place on the programme, but it served to accentuate the Gallic flavor in the evening's music already alluded to. Auber is a name not often found on symphony programmes, as, although a most prolific composer, his work was chiefly in the operatic line. Few of his operas are sung in this country, and none are familiar, save "Fra Diavolo" and "Masaniello." Yet, although he did not turn his attention to the composing of classic instrumental works, he was a profound master of the art of orchestration, as the overtures and accompaniments to his operas abundantly prove. The overture played last evening is a charming work and it was played in a most satisfactory manner.

The orchestra's third concert will be given on Wednesday, Dec. 12, the name of the soloist for the occasion is not yet announced.

[50]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1894.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major.....Sgambati
"L'Arlésienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The ever delightful music of Smetana and Bizet was well played, and Mr. Paur in his reading of the suite from "L'Arlésienne" followed closely the Parisian traditions as observed by Colonne. For instance, it was a pleasure to hear the andante molto in the first number, the characteristic melody of Fréderi, the "innocent," played by the saxophone, taken at its slow and suitable pace. As for the overture by Smetana, it is a model of grace and contrapuntal ease. It whets desire to hear the opera. Will the time ever come when opera will be a live, flourishing institution in this town; when there will be an imperative desire to hear new works; when the fact that Emma Eames did or did not dine with an unmusical branch of an old family tree will not convulse society? I would gladly swap performances of "The Messiah," the "Pastoral" symphony and "Faust" with the stock cast, including the faithful and modest Miss Bauermeister, for a hearing of "L'Attaque du Moulin" or "Mala Vita."

You heard the symphony by Sgambati, and THE MUSICAL COURIER contained an admirable review of the work. To me the first movement is the most logical and the most interesting. The serenata may be a fifth wheel to a symphonic coach, but how skillfully the composer by harmonic device or pleasing instrumentation just avoids vulgarity when you expect the old-fashioned Italian operatic triviality. The second movement and the finale seem to be the weakest, although in the latter there is ingenious use of strong rhythm. In the whole work there is no irresistible outburst of passion; there is no calm, oceanic depth. In the andante, and even in the scherzo, there are suggestions of the incense, the candles, the organ mutterings, the chant, the pomp and the ceremony of the Holy Catholic Church.

The composer, sweatingly sincerely in his labor, still suggests musical insincerity after he is through. And yet this is hardly fair to him. For even if his music sounds labored, artificial; if you find here a composite passage of Berlioz and Liszt, and also hear Boïto's harp, the work is grimly earnest. It often interests. It certainly deserves respect. The chief impressions, however, after a single hearing are these: Poverty of melodic thought, absence of true depth of feeling. Or put it bluntly: The symphony is without entrails.

* * *

The program of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Saturday evening will be as follows: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; symphonic poem, flute and orchestra (first time), Benoit; entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march, B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture, "La Part du Diable," Auber.

The Brooklyn Season Open.

BROOKLYN, November 13, 1894.

THE people of Brooklyn had so much good music all summer that they were a trifle slow in opening their winter season. Seidl was at Brighton Beach, you know, and that is only a step from town. Sousa, too, was at Manhattan Beach, and between them there was music if not harmony. The town season began with a Melba concert, the earnings whereof were not overwhelming, and just before election the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its rehearsal and concert at the Academy of Music. Perhaps you did not know that New York came near getting the rehearsals of this orchestra this winter. Nothing prevented the change in the plan but the appeals of leading members of the old Philharmonic Society. That society is practically dead, but refuses to recognize the fact, and at the performance the other night the only conspicuous member of it was Mr. Henry K. Sheldon, its president, in a box. It was the custom of the society in former times to preface each of its concerts with three afternoon rehearsals. Under Mr. Thomas these were actual rehearsals. Pecuniary considerations led to the abolition of the first two rehearsals, and the one afternoon performance that is now vouchafed to us is one of the precious legacies of Philharmonic management. Mr. Ellis has not been satisfied with the attendance in Brooklyn, and at the close of last season it was practically decided to give concerts in New York on Friday afternoon and Saturday night, and restrict Brooklyn to Thursday evening only. Perhaps he is sorry now that he did not do it, for the attendance at both rehearsal and concert was far from flattering. A city of 1,000,000 people, full of wealth, supplied with good musicians and good teachers, desirous of posing as a musical town, yet it gives half a house to the best concert that it has. It is unaccountable. Of course the advocates of the Boston band swear that it is the Seidl Society that is doing it all, that the energetic women who form that unique society have won all the money that was to be spent for music by solicitation and assault, but that allegation is not to be repeated except in a whisper.

The orchestra was in magnificent shape, though it is not to be denied that there were restful and even lethargic moments under Mr. Paur's conducting. He was at his best in the "Kaiser March," gave a fair performance of a set of dances culled from the works of Gluck, played the "Carnival Romain" overture with bounce, but was unsympathetic in the C major symphony of Schumann. The technical performance of the symphony was nearly perfect, but the soul was absent. It looked a little like hard times to find that the stage of the Academy was not decorated on Saturday night, for it has been an immemorial custom with the Philharmonic society to place palms and flowering plants along the front of the stage, and the Seidl Society always makes a brave display of flowers. The Symphony Orchestra could not get a date at the Academy in December, so it will not make its second appearance here until January.

THE EVENING BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL COMPANY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

Symphony Concert.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening at Infantry Hall. As usual the performance was of such even excellence that the critic's task becomes a mere sinecure. This organization has long been universally recognized as the best permanent orchestra in the country, this recognition being heartily accorded even by the wise men of Gotham, who are apt upon occasion to look down as from a superior height upon the city of Boston and all its doings and belongings. Famous musicians from abroad have favored it with complimentary comparisons to the great European orchestras, some even going so far as to assign it the first place. There is then nothing left for Providence to do—speaking in all seriousness—but to accept and admire. The absence this season of the numerous "course" concerts of several years past, some of which have presented first-class attractions, helps to draw renewed attention toward and interest in the Symphony concerts. Last night's programme was as follows:

Schubert.....
.....Symphony No. 9, in C major, Op. posth.
I. Andante—Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace—Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.
Saint-Saens.....Introduction and Rondo
.....Cappriccioso for Violin
Bach.....Passacaglia...
Monsigney.....Chaconne and Rigodon from
.....Suite "Aline Reine de Golconde"
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi"

This was a programme of a decidedly Frenchy flavor, despite the fact that its chief number bears the name of Schubert, and that a bit of Father Bach's ponderous philophony was sandwiched in by way of preserving a proper classical balance. In spite of the assertion so frequently heard that there is no nationality in art, the fact remains that in the art of music there is nothing so impossible as for a man to eliminate from his creations the trace of his blood and birth. It is not a thing that can be described and catalogued or laid bare by any process of musical dissection; it evades analysis and defies description, but as it is there all the time—the subtle flavor, the inner essence, the one unchanging factor that every musician instantly recognizes without the aid of a programme book or a prefatory lecture. Take, for instance, the second and third numbers upon last night's programme, and imagine if you can the composer's names to be reversed; it would be a feat impossible to a musical mind.

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The soloist of the evening was Mr. T. Adamowski of the orchestra. His number was of the brilliant and pyrotechnical sort, which is well suited to his taste and ability. The result was highly pleasing to the audience, and the applause was vigorous and long, both from them and his brother players. The Chaconne by Monsigny seemed hardly worth a place on the programme, but it served to accentuate the Gallic flavor in the evening's music already alluded to. Auber is a name not often found on symphony programmes, as, although a most prolific composer, his work was chiefly in the operatic line. Few of his operas are sung in this country, and none are familiar, save "Fra Diavolo" and "Masaniello." Yet, although he did not turn his attention to the composing of classic instrumental works, he was a profound master of the art of orchestration, as the overtures and accompaniments to his operas abundantly prove. The overture played last evening is a charming work and it was played in a most satisfactory manner.

The orchestra's third concert will be given on Wednesday, Dec. 19; the name of the soloist for the occasion is not yet announced.

The Telegram.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

The Second Orchestral Concert Proves an Affair of Delight.

Another large and critical audience listened to the second performance by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Infantry hall last evening, and it found in the presentation of the various numbers a most palatable combination of artistic skill and delicious melody. The selections were Schubert's Symphony No. 9, C major, in four movements; Saint Saen's introduction and Rondo Cappricioso, for violin; Bach's "Passacaglia"; Monsigney's Chaconne and Rigedon, from "Aline Reine de Golconde," and Auber's overture, "Carlo Brosch." The interpretations of the scrictly orchestral works were full of impressive intelligence and rare dexterity.

Mr. T. Adamowski filled the part of soloist, and to all who have had opportunities of recognizing his capabilities in the past, his success was simply a repetition of his achievements.

The third concert will take place Dec. 19.

Boston Herald.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

ABOUT THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

An Official Statement Made by the Directors.

There was issued today by Henry L. Higginson, Edward W. Hooper, William Sturgis Bigelow, Henry F. Sears and Charles E. Cotting, directors of the New Boston Music Hall, the following interesting statement about the project:

To the Stockholders of the New Boston Music Hall—In accordance with the votes which were unanimously passed at the last stockholders' meeting on Jan. 6, 1894, your directors at once bought and paid for the lot of land on the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts avenues, and afterwards submitted for your consideration and criticism the model which had been prepared by the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, as a suggestion for the new Boston Music Hall. Although your directors have during the past year given much thought to various matters connected with the new hall, they have been and still are unwilling, for business reasons, to advise you to adopt a plan and begin the building.

When your subscriptions were made in the summer of 1893, it seemed to be certain that the old Music Hall would shortly be taken by the city of Boston for its rapid-transit scheme. But for your generous and prompt subscription of $400,000 to build a new hall, the Symphony Concerts would have been at once permanently abandoned by Mr. Higginson. When, a few months later and after the failure of the rapid-transit scheme, you authorized the purchase of the new lot, it was well known that the old Music Hall was for sale, as Mr. Higginson and other owners of its stock were unwilling to maintain it much longer as a public hall. During the year 1894 the owners of the old hall gave an option on the property for conversion into an arcade with shops; but existing business conditions were unfavorable to the scheme, and this option expired on Sept. 25, 1894.

After careful inquiry, your directors are satisfied that so long as the old Music Hall is used as a public hall the income from the new Music Hall would not be sufficient to pay even its current expenses for taxes and administration. They therefore have been unwilling to advise you to build until the fate of the old Music Hall shall be settled. At the annual meeting next February, if not sooner, all questions relating to the new hall should be carefully considered by the stockholders, and such action should be taken as they may then think fit. In the meantime the stockholders should remember that their subscriptions have already done much good by preventing the breaking up of the Symphony Orchestra last year and by providing a suitable lot of land for a new hall.

Mr. Higginson wishes to thank you for your generosity, which carried the orchestra over a crisis and kept it alive.

All your directors believe that a new and better Music Hall will soon have to be built in the interest of music in Boston, and that the land now owned by you is the only available lot in the city which is adapted to your purpose.

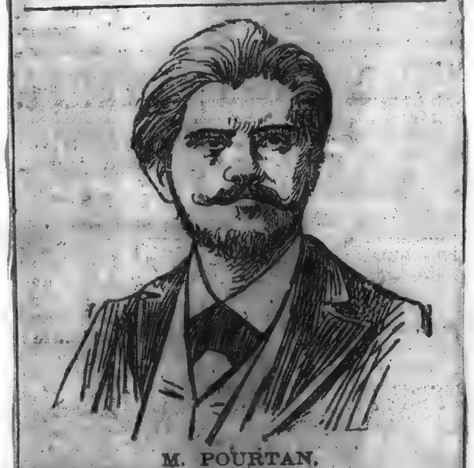
BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Almost the largest audience thus far this season was present at the Symphony concert last night, drawn thither largely because of the announcement that Charles Mole, the fluter of the orchestra and a thoroughly finished musician, was to be the soloist. The selection in which he chose to appear was Benoit's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra. It is in three short movements, the first of which, by far, offers the largest opportunities for the soloist. It is an elaborately-developed movement, and the solo work of Mr. Mole was little short of marvellous. His work was of the most difficult order, and, although the solo is replete with runs and trills in abundance, he yet had his instrument so completely in control that every note rang out clear as a bell in every portion of the great hall. At the close of the



M. POURTAN,
The new clarinetist of the Symphony Orchestra.

movement Mr. Mole was given almost an ovation for what was undoubtedly the best exhibition of flute playing ever heard in Music Hall. The second movement was very melodic in character and, like the first, offered several opportunities for a generous display of the soloist's virtuosity. The third movement was somewhat shorter, but interest in the comparatively brief composition was kept up to the close.

Another interesting work performed last night was the Schubert march in B minor, as scored for orchestra by Liszt, which was played most brilliantly by the band. The work is thoroughly ornamental, and a due regard for its light and shade was observed throughout. In places it is very suggestive of Brahms.

The programme opened with the ever popular Mozart symphony in E flat, and it was given a splendid rendering, especially the second and third movements, albeit the tempo was a trifle more rapid than usual. The other works heard were the "Rosamunde" ballet music of Schubert and Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi."

At the concert next Saturday the soloist will be Mme. Elene B. Eaton, who will sing the Weber aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," and the Handel aria, "O, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" The Goldmark overture to "Sappho" will also be heard for the first time at these concerts.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVI., NO. 141.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Audience Favored with a Delightful Programme.

The following delightful programme was performed at last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall:

Symphony, No. 39, E flat.....Mozart
Symphonic poem, for flute and orchestra.
Peter Benoit
Ballet movement and entr'acte, "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Marche heroique, B minor, No. 3, op. 40.
Liszt-Schubert
Overture, "Le Part du Diable".....Auber

The soloist was Mr. Charles Mole. The selections were light, and pure, and beautiful. Melody ruled the hour and a half. It was a great relief from the profundities that prevail at these concerts, and, on the whole, very properly, and it is to be doubted if even the most earnest sticklers for the aesthetic incomprehensible wholly failed to enjoy the flow of chaste and charming tune that pervaded the concert. The playing of the orchestra was exquisite in its grace and refinement throughout. This noble organization was never in so high a state of efficiency as it is at present. It has entirely recovered from the condition to which it was reduced under the rule of Mr. Nikisch, and has all the finish that it possessed when Mr. Gericke retired, with an added flexibility and warmth of style that has not before characterized it. The symphony was read with faultless sympathy, and for once the andante was taken in the proper tempo and spirit. It is generally played too slow, and with an excess of sickly sentiment, but Mr. Paur interpreted it in a manner that carried instant conviction of its justice.

The Rosamunde music was given with fascinating refinement, especially the entr'acte, in which the new first clarinet was heard with delightful effect. He has a lovely tone and a wonderful pianissimo, and his style is that of a thorough artist. The beautiful conversation between the oboe and the clarinet in this movement was given with a tenderness and a purity that were fine beyond description. The Liszt transcription of the Schubert march is something more discreet than are most of the transcriber's work in kind. It is true that he has taken some liberties with his original, and that he has curiously emphasized the music here and there, but on the whole he has performed his task admirably and interestingly, and without resorting to noise. It was given brilliantly, the violins and 'cellos being heard with notably fine effect in the brad cantabile of the trio.

The Bendoit symphonic poem was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is a well written work, in which the solo instrument does not stand too far apart from the orchestra, but is skilfully made a part of a carefully considered whole. It is not, of especial musical value, but is serious and fairly free from triviality. The second movement, entitled "Melancholie," is perhaps the most interesting feature of the composition. It is simple in theme and is characterized by genuine poetic feeling. The first movement is named "Will-o'-the-Wisps," and the finale, "Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps," and the composer doubtless expressed his views of these creatures musically with his best skill; but his music, in common with all other that undertakes to depict in tones what it is impossible so to depict, says nothing of itself that makes its meaning clear without a description. The solo part is immensely exacting on the player. Every difficulty that can be conjured up for fingers, lips and tongue is profusely crowded into it. That indefatigably industrious and royal flautist, Frederick the Great, who played more than 300 concertos for that instrument, and was guilty of writing several very bad airs himself, would have stared with dismay at the tremendous solo part of this work.

As composers for the flute, Berbigner, Drouet and even the "Beethoven of the flute," Kulkan, never dreamed of such passages as Benoit has written in this composition to perplex and to tax soloists. Mr. Mole, who was welcomed with great and prolonged cordiality, acquitted himself of his formidable task with surprising ease and smoothness, displaying an amazingly flexible and fluent technique and an artistic taste and style of the highest order. His rapid staccato playing and his double tonguing in complicated passages of the greatest rapidity were almost marvellous. If his performance had been merely a matter of technical display it would have excited astonishment, and no more; but his fine phrasing, the expressiveness of his efforts in the more singing moments of the work, and the deep feeling that distinguished his effort generally, imparted to it a color that pronounced him a thorough artist as well as an extraordinary executant. He made a profound impression, and after the last note had sounded he was rewarded with thunders of applause and twice recalled.

The Auber overture, one of the daintiest and most artistic of its composer's works in kind, and, save for the somewhat vulgar theme for the horns, admirable and charming in every way, was read with infinite judgment by Mr. Paur, and played fascinatingly. Those who feared that the roof of Music Hall might be struck by lightning as a punishment for the introduction of such an overture in a Symphony concert programme, must have felt greatly relieved when no such direful catastrophe followed. In fact, no harm happened to anybody, and what is more, the overture was heartily enjoyed, and received some of the most enthusiastic applause of an evening that was prolific in such expressions of pleasure on the part of the large audience in attendance. It is to be hoped that Mr. Paur may now and then punctuate his season with more such delightful, and, despite their lightness, "educational" programmes. There are some good things even in trifles, and there are some trifles that are no less works of high art than are more imposing achievements.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Sappho," Goldmark (first time); air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," Weber; symphony, "Im Walde," Raff; air, "O, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" Handel; "Les Preludes," Liszt. Mrs. Elene B. Eaton is to be the soloist.

[51]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1894.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major.....Sgambati
"L'Arlésienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The ever delightful music of Smetana and Bizet was well played, and Mr. Paur in his reading of the suite from "L'Arlésienne" followed closely the Parisian traditions as observed by Colonne. For instance, it was a pleasure to hear the andante molto in the first number, the characteristic melody of Frédéri, the "innocent," played by the saxophone, taken at its slow and suitable pace. As for the overture by Smetana, it is a model of grace and contrapuntal ease. It whets desire to hear the opera. Will the time ever come when opera will be a live, flourishing institution in this town; when there will be an imperative desire to hear new works; when the fact that Emma Eames did or did not dine with an unmusical branch of an old family tree will not convulse society? I would gladly swap performances of "The Messiah," the "Pastoral" symphony and "Faust" with the stock cast, including the faithful and modest Miss Bauermeister, for a hearing of "L'Attaque du Moulin" or "Mala Vita."

You heard the symphony by Sgambati, and THE MUSICAL COURIER contained an admirable review of the work. To me the first movement is the most logical and the most interesting. The serenata may be a fifth wheel to a symphonic coach, but how skillfully the composer by harmonic device or pleasing instrumentation just avoids vulgarity when you expect the old-fashioned Italian operatic triviality. The second movement and the finale seem to be the weakest, although in the latter there is ingenious use of strong rhythm. In the whole work there is no irresistible outburst of passion; there is no calm, oceanic depth. In the andante, and even in the scherzo, there are suggestions of the incense, the candles, the organ mutterings, the chant, the pomp and the ceremony of the Holy Catholic Church.

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* * *

The program of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Saturday evening will be as follows: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; symphonic poem, flute and orchestra (first time), Benoit; entr'acte from "Rosamunde," Schubert; march, B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture, "La Part du Diable," Auber.

The Brooklyn Season Open.

BROOKLYN, November 13, 1894.

THE people of Brooklyn had so much good music all summer that they were a trifle slow in opening their winter season. Seidl was at Brighton Beach, you know, and that is only a step from town. Sousa, too, was at Manhattan Beach, and between them there was music if not harmony. The town season began with a Melba concert, the earnings whereof were not overwhelming, and just before election the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its rehearsal and concert at the Academy of Music. Perhaps you did not know that New York came near getting the rehearsals of this orchestra this winter. Nothing prevented the change in the plan but the appeals of leading members of the old Philharmonic Society. That society is practically dead, but refuses to recognize the fact, and at the performance the other night the only conspicuous member of it was Mr. Henry K. Sheldon, its president, in a box. It was the custom of the society in former times to preface each of its concerts with three afternoon rehearsals. Under Mr. Thomas these were actual rehearsals. Pecuniary considerations led to the abolition of the first two rehearsals, and the one afternoon performance that is now vouchafed to us is one of the precious legacies of Philharmonic management. Mr. Ellis has not been satisfied with the attendance in Brooklyn, and at the close of last season it was practically decided to give concerts in New York on Friday afternoon and Saturday night, and restrict Brooklyn to Thursday evening only. Perhaps he is sorry now that he did not do it, for the attendance at both rehearsal and concert was far from flattering. A city of 1,000,000 people, full of wealth, supplied with good musicians and good teachers, desirous of posing as a musical town, yet it gives half a house to the best concert that it has. It is unaccountable. Of course the advocates of the Boston band swear that it is the Seidl Society that is doing it all, that the energetic women who form that unique society have won all the money that was to be spent for music by solicitation and assault, but that allegation is not to be repeated except in a whisper.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

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IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.
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Monsigney.....Chaconne and Rigodon from
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This was a programme of a decidedly Frenchy flavor, despite the fact that its chief number bears the name of Schubert, and that a bit of Father Bach's ponderous philophony was sandwiched in by way of preserving a proper classical balance. In spite of the assertion so frequently heard that there is no nationality in art, the fact remains that in the art of music there is nothing so impossible as for a man to eliminate from his creations the trace of his blood and birth. It is not a thing that can be described and catalogued or laid bare by any process of musical dissection; it evades analysis and defies description, but as it is there all the time—the subtle flavor, the inner essence, the one unchanging factor that every musician instantly recognizes without the aid of a programme book or a prefatory lecture. Take, for instance, the second and third numbers upon last night's programme, and imagine if you can the composer's names to be reversed; it would be a feat impossible to a musical mind.

Schubert's great symphony, the one which Schumann called "of a divine length," received a most careful and sympathetic reading by Mr. Paur, and a superb rendition at the hands of his skilled players. No finer work in the symphonic form has ever been penned, save two of Beethoven's and possibly one of Schumann's. Bach's C minor Passacaglia (originally written for the organ), is more interesting as a display of his marvellous contrapuntal ability than anything else, though Esser has scored it for orchestra with supreme fidelity and skill.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. T. Adamowski of the orchestra. His number was of the brilliant and pyrotechnical sort, which is well suited to his taste and ability. The result was highly pleasing to the audience, and the applause was vigorous and long, both from them and his brother players. The Chaconne by Monsigny seemed hardly worth a place on the programme, but it served to accentuate the Gallic flavor in the evening's music already alluded to. Auber is a name not often found on symphony programmes, as, although a most prolific composer, his work was chiefly in the operatic line. Few of his operas are sung in this country, and none are familiar, save "Fra Diavolo" and "Masaniello." Yet, although he did not turn his attention to the composing of classic instrumental works, he was a profound master of the art of orchestration, as the overtures and accompaniments to his operas abundantly prove. The overture played last evening is a charming work and it was played in a most satisfactory manner.

The orchestra's third concert will be given on Wednesday, Dec. 19; the name of the soloist for the occasion is not yet announced.

The Telegram.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

The Second Orchestral Concert Proves an Affair of Delight.

Another large and critical audience listened to the second performance by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Infantry hall last evening, and it found in the presentation of the various numbers a most palatable combination of artistic skill and delicious melody. The selections were Schubert's Symphony No. 9, C major, in four movements; Saint Saen's introduction and Rondo Cappricioso, for violin; Bach's "Passacaglia"; Monsigney's Chaconne and Rigedon, from "Aline Reine de Golconde," and Auber's overture, "Carlo Brosch." The interpretations of the scrictly orchestral works were full of impressive intelligence and rare dexterity.

Mr. T. Adamowski filled the part of soloist, and to all who have had opportunities of recognizing his capabilities in the past, his success was simply a repetition of his achievements.

The third concert will take place Dec. 19.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

ABOUT THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

An Official Statement Made by the Directors.

There was issued today by Henry L. Higginson, Edward W. Hooper, William Sturgis Bigelow, Henry F. Sears and Charles E. Cotting, directors of the New Boston Music Hall, the following interesting statement about the project:

To the Stockholders of the New Boston Music Hall—In accordance with the votes which were unanimously passed at the last stockholders' meeting on Jan. 6, 1894, your directors at once bought and paid for the lot of land on the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts avenues, and afterwards submitted for your consideration and criticism the model which had been prepared by the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, as a suggestion for the new Boston Music Hall. Although your directors have during the past year given much thought to various matters connected with the new hall, they have been and still are unwilling, for business reasons, to advise you to adopt a plan and begin the building.

When your subscriptions were made in the summer of 1893, it seemed to be certain that the old Music Hall would shortly be taken by the city of Boston for its rapid-transit scheme. But for your generous and prompt subscription of $400,000 to build a new hall, the Symphony Concerts would have been at once permanently abandoned by Mr. Higginson. When, a few months later and after the failure of the rapid-transit scheme, you authorized the purchase of the new lot, it was well known that the old Music Hall was for sale, as Mr. Higginson and other owners of its stock were unwilling to maintain it much longer as a public hall. During the year 1894 the owners of the old hall gave an option on the property for conversion into an arcade with shops; but existing business conditions were unfavorable to the scheme, and this option expired on Sept. 25, 1894.

After careful inquiry, your directors are satisfied that so long as the old Music Hall is used as a public hall the income from the new Music Hall would not be sufficient to pay even its current expenses for taxes and administration. They therefore have been unwilling to advise you to build until the fate of the old Music Hall shall be settled. At the annual meeting next February, if not sooner, all questions relating to the new hall should be carefully considered by the stockholders, and such action should be taken as they may then think fit. In the meantime the stockholders should remember that their subscriptions have already done much good by preventing the breaking up of the Symphony Orchestra last year and by providing a suitable lot of land for a new hall.

Mr. Higginson wishes to thank you for your generosity which carried the orchestra over a crisis and kept it alive.

All your directors believe that a new and better Music Hall will soon have to be built in the interest of music in Boston, and that the land now owned by you is the only available lot in the city which is adapted to your purpose.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Almost the largest audience thus far this season was present at the Symphony concert last night, drawn thither largely because of the announcement that Charles Mole, the fluter of the orchestra and a thoroughly finished musician, was to be the soloist. The selection in which he chose to appear was Benoit's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra. It is in three short movements, the first of which, by far, offers the largest opportunities for the soloist. It is an elaborately-developed movement, and the solo work of Mr. Mole was little short of marvellous. His work was of the most difficult order, and, although the solo is replete with runs and trills in abundance, he yet had his instrument so completely in control that every note rang out clear as a bell in every portion of the great hall. At the close of the

M. POURTAN,
The new clarinetist of the Symphony Orchestra.

movement Mr. Mole was given almost an ovation for what was undoubtedly the best exhibition of flute playing ever heard in Music Hall. The second movement was very melodic in character and, like the first, offered several opportunities for a generous display of the soloist's virtuosity. The third movement was somewhat shorter, but interest in the comparatively brief composition was kept up to the close.

Another interesting work performed last night was the Schubert march in B minor, as scored for orchestra by Liszt, which was played most brilliantly by the band. The work is thoroughly ornamental, and a due regard for its light and shade was observed throughout. In places it is very suggestive of Brahms.

The programme opened with the ever popular Mozart symphony in E flat, and it was given a splendid rendering, especially the second and third movements, albeit the tempo was a trifle more rapid than usual. The other works heard were the "Rosamunde" ballet music of Schubert and Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi."

At the concert next Saturday the soloist will be Mme. Elene B. Eaton, who will sing the Weber aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," and the Handel aria, "O, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" The Goldmark overture to "Sappho" will also be heard for the first time at these concerts.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XOVI, NO. 141.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Audience Favored with a Delightful Programme.

The following delightful programme was performed at last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall:

Symphony, No. 89, E flat.....Mozart
Symphonic poem, for flute and orchestra.
Peter Benoit
Ballet movement and entr'acts, "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Marche heroique, B minor, No. 3, op. 40.
Liszt-Schubert
Overture, "La Part du Diable".....Auber

The soloist was Mr. Charles Mole.

The selections were light, and pure, and beautiful. Melody ruled the hour and a half. It was a great relief from the profundities that prevail at these concerts, and, on the whole, very properly, and it is to be doubted if even the most earnest sticklers for the aesthetic incomprehensible wholly failed to enjoy the flow of chaste and charming tune that pervaded the concert. The playing of the orchestra was exquisite in its grace and refinement throughout. This noble organization was never in so high a state of efficiency as it is at present. It has entirely recovered from the condition to which it was reduced under the rule of Mr. Nikisch, and has all the finish that it possessed when Mr. Gericke retired, with an added flexibility and warmth of style that has not before characterized it. The symphony was read with faultless sympathy, and for once the andante was taken in the proper tempo and spirit. It is generally played too slow, and with an excess of sickly sentiment, but Mr. Paur interpreted it in a manner that carried instant conviction of its justice.

The Rosamunde music was given with fascinating refinement, especially the entr'acte, in which the new first clarinet was heard with delightful effect. He has a lovely tone and a wonderful pianissimo, and his style is that of a thorough artist. The beautiful conversation between the oboe and the clarinet in this movement was given with a tenderness and a purity that were fine beyond description. The Liszt transcription of the Schubert march is something more discreet than are most of the transcriber's work in kind. It is true that he has taken some liberties with his original, and that he has curiously emphasized the music here and there, but on the whole he has performed his task admirably and interestingly, and without resorting to noise. It was given brilliantly, the violins and 'cellos being heard with notably fine effect in the brad cantabile of the trio.

The Bendoit symphonic poem was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is a well written work, in which the solo instrument does not stand too far apart from the orchestra, but is skilfully made a part of a carefully considered whole. It is not of especial musical value, but is serious and fairly free from triviality. The second movement, entitled "Melancholie," is perhaps the most interesting feature of the composition. It is simple in theme and is characterized by genuine poetic feeling. The first movement is named "Will-o'-the-Wisps," and the finale, "Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps," and the composer doubtless expressed his views of these creatures musically with his best skill; but his music, in common with all other that undertakes to depict in tones what it is impossible so to depict, says nothing of itself that makes its meaning clear without a description. The solo part is immensely exacting on the player. Every difficulty that can be conjured up for fingers, lips and tongue is profusely crowded into it. That indefatigably industrious and royal flautist, Frederick the Great, who played more than 300 concertos for that instrument, and was guilty of writing several very bad airs himself, would have stared with dismay at the tremendous solo part of this work.

As composers for the flute, Berbigner, Drouet and even the "Beethoven of the flute," Kulkan, never dreamed of such passages as Benoit has written in this composition to perplex and to tax soloists. Mr. Mole, who was welcomed with great and prolonged cordiality, acquitted himself of his formidable task with surprising ease and smoothness, displaying an amazingly flexible and fluent technique and an artistic taste and style of the highest order. His rapid staccato playing and his double tonguing in complicated passages of the greatest rapidity were almost marvellous. If his performance had been merely a matter of technical display it would have excited astonishment, and no more; but his fine phrasing, the expressiveness of his efforts in the more singing moments of the work, and the deep feeling that distinguished his effort generally, imparted to it a color that pronounced him a thorough artist as well as an extraordinary executant. He made a profound impression, and after the last note had sounded he was rewarded with thunders of applause and twice recalled.

The Auber overture, one of the daintiest and most artistic of its composer's works in kind, and, save for the somewhat vulgar theme for the horns, admirable and charming in every way, was read with infinite judgment by Mr. Paur, and played fascinatingly. Those who feared that the roof of Music Hall might be struck by lightning as a punishment for the introduction of such an overture in a Symphony concert programme, must have felt greatly relieved when no such sinful catastrophe followed. In fact, no harm happened to anybody, and what is more, the overture was heartily enjoyed, and received some of the most enthusiastic applause of an evening that was prolific in such expressions of pleasure on the part of the large audience in attendance. It is to be hoped that Mr. Paur may now and then punctuate his season with more such delightful, and, despite their lightness, "educational" programmes. There are some good things even in trifles, and there are some trifles that are no less works of high art than are more imposing achievements.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Sappho," Goldmark (first time); air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," Weber; symphony, "Im Walde," Raff; air, "O, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" Handel; "Les Preludes," Liszt. Mrs. Elene B. Eaton is to be the soloist.

[51]

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the fifth Symphony Concert:

Symphony in E flat, ... Mozart
Symphonic Poem, flute and orchestra, Peter Benoit
Ballet and Entré Acte, from "Rosamunde," Schubert
March in B-minor, Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "Carlo Broschi," Auber

As will be seen, the programme is an excellent example of Mr. Paur's fine, broad taste and ripe judgment. It may seem strange that it is necessary to defend the admission of Auber's name on the classic concert list; but tradition is still a strong power in the world of music, and there are many estimable people who still confound classicism with dulness, and who draw back in dismay from the heterodoxy branded as "tune." They look upon the word "classic" as they regard the label on their dress coats—it is a mark of their own particular tailor; all else is vulgar. It would be curious to inquire what peculiar traits make Wagner a classic, and, on the other hand, Auber a vulgar composer; why a minuet by Brahms is in itself superior to a waltz by Strauss. If dallying with dances is a musical crime what shall be said of Bach, Handel and the old composers generally? Considering the woeful waste of words that mark our end-of-the-century criticism, it is best to accept all art works on their merits, and to leave discussions on classicism to those with whom art is a conventionality and not a vital growth. Mr. Paur's attempt to give good music of every kind, irrespective of the boundary lines drawn by conceited ignorance, will meet with the heartiest approval of all who are interested in music as an art and not as a hobby. The attempt was useful in another way, those who objected to light music found the Auber overture gave them ample time to put on their wraps, overcoats and overshoes, Auber not demanding the respectful attention that is claimed by approved classic composers.

Certainly no objection could be found with the Mozart symphony, either on the score of matter or interpretation. The reading was noticeable for its perfect taste, for its full comprehension of the composer's meaning, which is not a rare gift, and for its realization of the idea, a less common merit. The finest details were lovingly given without loss of broadness; light and shade were exactly defined and nothing could have been better than the delicate and all sufficient rendering of the andante and allegro movements, the beauty, grace and joy of the one, the passion, always dignified, impetuosity and poetry of the other. The delightful finale was given with fascinating gaiety and spirit, it was fairly dazzling in brilliancy, and what is better, it was always a truthful rendering of the intentions of the composer.

The Schubert-Liszt march appealed to the emotions and the intellect at the same time; we felt with Schubert, and indulged in syllogism to prove, what was needless, that Liszt is never greater than himself. The Auber overture was given with fine dash and vigor, and, by its inherent worth, more than demonstrated its right to a place on the programme. It was hardly touched by age; it was brilliant, and it was true music.

The novelty of the evening was the Symphonic Poem. It may be that it did not reveal its beauties at one hearing, but what it did reveal were brilliancy and artificiality. It was meaningless and patchworky. The work is that of a musician, but it is trivial and is somewhat suggestive of the good old-fashioned themes and variations for the piano, where nimble fingers took the place of ideas, and virtuosity elbowed fine art into the background. The flute says nothing with elaborate brilliancy, and the other instruments utter envious comments and try to show how much better they could say nothing if they were allowed the opportunity.

The flute solo part was most ably interpreted by Mr. Molé; there was abundant evidence of taste and the highest skill. The many difficulties were mastered with graceful ease and the soloist was greeted with the heartiest applause, and was twice called out to bow his thanks.

The programme for the next concert is: Goldmark's overture, "Sappho;" Weber's aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster;" Raff's "Im Walde" symphony; Aria from "Semele," Handel and Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes." Mrs. Elene Eaton is the soloist.

The Kneisel Quartet.

A large audience assembled on Monday evening, to hear Mr. Kneisel and his fellow artists interpret the following programme:

Quartet in D-minor.....Cherubini.
Quartet in E-flat.....Beethoven.
Piano Trio in A-minor.....Rubinstein.

The Cherubini quartet is a fine, large, rich work of great dignity, sweetness and fire, pure and firmly cut in outline and filled to fulness with lofty ideas. The finest art is apparent from opening bar to finish, and if this quartet be a specimen of "pedagogue" music, it is a pity that our present day pedagogues do not give us similar kinds of work. The opening movement is the least satisfactory; the second movement is very beautifully colored with rich imagination and developed with the clearest and most incisive artistic taste. The scherzo is delightful, nothing daintier in conception and in carrying out has been written; its fine simplicity is based on the most consummate knowledge, and its open-air freedom and motion suggestive of the firm hand and delicate imagination of a genius; while the finale is a large and vigorous piece of work, filled with fiery impetuosity and with an imagination held in check by the most refined art. The work was beautifully interpreted; the scherzo especially calling forth the most enthusiastic applause.

The Beethoven quartet was in strong contrast to the Cherubini work; it stood alone in its majestic beauty, a perpetual sign of the unerring skill and power of inspiration. Nothing new can be said of it, and yet one is tempted to utter commonplaces in the enthusiasm of beauty-worship. This noble work received noble treatment; it was interpreted with the most loving devotion and care and with the most conscientious art. The playing of the adagio movement calls for particular commendation, Mr. Kneisel's work being of the very finest quality, of exquisite delicacy and refinement and with faultless taste. No finer playing has been heard on the concert stage, and the audience repaid Mr. Kneisel with well deserved and long continued applause.

The Rubinstein trio is a pleasure and a disappointment at one and the same time. It is a large, dignified and noble work, and yet the sincerity not unfrequently sinks to the level of affectation. The nightingale occasionally loses its full, rich voice, and the owl temporarily takes its place; there is noise that means nothing; difficulties are invented because they are difficulties; there are abrupt contrasts that startle one from their unexpectedness and not from their artistic fitness. The continuity of idea is broken with what seems to be mere wilfulness, all evidence of self restraint is absent, the composer seemingly surrendering himself to a capricious mood that rises and sinks without discoverable reason. The beauties are so marked and of so fine a quality, that one is doubly irritated by the faults which mar them. Mr. Perabo played the piano part of this work, a part bristling with difficulties, yet which seemed mere child's play under his hands. He played with clearness and with artistic unobtrusiveness, and with a fine sense of color gradation. It was manly, dignified and broad playing, and won for itself hearty and discriminating applause.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1894.

The solo number of Mr. Paur's fifth Symphony programme was a symphonic poem for the flute, written by the Flemish composer, Peter Leonard Leopold Benoit. It is dedicated to two flutists of eminence, Dumon of Brussels and Anthoni of Antwerp. Whether or not one is to understand by this dedication that it took both of those artists to play it on the other side of the Atlantic, it is certain that Mr. Molé was able singly to cope with its difficulties, thread its intricacies and come out triumphant and by no means breathless. Exactly why so large an adjective as "symphonic" should form part of the title, does not appear, although the first and third movements are fully and elaborately developed in the orchestra as well as wrought up to the extreme limit of possible virtuosity in the solo part. The flute being an absolutely passionless instrument and capable at the most of a certain cool pensiveness, its best capacity being for giving light, play and airiness, through and over the general body of instrumental tone, the composer wisely confined it here to the service of such qualities. The first movement, entitled "The Will-o'-the-Wisp" is full of flying, scurrying, evasive, fantastic figures, whose vivacious speed and far ranges test not only the players' swiftness and clearness of execution, but by the most extended compass of his instrument. It is most skillful in design and application, but it is not always altogether pleasant to hear. The rapidity of fingering and the close continuity of the phrases make one worry lest the player be feeling an exertion and fatigue which very likely do not exist for him, while the frequent sudden leaps and skips force into the sharpest contrast the dissimilar tones which lie in the highest and lowest registers of the flute scale. The second movement, "Melancholy," has but little ornament directly applied to the solo part, which depends chiefly therefore upon pure and placid tone, sustained phrasing and grace of style. The last movement, "The Dance of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," returns to the manner of the first movement, but is less long and exacting and more gay and brilliant. Mr. Mole played the whole marvelously well and got great applause—some sympathy, too, from those who, feeling the execution to be so difficult as almost to pass into impossibility, were vicariously weary for him. There were no breaks in the tremendously long running passages, and, although sometimes the phrasing sounded not quite easy, the fact that the player must catch a sup of breath when the compulsive velocity permitted, would account for that. In the romance all went smoothly and sweetly, however, and its intellectual and simple sentimental character was maintained.

The symphony, which was Mozart's No. 39, the great E-flat major one—was placed first, and was generally well read. In the opening there were some love threads which required a little gathering and binding, and the minuet sounded so cunning from under rather too heavy hands, the strings playing as if they had to oppose the full modern wind choir instead of the small group of wood and brass (without trombones) which enter into the score. The andante had an excellent rendering, however, and the final allegro moved in the right spirit under the right touch.

After Mr. Mole's number were placed three Schubert pieces—the favorite ballet andantino and the entr' acte from "Rosamunde," together with the B-minor "Heroic" march (from the four-hand set, opus 40) in Liszt's orchestration, which came a little heavily and dully after the lightsome beauties of the other excerpts.

The last number was Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi," with its nice little slow introduction, its whirling violin figure—which seems to anticipate the similar idea in "Le Rouet d' Omphale," its gay hunting-horn measures, and its brisk, vigorous finale, so clearly calculated to send up the curtain with a rush upon some scene of activity and bustle. The playing was capital in respect of life and freshness, and in the violin figure the strings came nearer to a real pianissimo than we have yet heard them this season.

The next concert will include for the orchestra Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, new here, Raff's "Wood" symphony and Liszt's "Preludes." Mrs. Elene B. (Kehew) Eaton will make her re-entree and sing Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," and Handel's "Oh sleep," from "Semele."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

The week of music began promptly on Monday evening, when the Kneisel Quartette gave in Union Hall their second concert, a gratifyingly large and largely gratified audience being present. The concert began with Cherubini's quartette in D minor, of which the first movement was not encouraging, for its simplicity seemed to be in danger of degenerating into dulness. But it is not the habit of these players to bring forward anything which will not well repay both artist and hearer, and confidence in their judgment was rewarded by the subsequent movements, in which the best qualities of the master appear in turn—his calm purity of melody, his lightness of heart and hand, his solidity of method and his nobility of spirit. The larghetto is broad and sweet, the scherzo delicately gay or gently pensive, and the finale is strong and earnest. Following this came Beethoven's quartette in E-flat major, opus 94, which seemed richer, deeper and fuller by contrast with the less profound although always earnest and honest sentiment of Cherubini, and stirred the audience to its warmest and most responsive feeling. The third work was Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in A minor, a masterly work, and yet one in which inconsistencies and lapses are not infrequent, and which perhaps will always depend for its chief effect upon the ability of the pianist to cope with its enormous difficulties. On this occasion the pianist was Mr. Ernst Perabo, whose performance was preceded a day or two before by an enthusiastic but slightly rhapsodical analysis and laudation published over his signature in an evening paper. His playing was characterized throughout by the nicety of understanding, the eagerness to make the music mean to the listener what it means to him, and the strong and facile technique which in happy union have made him and kept him a favorite. The Quartette played beautifully, intelligently and forcefully as is their wont, and no blemishes marred their consonancy of spirit and manner, although an odd little disagreement about the length of a suspension in the trio gave a chance for the score readers to look wise and smile.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1894.

The Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given under Mr. Paur last evening in Music Hall:

Symphony, E flat.....Mozart
Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra (first time here).....Benoit
Ballet-movement and Entr'acte from "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Heroic march in B minor, No. 3, op. 40.....Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "La Part du Diable".....Auber

Benoit is a composer little known in Boston, and yet there are some that regard him as one of the most prominent of musicians now living. A man of singular sincerity and inexorable will, he has devoted himself to the task of making Flemish music immortal, a task to which the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers would be a holiday affair. Deeply indebted to the German school, he thinks forsooth that by writing music for Flemish texts and by using Flemish words to indicate the desired pace and expression, he thus contributes to the glory of his race.

Little by him has been given in this city. In New York he has a zealous disciple in Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, who was his pupil. Mr. Van der Stucken has endeavored to repay a debt of gratitude and show his unfeigned admiration by giving works of Benoit for chorus as well as for orchestra. These works excited respect as well as curiosity to know more about this singular musician. "Lucifer," a colossal affair for chorus and orchestra, has been produced in London, and it certainly is worthy of the examination, at least, of the Cecilia. The overture "Charlotte Corday" has a right to a hearing in a symphony concert.

It is not at all likely that the flute concerto, introduced last evening for the purpose of displaying the undoubted talent of Mr. Charles Molé, gives one a just idea of the musical equipment and imagination of the composer. As many virtuoso pieces, it was probably written on account of a friend who was addicted to the flute, and, as a rule, in carrying out such a friendly intention, the composer must keep one eye on the friend and one on the Muse. It must be confessed that the concerto, as a whole, did not leave an impression of strength or beauty.

There were pleasing passages; there were interesting bits of instrumentation; there was a commendable absence of clap-trap, of deliberate appeal to the unthinking; but as a whole, the concerto seemed to be a rather cumbrous machine built to carry the flute-player aloft in a blaze of glory. The blaze, however, is to come from the player, and not from the machine. The first movement, "Will-o' the-wisps," is the most interesting, and it contains considerable picturesque detail. It is my impression that the sky-defying cadenza is not in the original score. The second movement, "Melancholy," recalls irresistibly, but by ironical contrast, the air "Away with Melancholy," once dear to Mr. Swiveller.

There is in this movement a pleasing use of the horn with the flute, and there are striking passages for the 'cellos, but the treatment of the subject "Melancholy" is too realistic, and, as the part for the flute is not particularly grateful, the movement is, perhaps suitably, depressing. The finale "Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps" is perfunctory music in the main. All this jack-o'-lantern business was better understood by a Frenchman named Berlioz. This may be said, however, in behalf of the concerto—it errs on the side of earnestness rather than frivolity, and when one considers the mass of rubbishy tootle-tootle-too that has been written for the flute, one is inclined to remove the hat to Benoit.

The characteristics of Mr. Molé's playing are well known to the musical public of Paris, Berlin and Boston, and to praise them at length at this late day would almost be an impertinence. An easy and graceful master of all technical difficulties, a musician of taste, skilful in phrasing on account of his remarkable control of breath, he is, indeed, an artist of high rank. At times he is, perhaps, too anxious to obtain enormous tone, and the instrument which he uses does not always respond musically to the demands of his ambition. He was most heartily applauded.

Although it may seem ungracious to say so in view of this player's uncommon skill, the place for the flute in a symphony concert is in the orchestra, as one of many instruments. As for that matter, a symphony concert without a soloist—fiddler, flute player, 'cellist, pianist or singer—is more to be desired, is more thoroughly rounded and complete than when the element of individuality enters so strongly, and in a word dominates.

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The other numbers of the program do not call for extended comment. The andante in the symphony gained by the fact that it was played as an andante, and not dragged out till it was turned into a yawn-provoking adagio, as is too often the case. The menuette and the finale are still delightful, but the symphony as a whole must be ranked below the imperishable G minor, and some of it now seems hopelessly old-fashioned.

The selections from "Rosamunde" showed to great advantage the body of wood-wind, which has been strengthened by the introduction of the new first bassoonist and first clarinetist. The arrangement of the march by Liszt is undoubtedly clever, but it is not without insincerity, the besetting sin of the Hungarian Monk. In this march the kettle drum man again endeavored by dry thumping to convince the audience that he is obliged to play an inherently unmusical instrument. Other drummers have been heard in this city, and his earnest efforts are, therefore, in vain.

It was a pleasure to hear an overture by Auber, although the master of opera-comique wrote other overtures that would have revealed more fully his piquancy and elegance. They say that Mr. Paur preferred the seldom-used title "Carlo Broschi" because he objected to the presence of his Satanic Majesty in the original title "La Part du Diable." This is a case of remarkable prudery. How, pray, would Mr. Paur change the title of the "Mephisto" waltz? And has he never heard Auber's opera in Germany under the title of "Des Teufel's Antheil?"

Some may have wondered at the appearance of such a light overture on a symphony program. Our public is so accustomed to great and ponderous, deep and massive works that it should be educated up to the enjoyment of that which is light and sparkling. I hope the day will come when Mr. Paur will have the courage to conduct in the sight of the people a foot-inciting, heart-rejoicing, sensuous waltz of Johann Strauss.

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY, NOV. 18, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

The program provided by director Paur for the fifth Symphony concert was, by comparison with recent offerings, of a light and varied order. There was an uncommon abundance of melody and consequently an unusual amount of applause. No one would presume to insinuate that the symphony concert patrons do not thoroughly comprehend and enjoy the most severe and ponderous compositions of the so-called classical or conservatory character, and yet it is interesting to note the contrast between the dignified patter of applause after the performance of one of those grave works and the enthusiastic expressions of delight which invariably reward the interpretation of any composition that is rich in melody.

Yesterday's program was as follows: Mozart's symphony, No. 39, in E flat major, symphonic poem for flute and orchestra by Peter Benoit, ballet movement and entr' acte from the opera "Rosamunde," heroic march in B minor (scored for orchestra by Franz Liszt) by Schubert, and the overture to Auber's opera "Carlo Broschi."

Mr. Charles Mole was the soloist and very cordial was the greeting given him. Mr Mole has for several years been generally and justly accorded first rank among resident flute soloists, and it is unlikely that he has today a superior in this country. He was heard to great advantage in Benoit's brilliant composition, which gives rare opportunity for the soloist to display his virtuosity. The orchestral accompaniment is also an elaborate writing, rich in harmony and contrasted effects. There are three movements, the first and rather the most interesting has the title of "Will-o'-the-wisps," an apt title for the dainty, flickering effects of the tone painting. The movement ends with a long cadenza which fairly bristles with trying tests of the performer's command of technique. Mr Mole's technique is equal to every requirement, and the brilliancy of his performance last evening moved the audience to demonstrative expressions of approval. The second movement, a slow and rather melancholy work in romanza form, is not notable for either originality or beauty. The last movement (dance of the will-o'-the-wisps) is graceful and sprightly. Mr Mole was recalled several times, and he merited all the favor bestowed upon him.

Mr Paur's reading of the Mozart symphony is to be thoroughly commended. Esepecially delightful was the performance of the minuet. The magnificent composition has never received more intelligent or satisfying interpretation at these concerts. The exquisite ballet music, written by Schubert for his ill-fated opera, "Rosamunde," was charmingly played, and no less pleasing was the performance of the entr'acte music. Liszt's brilliant arrangement of Schubert's "Heroic March" was given with splendid effect, and the "Carlo Broschi" overture was listened to with great pleasure.

The following program is announced for the next concert:

Overture, Sappho .....Goldmark
(First time at these concerts.)
Aria, Ocean, thou mighty monster .....Weber
Symphony, Im Walde .....Raff
Aria from Semele, O sleep, why dost thou leave me? .....Haendel
Symphonic poem, Les Preludes .....Liszt
Soloist, Mrs Elene B. Eaton.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the fifth Symphony Concert:

Symphony in E flat, — Mozart
Symphonic Poem, flute and orchestra, Peter Benoit
Ballet and Entré Acte, from "Rosamunde," Schubert
March in B-minor, Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "Carlo Broschi," Auber

As will be seen, the programme is an excellent example of Mr. Paur's fine, broad taste and ripe judgment. It may seem strange that it is necessary to defend the admission of Auber's name on the classic concert list; but tradition is still a strong power in the world of music, and there are many estimable people who still confound classicism with dulness, and who draw back in dismay from the heterodoxy branded as "tune." They look upon the word "classic" as they regard the label on their dress coats—it is a mark of their own particular tailor; all else is vulgar. It would be curious to inquire what peculiar traits make Wagner a classic, and, on the other hand, Auber a vulgar composer; why a minuet by Brahms is in itself superior to a waltz by Strauss. If dallying with dances is a musical crime what shall be said of Bach, Handel and the old composers generally? Considering the woeful waste of words that mark our end-of-the-century criticism, it is best to accept all art works on their merits, and to leave discussions on classicism to those with whom art is a conventionality and not a vital growth. Mr. Paur's attempt to give good music of every kind, irrespective of the boundary lines drawn by conceited ignorance, will meet with the heartiest approval of all who are interested in music as an art and not as a hobby. The attempt was useful in another way, those who objected to light music found the Auber overture gave them ample time to put on their wraps, overcoats and overshoes, Auber not demanding the respectful attention that is claimed by approved classic composers.

Certainly no objection could be found with the Mozart symphony, either on the score of matter or interpretation. The reading was noticeable for its perfect taste, for its full comprehension of the composer's meaning, which is not a rare gift, and for its realization of the idea, a less common merit. The finest details were lovingly given without loss of broadness; light and shade were exactly defined and nothing could have been better than the delicate and all sufficient rendering of the andante and allegro movements, the beauty, grace and joy of the one, the passion, always dignified, impetuosity and poetry of the other. The delightful finale was given with fascinating gaiety and spirit, it was fairly dazzling in brilliancy, and what is better, it was always a truthful rendering of the intentions of the composer.

The Schubert-Liszt march appealed to the emotions and the intellect at the same time; we felt with Schubert, and indulged in syllogism to prove, what was needless, that Liszt is never greater than himself. The Auber overture was given with fine dash and vigor, and, by its inherent worth, more than demonstrated its right to a place on the programme. It was hardly touched by age; it was brilliant, and it was true music.

The novelty of the evening was the Symphonic Poem. It may be that it did not reveal its beauties at one hearing, but what it did reveal were brilliancy and artificiality. It was meaningless and patchworky. The work is that of a musician, but it is trivial and is somewhat suggestive of the good old-fashioned themes and variations for the piano, where nimble fingers took the place of ideas, and virtuosity elbowed fine art into the background. The flute says nothing with elaborate brilliancy, and the other instruments utter envious comments and try to show how much better they could say nothing if they were allowed the opportunity.

The flute solo part was most ably interpreted by Mr. Molé; there was abundant evidence of taste and the highest skill. The many difficulties were mastered with graceful ease and the soloist was greeted with the heartiest applause, and was twice called out to bow his thanks.

The programme for the next concert is: Goldmark's overture, "Sappho;" Weber's aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster;" Raff's "Im Walde" symphony; Aria from "Semele," Handel and Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes." Mrs. Elene Eaton is the soloist.

The Kneisel Quartet.

A large audience assembled on Monday evening, to hear Mr. Kneisel and his fellow artists interpret the following programme:

Quartet in D-minor.....Cherubini.
Quartet in E-flat.....Beethoven.
Piano Trio in A-minor.....Rubinstein.

The Cherubini quartet is a fine, large, rich work of great dignity, sweetness and fire, pure and firmly cut in outline and filled to fulness with lofty ideas. The finest art is apparent from opening bar to finish, and if this quartet be a specimen of "pedagogue" music, it is a pity that our present day pedagogues do not give us similar kinds of work. The opening movement is the least satisfactory; the second movement is very beautifully colored with rich imagination and developed with the clearest and most incisive artistic taste. The scherzo is delightful, nothing daintier in conception and in carrying out has been written; its fine simplicity is based on the most consummate knowledge, and its open-air freedom and motion suggestive of the firm hand and delicate imagination of a genius; while the finale is a large and vigorous piece of work, filled with fiery impetuosity and with an imagination held in check by the most refined art. The work was beautifully interpreted; the scherzo especially calling forth the most enthusiastic applause.

The Beethoven quartet was in strong contrast to the Cherubini work; it stood alone in its majestic beauty, a perpetual sign of the unerring skill and power of inspiration. Nothing new can be said of it, and yet one is tempted to utter commonplaces in the enthusiasm of beauty-worship. This noble work received noble treatment; it was interpreted with the most loving devotion and care and with the most conscientious art. The playing of the adagio movement calls for particular commendation, Mr. Kneisel's work being of the very finest quality, of exquisite delicacy and refinement and with faultless taste. No finer playing has been heard on the concert stage, and the audience repaid Mr. Kneisel with well deserved and long continued applause.

The Rubinstein trio is a pleasure and a disappointment at one and the same time. It is a large, dignified and noble work, and yet the sincerity not unfrequently sinks to the level of affectation. The nightingale occasionally loses its full, rich voice, and the owl temporarily takes its place; there is noise that means nothing; difficulties are invented because they are difficulties; there are abrupt contrasts that startle one from their unexpectedness and not from their artistic fitness. The continuity of idea is broken with what seems to be mere wilfulness, all evidence of self restraint is absent, the composer seemingly surrendering himself to a capricious mood that rises and sinks without discoverable reason. The beauties are so marked, and of so fine a quality, that one is doubly irritated by the faults which mar them. Mr. Perabo played the piano part of this work, a part bristling with difficulties, yet which seemed mere child's play under his hands. He played with clearness and with artistic unobtrusiveness, and with a fine sense of color graduation. It was manly, dignified and broad playing, and won for itself hearty and discriminating applause.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1894.

The solo number of Mr. Paur's fifth Symphony programme was a symphonic poem for the flute, written by the Flemish composer, Peter Leonard Leopold Benoit. It is dedicated to two flutists of eminence, Dumon of Brussels and Anthoni of Antwerp. Whether or not one is to understand by this dedication that it took both of those artists to play it on the other side of the Atlantic, it is certain that Mr. Mole was able singly to cope with its difficulties, thread its intricacies and come out triumphant and by no means breathless. Exactly why so large an adjective as "symphonic" should form part of the title, does not appear, although the first and third movements are fully and elaborately developed in the orchestra as well as wrought up to the extreme limit of possible virtuosity in the solo part. The flute being an absolutely passionless instrument and capable at the most of a certain cool pensiveness, its best capacity being for giving light, play and airiness, through and over the general body of instrumental tone, the composer wisely confined it here to the service of such qualities. The first movement, entitled "The Will-o'-the-Wisp" is full of flying, scurrying, evasive, fantastic figures, whose vivacious speed and far ranges test not only the players' swiftness and clearness of execution, but by the most extended compass of his instrument. It is most skillful in design and application, but it is not always altogether pleasant to hear. The rapidity of fingering and the close continuity of the phrases make one worry lest the player be feeling an exertion and fatigue which very likely do not exist for him, while the frequent sudden leaps and skips force into the sharpest contrast the dissimilar tones which lie in the highest and lowest registers of the flute scale. The second movement, "Melancholy," has but little ornament directly applied to the solo part, which depends chiefly therefore upon pure and placid tone, sustained phrasing and grace of style. The last movement, "The Dance of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," returns to the manner of the first movement, but is less long and exacting and more gay and brilliant. Mr. Mole played the whole marvelously well and got great applause—some sympathy, too, from those who, feeling the execution to be so difficult as almost to pass into impossibility, were vicariously weary for him. There were no breaks in the tremendously long running passages, and, although sometimes the phrasing sounded not quite easy, the fact that the player must catch a sup of breath when the compulsive velocity permitted, would account for that. In the romance all went smoothly and sweetly, however, and its intellectual and simple sentimental character was maintained.

The symphony, which was Mozart's No. 39, the great E-flat major one—was placed first, and was generally well read. In the opening there were some love threads which required a little gathering and binding, and the minuet sounded so cunning from under rather too heavy hands, the strings playing as if they had to oppose the full modern wind choir instead of the small group of wood and brass (without trombones) which enter into the score. The andante had an excellent rendering, however, and the final allegro moved in the right spirit under the right touch.

After Mr. Mole's number were placed three Schubert pieces—the favorite ballet andantino and the entr' acte from "Rosamunde," together with the B-minor "Heroic" march (from the four-hand set, opus 40) in Liszt's orchestration, which came a little heavily and dully after the lightsome beauties of the other excerpts.

The last number was Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi," with its nice little slow introduction, its whirling violin figure—which seems to anticipate the similar idea in "Le Rouet d' Omphale," its gay hunting-horn measures, and its brisk, vigorous finale, so clearly calculated to send up the curtain with a rush upon some scene of activity and bustle. The playing was capital in respect of life and freshness, and in the violin figure the strings came nearer to a real pianissimo than we have yet heard them this season.

The next concert will include for the orchestra Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, new here, Raff's "Wood" symphony and Liszt's "Preludes." Mrs. Elene B. (Kehew) Eaton will make her re-entree and sing Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," and Handel's "Oh sleep," from "Semele."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

The week of music began promptly on Monday evening, when the Kneisel Quartette gave in Union Hall their second concert, a gratifyingly large and largely gratified audience being present. The concert began with Cherubini's quartette in D minor, of which the first movement was not encouraging, for its simplicity seemed to be in danger of degenerating into dullness. But it is not the habit of these players to bring forward anything which will not well repay both artist and hearer, and confidence in their judgment was rewarded by the subsequent movements, in which the best qualities of the master appear in turn—his calm purity of melody, his lightness of heart and hand, his solidity of method and his nobility of spirit. The larghetto is broad and sweet, the scherzo delicately gay or gently pensive, and the finale is strong and earnest. Following this came Beethoven's quartette in E-flat major, opus 94, which seemed richer, deeper and fuller by contrast with the less profound although always earnest and honest sentiment of Cherubini, and stirred the audience to its warmest and most responsive feeling. The third work was Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in A minor, a masterly work, and yet one in which inconsistencies and lapses are not infrequent, and which perhaps will always depend for its chief effect upon the ability of the pianist to cope with its enormous difficulties. On this occasion the pianist was Mr. Ernst Perabo, whose performance was preceded a day or two before by an enthusiastic but slightly rhapsodical analysis and laudation published over his signature in an evening paper. His playing was characterized throughout by the nicety of understanding, the eagerness to make the music mean to the listener what it means to him, and the strong and facile technique which in happy union have made him and kept him a favorite. The Quartette played beautifully, intelligently and forcefully as is their wont, and no blemishes marred their consonancy of spirit and manner, although an odd little disagreement about the length of a suspension in the trio gave a chance for the score readers to look wise and smile.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1894.

The Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given under Mr. Paur last evening in Music Hall:

Symphony, E flat.....Mozart
Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra (first time here).....Benoit
Ballet-movement and Entr'acte from "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Heroic march in B minor, No. 3, op. 40.....Schubert-Liszt
Overture, "La Part du Diable".....Auber

Benoit is a composer little known in Boston, and yet there are some that regard him as one of the most prominent of musicians now living. A man of singular sincerity and inexorable will, he has devoted himself to the task of making Flemish music immortal, a task to which the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers would be a holiday affair. Deeply indebted to the German school, he thinks forsooth that by writing music for Flemish texts and by using Flemish words to indicate the desired pace and expression, he thus contributes to the glory of his race.

Little by him has been given in this city. In New York he has a zealous disciple in Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, who was his pupil. Mr. Van der Stucken has endeavored to repay a debt of gratitude and show his unfeigned admiration by giving works of Benoit for chorus as well as for orchestra. These works excited respect as well as curiosity to know more about this singular musician. "Lucifer," a colossal affair for chorus and orchestra, has been produced in London, and it certainly is worthy of the examination, at least, of the Cecilia. The overture "Charlotte Corday" has a right to a hearing in a symphony concert.

It is not at all likely that the flute concerto, introduced last evening for the purpose of displaying the undoubted talent of Mr. Charles Molé, gives one a just idea of the musical equipment and imagination of the composer. As many virtuoso pieces, it was probably written on account of a friend who was addicted to the flute, and, as a rule, in carrying out such a friendly intention, the composer must keep one eye on the friend and one on the Muse. It must be confessed that the concerto, as a whole, did not leave an impression of strength or beauty.

There were pleasing passages; there were interesting bits of instrumentation; there was a commendable absence of clap-trap, of deliberate appeal to the unthinking; but as a whole, the concerto seemed to be a rather cumbrous machine built to carry the flute-player aloft in a blaze of glory. The blaze, however, is to come from the player, and not from the machine. The first movement, "Will-o' the-wisps," is the most interesting, and it contains considerable picturesque detail. It is my impression that the sky-defying cadenza is not in the original score. The second movement, "Melancholy," recalls irresistibly, but by ironical contrast, the air "Away with Melancholy," once dear to Mr. Swiveller.

There is in this movement a pleasing use of the horn with the flute, and there are striking passages for the 'cellos, but the treatment of the subject "Melancholy" is too realistic, and, as the part for the flute is not particularly grateful, the movement is, perhaps suitably, depressing. The finale "Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps" is perfunctory music in the main. All this jack-o'-lantern business was better understood by a Frenchman named Berlioz. This may be said, however, in behalf of the concerto—it errs on the side of earnestness rather than frivolity, and when one considers the mass of rubbishy tootle-tootle-too that has been written for the flute, one is inclined to remove the hat to Benoit.

The characteristics of Mr. Molé's playing are well known to the musical public of Paris, Berlin and Boston, and to praise them at length at this late day would almost be an impertinence. An easy and graceful master of all technical difficulties, a musician of taste, skillful in phrasing on account of his remarkable control of breath, he is, indeed, an artist of high rank. At times he is, perhaps, too anxious to obtain enormous tone, and the instrument which he uses does not always respond musically to the demands of his ambition. He was most heartily applauded.

Although it may seem ungracious to say so in view of this player's uncommon skill, the place for the flute in a symphony concert is in the orchestra, as one of many instruments. As for that matter, a symphony concert without a soloist—fiddler, flute player, 'cellist, pianist or singer—is more to be desired, is more thoroughly rounded and complete than when the element of individuality enters so strongly, and in a word dominates.

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The other numbers of the program do not call for extended comment. The andante in the symphony gained by the fact that it was played as an andante, and not dragged out till it was turned into a yawn-provoking adagio, as is too often the case. The menuetto and the finale are still delightful, but the symphony as a whole must be ranked below the imperishable G minor, and some of it now seems hopelessly old-fashioned.

The selections from "Rosamunde" showed to great advantage the body of wood-wind, which has been strengthened by the introduction of the new first bassoonist and first clarinetist. The arrangement of the march by Liszt is undoubtedly clever, but it is not without insincerity, the besetting sin of the Hungarian Monk. In this march the kettle drum man again endeavored by dry thumping to convince the audience that he is obliged to play an inherently unmusical instrument. Other drummers have been heard in this city, and his earnest efforts are, therefore, in vain.

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PHILIP HALE

Boston Sunday Globe.

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(First time at these concerts.)
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Symphony, Im Walde .....Raff
Aria from Semele, O sleep, why dost thou leave me? .....Haendel
Symphonic poem, Les Preludes .....Liszt
Soloist, Mrs Elene B. Eaton.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 19, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

NOTICEABLE SECULARIZATION OF CONCERTS.

The Fifth Programme Contains Numbers by Schubert, Benoit and Mozart, Almost a Wave of Lightness — Mr. Paur's Conducting Again Delightful.

That the programme for symphony concert number five, in Music Hall Saturday evening included but a single work that musicians could unreservedly admire, must be attributed to a popular demand, that has recently been made, for the secularization of these concerts. When a musician so orthodox as Herr Paur reluctantly yields to such a demand, and doubtless in the spirit of stooping to conquer, his artistic morale will not for a moment be questioned; while one recognizes with pleasant surprise a possession of diplomacy on his part, the lack of which last season seemed a constant source of peril to the success of the symphony concerts. So it will not do to carp and cant about the heterodoxical show-piece, or the bright and lively overture, that were performed Saturday evening. If, however, it should become the rule rather than the exception to secularize our symphony concerts then the world w de fame of Mr. Higginson's noble enterprise would necessarily decay. Will the time ever come when this enterprise shall be desecrated by any habitual interpolation of such music as is not above the suspicion of be ng leprously impure? Surely not while Emil Paur is at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Undoubtedly Saturday night's programme was an exception.) As well might we ask if the heresy of Payne or Ingersoll will ever be preached at "brimstone corner." Shades of our lamented reverends Lyman Beecher and John S. Dwight forbid.

So without judging from any such standpoint as would enforce that rigid and old-fogy preference that once ruled the Harvard concerts even to their ruin, any liberal minded musician will feel grateful to Herr Paur for such a popular programme as he had to offer on Saturday. Had a set of Strauss waltzes taken the place of the sugary music by Schubert—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—that was played, the artistic standard of the concert would certainly have been no lower.

A just estimate of Peter-Léonard-Léopold Benoit can hardly be formed from his so-called symphonic poem for flute and orchestra. It is a work full of melody, which is nevertheless interpolated with an all too bulky, too burdensome pading of virtuosic and tawdry ornamental passages to admit of its being dignified with the high-sounding title of Symphonic Poem We should bear in mind that the symphonic poem itself is one those absurd misnomers that have become current in music, and that owe its existence to a somewhat faulty translation of the original French term as ascribed by Franz Liszt namely, "poème Symphonique," which in German afterwards became "Symphonische Dichtung," a term to which our English trans ation is strictly faithful. Benoit's hybrid opus for flute and orchestra would seem to merit about as much serious analysis as would a new kind of kaleidoscope. The entertainment it affords, too, depends quite largely upon the care with which it is handled.

Its performance by Mr. Charles Molé was conspicuous for a technical brilliancy and refinement, that had their sum total in one of the most artistic impressions that virtuosity could convey. Admirable and wonderful playing that that could carry with it its own argument for the very existance of the flute. Speaking of wood-wind instruments calls to mind that Mozart wrote his first forty-six symphonies—there are forty-nine in all—without employing the clarinet and that he first made use of it—save in Figaro (1786) and Don Giovanni (1787)—in the E flat symphony No. 4?, his 543rd work, played Saturday evening. The instrument was invented in 1700, but Bach, Handel, Haydn had been loth to recognize its merits. It is doubtful if any more conspicuous and beautiful clarinet music can be found prior to 1788, and then by Mozart in his jovial minuet of the E flat symphony, where the first clarinet plays the melody while the second has an arpeggio accompaniment—both parts being given with unprecedented charm on Saturday evening. Mr. Paur gave the traditional andante of this symphony. It sounded odd enough, but proved delightfully welcome to hear the movement played at least a half dozen metronomic degrees faster than the hyper-sentimental conductor Nikisch was wont to take it. A few more statistics concerning the E flat symphony may prove acceptable. In the year 1788 Mozart's social popularity in Vienna was at its height. He then outrivalled Handel for rapid and perennial work by composing within two months' time his three greatest symphonies, namely, the one in E flat, completed June 26; the G minor, July 25, and the "Jupiter," noblest of all, and the very last, August 10.

Within two decades Mozart wrote nearly 500 works of enduring merit,—including concertos, symphonies, sonatas, masses, etc.—if what other composer, Schubert perhaps excepted, can a similar record be made?

Herr Paur's reading of the work as a whole was that of a scholarly and reverent conservator. The tempo rubato was conspicuous by its absence, especially when one recalls the Nikisch interpretation of the same work. The noble simplicity of the first allegro and the bright, active dance life of the *finale* were especially well set forth. A very just value was placed upon the pronounced lyric character of the andante. Not even from Herr Gericke has Mozart's exquisite and inimitable art been more lovingly interpreted here. Would, however, that the symphony for the evening had been either the "Jupiter" or the G minor. As for the orchestra (excepting the unsatisfactory accompaniment that well-nigh failed to accompany Mr. Molé in the selection by Benoit) its unsurpassed standard was creditably maintained at this concert. The programme is assured for next week in which vocal students will be especially interested. Raff's "Im Walde" is the symphony.

C. L. CAPEN.

Daily EVENING News.
FALL RIVER, Mass.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

KNIESEL QUARTETTE.

A Delightful Concert at Music Hall.

The unpleasant weather of the earlier part of last evening did not prevent a good attendance for the second number of the Artists' Concert Course at Music Hall. The people in the audience were well repaid for going, for the concert was given by the Kneizel Quartette and Mrs. Ada May Benzing, and better talent never came here.

The Kneisel Quartette is always good, and last evening it was at its best. Mrs. Benzing has a powerful and very pleasing contralto voice, and she was very well received, being given a recall after her second number, though the did not give an encore. In fact, no encores were given, though the audience gave most convincing signs of its desire that two or three selections might be repeated. Mr. Alwin Schroeder's solo number on violincello was the favorite, and he was called out three or four times, but he would not play again. The whole concert was a most delightful one and insures the success of such a course for every season.

The opening number was a quartet in F major, op. 90 (American) Dvorak. This quartet is founded on themes taken from the negro melodies of the South. There was a swing to the music that was most taking, and that brought out the power of all four instruments but in a unison that made them as one. Four movements were given.

Mrs. Benzing next sang two songs by Grieg, "I Love Thee," and "Autumn Storms." She used to the best aduantage her powerful and exceedingly smooth contralto voice, and filled the hall to its farthest corners with sweet rich sounds.

Mr. Kneisel gave as a solo a "Spanish Dance," by Sarasate. He played with great delicacy and fine shading and expression rather than force, and when he finished the audience was roused to enthusiastic applause. Variations from Schubert's quartette in D minor was played by request, and again showed the quartette at its best. Mrs. Benzing's second number was "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas. She did this so well that she was compelled to come out and bow in response to the applause. Mr. James D. H. Comey accompanied Mrs. Benzing most skilfully in both her numbers. In his solos for the violincello Mr. Schroeder first played a very classical selection. Bach's "Praeludium," In it he exhibited his talent and notable ability, but the piece is rather beyond any audience except one of high musical education. His second selection was probably the best of the whole concert. At least it was the most popular. It was a "Spanish Serenade," by Popper, and it may be called the gem of the evening. In it Mr. Schroeder displayed his mastery of his instrument in a wonderful technique which is combined with a most perfect expression. The tones of his instrument always struck upon the ear as natural, never forced. The closing number was Haydn's quartet in G major, given by the quartette. It was another highly classical selection. Four movements were given.

FALL RIVER DAILY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel quartet entertained a large audience in Music hall last night in the second concert of the artists' course. This organization has been heard in this city, and is always sure of an enthusiastic welcome among the lovers of high class music. With the exception of Alwin Schroeder, the violoncellist, the personnel of the quartet is the same as in other years. Its work, too, was of the high order expected of it and aroused much enthusiasm, particularly the variations from Shubert's quartet in, D minor. Mr. Kneisel's solo was delightful. His rare grace and art have always made him a favorite here. He plays upon a grand instrument grandly.

Mr. Schroeder scored a triumph at once. He is one of the best performers in the world. His number was generously applauded, and the audience tried hard, but in vain, for an encore. The vocalist was Mrs. Ada May Benzing. She has a full contralto voice and sang with much vigor. Her selections were well chosen and were warmly applauded.

THE DAILY GLOBE,
THURSDAY EVENING,
NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

Highly Enjoyable Entertainment in the Artists' Course Last Evening.

Despite the rather unpleasant weather a large audience greeted the Kneisel quartette, in the second entertainment of the Artists' Concert course, in Music hall, last evening.

The programme was divided into seven sections, the opening one of which was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's new American quartette. Their rendition of this difficult and pleasing selection showed the artists to splendid advantage; the results of long and careful training, harmony and precision of movement, were ably exemplified; and the audience exhibited its appreciation and pleasure by the hearty applause which succeeded its termination.

Mrs. Ada May Benzing, contralto, who was engaged on the recommendation of Max Heinrich, followed with "I Love Thee," and "Autumn Storms," both by Grieg. She has a deep, powerful voice with excellent register which could easily have filled an auditorium of triple the dimensions of Music hall. Her efforts were well received and although prolonged applause followed she refused an encore.

Franz Kneizel, who is so well known here as the solo violinist of the Boston Spmphony orchestra, next executed a violin solo, Sarasate's "Spanish Dance." As a soloist, he probably never appeared to better advantage. His technique and expression were perfect, and his instrument, a dearly prized old "Strad," figuratively talked under his guidance. Variations from quartette in D minor, by Schubert, which followed, were played in a masterly manner and in a great degree showed the capabilities of the performers. The rhythm, crescendoes and diminuendoes were incomparable and carried the hearers into ecstacies.

Mrs. Bensing sang two more solos and then came Alvin Schroeder's 'cello solos, "Praeludium" and "Spanish Serenade." Both were performed in a brilliant manner, particularly the latter, which vied in favor with Schubert's varia tions. An enjoyable evening closed with a quartette by Hayden. James D. D. Comey acted as accompanist in a highly creditable manner.

The third and last entertainment of the course will be given Jan. 2, 1895, when Madame Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano who scored such a hit at the Boston Symphony concert in this city in February last, and Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe, pianiste, will be the attractions.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 25, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Paur last night offered his audience the following programme: Goldmark, overture, "Sappho," first time at these concerts; Weber, recitative and aria, "Ocean thou mighty monster," from "Oberon"; Raff, symphony No. 3, in F major, "Im Walde," part 1, "In the Daytime," part 2, "At Twilight," part 3, "At Night, Daybreak"; Handel, air, "O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?" from "Semele"; Liszt symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

While Goldmark's "Sappho" has been heard before in this city, it has never received such a masterly rendering. It is the eminent composer's latest orchestral work, and opens with a beautiful movement for the harps of a choral nature. This leads to the first theme which is admirably and beautifully developed. The second theme is a pastoral melody, broadening into a grand climax that calls for the full strength of the orchestra. These two themes, with their elaborate working out, constitute the features of the work. The work of the orchestra was especially good and closely followed the interpretation of the leader.

Raff's symphony was another commendable effort. It is a familiar and always pleasing selection, for its somewhat florid coloring and its contrasted tone pictures. The Revery and the Dance of the Dryads were especially fine, while the Wild Hunt was handled in a masterly manner. Liszt's "Les Preludes" completed the orchestral numbers.

Mrs. Elene B. Eaton was the soloist, making her first Boston appearance in several years. The recitative and aria from "Oberon" was brilliantly given, with the exception of one or two false intonations, and the "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave me?" was sung with exquisite expression.

At the next rehearsal and concert Eugent Yaye, the eminent violinist, will be the soloist, and Goetz's overture, "Spring," will be given here for the first time. The rehearsal and concert on Dec. 14 and 15 will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein, when a special programme will be offered.

Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 25 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

Mr. Paur's Symphony programmes do run in streaks most assuredly, and the sixth of his present series was as loud and vehement as the preceding one was light and undemonstrative. It was a first-rate programme for deaf people; for, although there were moments of comparative placidity and soothing, the general temper was agitated and exciting.

The first number was Goldmark's "Sappho" overture; which was new to these concerts and is indeed his latest word in orchestral writing up to the present date. The poetical lady whose name the overture bears certainly had a rather variegated career, even if she never sprang two hundred feet into the sea in her fatal despair because of the desertion of her specially adored lover, as the pragmatical historians of these unromantic days deny that she did. She knew the delights of the lyric bard and the griefs of the passionate woman. So she is a suggestive and perhaps even an inspiring subject for a composer, who can avail himself of these two great features of her life as the keys to his own contrasts. And this is what Goldmark apparently has done. His overture begins with a long, broad prelude for the harp. which rises and falls in great rolling chords, upon the top of which poises a gentle and idyllic theme, in opposition to which there appears later one of great excitement and eagerness. In these and their developments the hearer can easily imagine the musical portrayal of the conflict of the two great elements in Sappho's constitution—her love of beauty, song and dreamy joy, and her tempestuous, proud, reckless spirit, the latter of which gradually becomes more dominant until it overwhelms. The overture, very fully scored, reveals at times in this fullness and variety the "Sakuntala," but has of course no tinge of that tone-color which is commonly called "Oriental," because of its jingles and jangles of cymbals, drums and tambourines. The idyllic portions are sweetly and sensitively treated and some of the wood-wind passages are charming in their originality and intrinsically graceful. But the stormy, turbulent and almost violent moods prevail, and the work as a whole makes their impression strongest and most lasting.

The second orchestral number was Raff's romantic and tone picture symphony, "In the Woods," in which it is easy to make a superabundance of forcible and emphatic effect. The first part, "Day Time," begins a little doubtfully and drowsily; but when once the world and the woods are aroused, there are bustle and self-assertion enough, as if when the matin songs of the birds were done, busy, urgent man entered into possession to labor, to demolish and to construct. The second part, divided into a "Twilight Revery" and a "Dance of Dryads," should bring a charming ease with its largo and a lightsome fantasy with its scherzo; but a little too much solidity of tone or formality of phrasing can make both heavy and turgid. The third part, "Night," has but little rest and quiet, for its slumberous mood has hardly been indicated, before the Wild Hunt comes tearing to and fro with outcry of man and hound, the rush of horses, the blare of horns and all the tremendous apparatus of the demon throng, whose chase is only checked and put to flight by the day rising anew in full and sonorous splendor.

The third and last orchestral number was Liszt's "Preludes," which might well be left in the portfolio for some years to come, so hackneyed have become its sickly, sensuous love-ditties and its clangorous, vociferous battle-pieces. It ought to be left to the brass bands and the popular orchestras and not brought out to add pepper to a programme already too much spiced and pungent.

The performance was pretty closely in the same Ercles vein as the programme, only isolated passages being really notable for lightness of touch and elegance of finish. The harp introduction, the wood-wind obbligati and quartette, and the first violin solo bits (Mr. Kneisel) in the overture were beautifully done, and some of the softer parts of the other works were rendered with appropriate suavity and reserve. But the second part of the symphony was touched with a heavy hand, and the dryads must have had on their wooden shoes to be in step with the solid clumping of the scherzo, while a true pianissimo was unheard in all the performances. The "Preludes"—like that "Kaisermarsch" at the first concert—resolved itself pretty nearly into a contest of strength and endurance between the different factions of the orchestra and swelled out into a tumultuous and deafening volume of sound, over which reigned unobscured that awful kettle-drummer, whose noise would be ridiculous if it were not so reprehensibly excessive even in such a harmonic fury as Liszt has provided for in the finale of this construction. It is astonishing that Mr. Paur will not listen to reason and use the drums according to their proper purpose, as emphases and not individualities.

Two airs were contributed by Mrs. E. B. Eaton (formerly Miss Kehew), who was warmly welcomed and appreciatively applauded. These songs were Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and Handel's "O sleep," from his serenade "Semele." During her absence in England, where she has become a favorite, Mrs. Eaton's voice and style have undergone but slight modification. She retains the noble and powerful upper tones, and the large, but slightly coarse lower ones, which were always so telling and so much admired, with between these the pleasant round middle voice, the volume of which still seems slender in comparison. She has gained in repose, because her singing is now smoothly controlled, and she has also gained in animation and earnestness. She read her music faithfully and with taste, and ought to have had more consideration from the orchestra, who accompanied by far too loud in the allegro portions of the Weber scene and in the whole of the gentle, plaining "Semele" air.

The next programme is noticeable for introducing Goetz's "Spring" overture, and the violinist, Ysaye, who will play Saint-Saens's third concerto. The other numbers are to be Volkmann's first symphony and Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

[53]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 19, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

NOTICEABLE SECULARIZATION OF CONCERTS.

The Fifth Programme Contains Numbers by Schubert, Benoit and Mozart, Almost a Wave of Lightness — Mr. Paur's Conducting Again Delightful.

That the programme for symphony concert number five, in Music Hall Saturday evening included but a single work that musicians could unreservedly admire, must be attributed to a popular demand, that has recently been made, for the secularization of these concerts. When a musician so orthodox as Herr Paur reluctantly yields to such a demand, and doubtless in the spirit of stooping to conquer, his artistic morale will not for a moment be questioned; while one recognizes with pleasant surprise a possession of diplomacy on his part, the lack of which last season seemed a constant source of peril to the success of the symphony concerts. So it will not do to carp and cant about the heterodoxical show-piece, or the bright and lively overture, that were performed Saturday evening. If, however, it should become the rule rather than the exception to secularize our symphony concerts then the world wide fame of Mr. Higginson's noble enterprise would necessarily decay. Will the time ever come when this enterprise shall be desecrated by any habitual interpolation of such music as is not above the suspicion of being leprously impure? Surely not while Emil Paur is at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Undoubtedly Saturday night's programme was an exception.) As well might we ask if the heresy of Payne or Ingersoll will ever be preached at "brimstone corner." Shades of our lamented reverends Lyman Beecher and John S. Dwight forbid.

So without judging from any such standpoint as would enforce that rigid and old-fogy preference that once ruled the Harvard concerts even to their ruin, any liberal minded musician will feel grateful to Herr Paur for such a popular programme as he had to offer on Saturday. Had a set of Strauss waltzes taken the place of the sugary music by Schubert—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—that was played, the artistic standard of the concert would certainly have been no lower.

A just estimate of Peter-Léonard-Léopold Benoit can hardly be formed from his so-called symphonic poem for flute and orchestra. It is a work full of melody, which is nevertheless interpolated with an all too bulky, too burdensome pading of virtuosic and tawdry ornamental passages to admit of its being dignified with the high-sounding title of Symphonic Poem We should bear in mind that the symphonic poem itself is one those absurd mianomers that have become current in music, and that owe its existence to a somewhat faulty translation of the original French term as ascribed by Franz Liszt namely, "Poème Symphonique," which in German afterwards became "Symphonische Dichtung," a term to which our English translation is strictly faithful. Benoit's hybrid opus for flute and orchestra would seem to merit about as much serious analysis as would a new kind of kaleidoscope. The entertainment it affords, too, depends quite largely upon the care with which it is handled.

Its performance by Mr. Charles Molé was conspicuous for a technical brilliancy and refinement, that had their sum total in one of the most artistic impressions that virtuosity could convey. Admirable and wonderful playing that that could carry with it its own tone—argument for the very existance of the flute. Speaking of wood-wind instruments calls to mind that Mozart wrote his first forty-six symphonies—there are forty-nine in all—without employing the clarinet and that he first made use of it—save in Figaro (1786) and Don Giovanni (1787)—in the E flat symphony No. 4, his 543rd work, played Saturday evening. The instrument was invented in 1700, but Bach, Handel, Haydn had been loth to recognize its merits. It is doubtful if any more conspicuous and beautiful clarinet music can be found prior to 1788, and then by Mozart in his jovial minuet of the E flat symphony, where the first clarinet plays the melody while the second has an arpeggio accompaniment—both parts being given with unprecedented charm on Saturday evening. Mr. Paur gave the traditional andante of this symphony. It sounded odd enough, but proved delightfully welcome to hear the movement played at least a half a dozen metronomic degrees faster than the hyper-sentimental conductor Nikisch was wont to take it. A few more statistics concerning the E flat symphony may prove acceptable. In the year 1788 Mozart's social popularity in Vienna was at its height. He then outrivalled Handel for rapid and perennial work by composing within two months' time his three greatest symphonies, namely, the one in E flat, completed June 26; the G minor, July 25, and the "Jupiter," noblest of all, and the very last, August 10.

Within two decades Mozart wrote nearly 500 works of enduring merit,—including concertos, symphonies, sonatas, masses, etc. Of what other composer, Schubert perhaps excepted, can a similar record be made?

Herr Paur's reading of the work as a whole was that of a scholarly and reverent conservator. The tempo rubato was conspicuous by its absence, especially when one recalls the Nikisch interpretation of the same work. The noble simplicity of the first allegro and the bright, active jocose life of the *finale* were especially well set forth. A very just value was placed upon the pronounced lyric character of the andante. Not even from Herr Gericke has Mozart's exquisite and inimitable art been so loyally interpreted here. Would, however, that the symphony for the evening been either the "Jupiter" or the G minor. As for the orchestra excepting the unsatisfactory accompaniment that well-nigh failed to accompany Mr. Molé in the selection by Benoit) its unsurpassed standard was capitally maintained at this concert. A fine programme is assured for next week and one in which vocal students will be especially interested. Raff's "Im Walde" will be the symphony.

C. L. CAPEN.

Daily Evening News.
FALL RIVER, Mass.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

KNIESEL QUARTETTE.

A Delightful Concert at Music Hall.

The unpleasant weather of the earlier part of last evening did not prevent a good attendance for the second number of the Artists' Concert Course at Music Hall. The people in the audience were well repaid for going, for the concert was given by the Kneizel Quartette and Mrs. Ada May Benzing, and better talent never came here.

The Kneisel Quartette is always good, and last evening it was at its best. Mrs. Benzing has a powerful and very pleasing contralto voice, and she was very well received, being given a recall after her second number, though the did not give an encore. In fact, no encores were given, though the audience gave most convincing signs of its desire that two or three selections might be repeated. Mr. Alwin Schroeder's solo number on violincello was the favorite, and he was called out three or four times, but he would not play again. The whole concert was a most delightful one and insures the success of such a course for every season.

The opening number was a quartet in F major, op. 90 (American) Dvorak. This quartet is founded on themes taken from the negro melodies of the South. There was a swing to the music that was most taking, and that brought out the power of all four instruments but in a unison that made them as one. Four movements were given.

Mrs. Benzing next sang two songs by Grieg, "I Love Thee," and "Autumn Storms." She used to the best aduantage her powerful and exceedingly smooth contralto voice, and filled the hall to its farthest corners with sweet rich sounds.

Mr. Kneisel gave as a solo a "Spanish Dance," by Sarasate. He played with great delicacy and fine shading and expression rather than force, and when he finished the audience was roused to enthusiastic applause. Variations from Schubert's quartette in D minor was played by request, and again showed the quartette at its best. Mrs. Benzing's second number was "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas. She did this so well that she was compelled to come out and bow in response to the applause. Mr. James D. H. Comey accompanied Mrs. Benzing most skilfully in both her numbers. In his solos for the violincello Mr. Schroeder first played a very classical selection. Bach's "Praeludium," In it he exhibited his talent and notable ability, but the piece is rather beyond any audience except one of high musical education. His second selection was probably the best of the whole concert. At least it was the most popular. It was a "Spanish Serenade," by Popper, and it may be called the gem of the evening. In it Mr. Schroeder displayed his mastery of his instrument in a wonderful technique which is combined with a most perfect expression. The tones of his instrument always struck upon the ear as natural, never forced. The closing number was Haydn's quartet in G major, given by the quartette. It was another highly classical selection. Four movements were given.

FALL RIVER DAILY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 22, 1894

The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel quartet entertained a large audience in Music hall last night in the second concert of the artists' course. This organization has been heard in this city, and is always sure of an enthusiastic welcome among the lovers of high class music. With the exception of Alwin Schroeder, the violoncellist, the personnel of the quartet is the same as in other years. Its work, too, was of the high order expected of it and aroused much enthusiasm, particularly the variations from Shubert's quartet in, D minor. Mr. Kneisel's solo was delightful. His rare grace and art have always made him a favorite here. He plays upon a grand instrument grandly.

Mr. Schroeder scored a triumph at once. He is one of the best performers in the world. His number was generously applauded, and the audience tried hard, but in vain, for an encore. The vocalist was Mrs. Ada May Benzing. She has a full contralto voice and sang with much vigor. Her selections were well chosen and were warmly applauded.

FALL RIVER, MASS.,
THE DAILY GLOBE,
THURSDAY EVENING,
NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

Highly Enjoyable Entertainment in the Artists' Course Last Evening.

Despite the rather unpleasant weather a large audience greeted the Kneisel quartette, in the second entertainment of the Artists' Concert course, in Music hall, last evening.

The programme was divided into seven sections, the opening one of which was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's new American quartette. Their rendition of this difficult and pleasing selection showed the artists to splendid advantage; the results of long and careful training, harmony and precision of movement, were ably exemplified; and the audience exhibited its appreciation and pleasure by the hearty applause which succeeded its termination.

Mrs. Ada May Benzing, contralto, who was engaged on the recommendation of Max Heinrich, followed with "I Love Thee," and "Autumn Storms," both by Grieg. She has a deep, powerful voice with excellent register which could easily have filled an auditorium of triple the dimensions of Music hall. Her efforts were well received and although prolonged applause followed she refused an encore.

Franz Kneizel, who is so well known here as the solo violinist of the Boston Spmphony orchestra, next executed a violin solo, Sarasate's "Spanish Dance." As a soloist, he probably never appeared to better advantage. His technique and expression were perfect, and his instrument, a dearly prized old "Strad," figuratively talked under his guidance. Variations from quartette in D minor, by Schubert, which followed, were played in a masterly manner and in a great degree showed the capabilities of the performers. The rhythm, crescendoes and diminuendoes were incomparable and carried the hearers into ecstacies.

Mrs. Bensing sang two more solos and then came Alvin Schroeder's 'cello solos, "Praeludium" and "Spanish Serenade." Both were performed in a brilliant manner, particularly the latter, which vied in favor with Schubert's varia tions. An enjoyable evening closed with a quartette by Hayden. James D. D.Comey acted as accompanist in a highly creditable manner.

The third and last entertainment of the course will be given Jan. 2, 1895, when Madame Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano who scored such a hit at the Boston Symphony concert in this city in February last, and Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe, pianiste, will be the attractions.

BOSTON POST.
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While Goldmark's "Sappho" has been heard before in this city, it has never received such a masterly rendering. It is the eminent composer's latest orchestral work, and opens with a beautiful movement for the harps of a choral nature. This leads to the first theme which is admirably and beautifully developed. The second theme is a pastoral melody, broadening into a grand climax that calls for the full strength of the orchestra. These two themes, with their elaborate working out, constitute the features of the work. The work of the orchestra was especially good and closely followed the interpretation of the leader.

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Mrs. Elene B. Eaton was the soloist, making her first Boston appearance in several years. The recitative and aria from "Oberon" was brilliantly given, with the exception of one or two false intonations, and the "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave me?" was sung with exquisite expression.

At the next rehearsal and concert Eugent Yaye, the eminent violinist, will be the soloist, and Goetz's overture, "Spring," will be given here for the first time. The rehearsal and concert on Dec. 14 and 15 will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein, when a special programme will be offered.

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Mr. Paur's Symphony programmes do run in streaks most assuredly, and the sixth of his present series was as loud and vehement as the preceding one was light and undemonstrative. It was a first-rate programme for deaf people; for, although there were moments of comparative placidity and soothing, the general temper was agitated and exciting.

The first number was Goldmark's "Sappho" overture; which was new to these concerts and is indeed his latest word in orchestral writing up to the present date. The poetical lady whose name the overture bears certainly had a rather variegated career, even if she never sprang two hundred feet into the sea in her fatal despair because of the desertion of her specially adored lover, as the pragmatical historians of these unromantic days deny that she did. She knew the delights of the lyric bard and the griefs of the passionate woman. So she is a suggestive and perhaps even an inspiring subject for a composer, who can avail himself of these two great features of her life as the keys to his own contrasts. And this is what Goldmark apparently has done. His overture begins with a long, broad prelude for the harp. which rises and falls in great rolling chords, upon the top of which poises a gentle and idyllic theme, in opposition to which there appears later one of great excitement and eagerness. In these and their developments the hearer can easily imagine the musical portrayal of the conflict of the two great elements in Sappho's constitution—her love of beauty, song and dreamy joy, and her tempestuous, proud, reckless spirit, the latter of which gradually becomes more dominant until it overwhelms. The overture, very fully scored, reveals at times in this fullness and variety the "Sakuntala," but has of course no tinge of that tone-color which is commonly called "Oriental," because of its jingles and jangles of cymbals, drums and tambourines. The idyllic portions are sweetly and sensitively treated and some of the wood-wind passages are charming in their originality and intrinsically graceful. But the stormy, turbulent and almost violent moods prevail, and the work as a whole makes their impression strongest and most lasting.

The second orchestral number was Raff's romantic and tone picture symphony, "In the Woods," in which it is easy to make a superabundance of forcible and emphatic effect. The first part, "Day Time," begins a little doubtfully and drowsily; but when once the world and the woods are aroused, there are bustle and self-assertion enough, as if when the matin songs of the birds were done, busy, urgent man entered into possession to labor, to demolish and to construct. The second part, divided into a "Twilight Revery" and a "Dance of Dryads," should bring a charming ease with its largo and a lightsome fantasy with its scherzo; but a little too much solidity of tone or formality of phrasing can make both heavy and turgid. The third part, "Night," has but little rest and quiet, for its slumberous mood has hardly been indicated, before the Wild Hunt comes tearing to and fro with outcry of man and hound, the rush of horses, the blare of horns and all the tremendous apparatus of the demon throng, whose chase is only checked and put to flight by the day rising anew in full and sonorous splendor.

The third and last orchestral number was Liszt's "Preludes," which might well be left in the portfolio for some years to come, so hackneyed have become its sickly, sensuous love-ditties and its clangorous, vociferous battle-pieces. It ought to be left to the brass bands and the popular orchestras and not brought out to add pepper to a programme already too much spiced and pungent.

The performance was pretty closely in the same Ercles vein as the programme, only isolated passages being really notable for lightness of touch and elegance of finish. The harp introduction, the wood-wind obbligati and quartette, and the first violin solo bits (Mr. Kneisel) in the overture were beautifully done, and some of the softer parts of the other works were rendered with appropriate suavity and reserve. But the second part of the symphony was touched with a heavy hand, and the dryads must have had on their wooden shoes to be in step with the solid clumping of the scherzo, while a true pianissimo was unheard in all the performances. The "Preludes"—like that "Kaisermarsch" at the first concert—resolved itself pretty nearly into a contest of strength and endurance between the different factions of the orchestra and swelled out into a tumultuous and deafening volume of sound, over which reigned unobscured that awful kettle-drummer, whose noise would be ridiculous if it were not so reprehensibly excessive even in such a harmonic fury as Liszt has provided for in the finale of this construction. It is astonishing that Mr. Paur will not listen to reason and use the drums according to their proper purpose, as emphases and not individualities.

Two airs were contributed by Mrs. E. B. Eaton (formerly Miss Kehew), who was warmly welcomed and appreciatively applauded. These songs were Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and Handel's "O sleep," from his serenade "Semele." During her absence in England, where she has become a favorite, Mrs. Eaton's voice and style have undergone but slight modification. She retains the noble and powerful upper tones, and the large, but slightly coarse lower ones, which were always so telling and so much admired, with between these the pleasant round middle voice, the volume of which still seems slender in comparison. She has gained in repose, because her singing is now smoothly controlled, and she has also gained in animation and earnestness. She read her music faithfully and with taste, and ought to have had more consideration from the orchestra, who accompanied by far too loud in the allegro portions of the Weber scene and in the whole of the gentle, plaining "Semele" air.

The next programme is noticeable for introducing Goetz's "Spring" overture, and the violinist, Ysaye, who will play Saint-Saens's third concerto. The other numbers are to be Volkmann's first symphony and Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

[53]

[illegible] Nov. 25, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Sixth in the Course of Symphony Concerts.

Another delightful symphony concert program was offered by conductor Paur last evening. The increased attendance and the unaffected enthusiasm of the audience gave the best of evidence that the public approves of Mr Paur's efforts to make his programs genuinely interesting. The Symphony program have thus far this season been a decided improvement on the offerings of recent years, and if they continue to be of the same character, the conductor and the management will, at the end of the year, have earned the gratitude of a very large proportion of their patrons.

Last evening's program was as follows: Overture to Goldmark's opera "Sappho," first time here; Raff's third symphony, "Im Walde;" Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes," and soprano solos by Mrs Elene B. Eaton, the recitative and aria "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," and the aria "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" from Handel's "Semele."

Mrs Eaton received a kindly greeting, and her singing made a favorable impression. This was her first appearance in public since returning from England, where she has been for several years studying under some of the best masters and singing with much success in concert and oratorio. When she last sang in Boston she was Miss Kehew and was especially well known as a church singer. She has benefited greatly by her study abroad. Her voice is stronger and richer in tone, and she has gained materially in command of technique.

She sang the exacting recitative and aria with intelligence, expression and generally good effect. The most striking feature of her voice is its great power, and in the fortissimo passages she apparently had no difficulty in meeting the great volume of tone from the large orchestra. Her voice is of great range, and is smooth throughout its register, but it does not seem to be particularly flexible, and yesterday some of her higher notes were hard and dry.

Mrs Eaton is to be complimented upon the clearness of her enunciation, a compliment that can be paid to very few American singers, especially when they sing in their native language. She sang the recitative passages distinctly and with proper emphasis. The selection from "Semele" showed her voice to even better advantage. She was recalled several times by the cordial plaudits of her audience.

The Goldmark "Sappho" overture was the novelty of the concert, and its performance was received with much favor. It is the latest of Goldmark's orchestral works, and its scoring taxes the resources of the largest modern orchestra. Like all works by this composer the overture is notable for rich and elaborate orchestral effects, and it is treated in a broad and vigorous style. There are several exquisite bits of melody and a few dainty passages for solo instruments which are charmingly effective. A splendid performance was given under Mr Paur's direction.

The most enjoyable feature of yesterday's concert was the really brilliant performance of Raff's third symphony. This notable work, probably the most admired production of that marvellously prolific writer, has been several times played to the great delight of symphony audiences, but never more than yesterday. On no occasion has Mr Paur made more evident the fact that the Boston symphony orchestra has been decidedly benefited by his intelligent and masterful direction. A performance such as that of last evening would scarcely have been possible by this band two years ago.

The four movements were all played with splendid expression, precision and finish. The symphony was presented nearly in its entirety, Mr Paur deciding to play the repetition of the "Wild Hunt" in the last movement which is generally omitted. This "Wild Hunt" was played at a terrific tempo and called forth a storm of applause such as is rarely developed at a symphony concert.

The program for the next concert will be as follows: Goetz, overture, "Spring," new; Saint-Saens, third concerto for violin; Volkmann, first symphony; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris." Mr Eugene Ysaye will be the violinist.

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Orchestra Gives a Convincing Display of the Perfection of Its Technique.

Last evening's concert in Music Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra had for its programme:

Overture, "Sappho" (first time).....Goldmark
"Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster".....Weber
Symphony, "Im Walde".....Raff
"O, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?".Handel
"Les Preludes".....Liszt

Mrs. Elene B. Eaton was the soloist. The concert was the least interesting of the season thus far. Not that it was not brilliantly performed, for the orchestra was at its best, its playing, especially in the symphony, being of the highest quality, and it never gave a more convincing display of the perfection of its technique than in the last movement of this work. The programme was somewhat dull in effect, and seemed to be lacking in happy contrasts. The Goldmark overture, though wholly unlike the "Sakuntala" in character, constantly recalls it, nevertheless, owing to the richness and the sensuousness of its orchestral treatment. The themes are striking, and are worked out with great skill and effectiveness, and the attention is kept constantly on the alert by the rapidly changing moods of the composer. There are many moments of rare beauty, both of theme and of delicate instrumental combinations, though the impression that the work leaves as a whole is one of massive and gorgeous tone color. It is somewhat disjointed in form, but everything is clearly set forth and easily comprehended on a first hearing. It is wholly modern in character, and it is not easy to trace in it any connection between the story told by the music and the title borne by the overture. What is understood as the classic spirit is wholly absent, but it is a masterly and a thoroughly interesting work, and was splendidly read and played.

It is doubtful, however, if it will ever rank in favor with the Sakontala overture. Mrs. Eaton has improved greatly in her art since she was last heard here. Her large, sympathetic and remarkably beautiful voice is as searching as ever, and her style is more finished. She sung the exacting Weber aria with ease, power and brilliacy, and with genuine dramatic fervor; but there was something lacking to make the effort wholly effective, notwithstanding the unquestionable skill and the intelligence the artist brought to bear upon her performance of it. In the Handel air she gave an admirable example of true legato singing, and the purity of her tones and the certainty of her command over her magnificent voice were shown even more decidedly than in her earlier contribution to the concert. She was cordially applauded, and was recalled after each effort.

The programme for the concert is: Overture, "Spring," Goetz (first time); concerto for violin, No. 8, Saint-Saens; symphony, D minor, No. 1, Volkmann; "Carnival in Paris," Svensden. The soloist will be M. Eugene Ysaye.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 25.

The Sixth Symphony Concert.

A large audience listened to the sixth symphony, last night, in Music Hall. The following is the programme:

Overture, "Sappho," (first time).....Goldmark
Aria, "Ocean thou mighty monster".....Weber
Symphony, "Im Walde".....Raff
Aria from "Semele".....Handel
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes".....Liszt

The Goldmark Overture is a beautiful work, rich in coloring, flowing in melody, warm, occasionally passionate, clear and definite in ideas, and written with a firm, if impulsive hand. It has not the calm, passionless Greek beauty that the title would suggest; with Goldmark, Sappho is a woman of oriental temperament, as in his "Prometheus" overture he has robbed the suffering god of the defiant dignity and self-respect given to him by the great Greek poet. Like all Goldmark's best works, the "Sappho" overture has the hot-house warmth and forced beauty; it is delightful, but it is enervating, yet fortunately, within the limits of an overture it may be safely and pleasantly endured, and its beauty abides in the memory and adds its touch of glowing color to many a day-dream after. The overture was finely read by Mr. Paur and delightfully played by the orchestra.

Time has not robbed the Raff symphony of any of its beauties and one can readily forget or rather readily forgive it for belonging to the pariah caste of "programme" music. The slight programme hints "Daytime, Twilight and Night" are essential and sufficient to set the imagination into activity, and then it is simply a question of temperament whether we shall accept the dance of the wood nymphs and the wild hunt for what they were intended to be or put our own particular and individual interpretation on them. In any case it is difficult to escape from the fascination of the symphony, and however wilful we may be we are finally compelled to bow to the composer's skill and power and yield to the impression intended, even if we refuse to accept the details. Here Raff appeals to the emotions rather than to the intellect; he is the poet and not the scientist; nothing is obscure, nothing so complex as to cause the imagination to pause over it in perplexity and thus to disturb the continuity of a massive emotion for the small satisfaction of solving a technical riddle. The color and warmth are everything, and these properly felt, the end is gained. The symphony received a most adequate interpretation, the color contrast were given with rare beauty; nothing could have been better than the poetic rendering of the second movement, or more delicately dainty than the manner in which the dance of the dryads was played, while the wild hunt was given with a dash, an energy and a weirdness that were thrillingly effective. The applause was enthusiastic, and Mr. Paur was recalled to bow his silent thanks.

Liszt's "Les Preludes" does not wear so well; the metaphysical idea is of much more importance than the music. The work is crowded with brilliancies, but the glitter is artificial, not natural; the inspiration is make-believe, and suggests the enthusiasm of the wise young woman when she dreamed of the potentialities of a mathematical point. The brilliant work was brilliantly played; but the thunder was not that of Jove, but only the rattling of tin pans.

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Elene B. Eaton who has a voice of wide range, large power and fine quality. She sings with taste and intelligence, and there are few technical faults that can be laid to her charge. The Weber and Handel arias were well sung, intonation, phrasing, voice management were excellent, and there was only missing that combination of qualities hidden under the phrase "personal magnetism," which is another way of saying absence of inspiration. Mrs. Eaton won the heartiest applause, and was recalled again and again by an enthusiastic audience.

The programme for the next concert is; Overture, "Spring," Goetz, first time; Concerto for violin, No. 3, Saint Saëns; Symphony in D-minor, No. 1, Volkmann; "Carnival in Paris," Svensden. The soloist is Mr. Eugene Ysaye.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1894.

The Sixth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall.

This is the program of last evening's Symphony concert:

Overture, "Sappho" (first time at these concerts).....Goldmark
Recitative and aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony No. 3, F major, "Im Walde," op. 153.....Raff
Air, "O sleep, why dost thou leave me," from "Semele".....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 3, "Les Preludes".....Liszt

Goldmark's overture to "Sappho" is an interesting composition in spite of its unnecessary length and its patchwork character.

The very simplicity of the opening measures for solo harp—the score calls for two harps, "if possible"—allures and impresses. Sappho played the barbiton in the accompaniment of her song, and as the barbiton had more strings than the cithara or the lyre, it probably in a measure was like unto the harp. Neither the stormy theme that may express her passion nor the violin solo that may sing her appeal or lament is of irresistible strength or, in fact, of marked character. The fanfares may suggest the triumph of the Tenth Muse. The interest of the overture is in its striking harmonic progressions, some of which are of exquisite beauty, and in glowing or gorgeous passages of tonal color. Goldmark does not have in this overture a firm grip of the subject. The work is episodic, not tightly knit together. The passion, whatever there is, does not flow in a torrent; there are little streams that wander and are lost to the sight.

And why the overture to "Sappho?" A composer has the right to name a composition at will. The title should, however, bear some relation to the character of the music.

Now Sappho was the acknowledged mistress of the Systaltic or "Thrilling" style of music. Her story, whether we believe the hideous reproach of Suidas or follow German defenders of her character, is a strange one. Years ago the tale that she killed herself for love of Phaon, who spurned her suit, was declared legendary; for Phaon was a ferryman to whom Venus gave in gratitude a wondrous plant that made all women follow him.

Sappho had been married even in girlish days, and she had a daughter dearer to her than Lesbos itself, the island where the head of Orpheus was buried. And many women loved her and would fain be always near her. According to Greek ideas of beauty, she should have been tall and stately, and with light hair. But she was a little, dark woman, with black hair, and Alceaus says that she had a beautiful smile. Such was the flight of her song that some called her the Tenth Muse. In Lesbian society she was known by a less glorious name.

Listen to her as she sings in the second Sapphic ode, undoubtedly addressed to Atthis, one of her girl disciples:

"And a cold sweat breaks out on me, and a trembling shakes my limbs, and I get as pale as a sheet, and am like to die, and gasp for breath."

Or listen to these o'ermastering lines, imperishable in their simplicity:

"The moon has set and the Pleiades, and the nights are at midst, and the hour is come, and I sleep alone."

Hemember these passionate verses; read of the consuming frenzy of her life; and then you will see why this music of Goldmark is a pale portrayal of "the little dark woman with black hair."

In this overture I do not find the sultry Oriental sensuousness that most fitly distinguishes his overture to "Sakuntala," or fills to cloying his opera "The Queen of Sheba." Nor has he here caught the classic idea, as in his overtures to "Penthesilea" and "Prometheus." Paine saw deeper into the character of his Oedipus, and Massenet knew the wailing, maddish song that burst through the parched lips of the raging Phaedra.

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The other selections do not call for extended comment. Yet one must acknowledge the rare pleasure given by the performance of Raff's beautiful symphony, which is program music that is as delightful as though there were no program of moods to be suggested. Here in music Raff is to the forest what Thomas Hardy is in "The Woodlanders." He knows his trees, his underbrush. He knows the strange music of this sluggish life. Surprised one night, he heard the wild hunt as on some lonely moor in England the belated traveler still hears the unearthly cries of the Gabriel hounds. And, in speaking of the pleasure given by this symphony, it would be most ungracious not to refer to the romantic playing of the first clarinetist. In the poetry of his performance the technical skill displayed was almost forgotten.

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Mrs. Elene B. Eaton did many things well. Her singing of the air by Handel was as a whole more effective and artistic than was her delivery of the well-worn air from "Oberon." Her voice is fresh and agreeable. She showed considerable skill in the management of it. Occasionally in the air from "Oberon" there was a suspicion of falling a trifle below the true pitch, but the air is a trying one, and the finale is unvocal. It is a pleasing duty to note the decided progress made by her in her art since her last appearance in this city.

PHILIP HALE.

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[54]

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Goldmark's overture to "Sappho" is an interesting composition in spite of its unnecessary length and its patchwork character.

The very simplicity of the opening measures for solo harp—the score calls for two harps, "if possible"—allures and impresses. Sappho played the barbiton in the accompaniment of her song, and as the barbiton had more strings than the cithara or the lyre, it probably in a measure was like unto the harp. Neither the stormy theme that may express her passion nor the violin solo that may sing her appeal or lament is of irresistible strength or, in fact, of marked character. The fanfares may suggest the triumph of the Tenth Muse. The interest of the overture is in its striking harmonic progressions, some of which are of exquisite beauty, and in glowing or gorgeous passages of tonal color. Goldmark does not have in this overture a firm grip of the subject. The work is episodic, not tightly knit together. The passion, whatever there is, does not flow in a torrent; there are little streams that wander and are lost to the sight.

And why the overture to "Sappho?" A composer has the right to name a composition at will. The title should, however, bear some relation to the character of the music.

Now Sappho was the acknowledged mistress of the Systaltic or "Thrilling" style of music. Her story, whether we believe the hideous reproach of Suidas or follow German defenders of her character, is a strange one. Years ago the tale that she killed herself for love of Phaon, who spurned her suit, was declared legendary; for Phaon was a ferryman to whom Venus gave in gratitude a wondrous plant that made all women follow him.

Sappho had been married even in girlish days, and she had a daughter dearer to her than Lesbos itself, the island where the head of Orpheus was buried. And many women loved her and would fain be always near her. According to Greek ideas of beauty, she should have been tall and stately, and with light hair. But she was a little, dark woman, with black hair, and Alceaus says that she had a beautiful smile. Such was the flight of her song that some called her the Tenth Muse. In Lesbian society she was known by a less glorious name.

Listen to her as she sings in the second Sapphic ode, undoubtedly addressed to Athis, one of her girl disciples:

"And a cold sweat breaks out on me, and a trembling shakes my limbs, and I get as pale as a sheet, and am like to die, and gasp for breath."

Or listen to these o'ermastering lines, imperishable in their simplicity:

"The moon has set and the Pleiades, and the nights are at midst, and the hour is come, and I sleep alone."

Remember these passionate verses; read of the consuming frenzy of her life; and then you will see why this music of Goldmark is a pale portrayal of "the little dark woman with black hair."

In this overture I do not find the sultry Oriental sensuousness that most fitly distinguishes his overture to "Sakuntala," or fills to cloying his opera "The Queen of Sheba." Nor has he here caught the classic idea, as in his overtures to "Penthesilea" and "Prometheus." Paine saw deeper into the character of his Oedipus, and Massenet knew the wailing, maddish song that burst through the parched lips of the raging Phaedra.

***

The other selections do not call for extended comment. Yet one must acknowledge the rare pleasure given by the performance of Raff's beautiful symphony, which is program music that is as delightful as though there were no program of moods to be suggested. Here in music Raff is to the forest what Thomas Hardy is in "The Woodlanders." He knows his trees, his underbrush. He knows the strange music of this sluggish life. Surprised one night, he heard the wild hunt as on some lonely moor in England the belated traveler still hears the unearthly cries of the Gabriel hounds. And, in speaking of the pleasure given by this symphony, it would be most ungracious not to refer to the romantic playing of the first clarinetist. In the poetry of his performance the technical skill displayed was almost forgotten.

***

Mrs. Elene B. Eaton did many things well. Her singing of the air by Handel was as a whole more effective and artistic than was her delivery of the well-worn air from "Oberon." Her voice is fresh and agreeable. She showed considerable skill in the management of it. Occasionally in the air from "Oberon" there was a suspicion of falling a trifle below the true pitch, but the air is a trying one, and the finale is unvocal. It is a pleasing duty to note the decided progress made by her in her art since her last appearance in this city.

PHILIP HALE.

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Mrs. Eaton, *nee* Kiehew, has greatly advanced her vocal art by her study abroad. She has now a fine command of technique, as well as an artistic intelligence that she did not formerly possess. Had she temperament, sympathetic feeling and dramatic fervor, she would be a far more interesting singer. She was warmly received, and several times recalled.

The more the Raff "Im Walde" is heard the more clear and masterly does its symphonic contour appear. On the other hand, as an idyllic tone painting it would seem to have its superior only in the sixth symphony of Beethoven. Programme music? Surely we should not berate it on any such score. The tone-art is not yet an adult, is as though 'twere born but yesterday. yet so beautiful has Beethoven, have even Raff and Goetz, made it that it already seems to be regarded as the Pythian Apollo of our age. Even the poems of antiquity sometimes appear to pale before such works as the "Pastoral" or the "Im Walde." And one is easily tempted to the belief that either of these poetic masterpieces is as perfect in its way as though it had been composed by such a born landscape songster as Theocritus or Virgil, or drawn by Michael Angelo. The work was performed with all the justice which that perfect balance of parts, and refined tonal quality for which the best orchestra in the world is noted;—not to mention the high discriminating sense and unimpeachable culture that characterized Conductor Paur's reading. The concert ended with "The Preludes" by Liszt. The work was begun by Liszt in Marseilles in 1845, and was not finished until five years later. It was first performed in Weimar in 1854, while it is not so conspicuous for that wrenching, chaotic weltering and lugubrious tonality characteristic of Franz Liszt's orchestral works, it is nevertheless open to the serious impeachment of being quite as sensational and extravagant a creation for orchestra as can easily be found. At next Saturday evening's Symphony concert the celebrated violinist, Eugene Ysaye, will make his Boston debut with the third concerto for violin by Saint-Saens Volkmann's Symphony in D minor, the "Spring" overture by Goetz and "Carnival in Paris," by Svendsen, will also be given.

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Let us listen to the story as told by Thomas Heywood 270 years ago; let us respect his curious expression, for he was of the mighty Elizabethan age:

"Elianus affirmes her to be the daughter of Scamandronius; Plato of Ariston; Suidas and other Greeke writers deliver to us that there were two of that name, the one called Erixia, a much celebrated Poetesse * * * the other was called Sapho Mitelaena long after her who was a singer and a strumpet. Shee published many rare and famous Poems amongst the Greekes, and therefore had the honour to bee called the tenth Muse, the reason why she fell in love with Phaon, Pliny attributes to the vertue of an hearbe, but Babtista Egnatius, a later writer and exquisite both in the Greeke and Latin tongues, in transferring this fable from the originall into the Romon tongue, as likewise others of his opinion conclude that Phaon was of the profession of such as get their living by transporting passengers from one side of a river unto another, a plaine Ferrie-man, and that it happened upon a time that Venus coming to the place where he kept his passage, without demanding any hyre he gave her a free transportage, not knowing to whom it was hee did that courtesie, no way suspecting she had beene a goddesse. This, Venus tooke so gratefully, that she thought to requite his freenesse, with a bountie farre transcending the value of his paines. Shee therefore gave him an Alablaster box full of a most pretious vnguent (teaching him how to apply it) with which hee no sooner annoynted his face, but hee instantly became of all mortall creatures the most beautiful, of whom the Lesbian damsels grew inamoured, but especially hee was ardently and most affectionately beloved of Sapho. Phaon having occation to passe from Lesbos into Cicilie, shee was tortured in soule for his absence, intimating that it was done in despight or disgrace of her; first purposed to cast herselfe from Leucate, a high promentorie in Epyre, downe into the Sea, which she after did; yet before she would attempt it, she first in an Epistle thought by all the allurements of a woman's wit to call him backe again into his countrey; which Ovid in her behalfe most feelingly hath exprest. * * * For presposterous and forbidden Luxuries which were imputed unto her, Horace calls her mascula Sapho."

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Boston Daily Globe.
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SPEAKS FIVE LANGUAGES.

Violinist Eugene Ysaye is Now in Boston.

Was Made Acquainted With Thanksgiving Day and Fat Turkeys.

He Knows Mr Paur Very Well and is Studying Hard on English.

Eugene Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, is in town with his manager, Mr R. C. Johnston. They are stopping at the Parker house, where from 11.30 p m on Wednesday till noon yesterday there has been a perfect inpour of distinguished musicians to bid Mr Ysaye welcome to Boston.

In fact, so anxious were the musical raternity to pay homage to the virtuoso that 25 or 30 of them remained at the Parker house all Wednesday night, and the time pased very rapidly in chatting, laughing and smoking.

M Ysaye had played with Emil Paur in Leipsic and in Manheim, and the renewing of his acquaintance with that gentleman in this city was a pleasure which both appreciated.

EUGENE YSAYE.

M Ysaye plays with the symphony orchestra this week, and these will be the only opportunities for the Boston public to listen to him and to judge if he be indeed what it is claimed he is—"an inspired genius."

At Music hall yesterday morning there was a private rehearsal, and the artists of the orchestra were very enthusiastic over the playing of the young man. Indeed, so delighted were they with his performance that they came very near bearing him in their arms off the stage.

At noon M Ysaye was seen for a little while in the parlor of the Parker house, prior to his being borne away to some out-of-town home with Mr Paur to a Thanksgiving repast. His manager had explained to him the significance that Thanksgiving day and the fattest turkey have for the people of New England.

M Ysaye speaks five languages, Italian, French, Spanish, Russian and German, but as yet he has been unable to master the English tongue. It is, however, his ambition to do so, and while travelling upon the trains he applies himself assiduously to French and English grammars.

When he came to this country less than a month ago he could not speak one word of English. The advance he has made in this respect is praiseworthy. He has in this short time picked up somewhat of a vocabulary. He makes his greetings in very good English, and when he grows interested and lapses into German or Russian his face and gestures are so expressive that it is no very difficult matter to glean the meaning of what he is saying.

"The Boston symphony orchestra is a magnificent one," he said, after rehearsal yesterday. "There is none better. It is a charm to play with such splendidly trained musicians."

M Ysaye is a striking looking man, tall and with an easy carriage. His hair, which is dark and straight, he wears long, after the fashion of other foreign artists who have come to this country.

The pronunciation of his name has furnished no end of comment and amusement among English speaking people who have gullelessly pronounced it in every possible way but the right way. It is pronounced as if it were "Easy"—with a long "y"—as his manager remarks facetiously, "dead easy," when you know how.

A little over 30 years ago the violinist was born in Liege, Belgium. Many famous artists have been graduated from the conservatory of Liege from time to time, but among them all Ysaye is the most celebrated.

He received his first lessons from his father, Nicolas Ysaye, who was an author and also a composer of some repute.

When but yet a youth he played in a concert at Antwerp. In the audience was Vieuxtemps, and so affected was this great man by the boy's playing that he leaped upon the stage and with tears streaming down his cheeks, embraced the young artist, called him "my son," and told him that the mantle of greatness had fallen upon him.

After this concert he made one triumph after another, and through the influence of Vieuxtemps Ysaye was sent by the Belgian government to study in Paris.

He made a series of tours through Europe, chelting by his talents the patronage of the nobility. Three years ago he was appointed to the Royal

direction of Fetis in Brussels, who said that he saw in his young contemporary the "master of masters." In September, 1886, at the suggestion of M Javaert, he was appointed high professor at the Royal conservatory at Brussels.

Although M Ysaye has composed a great deal, he has had very little published. Of the great works he has completed may be mentioned his concerto No. 6, a series of scenes, sentimental, and some variations on a theme of Paganini.

A large grand repertoire, consisting of 243 classical selections, has been sent by him to this country for use during his engagements here.

He is possessed of two of the best violins in existence. One of them is a "Gagliano," which is reported to have cost him $4000. The other is a "Guarnerius," and is worth from a monetary point of view $5000, but its owner values it above gold.

M Ysaye leaves for New York immediately after his performance at the symphony concert, Saturday evening.

The violinists of New York are to give him a public dinner, Dec 20, at Delmonico's. Vice Pres Stevenson will be present at the dinner, if his daughter's health will permit, as well as many other well-known and distinguished people.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme offered by Mr. Paur was as follows: Volkmann, symphony No. 1 in D minor, op. 44; Saint-Saens, concerto for violin No. 3, in B minor, op. 61; Monsigny, Chaconne and Rigodon from suite "Aline Reine de Golconde"; Ernst, fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello"; Svendsen, Carnaval a Paris, op. 9.

The soloist was Engene Ysaye and the interest of the evening naturally centred in his work. He is a large man, somewhat heavy in his movements, and has thick, long black hair which bobs up and down when its owner becomes excited with his playing.

On his first entrance, Mr. Ysaye was evidently a little nervous, but this disappeared directly he began his number, and wore away entirely as the evening advanced. It is many a day since Boston has heard such work on the violin, in point of phrasing, execution and purity of tone. Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3 is familiar to the Symphony patrons, but it is doubtful if they were fully prepared for what followed. The control the soloist had over his instrument was marvellous; every note fell from his bow clear, true and distinct, while his conception of the music, as indicated by his phrasing, was a delight and something of a revelation.

The second movement, with its Sicilian melody, was exquisitely done, and the artificial harmonics with which the movement ended displayed rare skill. The third movement, too, was handled in a masterly manner, the intricate passages being given brilliantly and with marked accuracy.

Mr. Ysaye's second number, Ernst's fantasy from "Otello," was perhaps better appreciated, for the different airs from the opera, in a most beautiful arrangement, were given. Here the soloist's phrasing found full expression, and it was exquisite. The notes were clear and pure as a bell, and even in pianissimo could be distinctly heard all over the hall. The audience grew quite enthusiastic and called the soloist back again and again.

In Volkmann's symphony and the two other numbers, the orchestra is deserving praise for excellent work. Mr. Paur, as an accompanist to Mr. Ysaye, was also highly commendable. There will be no rehearsal or concert this week, but on the week following there will be a memorial programme to Anton Rubinstein. Mrs. Ernest Lent will be the soloist.

Boston Herald.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1894.

The Appearance of Ysaye at the Seventh Symphony Concert.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, D minor, op. 44.....Volkmann
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor, op. 61 .....Saint-Saens
Chanconne and Rigaudon from "Aline Reine de Golconde" .....Monsigny
Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello" .....Ernst
The Paris Carnival, op. 9.....Svendsen

Will the time ever come when a conductor is not ashamed to give only portions of a symphony, or afraid lest the people, fetich worshipers, arise and stone him? Here is this symphony by Volkmann, with its strong and noble first movement, charming andante, delightful trio in the scherzo. And then comes the dull and labored finale. Why is it necessary in such cases to play the symphony as a whole?

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Beautiful and strong as are so many passages of the symphony, it served last evening chiefly as a preparation to the performance of Ysaye. Again there was a triumph of individuality. Again there was the display of a temperament.

Now in these days it is taken for granted that a great violinist, a man whose reputation crossed the Atlantic long before he stood on the stage of Music Hall, has a remarkable technique. To speak at length of Ysaye's technique would then be almost impertinent, and it would be a reflection on the intelligence of the reader. Let it be sufficient to say that his technique is highly developed; that he conquers difficulties with apparent ease, yet without fatuous display. His pose is that of the man who knows that he is master of his instrument, who has faced many audiences; yet there is never a trace of the poseur. A stalwart figure; a massive, leonine head; a face that shows kindliness, shrewdness, and general intelligence. That he does not play to the crowd goes without saying; for it is hard to imagine a pupil whom Vieuxtemps loved and respected so degrading his talent.

The charm of Ysaye, the fiddler—do not shrink at the sound of this word; does not fiddle give you the idea of the strings better than the word violin?—the charm of this fiddler is the peculiar and beautiful quality of the tone. For tone is what moves and thrills. Pyrotechnics simply startle, excite wonder. This tone is never exaggerated. There is no sawing on the G string as though the player must needs saw on the human heart. The body and the head are not used to accentuate the tone by playing to the eye. This tone is gained legitimately; it is the child of Nature and Art, and it is used legitimately. The superficial nature of many a violinist who has delighted by his bravura is detected the moment he sings a passionate melody, for he tears the passion to tatters in his endeavor to make an effect. In such a man as Ysaye, what he does not do is almost as remarkable as what he does. For self-control, when one realizes his power and his mastery over an audience, is the hardest of tasks.

Perhaps the most pleasant recollection of last evening is the fact that there was nothing in his performance that you wished otherwise. You said to yourself, "Now, if I played the violin, I should play that passage as Ysaye is playing it." This would not be said in any spirit of foolish conceit, but because the performance was so pure and noble that it would be hard for you to imagine it as perfect if the music had been played in another manner. To speak in detail of Ysaye's performance would be to indulge constantly in superlatives, and superlatives, even when they are so richly deserved, are wearisome, and the reader who did not hear begins to be suspicious. Did the execution of the most difficult passages excite unbounded enthusiasm? So did the beautiful tone, the carressing of the strings by the bow, the unaffected and truly artistic phrasing that was inspired by the heart and controlled by the musical reason.

Comparisons are inevitable, perhaps, but let us avoid them. I have spoken in another column of the Journal of the vice of comparison, which so often detracts from full enjoyment. We have heard many famous fiddlers in this city. It is doubtful if any one of them has given greater and purer pleasure than that given last night by Eugene Ysaye.

One word more about his tone. There are violinists whose song is so sensuous that it excites the thought of the Evil One, to whom the fiddle, as the superstitious of past centuries believed, was a favorite instrument of corruption. Such a song was that which came from the three-stringed violin with the belly covered with skin of bluish serpent played by Muzio in the wild tale by the great Russian; and Muzio heard the tune in Ceylon, and it was called "The Song of Triumphant Love." Now this love was lust. The song of Ysaye, whether in the singing passages of the fine concerto of Saint-Saens, or the melody of Desdemona, is human, intensely human, yet it is free from earthly dross. In the finale of the concerto his tones soared above the unearthly music of the accompanying violins like unto the song of a disembodied spirit.

Recalled again and again, Ysaye after the "Otello" fantasia gave an exquisite performance of the sarabande and gigue from Bach's third sonata, if I am not mistaken.

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This statement is incorrect.

"Aline, Reine de Golconde," the very "ballet héroique," from which the dances that were played last night are taken, was written for the Paris Opéra, and produced on that famous stage April 15, 1766. The words were by Sedaine. Neither the score nor the libretto bears the name of Monsigny, who did not sign his early works, because he was then steward to the Duke of Orleans. Sophie Arnould was the original Aline. When the work was revived in 1772 and 1779 Guimard, the demure wanton, was the chief female dancer.

The piece was sumptuously mounted, indeed the expense of putting it on the stage was 33,750 livres, an enormous sum in those days.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, DEC. 2, 1894.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Symphony Patrons Applaud Ysaye, Violinist.

Eugene Ysaye has conquered musical Boston; yesterday's symphony concert audience surrendered unconditionally and declared him great.

Rarely has a foreign musician been received with as much enthusiasm on his first appearance in Boston. Although lavish praises from the New York critics had heralded his coming, the superb playing of the Belgian violinist proved a welcome surprise.

Ysaye is truly a great artist. Whether he is as great as Paganini, Wieniawski, Joachim, Wilhelmj or Ole Bull need not be speculated upon after a single hearing. He is unquestionably great in himself, however he may compare with other great violinists.

The selections he chose for first performance here were Saint-Saens' concerto for violin and orchestra in B minor and Ernest's fantasy for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello." They were good selections offering opportunity for showing his standing, both as an artist and a virtuoso.

After he had played the first move- of Saint-Saens' B minor concerto at the Friday afternoon rehearsal there was no longer doubt of his greatness. There was a burst of spontaneous applause such as is seldom seen from the conservative rehearsal audiences. After the final movement there was still greater enthusiasm and actually a few cheers. The gathering at last night's concert was even more demonstrative in expressing approval.

When Ysaye gives his promised recitals here he will surely play to a multitude.

A sketch of Mr Ysaye's brilliant career has already been printed in these columns, together with a reproduction of his photograph. The portrait was a faithful likeness. He is a big man, with broad shoulders and massive chest. His head is enormous, almost lion like, with its great mass of thick, lank, black hair, which becomes animated when its owner plays, seemingly partaking of the musician's enthusiasm. His face is strong and intellectual, the features are always in repose, even when he plays with the most passion, but there is a look from the dark, bright eyes which seem to mirror the shifting moods of the music.

There is no suggestion of affectation in Ysaye's appearance or style of playing. In this respect he is unique among the great violinists. His bearing is graceful, and he plays with the ease and freedom which comes from conscious power. He is plainly romantic, even sentimental, in temperament. So sensitive does he appear, and so daintily and affectionately does he handle his violin, that his playing is constantly characterized by a suggestiveness that is distinctly feminine.

Ysaye does not appear to possess great personal magnetism. He makes you feel the surpassing excellence of his playing, but he does not stimulate you with that exhilarating feeling which come from listening to Sarasate and a few other violinists. Possibly this is because of the repose which is such a characteristic feature of his playing. He makes no effort to dazzle his audience by the brilliancy of his technique, nor does he ever resort to any of the many showy tricks so frequently made use of by violinists.

While listening to him you feel that you are listening to music which fairly comes from the soul of the player. You are conscious that he interprets the music exactly as he feels it, and you give no thought to the perfectness of his technique. Mastery of technique is so common in these days that it has come to be accepted as a matter of course.

His tone is not especially notable for power, but it is exceptionally pure and rich, and possesses a certain ringing quality which gives exquisite pleasure to the hearers.

Ysaye may be said to be more an artist than a virtuoso, an interpreter rather than an executionist. Every tone produced is exact and given with a desire for artistic rather than showy effect, and his phrasing is especially good.

He played the Saint-Saens' concerto superbly and gave rare artistic finish to the interpretation. Especially brilliant was his performance of the final movement. The Ernst fantasy also afforded him admirable opportunities for displaying his wonderful art.

Director Paur's selections for the orchestra were: Robert Volkmann's symphony No. 1 in D minor, the Chaconne and Rigodon from the suit, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," by Monsigny, and "The Paris Carnival," by Johan Severn Svendsen.

The symphony was given intelligent and artistic interpretation, and, in spite of the fact that there is much in Volkmann's voluminous work that possesses slumber inspiring qualities, the audience gave evidence of enjoying the work. The selections from Monsigny's suit were acceptably played, and Svendsen's elaborate and brilliant writing was given a spirited performance.

There will be no concert by the symphony orchestra this week. The eighth concert, Dec 14 and 15, will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein, and the program as follows: Funeral march from the heroic smyphony of Beethoven, Rubinstein's pianoforte concerto in D minor, Mrs Ernst Lent pianist; the Ocean symphony of Rubinstein, complete.

Boston Daily Globe.
FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 1894.

SPEAKS FIVE LANGUAGES.

Violinist Eugene Ysaye is Now in Boston.

Was Made Acquainted With Thanksgiving Day and Fat Turkeys.

He Knows Mr Paur Very Well and is Studying Hard on English.

Eugene Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, is in town with his manager, Mr R. C. Johnston. They are stopping at the Parker house, where from 11.30 p m on Wednesday till noon yesterday there has been a perfect inpour of distinguished musicians to bid Mr Ysaye welcome to Boston.

In fact, so anxious were the musical raternity to pay homage to the virtuoso that 25 or 30 of them remained at the Parker house all Wednesday night, and the time pased very rapidly in chatting, laughing and smoking.

M Ysaye had played with Emil Paur in Leipsic and in Manheim, and the renewing of his acquaintance with that gentleman in this city was a pleasure which both appreciated.

EUGENE YSAYE.

M Ysaye plays with the symphony orchestra this week, and these will be the only opportunities for the Boston public to listen to him and to judge if he be indeed what it is claimed he is—"an inspired genius."

At Music hall yesterday morning there was a private rehearsal, and the artists of the orchestra were very enthusiastic over the playing of the young man. Indeed, so delighted were they with his performance that they came very near bearing him in their arms off the stage.

At noon M Ysaye was seen for a little while in the parlor of the Parker house, prior to his being borne away to some out-of-town home with Mr Paur to a Thanksgiving repast. His manager had explained to him the significance that Thanksgiving day and the fattest turkey have for the people of New England.

M Ysaye speaks five languages, Italian, French, Spanish, Russian and German, but as yet he has been unable to master the English tongue. It is, however, his ambition to do so, and while travelling upon the trains he applies himself assiduously to French and English grammars.

When he came to this country less than a month ago he could not speak one word of English. The advance he has made in this respect is praiseworthy. He has in this short time picked up somewhat of a vocabulary. He makes his greetings in very good English, and when he grows interested and lapses into German or Russian his face and gestures are so expressive that it is no very difficult matter to glean the meaning of what he is saying.

"The Boston symphony orchestra is a magnificent one," he said, after rehearsal yesterday. "There is none better. It is a charm to play with such splendidly trained musicians."

M Ysaye is a striking looking man, tall and with an easy carriage. His hair, which is dark and straight, he wears long, after the fashion of other foreign artists who have come to this country.

The pronunciation of his name has furnished no end of comment and amusement among English speaking people who have gullelessly pronounced it in every possible way but the right way. It is pronounced as if it were "Easy"—with a long "y"—as his manager remarks facetiously, "dead easy," when you know how.

A little over 30 years ago the violinist was born in Liege, Belgium. Many famous artists have been graduated from the conservatory of Liege from time to time, but among them all Ysaye is the most celebrated.

He received his first lessons from his father, Nicolas Ysaye, who was an author and also a composer of some repute.

When but yet a youth he played in a concert at Antwerp. In the audience was Vieuxtemps, and so affected was this great man by the boy's playing that he leaped upon the stage and with tears streaming down his cheeks, embraced the young artist, called him "my son," and told him that the mantle of greatness had fallen upon him.

After this concert he made one triumph after another, and through the influence of Vieuxtemps Ysaye was sent by the Belgian government to study in Paris.

He made a series of tours through Europe, eliciting by his talents the patronage of the nobility. Three years ago he was nominated to the Royal festival in honor of [illegible], before the Russian imperial society, under the direction of the great Rubinstein, who said that he saw in his young contemporary the "master of masters." In September, 1886, at the suggestion of M Javaert, he was appointed high professor at the Royal conservatory at Brussels.

Although M Ysaye has composed a great deal, he has had very little published. Of the great works he has completed may be mentioned his concerto No. 4, a series of scenes, sentimental, and some variations on a theme of Paganini.

A large grand repertoire, consisting of 243 classical selections, has been sent by him to this country for use during his engagements here.

He is possessed of two of the best violins in existence. One of them is a "Gagliano," which is reported to have cost him $4000. The other is a "Guarnerius," and is worth from a monetary point of view $5000, but its owner values it above gold.

M Ysaye leaves for New York immediately after his performance at the symphony concert, Saturday evening.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme offered by Mr. Paur was as follows: Volkmann, symphony No. 1 in D minor, op. 44; Saint-Saens, concerto for violin No. 3, in B minor, op. 61; Monsigny, Chaconne and Rigodon from suite "Aline Reine de Golconde"; Ernst, fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello"; Svendsen, Carnaval a Paris, op. 9.

The soloist was Engene Ysaye and the interest of the evening naturally centred in his work. He is a large man, somewhat heavy in his movements, and has thick, long black hair which bobs up and down when its owner becomes excited with his playing.

On his first entrance, Mr. Ysaye was evidently a little nervous, but this disappeared directly he began his number, and wore away entirely as the evening advanced. It is many a day since Boston has heard such work on the violin, in point of phrasing, execution and purity of tone. Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3 is familiar to the Symphony patrons, but it is doubtful if they were fully prepared for what followed. The control the soloist had over his instrument was marvellous; every note fell from his bow clear, true and distinct, while his conception of the music, as indicated by his phrasing, was a delight and something of a revelation.

The second movement, with its Sicilian melody, was exquisitely done, and the artificial harmonics with which the movement ended displayed rare skill. The third movement, too, was handled in a masterly manner, the intricate passages being given brilliantly and with marked accuracy.

Mr. Ysaye's second numoer, Ernst's fantasy from "Otello," was perhaps better appreciated, for the different airs from the opera, in a most beautiful arrangement, were given. Here the soloist's phrasing found full expression, and it was exquisite. The notes were clear and pure as a bell, and even in pianissimo could be distinctly heard all over the hall. The audience grew quite enthusiastic and called the soloist back again and again.

In Volkmann's symphony and the two other numbers, the orchestra is deserving praise for excellent work. Mr. Paur, as an accompanist to Mr. Ysaye, was also highly commendable. There will be no rehearsal or concert this week, but on the week following there will be a memorial programme to Anton Rubinstein. Mrs. Ernest Lent will be the soloist.

Boston Journal.
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The Appearance of Ysaye at the Seventh Symphony Concert.

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Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello" .....Ernst
The Paris Carnival, op. 9.....Svendsen

Will the time ever come when a conductor is not ashamed to give only portions of a symphony, or afraid lest the people, fetich worshipers, arise and stone him? Here is this symphony by Volkmann, with its strong and noble first movement, charming andante, delightful trio in the scherzo. And then comes the dull and labored finale. Why is it necessary in such cases to play the symphony as a whole?

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Beautiful and strong as are so many passages of the symphony, it served last evening chiefly as a preparation to the performance of Ysaye. Again there was a triumph of individuality. Again there was the display of a temperament.

Now in these days it is taken for granted that a great violinist, a man whose reputation crossed the Atlantic long before he stood on the stage of Music Hall, has a remarkable technique. To speak at length of Ysaye's technique would then be almost impertinent, and it would be a reflection on the intelligence of the reader. Let it be sufficient to say that his technique is highly developed; that he conquers difficulties with apparent ease, yet without fatuous display. His pose is that of the man who knows that he is master of his instrument, who has faced many audiences; yet there is never a trace of the poseur. A stalwart figure; a massive, leonine head; a face that shows kindliness, shrewdness, and general intelligence. That he does not play to the crowd goes without saying; for it is hard to imagine a pupil whom Vieuxtemps loved and respected so degrading his talent.

The charm of Ysaye, the fiddler—do not shrink at the sound of this word; does not fiddle give you the idea of the strings better than the word violin?—the charm of this fiddler is the peculiar and beautiful quality of the tone. For tone is what moves and thrills. Pyrotechnics simply startle, excite wonder. This tone is never exaggerated. There is no sawing on the G string as though the player must needs saw on the human heart. The body and the head are not used to accentuate the tone by playing to the eye. This tone is gained legitimately; it is the child of Nature and Art, and it is used legitimately. The superficial nature of many a violinist who has delighted by his bravura is detected the moment he sings a passionate melody, for he tears the passion to tatters in his endeavor to make an effect. In such a man as Ysaye, what he does not do is almost as remarkable as what he does. For self-control, when one realizes his power and his mastery over an audience, is the hardest of tasks.

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Ysaye is truly a great artist. Whether he is as great as Paganini, Wieniawski, Joachim, Wilhelmj or Ole Bull need not be speculated upon after a single hearing. He is unquestionably great in himself, however he may compare with other great violinists.

The selections he chose for first performance here were Saint-Saens' concerto for violin and orchestra in B minor and Ernest's fantasy for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello." They were good selections offering opportunity for showing his standing, both as an artist and a virtuoso.

After he had played the first move- of Saint-Saens' B minor concerto at the Friday afternoon rehearsal there was no longer doubt of his greatness. There was a burst of spontaneous applause such as is seldom seen from the conservative rehearsal audiences. After the final movement there was still greater enthusiasm and actually a few cheers. The gathering at last night's concert was even more demonstrative in expressing approval.

When Ysaye gives his promised recitals here he will surely play to a multitude.

A sketch of Mr Ysaye's brilliant career has already been printed in these columns, together with a reproduction of his photograph. The portrait was a faithful likeness. He is a big man, with broad shoulders and massive chest. His head is enormous, almost lion like, with its great mass of thick, lank, black hair, which becomes animated when its owner plays, seemingly partaking of the musician's enthusiasm. His face is strong and intellectual, the features are always in repose, even when he plays with the most passion, but there is a look from the dark, bright eyes which seem to mirror the shifting moods of the music.

There is no suggestion of affectation in Ysaye's appearance or style of playing. In this respect he is unique among the great violinists. His bearing is graceful, and he plays with the ease and freedom which comes from conscious power. He is plainly romantic, even sentimental, in temperament. So sensitive does he appear, and so daintily and affectionately does he handle his violin, that his playing is constantly characterized by a suggestiveness that is distinctly feminine.

Ysaye does not appear to possess great personal magnetism. He makes you feel the surpassing excellence of his playing, but he does not stimulate you with that exhilarating feeling which come from listening to Sarasate and a few other violinists. Possibly this is because of the repose which is such a characteristic feature of his playing. He makes no effort to dazzle his audience by the brilliancy of his technique, nor does he ever resort to any of the many showy tricks so frequently made use of by violinists.

While listening to him you feel that you are listening to music which fairly comes from the soul of the player. You are conscious that he interprets the music exactly as he feels it, and you give no thought to the perfectness of his technique. Mastery of technique is so common in these days that it has come to be accepted as a matter of course.

His tone is not especially notable for power, but it is exceptionally pure and rich, and possesses a certain ringing quality which gives exquisite pleasure to the hearers.

Ysaye may be said to be more an artist than a virtuoso, an interpreter rather than an executionist. Every tone produced is exact and given with a desire for artistic rather than showy effect, and his phrasing is especially good.

He played the Saint-Saens' concerto superbly and gave rare artistic finish to the interpretation. Especially brilliant was his performance of the final movement. The Ernst fantasy also afforded him admirable opportunities for displaying his wonderful art.

Director Paur's selections for the orchestra were: Robert Volkmann's symphony No. 1 in D minor, the Chaconne and Rigodon from the suit, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," by Monsigny, and "The Paris Carnival," by Johan Severn Svendsen.

The symphony was given intelligent and artistic interpretation, and, in spite of the fact that there is much in Volkmann's voluminous work that possesses slumber inspiring qualities, the audience gave evidence of enjoying the work. The selections from Monsigny's suit were acceptably played, and Svendsen's elaborate and brilliant writing was given a spirited performance.

There will be no concert by the symphony orchestra this week. The eighth concert, Dec 14 and 15, will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein, and the program as follows: Funeral march from the heroic smyphony of Beethoven, Rubinstein's piaraforte concerto in D minor, Mrs Ernst Lent pianist; the Ocean symphony of Rubinstein, complete.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVI., NO. 155.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. Ysaye, the Violinist, Scores an Overwhelming Success.

An Artist of the Finest Powers—The Great Audience Fascinated and Carried Away with Enthusiasm—Fine Volkmann Symphony Splendidly Played by the Orchestra.

The programme for last night's concert in Music Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra was:

Symphony No. 1, D minor.....Volkmann
Concerto for violin, No. 3.....Saint-Saens
Chaconne and Rigadon, from suite "Aline Reine de Golconde".....Monsigny
Fantasia for violin, "Otello".....Ernst
"Carnival in Paris".....Svensden
Soloist, M. Eugene Ysaye.

M. EUGENE YSAYE.

There was an enormous audience, the hall being literally packed. The interest, of course, centred in M. Ysaye, of whom so much has been said in the way of superlatives, and who is reputed, and justly, one of the greatest of living violinists. His appearance physically is very impressive. His figure is tall and massive, with massive square shoulders and a broad chest. His face would be effeminate were it not for the strong chin, the square jaw and the firm and finely cut mouth. His eyes are large, deep set and wonderfully expressive, and he would be taken at once for a sensitive and intelligent artist, without the mass of dark long hair that is swept back from his brow. In many ways his appearance recalls that of Rubinstein. There is the same leonine head, the same suggestion of resolute vigor and of innate power. It is an altogether interesting and attractive presence and one pleasing to look upon. His manner is dignified and self-possessed, and, from the very outset, one feels that here is a born artist. If any doubt could linger on that point, it vanishes with the very first note that he brings from his instrument, with the very moment that his bow is drawn across the strings.

The Saint-Saens concerto was admirably adapted to show all the finer qualities of his playing. It must be taken for granted that his technique is of the most perfect. He has an astounding left hand. Difficulties are unknown to it, and it is phenomenal in its easy agility and in its certainty; but technique, after all, is a means rather than an end, and if an artist is to be judged only by that, there are many who would deserve to be called great. It is not in finger work that M. Ysaye alone merits distinction. His tone is large and pure, his intonation is faultless, and his style is warm, manly and convincing. Even in his bravura playing he is never trivial, and such is the sincerity of his art that he dignifies even show passages, so perfectly does he cause his instrument to sing them and so fascinatingly and clearly does he phrase them. His bowing is peculiarly his own in its freedom and firmness, and he uses the bow with such a broad and bold sweep that often it seems scarcely half its usual length. The effect produced by him in the beautiful second theme of the opening movement of the concerto was magical. Nothing more indescribably chaste and warm can be imagined; but it was in the andante that the finish and refinement of his style was first shown in its perfection. The more piano passages were a soft as eiderdown, and yet as firm as velvet. On the fourth string his tone had almost the depth of the 'cello, and his harmonies never failed, but came out as clear as crystal, and his double-stopping, his octaves and tenths were flawless.

Where all is so perfect one can only describe. Criticism is out of the question where only superlatives can be used. The whole concerto was played in a purely classic spirit, and the artist never degenerated into the mere virtuoso, never descended to display or indulge in affectation for the sake of producing an effect. He appealed always to the intelligence and never to the eye. At the end of the concerto the enthusiasm was tremendous in its stormy demonstration, and was not appeased until the artist came forward three times to bow his acknowledgments. If he had responded with the promptness with which soloists accept such calls, the recalls would have been more in number, but with the modesty of a true artist he did not reappear until it would have been discourteous to refrain longer.

The Ernst fantasia has become very [illegible] since it was last heard here, and it is almost to be regretted that he played it with its conventional variations and its profusion of unmeaning show passages; but the charm and beauty of his performance were so great, and the piece afforded such ample opportunities for the exhibition of his surpassing skill, that he imparted a decided interest to the work. Here again the precision and the authority of his playing, the exquisite grace and feeling that [illegible] his cantabile, together with extraordinary command over all the [illegible] bow and fingers in bravura [illegible] fascinated his hearers and aroused [illegible] tempest of enthusiasm, to [illegible] he responded, to the general delight [illegible] breaking through the rule of [illegible] and played the "Sara[illegible]" [illegible] from Bach's third [illegible] violin.

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There was no drying in this Bach playing, and it is doubtful if those in the audience who never before found anything in Bach to delight them did not depart with a more genial appreciation of the master. The success of the artist was beyond all question. Mr. Paur and the orchestra accompanied him throughout in the most sympathetic and most satisfactory manner, the artist manifesting his pleasure at the assistance afforded him by giving Mr. Paur a hearty and manifestly grateful grasp of the hand at the end of the concerts.

The fine Volkman symphony was splendidly read and played, and a delightful interest was imparted to the andante by M. Pourteau's beautiful performance of the clarinet theme. The selections from the Monsigny Suite are very charming in their piquancy and old-fashioned grace. They were read in a keenly appreciative spirit by Mr. Paur and played in the orchestra's most finished manner.

The next concert, which is to take place Dec. 15, is to be in memory of Rubinstein, and the programme is: Funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, Rubinstein, and the same composer's "Ocean" symphony, which is to be given complete. The soloist is to be Mrs. Ernst Lent.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 27. November 1894.

Boston Symphonie Orchester.

Am Montag den 3. Dezember findet das zweite große Konzert des Boston Symphonie Orchesters unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur statt. In demselben wirkt der berühmte belgische Violin-Virtuose Ysaye mit, welcher in New York große Erfolge gehabt hat. Ein Konzert dieser Muster-Organisation ist ein musikalisches Kunst-Ereigniß ersten Ranges und das bevorstehende wird gegen die früheren nicht zurückstehen. Tickets für dasselbe sind schon jetzt zu haben. Näheres besagt die Anzeige.

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Freitag, 30. November 1894.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 2.

The Symphony Concert.

The seventh concert of the Symphony orchestra was given last night with the following programme:

Symphony No. 11. D-minor.....Volkman.
Concerto for Violin, No. 3.....Saint Saëns.
Chaconne & Rigadon.....Monsigny.
Fantasia for violin "Otello".....Ernst.
Carnival in Paris.....Svendsen.

The Volkmann symphony is a delightful work, but like a large amount of modern music it is not fated to win an immortality. It is individual and in a sense original, but it has grown older than its years warrant. It is the work of an accomplished musician, a bright but unfortunate satellite that is lost in the greater glories of the planet, called genius, about which it is forced to revolve. In the musical firmanent it is only the planets that attract the attention of posterity. The light of a Beethoven overcast the glory of a host of perfect but lesser luminaries; and when posterity gazes in the direction where Volkmann should be, it will see only Beethoven and Schumann. Fortunately we are closer and the angle is wider, and to us Volkmann is an interesting figure although he has no message of special value even for our ears. The symphony was most excellently interpreted.

The two little dances, by Monsigny, were pleasant whispers from the past, when dallying with this species of work was not considered a crime either in composers or in conductors; Mr. Krehbiel not being born and New York not having yet raised the æsthetic standard. The little works were delightfully interpreted, the coloring was perfect and the finish of the finest and most artistic quality.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Eugene Ysaye, and the large audience assembled enjoyed the luxury of hearing a great artist—an artist born, and not manufactured. What strikes one first, in listening to Mr. Ysaye, is the absolute sincerity of the man, the man lovingly absorbed in his art, and unconscious of everything but his art. In his hands the violin speaks from its soul, and not from its strings alone; speaks in a full, rich volume of tone, which in delicacy seems beyond the normal compass of the instrument, and is suggestive of witchery. The tone is not only broad and full, but it is of the finest quality and of the finest color, and these it never loses. Mr. Ysaye also phrases like an artist; his work is clean-cut, clear, of the highest finish, and yet always broad and masterful. Technically, his work approaches in a very high degree absolute perfection, difficulties are subdued with ease and grace, without display, with an admirable self-confidence and self-absorption. The rare skill of his fingers, the rare magic of his bow are simply integral portions of the sum total, and have no existence apart as tricks or affectations.

It is as the interpreter and not as the violinist skilled in technics that we listen to Mr. Ysaye, or rather are compelled to listen to him, and it is only with an effort that we can escape from artist to study the mechanician; from the entrancing sounds to study how the sounds are produced. Mr. Ysaye reaches the soul of his violin and the soul of those who hearken to him. The thing alone is all sufficing, and is it worth while to seek how the thing is done; look for the chisel marks of the statuary on the Venus of Melos? The chisel work, the technique, are all essential, but back of these, guiding and transforming, is that something called talent or genius, and it is to this that the final appeal is to be made. It is not the master of technique that interests us, or we should admire thousands of now mediocre artists and musicians, and it is not Mr. Ysaye with the wonderful bow arm and magic fingers that claims our admiration; but the artist, the interpreter who arouses an enthusiasm that is deeper, more lasting and more improving than curious wonder. Nor have we to deal with the simple interpreter only, else all translators of Homer would be the equal of Chapman. The true interpreter must be a poet like Coleridge, a musician like Rubinstein; he must see with his master's eyes, feel with his master's heart, build fancies with his master's imagination, and yet tinge all with his own individuality. The wider is this power, the greater is the artist; and this power, or double power, Mr. Ysaye possesses in a very high degree. His interpretations are all faithful to the intentions of the composers interpreted, while they are tinged with the the large individuality of the artist. It is this faultless taste, fine insight, wide sympathy, always, of course, including the technical excellencies, that are Mr. Ysaye's supreme merit. He is not simply a master of the violin, but an artist of the rarest talent, perhaps of genius. The tones that he brings forth are beautiful beyond expression, and irresistibly stir one into an enthusiasm from which there is no escape, which thrills in the memory and warm what was intended for cold criticism into hot praise. In the Saint- Saëns concerto as in the less meritorious "Otello" Fantasia, the wonderful tone color, the grace, the exquisite delicacy the warmth the perfection withdrew the attention from the wonderful phrasing, the wonderful techincal skill, the perfect adaptation of means to end. Mr. Ysaye has more than demonstrated his skill and genius, and the wild enthusiasm with which he was received must have proved to him that he was appreciated by the audience, whom he held in thrall. He was recalled again and again in hurricanes of applause, that came from the heart and tingled the fingers.

The programme for the next concert is in memory of Anton Rubinstein, and consists of Funeral March from Symphony No. 3; Beethoven concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, D-minor, Rubinstein; symphony in C, No. 2 (Ocean), with three additional movements, Rubinstein. The soloist is Mrs. Ernst Lent.

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MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 3, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

YSAYE HOLDS BOSTON CAPTIVE.

He Unites the Emotional With the Technical as Seldom Heard—The Concert as a Whole Had Too Much Miscellaneous Flavor, Although It Began Classically.

It was a case of the tail wagging the dog, on Saturday, for there was far more of soloist than of orchestra in the programme, and there was (because of an injudicious selection on the part of the soloist) more of the "miscellaneous" than the symphonic flavor to the concert. Nevertheless the evening began classically enough with Volkmann's D minor symphony. The first movement of this showed a tendency to overforce the brasses, but aside from this fault was perfectly played. The second movement showed us what a treasure we have acquired in M. Pourtan, the clarinetist; the solo for clarinetts, which constituted the chief part of the movement was magnificently performed, with a degree of shading and a purity of tone that calls for superlatives in the description. The trio of the Scherzo was another delightful part of the work and received full justice at the hands of the orchestra, the cello here deserving especial mention. The finale was again a trifle too loud, but its subtle points were well brought out and the symphony gained sufficient applause. It is a worthy work, and seems to be making its way into the standard repertoire; it is logical and healthy music, not relying on the *outre* effects which so many moderns have introduced into their scores, but presenting clean-cut themes and musicianly development, and it has also the merit of not being too prolix.

After this there came the soloist, and the manner in which he was welcomed must have proved to him that he was the chief attraction of the occasion. Of Eugene Isaye it is impossible to speak to much praise; he has the sweetness of a Sarasate combined with the breadth of a Wieniawski; he combines the emotional with the technical in a perfect union. That he is a musician as well as a virtuoso was apparent in his surety in the St. Saens Violin Concerto in B minor which is not the least intricate composition of its class. His instrument too, a Guarnerius, is of singularly sweet tone, and came the nearest to being satisfactory in Music Hall of any that has been played there for some time, for it must be borne in mind that this hall is too large for the perfect audition of such an instrument.

From the moment that he began with the broad passages on the G string which usher in the first movement of this concerto, M. Isaye held the audience captive. It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that in double-stopping (this came in chiefly in a later work), in rapidity, in bold skips, in combination of pizzicato and bowing, the artist is impeccable. In his birdlike harmonics he especially reminds of Wieniawski. But the concerto was more than the display of the capabilities of a great soloist, it was good music too, and fitting for such a symphony concert. It was by no means wholly solo work with accompaniment, but gave ample opportunities for the orchestral players to show what stuff they were made of, and when it came to the last movement the first violins played as if they were inspired by the presence of a great *confrere* to especial excellence. M. Isaye has recognized the strength of this department of our orchestra and is loud in its praise. "Other orchestras have one or two artists in the first violins, but you have a whole body of soloists," was his remark recently, after a rehearsal with the men. The applause which followed the conclusion of the work was indescribably enthusiastic, and half a dozen recalls scarcely seemed to satiate the public. It was deserved applause, too, which is more than can be said of that which followed the "Otello Fantasie" by Ernst, which M. Isaye injudiciously chose for his second number. That he played the set of fireworks which compose this fantasie very brilliantly is a matter of course, but it was a number far beneath the dignity of these concerts, and it was pitiable to see the orchestra which had done such noble work in the St. Saens concerto strumming away at the watery and meaningless accompaniment of this pyrotechnical exhibit. The applause, one is glad to add, was not quite so hearty as that which greeted the first number, but M. Isaye, as if desirous of taking away the sickly taste left by the fantasie, broke through the custom of the concerts and gave an encore, a selection from Bach's third violin-sonata. This he played with such a pure and musicianly style, so broadly and so clearly in even the most intricate passages, that one could not but pardon the bad taste of the presentation of the preceeding number.

Monsigny's Chaconne and Rigaudon were played by the orchestra with daintiness and grace. The Chaconne partook of the ancient and true character of this dance; originally the Chaconne was slow and sedate, being somewhat akin to the Sarabande in manner, but after the French ballet composers used it as a finale to their works the tempo became quicker and the style less characteristic. The Rigaudon ("Rigodon" is after all but a misspelling of the word) may be described as rollicking, and it was this spirit which Mr. Paur imparted to it.

The concert ended with Svendsen's "Carnaval de Paris," beside which all Roman and Viennese carnival scenes become as milk and water. It brings the heavy artillery into action at once, and piccolo, pizzicato violin effects, cymbals, and all other weirdness and clatter are present from the beginning. It is a combination of Berlioz and the Bal Bullier. After a series of musical earthquakes, which may mean Parisian jollity, it presents a sombre and thoughtful episode, which may picture subsequent headache, and it ends with a Chinese clatter that may typify delirium tremens. Such music is a good study of orchestration, and it shows how much noise may be compressed into a written score, but whether scoring such a racket is worth while is another matter.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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"Carnival in Paris".....Svensden
Soloist, M. Eugene Ysaye.

M. EUGENE YSAYE.

There was an enormous audience, the hall being literally packed. The interest, of course, centred in M. Ysaye, of whom so much has been said in the way of superlatives, and who is reputed, and justly, one of the greatest of living violinists. His appearance physically is very impressive. His figure is tall and massive, with massive square shoulders and a broad chest. His face would be effeminate were it not for the strong chin, the square jaw and the firm and finely cut mouth. His eyes are large, deep set and wonderfully expressive, and he would be taken at once for a sensitive and intelligent artist, without the mass of dark long hair that is swept back from his brow. In many ways his appearance recalls that of Rubinstein. There is the same leonine head, the same suggestion of resolute vigor and of innate power. It is an altogether interesting and attractive presence and one pleasing to look upon. His manner is dignified and self-possessed, and, from the very outset, one feels that here is a born artist. If any doubt could linger on that point, it vanishes with the very first note that he brings from his instrument, with the very moment that his bow is drawn across the strings.

The Saint-Saens concerto was admirably adapted to show all the finer qualities of his playing. It must be taken for granted that his technique is of the most perfect. He has an astounding left hand. Difficulties are unknown to it, and it is phenomenal in its easy agility and in its certainty; but technique, after all, is a means rather than an end, and if an artist is to be judged only by that, there are many who would deserve to be called great. It is not in finger work that M. Ysaye alone merits distinction. His tone is large and pure, his intonation is faultless, and his style is warm, manly and convincing. Even in his bravura playing he is never trivial, and such is the sincerity of his art that he dignifies even show passages, so perfectly does he cause his instrument to sing them and so fascinatingly and clearly does he phrase them. His bowing is peculiarly his own in its freedom and firmness, and he uses the bow with such a broad and bold sweep that often it seems scarcely half its usual length. The effect produced by him in the beautiful second theme of the opening movement of the concerto was magical. Nothing more indescribably chaste and warm can be imagined; but it was in the andante that the finish and refinement of his style was first shown in its perfection. The more piano passages were a soft as eiderdown, and yet as firm as velvet. On the fourth string his tone had almost the depth of the 'cello, and his harmonics never failed, but came out as clear as crystal, and his double-stopping, his octaves and tenths were flawless.

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The Ernst fantasie has become very aged since it was last heard here, and it is almost to be regretted that he played it with its conventional variations and its profusion of unmeaning show passages; but the charm and beauty of his performance were so great, and the piece afforded such ample opportunities for the exhibition of his surpassing skill, that he imparted a decided interest to the work. Here again the precision and the authority of his playing, the exquisite grace and feeling that characterize his cantabile, together with his extraordinary command over all the tricks of bow and fingers in bravura work, fascinated his hearers and aroused another tempest of enthusiasm, to which he responded, to the general delight, by breaking through the rule of these concerts, and played the "Sarabande and Gigue" from Bach's third [illegible] violin. This was per-

kept the finest spirit of the evening in the purity of taste, the beauty of phrasing, the classical spirit and the broad and noble style that marked his performance, both as an interpreter and a player.

There was no drying in this Bach playing, and it is doubtful if those in the audience who never before found anything in Bach to delight them did not depart with a more genial appreciation of the master. The success of the artist was beyond all question. Mr. Paur and the orchestra accompanied him throughout in the most sympathetic and most satisfactory manner, the artist manifesting his pleasure at the assistance afforded him by giving Mr. Paur a hearty and manifestly grateful grasp of the hand at the end of the concerts.

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The Volkmann symphony is a delightful work, but like a large amount of modern music it is not fated to win an immortality. It is individual and in a sense original, but it has grown older than its years warrant. It is the work of an accomplished musician, a bright but unfortunate satellite that is lost in the greater glories of the planet, called genius, about which it is forced to revolve. In the musical firmanent it is only the planets that attract the attention of posterity. The light of a Beethoven overcast the glory of a host of perfect but lesser luminaries; and when posterity gazes in the direction where Volkmann should be, it will see only Beethoven and Schumann. Fortunately we are closer and the angle is wider, and to us Volkmann is an interesting figure although he has no message of special value even for our ears. The symphony was most excellently interpreted.

The two little dances, by Monsigny, were pleasant whispers from the past, when dallying with this species of work was not considered a crime either in composers or in conductors; Mr. Krehbiel not being born and New York not having yet raised the æsthetic standard. The little works were delightfully interpreted, the coloring was perfect and the finish of the finest and most artistic quality.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Eugene Ysaye, and the large audience assembled enjoyed the luxury of hearing a great artist—an artist born, and not manufactured. What strikes one first, in listening to Mr. Ysaye, is the absolute sincerity of the man, the man lovingly absorbed in his art, and unconscious of everything but his art. In his hands the violin speaks from its soul, and not from its strings alone; speaks in a full, rich volume of tone, which in delicacy seems beyond the normal compass of the instrument, and is suggestive of witchery. The tone is not only broad and full, but it is of the finest quality and of the finest color, and these it never loses. Mr. Ysaye also phrases like an artist; his work is clean-cut, clear, of the highest finish, and yet always broad and masterful. Technically, his work approaches in a very high degree absolute perfection, difficulties are subdued with ease and grace, without display, with an admirable self-confidence and self-absorption. The rare skill of his fingers, the rare magic of his bow are simply integral portions of the sum total, and have no existence apart as tricks or affectations.

It is as the interpreter and not as the violinist skilled in technics that we listen to Mr. Ysaye, or rather are compelled to listen to him, and it is only with an effort that we can escape from artist to study the mechanician; from the entrancing sounds to study how the sounds are produced. Mr. Ysaye reaches the soul of his violin and the soul of those who hearken to him. The thing alone is all sufficing, and is it worth while to seek how the thing is done; look for the chisel marks of the statuary on the Venus of Melos? The chisel work, the technique, are all essential, but back of these, guiding and transforming, is that something called talent or genius, and it is to this that the final appeal is to be made. It is not the master of technique that interests us, or we should admire thousands of now mediocre artists and musicians, and it is not Mr. Ysaye with the wonderful bow arm and magic fingers that claims our admiration; but the artist, the interpreter who arouses an enthusiasm that is deeper, more lasting and more improving than curious wonder. Nor have we to deal with the simple interpreter only, else all translators of Homer would be the equal of Chapman. The true interpreter must be a poet like Coleridge, a musician like Rubinstein; he must see with his master's eyes, feel with his master's heart, build fancies with his master's imagination, and yet tinge all with his own individuality. The wider is this power, the greater is the artist; and this power, or double power, Mr. Ysaye possesses in a very high degree. His interpretations are all faithful to the intentions of the composers interpreted, while they are tinged with the the large individuality of the artist. It is this faultless taste, fine insight, wide sympathy, always, of course, including the technical excellencies, that are Mr. Ysaye's supreme merit. He is not simply a master of the violin, but an artist of the rarest talent, perhaps of genius. The tones that he brings forth are beautiful beyond expression, and irresistibly stir one into an enthusiasm from which there is no escape, which thrills in the memory and warm what was intended for cold criticism into hot praise. In the Saint-Saëns concerto as in the less meritorious "Otello" Fantasia, the wonderful tone color, the grace, the exquisite delicacy the warmth the perfection withdrew the attention from the wonderful phrasing, the wonderful techincal skill, the perfect adaptation of means to end. Mr. Ysaye has more than demonstrated his skill and genius, and the wild enthusiasm with which he was received must have proved to him that he was appreciated by the audience, whom he held in thrall. He was recalled again and again in hurricanes of applause, that came from the heart and tingled the fingers.

The programme for the next concert is in memory of Anton Rubinstein, and consists of Funeral March from Symphony No. 3; Beethoven concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, D-minor, Rubinstein; symphony in C, No. 2 (Ocean), with three additional movements, Rubinstein. The soloist is Mrs. Ernst Lent.

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MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 3, 1894.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

YSAYE HOLDS BOSTON CAPTIVE.

He Unites the Emotional With the Technical as Seldom Heard—The Concert as a Whole Had Too Much Miscellaneous Flavor, Although It Began Classically.

It was a case of the tail wagging the dog, on Saturday, for there was far more of soloist than of orchestra in the programme, and there was (because of an injudicious selection on the part of the soloist) more of the "miscellaneous" than the symphonic flavor to the concert. Nevertheless the evening began classically enough with Volkmann's D minor symphony. The first movement of this showed a tendency to overforce the brasses, but aside from this fault was perfectly played. The second movement showed us what a treasure we have acquired in M. Pourtan, the clarinettist; the solo for clarinetta, which constituted the chief part of the movement was magnificently performed, with a degree of shading and a purity of tone that calls for superlatives in the description. The trio of the Scherzo was another delightful part of the work and received full justice at the hands of the orchestra, the cello here deserving especial mention. The finale was again a trifle too loud, but its subtle points were well brought out and the symphony gained sufficient applause. It is a worthy work, and seems to be making its way into the standard repertoire; it is logical and healthy music, not relying on the *outre* effects which so many moderns have introduced into their scores, but presenting clean-cut themes and musicianly development, and it has also the merit of not being too prolix.

After this there came the soloist, and the manner in which he was welcomed must have proved to him that he was the chief attraction of the occasion. Of Eugene Isaye it is impossible to speak to much praise; he has the sweetness of a Sarasate combined with the breadth of a Wieniawski; he combines the emotional with the technical in a perfect union. That he is a musician as well as a virtuoso was apparent in his surety in the St. Saens Violin Concerto in B minor which is not the least intricate composition of its class. His instrument too, a Guarnerius, is of singularly sweet tone, and came the nearest to being satisfactory in Music Hall of any that has been played there for some time, for it must be borne in mind that this hall is too large for the perfect audition of such an instrument.

From the moment that he began with the broad passages on the G string which usher in the first movement of this concerto, M. Isaye held the audience captive. It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that in double-stopping (this came in chiefly in a later work), in rapidity, in bold skips, in combination of pizzicato and bowing, the artist is impeccable. In his birdlike harmonics he especially reminds of Wieniawski. But the concerto was more than the display of the capabilities of a great soloist, it was good music too, and fitting for such a symphony concert. It was by no means wholly solo work with accompaniment, but gave ample opportunities for the orchestral players to show what stuff they were made of, and when it came to the last movement the first violins played as if they were inspired by the presence of a great *confrere* to especial excellence. M. Isaye has recognized the strength of this department of our orchestra and is loud in its praise. "Other orchestras have one or two artists in the first violins, but you have a whole body of soloists," was his remark recently, after a rehearsal with the men. The applause which followed the conclusion of the work was indescribably enthusiastic, and half a dozen recalls scarcely seemed to satiate the public. It was deserved applause, too, which is more than can be said of that which followed the "Otello Fantasie" by Ernst, which M. Isaye injudiciously chose for his second number. That he played the set of fireworks which compose this fantasie very brilliantly is a matter of course, but it was a number far beneath the dignity of these concerts, and it was pitiable to see the orchestra which had done such noble work in the St. Saens concerto strumming away at the watery and meaningless accompaniment of this pyrotechnical exhibit. The applause, one is glad to add, was not quite so hearty as that which greeted the first number, but M. Isaye, as if desirous of taking away the sickly taste left by the fantasie, broke through the custom of the concerts and gave an encore, a selection from Bach's third violin-sonata. This he played with such a pure and musicianly style, so broadly and so clearly in even the most intricate passages, that one could not but pardon the bad taste of the presentation of the preceeding number.

Monsigny's Chaconne and Rigaudon were played by the orchestra with daintiness and grace. The Chaconne partook of the ancient and true character of this dance; originally the Chaconne was slow and sedate, being somewhat akin to the Sarabande in manner, but after the French ballet composers used it as a finale to their works the tempo became quicker and the style less characteristic. The Rigaudon ("Rigodon" is after all but a misspelling of the word) may be described as rollicking, and it was this spirit which Mr. Paur imparted to it.

The concert ended with Svendsen's "Carnaval de Paris," beside which all Roman and Viennese carnival scenes become as milk and water. It brings the heavy artillery into action at once, and piccolo, pizzicato violin effects, cymbals, and all other weirdness and clatter are present from the beginning. It is a combination of Berlioz and the Bal Bullier. After a series of musical earthquakes, which may mean Parisian jollity, it presents a sombre and thoughtful episode, which may picture subsequent headache, and it ends with a Chinese clatter that may typify delirium tremens. Such music is a good study of orchestration, and it shows how much noise may be compressed into a written score, but whether scoring such a racket is worth while is another matter.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1894.

A WHOLE BATCH OF CONCERTS, CHORAL, SYMPHONY, ETC.

The whole seventh Symphony concert was characterised by energy and vivacity, but its chief stir and sensation were derived from the violin playing of Mr. Eugene Ysaye, who made then his Boston debut, exciting an unusual enthusiam of response, which took the form of recalls upon recalls and of an earnestness and honesty of applause from the orchestra, anything approaching which we have never known bestowed upon an artist not a German. M. Ysaye's selections were Saint-Saens's third violin concerto (in B minor, opus 61) and Ernst's fantasia on themes from Rossini's "Otello," of which the first only had been promised and the second being admitted by a change in the programme. In both composers we find a complete knowledge and command of the technical resources of the instruments, so that in each work the player has ample opportunity to show his virtuosity alike in sustained song, voluble iteration of figure, brilliant adornment, power, grace and versatility, although the latter belongs rather to the category of passing show-pieces, while the former ranks with works of art and permanence. M. Ysaye is indubitably a player of the first order, who gives—certainly upon a first hearing—adverse criticism nothing upon which to take a grasp. He is a large man of gentle and grave but still pleasant face and manner, and those who judge by the eye rather than the ear might perhaps wonder at his reputation and domination, because of his tranquil, unostentatious bearing and fashion of playing. An expert in jewels once said that he did not believe it possible to compare two diamonds unless they were side by side, and can it be easier to compare tones fairly? So far as memory can be depended upon, it seems to be evident that only Wilhelmj has produced so voluminous a tone as Ysaye, and that even his was less equable and beautiful. For the great power, charm and individuality of this man's playing are in his right hand and arm rather than his left. His fingering is notably fine, clear-cut, distinct and true, and his double-stopping even when most rapid is smooth, sharp and perfectly balanced. But it is by the quantity and quality—what might almost be called the body and soul—of his tone that he entitles himself to be called a wizard of the bow. Herein he becomes phenomenal, while his admirable left hand has been equalled by other violinists in address, speed and elasticity. There have been heard also men who drew from the fourth string a vast and affecting tone; but we remember none who could evoke from the whole instrument such a sonorous, sturdy sound without one rough or strident note, could maintain it in rapid execution, could fill it with a communicative personal feeling, and extend its upward range to harmonics of absolutely pellucid purity and persuasive persistency of reach. There seems to pass into the successive phrases not any romantiasm, like Ole Bull's, not the eager heat and fantasy of Sarasate, nor the declamatory urgency of Wilhelmj, but a wholesome earnestness of nature and purpose which obtain respect while arousing enthusiasm, and make the violin seem to speak for the artist and the composer at once, as the great actor's equipment speaks for himself while yet moulded to fit the requirements of the dramatist. Ysaye is, therefore, to be accepted as an artist of a peculiar power, whose prestige rests upon a foundation where he stands alone, maintaining an honorable, dignified and worthy attitude. The concerto was played with just respect and reserve, and the effects were all legitimate and only eminent for their ease and elegance, while in the fantasia, freer in form and lighter in motive, more evident displays of virtuosity were made, and here and there a passage was announced or ended with that swift and incisive vigor which always appeals with a sudden thrill to the nerves of even the most critical.

The rest of the programme stood thus: Volkmann's first symphony; the chaconne and rigodon from Monsigny's suite, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," and Svendsen's "Paris Carnival." This was a group which fell into line with Mr. Paur's best successes—strong energy, large vitality, free sweep, sharp discrimination, excellent sense, approved taste and not too much sensibility being the qualities most needed in their rendering. The nervous protesting force of the first movement of the symphony was markedly fine, and the change to the lingering spirit of the andante was excellently made, the playing by M. Pourtau of the long clarinet theme being a delight for the ear. The quaint old-fashioned French music had a deal of new flesh and blood cast about its almost forgotten bones and the two phases of the Svendsen had becoming distinction and a plenty of vociferation, the band actually playing up to the standard of the kettle-drums in the finale.

This week there will be no concert. Next week Rubinstein's memory will be honored in this programme. The funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Rubinstein's fourth pianoforte concerto, Mrs. Ernst Lent of Washington being the soloist; and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, with all the movements.

Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was—

Volkmann: Symphony No. 1, in D minor, opus 44.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violin, No. 3, in B minor, opus 61.
Monsigny: Chaconne and Rigodon, from "Aline, Reine de Golconde."
Ernst: Fantasia for violin on themes from Rossini's "Otello."
Svendsen: Le Carnaval à Paris, opus 9.
Mr. Eugène Ysaye was the violinist.

It is highly probable that Volkmann's D minor symphony has been given here before; but we cannot remember it. It is a very different work from his more familiar second symphony, in B-flat major, and made an impression last Saturday evening unlike that produced by anything else of his we know. We suspect that works like this D minor symphony were more common fifty or seventy-five years ago than they are now. To be sure, compositions that are, in a sense, museums of impressions got from several composers are no great rarity at any time; but they seldom have as much life and vigor as this symphony has. One can hardly escape finding this work of Volkmann's full to the brim of suggestions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the whole classic school; but, for once, Volkmann seems to have borrowed his ideas red hot from the furnace, and they retain something of the glow of genius. Then the workmanship is excellent to a supreme degree; we doubt if any symphonic composer since Schumann, with the single exception of Brahms, can show a more stoutly, interestingly and excitingly worked-out second part than the free fantasia of the first movement of this symphony. And, curiously enough, the general plan of the work, especially of the first movement, is singularly formal, almost stiff; the first theme is almost academic in its rigidity. And here we come upon an interesting point, one that shows the difference between great creative genius and clever *savoir faire*. The character of the opening figure of the strings in this symphony is not far removed from that of the famous "Ta-ta-ta-TA!" of Beethoven's C minor. Not that there is any melodic similarity between them, but that both are equally a "knocking at the portal." Both are simple figures, rather than themes. But note how Beethoven, by a complex series of free contrapuntal imitations, immediately so develops his figure that the four-part web of voices strikes the ear as the continuous development of an actual melody; he starts with a simple figure, but from his treatment of it a full-grown theme blossoms forth. Volkmann has no such happy inspiration; he seems to feel that he cannot develop a real theme out of his initial figure, and so does not try to. But he does something else, and with such vigor and sureness of grasp that the result is by no means lacking in strong effectiveness. All that first section of the movement which is usually devoted to the statement and development of the first theme here becomes something very like recitative, a "*recitativo stromentato*," which the basses keep insisting upon their obstinate figure, the wind instruments keep answering with more or less expressive phrases, and the rest of the orchestra works up a climax of passage-work in the most exciting way imaginable. The whole passage shows dramatic force rather than musical invention. The slow movement charms one by its evident sincerity of feeling, albeit its rather bald simplicity and artlessness savors a little of the *salon* style. The Scherzo is admirable throughout. Only the Finale seems a little dry at times, though it works up to a very effective climax at the end,—the last few measures of which have, however, a somewhat stagy flavor, as the final "hurrah!" of an Auber overture. But the symphony, mostly "*de reflet et de réverbère*" though it be, as the old Friend of Men would say, is to us by far the most enjoyable and exciting thing we have yet heard from Volkmann's laboratory. The performance was simply superb!

The two movements from the suite collated by Gevaert from dance-pieces in Monsigny's "Aline, Reine de Golconde" are fascinating as may be, and were very daintily played. Svendsen's "Carnaval à Paris" is a wonderfully brilliant and daring piece of orchestration, but we are not sure that it is, in other respects, much more than "a tale * * * full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Only toward the end, where the composer's madness rises to the pitch of genius, does the thing become really good fun. The performance left nothing to be desired.

Saint-Saëns's B minor violin concerto may take very high rank among concertos of the second class; the composer shows some inventiveness, infinite fertility of resource, and much charm and fascination. The music is sufficiently strongly knit together,—only that the second theme in the first movement seems rather vague and characterless, so that you have some difficulty in recognizing it on its return,—and the whole thing is full of life and go. It is amply fine enough a work for a great violinist to make his first bow with. Mr. Ysaye's playing took everyone by storm; since Paderewski, no artist has had such a glowing reception here. From the first minute his bow touched the string he held his whole audience spell-bound. It was time that we should hear him! We are all more or less liable to get into certain ruts in listening to music: and it is good for us to have an occasional fillip from the outside to wake us up and bring us to a consciousness that our horizon will bear extending. In pianoforte playing we have had not a few such eye-openers of late, but we have been less favored by great violinists. Mr. Ysaye suddenly opens our eyes to the difference between consummate virtuosity and something not quite so masterful. There is an old story of the elephant driver of one of the grand moguls showing his diamond-studded whip-lash to some curious foreigners; they took the rich thing in their hands, examined it with mute curiosity, stone by stone, and marvelled among themselves at the prodigality that could waste such precious jewels on a mere whip-lash! But the driver said, "You don't look at the thing right; what do we care about the cutting of each separate stone, or its fine water? All the Mogul's jewels are of fine water and cut to perfection! But, if you want to know the real glory of this whip-lash you must see me swing it over the elephant's head and see it flash in the sunlight; that's what the lash is for!" Well, we have all got too used to having brilliant violin-passages shown us "stone by stone:" now comes Mr. Ysaye and swings them jauntily in the sunlight, and we can see them *flash!* It makes all the difference in the world! Sarasate, to be grand seigneur that he is, plays on his virtuoso throne, that his playing has carried little conviction with it; you were dazzled by his virtuosity, but not much more. Ysaye, on the other hand, shows you his astounding virtuosity by its musical side; the whip-lash not only flashes in the sun, but it hits the elephant and makes him go. His tone is singularly smooth and sweet—in the G-string so smooth, indeed, that it sounds perhaps a little dull and wanting in edge—and, we should say, remarkable more for energy and brilliancy than for great breadth and volume; it is the Wieniawski tone, raised to a higher potency, rather than the Wilhelmj tone. It dominates over the orchestra more by its incisiveness and vigor of accent than by its largeness. Of his technique nothing need be said; we are well past making inventories of what may be taken for granted. But the fire and artistic measure of his playing are wonderful indeed; he so well subordinates details to the total impression! For the first three or four pages of the concerto, we were struck more than anything else by the apparent simplicity of his style; the main outlines of the music were so broadly and frankly drawn that all the cunning of the minor details stood somewhat in the background. But soon one saw that the highest perfection of detail was eminently there; especially in his playing of *cantilena* did one find him full of cunning—"*malice*," as the French say—but so much a master of all the arts and sophistries of effectiveness that his playing sounded like pure, unadulterated nature. Of communicative warmth of feeling and expression he shows a great deal; of the *depth* of his feeling the composition gave one no opportunity of judging; we should like to hear him in the Beethoven and Brahms concertos before trying to estimate him in this direction. Enough that we say that his playing of this concerto of Saint-Saëns's was as wondrously fine as the imagination could paint—finer probably than most of our imaginations could have painted before hearing it.

In playing Ernst's fantasia on themes from "Otello," Mr. Ysaye did a thing he should not have done at a symphony concert, and one which Mr. Paur—as director of the concerts—should not have allowed. It is entirely Mr. Ysaye's business what light he wishes to present himself to us in; only we do not care to have him, nor anyone else, show himself in the Ernst-Otello light at our symphony concerts. How he played the thing is of no importance. But it is of importance that it brought him an encore—for which he gave two solo pieces by Bach, disguising them under some, to say the least, remarkable playing, and that made matters worse than ever. Both the Music Hall and the Howard Athenæum have their high tides on Saturday evening, but it is well to keep the two elements apart. "The desert is large enough for both," as the Comanches say, and it were best for neither to encroach upon the domain of the other.

There will be no concert this week, the next one coming on Dec. 15. The next programme is: "In Memoriam Anton Rubinstein." Beethoven, Marcia Funebre from the "Eroica" symphony; Rubinstein, concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, opus 70; Rubinstein, symphony No. 2, in C major, "Océan," opus 42 (entire). Mrs. Ernst Lent will be the pianist.

THE MORNING NEWS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3

HYPERION THEATER.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 8, at 8

Under the Auspices of the

Music Department, Yale University.

FIRST GRAND CONCERT BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

(His first appearance in New Haven.)

Accompanied by the Renowned Belgian Violinist,

MR. CESAR THOMSON,

(His first appearance in New Haven.)

PROGRAM.

Passacaglia .....Back
Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms
Solo for violin—
(a) Adagio from Concerto in G minor .....Bruch
(b) Concerto in D.....Paganni
Mr. Thompson.
Suite L' Arlesienne, No. 1.....Bizet
Overture, "Carneval Romain".....Berlioz

Tickets with reserved seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c. Sale opens at the Box Office, Hyperion Theater, tomorrow (Tuesday) morning.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose performances come very near representing perfection in musical art, will give its only concert at the Hyperion next Saturday evening. The attractiveness of a brilliant program will be increased by the initial appearance in this city of Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist, who is to be the soloist of the evening. Mr. Thomson came to America with the prestige of great and continuous success in European capitals and added to his laurels on the occasion of his first appearance in this country at a recent concert of the Philharmonic society of New York. He ranks with the greatest of violinists and in his absolute mastery of violin tecnique he probably has no equal. His New Haven debut is likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the present season. He will play with the orchestra the Adagio from the Bruch Concerto for violin, and the concerto by Paganini, a work of amazing difficulty in which his remarkable qualities will be shown to the best advantage. The orchestral numbers to be played include Passacaglia, Bach; Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet; and the overture "Carneval Romain," Berlioz. The sale of seats will open tomorrow (Tuesday) morning, at the box office, Hyperion.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894.

This was the program of the seventh Symphony Concert:

Symphony No. 1, in D minor.....Volkmann
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor.....Saint-Saëns
"Chaconne and Rigodon," from "Aline Reine de Golconde".....Monsigny
Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello".....Ernst
"Carnaval à Paris".....Svendsen

In the accompaniment to the Ernst fantasia there was a lack of precision, but the work of the orchestra was otherwise excellent. The dance music by Monsigny is without marked interest, except that it is taken from the "ballet héroique" written for the Opéra. Sophie Arnould was the first "Aline" and the Guimard danced in revivals of this forgotten work. And such an association of ideas did not lend the music a foreign beauty.

Some day—may it come soon—conductors will not feel obliged to give the whole of a symphony. How much better, how much more impressive the D minor symphony of Volkmann would be, if the finale were not. The strength of the first movement with its austerity that is not displeasing, the beauty of the andante (by the way, Mr. Pourtau, the first clarinetist, distinguished himself therein), the grace of the trio to the scherzo—these are all nearly forgotten, crushed out by the brutal dullness of the finale.

Great was the triumph of Ysaye, and it was a triumph richly deserved. In these days when technic runs in the streets, even unusual perfection of mechanism is applauded without a loss of reason and consequent hysteria. What Ysaye did not do, or rather refrained from doing, was to my mind as admirable as what he did. Only the man of virtuoso blood knows fully the temptation to play with an audience that hangs on a fiddle stick. And how nobly did Ysaye refrain last evening from exaggeration of every kind!

His tone is of rare beauty. There is a sensuousness of tone that suggests corruption and dealers in corruption. Then is the fiddle the instrument of the Devil, as the men of the eighteenth century often believed. The tone of Ysaye is free from morbid sweetness, such as came from Muzio's violin, the fiddle of three strings. Do you know the story of "The Song of Triumphant Love"? If you do not, I'll tell it to you in the next number of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

When Ysaye stands on the stage you realize the presence of the virtuoso—I use the word in its original sense before it knew perversion. This man has stood before thousands. Yet is there never a suspicion of the poseur. Never did he play last evening the eye. Never was there a doubt of his sincerity.

And again is there thought of the exquisite tone, of the gentle caressing of the strings, of the modest ease with which a huge difficulty was overcome.

Of course there are comparisons. It was Plutarch who established the fashion of thus setting one man against another. Let us enjoy Ysaye without wondering how another plays or whether another would interpret a phrase in another way. What is the use of blunting enjoyment by adjusting constantly the scales? Let us be thankful for the characteristics that distinguish Sarasate, or Ysaye, or Thomson. Each man in this world, if he is of any worth, has something to say in his own peculiar manner.

The Symphony concert of the 15th will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program will be as follows: Funeral march from "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; concerto No. 4, D minor, for piano, Rubinstein; symphony in C, No. 2 ("Ocean"), Rubinstein. The pianist will be Mrs. Ernst Lent.

There will be no Symphony concert here the 8th.

PHILIP HALE.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 4. Dezember 1894.

Das Boston Symphonie Orchester gab gestern Abend in der Academy of Music ein klassisches Konzert, welchem ein überaus zahlreiches und musikverständiges Publikum beiwohnte. Diese Organisation ist anerkannt als eine der vollkommensten in der Welt und hat dies gestern Abend wieder durch den meisterhaften Vortrag der verschiedenen Nummern bethätigt. Das waren in der That Meisterleistungen, wie sie nirgends besser gehört werden können. Als Solist trat der berühmte belgische Violinist Eugene Ysaye auf, der sich als Virtuose ersten Ranges einführte. Er verbindet mit einer wunderbaren Technik einen großen Ton und ein seelenvolles Spiel. Er ist ein Meister auf seinem Instrument und ein Virtuose ersten Ranges.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1894.

A WHOLE BATCH OF CONCERTS, CHORAL, SYMPHONY, ETC.

The whole seventh Symphony concert was characterized by energy and vivacity, but its chief stir and sensation were derived from the violin playing of Mr. Eugene Ysaye, who made then his Boston debut, exciting an unusual enthusiam of response, which took the form of recalls upon recalls and of an earnestness and honesty of applause from the orchestra, anything approaching which we have never known bestowed upon an artist not a German. M. Ysaye's selections were Saint-Saens's third violin concerto (in B minor, opus 61) and Ernst's fantasia on themes from Rossini's "Otello," of which the first only had been promised and the second being admitted by a change in the programme. In both composers we find a complete knowledge and command of the technical resources of the instruments, so that in each work the player has ample opportunity to show his virtuosity alike in sustained song, voluble iteration of figure, brilliant adornment, power, grace and versatility, although the latter belongs rather to the category of passing show-pieces, while the former ranks with works of art and permanence. M. Ysaye is indubitably a player of the first order, who gives—certainly upon a first hearing—adverse criticism nothing upon which to take a grasp. He is a large man of gentle and grave but still pleasant face and manner, and those who judge by the eye rather than the ear might perhaps wonder at his reputation and domination, because of his tranquil, unostentatious bearing and fashion of playing. An expert in jewels once said that he did not believe it possible to compare two diamonds unless they were side by side, and can it be easier to compare tones fairly? So far as memory can be depended upon, it seems to be evident that only Wilhelmj has produced so voluminous a tone as Ysaye, and that even his was less equable and beautiful. For the great power, charm and individuality of this man's playing are in his right hand and arm rather than his left. His fingering is notably fine, clear-cut, distinct and true, and his double-stopping even when most rapid is smooth, sharp and perfectly balanced. But it is by the quantity and quality—what might almost be called the body and soul—of his tone that he entitles himself to be called a wizard of the bow. Herein he becomes phenomenal, while his admirable left hand has been equalled by other violinists in address, speed and elasticity. There have been heard also men who drew from the fourth string a vast and affecting tone; but we remember none who could evoke from the whole instrument such a sonorous, sturdy sound without one rough or strident note, could maintain it in rapid execution, could fill it with a communicative personal feeling, and extend its upward range to harmonics of absolutely pellucid purity and persuasive persistency of reach. There seems to pass into the successive phrases not any romantiasm, like Ole Bull's, not the eager heat and fantasy of Sarasate, nor the declamatory urgency of Wilhelmj, but a wholesome earnestness of nature and purpose which obtain respect while arousing enthusiasm, and make the violin seem to speak for the artist and the composer at once, as the great actor's equipment speaks for himself while yet moulded to fit the requirements of the dramatist. Ysaye is, therefore, to be accepted as an artist of a peculiar power, whose prestige rests upon a foundation where he stands alone, maintaining an honorable, dignified and worthy attitude. The concerto was played with just respect and reserve, and the effects were all legitimate and only eminent for their ease and elegance, while in the fantasia, freer in form and lighter in motive, more evident displays of virtuosity were made, and here and there a passage was announced or ended with that swift and incisive vigor which always appeals with a sudden thrill to the nerves of even the most critical.

The rest of the programme stood thus: Volkmann's first symphony; the chaconne and rigodon from Monsigny's suite, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," and Svendsen's "Paris Carnival." This was a group which fell into line with Mr. Paur's best successes—strong energy, large vitality, free sweep, sharp discrimination, excellent sense, approved taste and not too much sensibility being the qualities most needed in their rendering. The nervous protesting force of the first movement of the symphony was markedly fine, and the change to the lingering spirit of the andante was excellently made, the playing by M. Pourtau of the long clarinet theme being a delight for the ear. The quaint old-fashioned French music had a deal of new flesh and blood cast about its almost forgotten bones and the two phases of the Svendsen had becoming distinction and a plenty of vociferation, the band actually playing up to the standard of the kettle-drums in the finale.

This week there will be no concert. Next week Rubinstein's memory will be honored in this programme. The funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Rubinstein's fourth pianoforte concerto, Mrs. Ernst Lent of Washington being the soloist; and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, with all the movements.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was—

Volkmann: Symphony No. 1, in D minor, opus 44.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violin, No. 3, in B minor, opus 61.
Monsigny: Chaconne and Rigodon, from "Aline, Reine de Golconde."
Ernst: Fantasia for violin on themes from Rossini's "Otello."
Svendsen: Le Carnaval à Paris, opus 9.
Mr. Eugène Ysaye was the violinist.

It is highly probable that Volkmann's D minor symphony has been given here before; but we cannot remember it. It is a very different work from his more familiar second symphony, in B-flat major, and made an impression last Saturday evening unlike that produced by anything else of his we know. We suspect that works like this D minor symphony were more common fifty or seventy-five years ago than they are now. To be sure, compositions that are, in a sense, museums of impressions got from several composers are no great rarity at any time; but they seldom have as much life and vigor as this symphony has. One can hardly escape finding this work of Volkmann's full to the brim of suggestions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the whole classic school; but, for once, Volkmann seems to have borrowed his ideas red hot from the furnace, and they retain something of the glow of genius. Then the workmanship is excellent to a supreme degree; we doubt if any symphonic composer since Schumann, with the single exception of Brahms, can show a more stoutly, interestingly and excitingly worked-out second part than the free fantasia of the first movement of this symphony. And, curiously enough, the general plan of the work, especially of the first movement, is singularly formal, almost stiff; the first theme is almost academic in its rigidity. And here we come upon an interesting point, one that shows the difference between great creative genius and clever *savoir faire*. The character of the opening figure of the strings in this symphony is not far removed from that of the famous "Ta-ta-ta-TA!" of Beethoven's C minor. Not that there is any melodic similarity between them, but that both are equally a "knocking at the portal." Both are simple figures, rather than themes. But note how Beethoven, by a complex series of free contrapuntal imitations, immediately so develops his figure that the four-part web of voices strikes the ear as the continuous development of an actual melody; he starts with a simple figure, but from his treatment of it a full-grown theme blossoms forth. Volkmann has no such happy inspiration; he seems to feel that he cannot develop a real theme out of his initial figure, and so does not try to. But he does something else, and with such vigor and sureness of grasp that the result is by no means lacking in strong effectiveness. All that first section of the movement which is usually devoted to the statement and development of the first theme here becomes something very like recitative, a *"recitativo stromentato,"* which the basses keep insisting upon their obstinate figure, the wind instruments keep answering with more or less expressive phrases, and the rest of the orchestra works up a climax of passage-work in the most exciting way imaginable. The whole passage shows dramatic force rather than musical invention. The slow movement charms one by its evident sincerity of feeling, albeit its rather bald simplicity and artlessness savors a little of the *salon* style. The Scherzo is admirable throughout. Only the Finale seems a little dry at times, though it works up to a very effective climax at the end,—the last few measures of which have, however, a somewhat stagy flavor, as the final "hurrah!" of an Auber overture. But the symphony, mostly *"de reflet et de réverbère"* though it be, as the old Friend of Men would say, is to us by far the most enjoyable and exciting thing we have yet heard from Volkmann's laboratory. The performance was simply superb!

The two movements from the suite collated by Gevaert from dance-pieces in Monsigny's "Aline, Reine de Golconde" are fascinating as may be, and were very daintily played. Svendsen's "Carnaval à Paris" is a wonderfully brilliant and daring piece of orchestration, but we are not sure that it is, in other respects, much more than "a tale * * * full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Only toward the end, where the composer's madness rises to the pitch of genius, does the thing become really good fun. The performance left nothing to be desired.

Saint-Saëns's B minor violin concerto may take very high rank among concertos of the second class; the composer shows some inventiveness, infinite fertility of resource, and much charm and fascination. The music is sufficiently strongly knit together,—only that the second theme in the first movement seems rather vague and characterless, so that you have some difficulty in recognizing it on its return,—and the whole thing is full of life and go. It is amply fine enough a work for a great violinist to make his first bow with. Mr. Ysaye's playing took everyone by storm; since Paderewski, no artist has had such a glowing reception here. From the first minute his bow touched the string he held his whole audience spell-bound. It was time that we should hear him! We are all more or less liable to get into certain ruts in listening to music: and it is good for us to have an occasional fillip from the outside to wake us up and bring us to a consciousness that our horizon will bear extending. In pianoforte playing we have had not a few such eye-openers of late, but we have been less favored by great violinists. Mr. Ysaye suddenly opens our eyes to the difference between consummate virtuosity and something not quite so masterful. There is an old story of the elephant driver of one of the grand moguls showing his diamond-studded whip-lash to some curious foreigners; they took the rich thing in their hands, examined it with mute curiosity, stone by stone, and marvelled among themselves at the prodigality that could waste such precious jewels on a mere whip-lash! But the driver said, "You don't look at the thing right; what do we care about the cutting of each separate stone, or its fine water? All the Mogul's jewels are of fine water and cut to perfection! But, if you want to know the real glory of this whip-lash you must see me swing it over the elephant's head and see it flash in the sunlight; that's what the lash is for!" Well, we have all got too used to having brilliant violin-passages shown us "stone by stone;" now comes Mr. Ysaye and swings them jauntily in the sunlight, and we can see them *flash!* It makes all the difference in the world! Sarasate, to be sure, has shown us much the same thing; but Sarasate, of late years, has played so much *en grand seigneur*, has lolled so lazily on his virtuoso throne, that his playing has carried little conviction with it; you were dazzled by his virtuosity, but not much more. Ysaye, on the other hand, shows you his astounding virtuosity by its musical side; the whip-lash not only flashes in the sun, but it hits the elephant and makes him go. His tone is singularly smooth and sweet—in the G-string so smooth, indeed, that it sounds perhaps a little dull and wanting in edge—and, we should say, remarkable more for energy and brilliancy than for great breadth and volume; it is the Wieniawski tone, raised to a higher potency, rather than the Wilhelmj tone. It dominates over the orchestra more by its incisiveness and vigor of accent than by its largeness. Of his technique nothing need be said; we are well past making inventories of what may be taken for granted. But the fire and artistic measure of his playing are wonderful indeed; he so well subordinates details to the total impression! For the first three or four pages of the concerto, we were struck more than anything else by the apparent simplicity of his style; the main outlines of the music were so broadly and frankly drawn that all the cunning of the minor details stood somewhat in the background. But soon one saw that the highest perfection of detail was eminently there; especially in his playing of *cantilena* did one find him full of cunning—*"malice,"* as the French say—but so much a master of all the arts and sophistries of effectiveness that his playing sounded like pure, unadulterated nature. Of communicative warmth of feeling and expression he shows a great deal; of the *depth* of his feeling the composition gave one no opportunity of judging; we should like to hear him in the Beethoven and Brahms concertos before trying to estimate him in this direction. Enough that we say that his playing of this concerto of Saint-Saëns's was as wondrously fine as the imagination could paint—finer probably than most of our imaginations could have painted before hearing it.

In playing Ernst's fantasia on themes from "Otello," Mr. Ysaye did a thing he should not have done at a symphony concert, and one which Mr. Paur—as director of the concerts—should not have allowed. It is entirely Mr. Ysaye's business what light he wishes to present himself to us in; only we do not care to have him, nor anyone else, show himself in the Ernst-Otello light at our symphony concerts. How he played the thing is of no importance. But it is of importance that it brought him an encore—for which he gave two solo pieces by Bach, disguising them under some, to say the least, remarkable playing, and that made matters worse than ever. Both the Music Hall and the Howard Athenæum have their high tides on Saturday evening, but it is well to keep the two elements apart. "The desert is large enough for both," as the Comanches say, and it were best for neither to encroach upon the domain of the other.

There will be no concert this week, the next one coming on Dec. 15. The next programme is: "In Memoriam Anton Rubinstein." Beethoven, Marcia Funebre from the "Eroica" symphony; Rubinstein, concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, opus 70; Rubinstein, symphony No. 2, in C major, "Océan," opus 42 (entire). Mrs. Ernst Lent will be the pianist.

THE MORNING NEWS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3

HYPERION THEATER.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 8, at 8

Under the Auspices of the

Music Department, Yale University.

FIRST GRAND CONCERT BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

(His first appearance in New Haven.)

Accompanied by the Renowned Belgian Violinist,

MR. CESAR THOMSON,

(His first appearance in New Haven.)

PROGRAM.

Passacaglia ..... Bach
Symphony in E minor, No. 4..... Brahms
Solo for violin—
(a) Adagio from Concerto in G minor ..... Bruch
(b) Concerto in D..... Paganni
Mr. Thompson.
Suite L' Arlesienne, No. 1..... Bizet
Overture, "Carneval Romain"..... Berlioz

Tickets with reserved seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c. Sale opens at the Box Office, Hyperion Theater, tomorrow (Tuesday) morning.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose performances come very near representing perfection in musical art, will give its only concert at the Hyperion next Saturday evening. The attractiveness of a brilliant program will be increased by the initial appearance in this city of Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist, who is to be the soloist of the evening. Mr. Thomson came to America with the prestige of great and continuous success in European capitals and added to his laurels on the occasion of his first appearance in this country at a recent concert of the Philharmonic society of New York. He ranks with the greatest of violinists and in his absolute mastery of violin tecnique he probably has no equal. His New Haven debut is likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the present season. He will play with the orchestra the Adagio from the Bruch Concerto for violin, and the concerto by Paganini, a work of amazing difficulty in which his remarkable qualities will be shown to the best advantage. The orchestral numbers to be played include Passacaglia, Bach; Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet; and the overture "Carneval Romain," Berlioz. The sale of seats will open tomorrow (Tuesday) morning, at the box office, Hyperion.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894.

This was the program of the seventh Symphony Concert:

Symphony No. 1, in D minor..... Volkmann
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor..... Saint-Saëns
"Chaconne and Rigodon," from "Aline Reine de Golconde"..... Monsigny
Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello"..... Ernst
"Carnaval à Paris"..... Svendsen

In the accompaniment to the Ernst fantasia there was a lack of precision, but the work of the orchestra was otherwise excellent. The dance music by Monsigny is without marked interest, except that it is taken from the "ballet héroique" written for the Opéra. Sophie Arnould was the first "Aline" and the Guimard danced in revivals of this forgotten work. And such an association of ideas did not lend the music a foreign beauty.

Some day—may it come soon—conductors will not feel obliged to give the whole of a symphony. How much better, how much more impressive the D minor symphony of Volkmann would be, if the finale were not. The strength of the first movement with its austerity that is not displeasing, the beauty of the andante (by the way, Mr. Pourtau, the first clarinetist, distinguished himself therein), the grace of the trio to the scherzo—these are all nearly forgotten, crushed out by the brutal dullness of the finale.

Great was the triumph of Ysaye, and it was a triumph richly deserved. In these days when technic runs in the streets, even unusual perfection of mechanism is applauded without a loss of reason and consequent hysteria. What Ysaye did not do, or rather refrained from doing, was to my mind as admirable as what he did. Only the man of virtuoso blood knows fully the temptation to play with an audience that hangs on a fiddle stick. And how nobly did Ysaye refrain last evening from exaggeration of every kind!

His tone is of rare beauty. There is a sensuousness of tone that suggests corruption and dealers in corruption. Then is the fiddle the instrument of the Devil, as the men of the eighteenth century often believed. The tone of Ysaye is free from morbid sweetness, such as came from Muzio's violin, the fiddle of three strings. Do you know the story of "The Song of Triumphant Love"? If you do not, I'll tell it to you in the next number of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

When Ysaye stands on the stage you realize the presence of the virtuoso—I use the word in its original sense before it knew perversion. This man has stood before thousands. Yet is there never a suspicion of the poseur. Never did he play last evening the eye. Never was there a doubt of his sincerity.

And again is there thought of the exquisite tone, of the gentle caressing of the strings, of the modest ease with which a huge difficulty was overcome.

Of course there are comparisons. It was Plutarch who established the fashion of thus setting one man against another. Let us enjoy Ysaye without wondering how another plays or whether another would interpret a phrase in another way. What is the use of blunting enjoyment by adjusting constantly the scales? Let us be thankful for the characteristics that distinguish Sarasate, or Ysaye, or Thomson. Each man in this world, if he is of any worth, has something to say in his own peculiar manner.

The Symphony concert of the 15th will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program will be as follows: Funeral march from "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; concerto No. 4, D minor, for piano, Rubinstein; symphony in C, No. 2 ("Ocean"), Rubinstein. The pianist will be Mrs. Ernst Lent.

There will be no Symphony concert here the 8th.

PHILIP HALE.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 4. Dezember 1894.

Das Boston Symphonie Orchester gab gestern Abend in der Academy of Music ein klassisches Konzert, welchem ein überaus zahlreiches und musikverständiges Publikum beiwohnte. Diese Organisation ist anerkannt als eine der vollkommensten in der Welt und hat dies gestern Abend wieder durch den meisterhaften Vortrag der verschiedenen Nummern bethätigt. Das waren in der That Meisterleistungen, wie sie nirgends besser gehört werden können. Als Solist trat der berühmte belgische Violinist Eugene Ysaye auf, der sich als Virtuose ersten Ranges einführte. Er verbindet mit einer wunderbaren Technik einen großen Ton und ein seelenvolles Spiel. Er ist ein Meister auf seinem Instrument und ein Virtuose ersten Ranges.

[58]

The Philadelphia ...

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

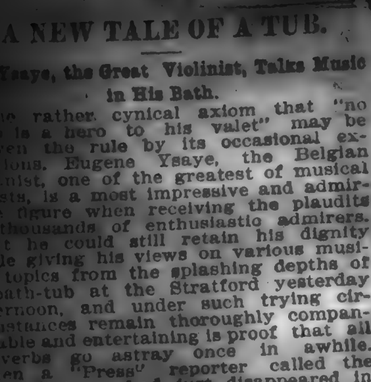
A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

Ysaye, the Great Violinist, Talks Music in His Bath.

The rather cynical axiom that "no man is a hero to his valet" may be given the rule by its occasional exceptions. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, one of the greatest of musical artists, is a most impressive and admirable figure when receiving the plaudits of thousands of enthusiastic admirers. That he could still retain his dignity while giving his views on various musical topics from the splashing depths of a bath-tub at the Stratford yesterday afternoon, and under such trying circumstances remain thoroughly companionable and entertaining is proof that all proverbs go astray once in awhile. When a "Press" reporter called the great Virtuoso had just disappeared in his bath room, and from behind closed doors there came the noise of prodigious splashing and blowing, as though an aquarium had gone utterly mad and the biggest fish of all was the storm center of disturbance.

"I wish to ask some questions of M. Ysaye," said the reporter to his manager, who held the fort. A hail through a crack in the door and a deep voice gurgled noisily, "Come in." The door was opened and M. Ysaye was revealed, as only a massive head and sturdy shoulders towering from a small but turbulent sea. His mane of black hair glistened with wetness and was tumbled about his eyes in a way that would have astonished one of his great audiences or any of the numerous "crowned heads" before whom he has appeared.

"There! you have caught me," he exclaimed with a great jolly laugh. "But



Eugene Ysaye.

I am very glad to come to Philadelphia, even if I am seen by the first person I meet in most undignified pose. Do you know that your Academy of Music is said to have the finest acoustics of any—what do you call it—auditorium?—in the world. I heard this in Europe. Sarasate told me that your Academy was the most perfect hall to play in anywhere. Paderewski said the same. Perhaps it was a happy accident. I don't know."

Just as his impression of American audiences was asked, M. Ysaye went completely under for a final plunge, and the interviewer retired to the sitting room, where the violinist presently joined him wrapped in a dressing gown of gorgeous hues.

"Ah, the public, you say? The New York audiences made a charming impression on me. There was about the people such an air of intelligence. There was no lack of close attention, there was no talking, and no applause until the end of the movements. Now such a lovely work as Dvorak's symphony would have been interrupted a dozen times in France with a handclap, or a stupid "Bravo," or someone saying, "Que c'est beau," or something or other all the time. My New York and Boston audiences not only exhibited a strong love for music itself, but equal admiration for the composer. You cannot understand how quickly you feel that the public is en rapport with you. You feel in the course of your solo that your intuition, your idea, your emotion, has been felt and understood and you are buoyantly happy. I have followed with great interest the musical progress which Americans have achieved in recent years. What I know of their efforts in that direction bids me to believe that they are already far ahead of Englishmen, who seem to remain in statu quo. Why? Wagnerian lectures originated in this country, and there are hardly more accomplished musical critics in the world than are to be found in America."

M. Ysaye recalls Rubinstein in appearance in many ways. There is the same leonine head, the same suggestion of resolute vigor, and of innate power. His figure is tall and massive, with square, stalwart shoulders and a broad chest. The chin is strong, the jaw square, and the mouth firm and finely cut. His eyes are large, deep set, and wonderfully expressive, and he could be taken at once for the intelligent and sensitive artist without the mass of long dark hair that sweeps back from his brow.

YSAYE AT THE ACADEMY.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Large Audience Present.

In the second Boston Symphony concert last evening at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, had its first opportunity of hearing one of the greatest living violinists, M. Eugene Ysaye, who, it is needless to say, fulfilled all expectations that anticipatory eulogies had raised as to the man and his art. The programme was also about one of the best digested bits that Director Pau has given us and will serve to increase his hold on his audiences here, which has not been that of his predecessors. The programme ran as follows:—

Symphony No. 4 in E. minor, Op. 98, ... Brahms
Concerts for the violin..... Saint-Saens
Ballet movement and Entr'Acte from "Rosamunde"..... Schubert
Scotch Fantaise for the violin.... Bruch
Carnival in Paris..... Svendsen

The Academy was crowded and while the beauty of the Brahms symphony seemed to be fully appreciated, it was evident that the interest was in the artist. On first appearance, such is his physical qualities it does not seem possible that such a ponderous personage could have the extreme lightness, delicacy and grace which are his, almost suggesting the maiden, combined with a perfect purity of tone and backed by a technique which has no tricks in it. The manner and the way in which he made it evident, though [illegible] affectation, that he and the [illegible] one, showed an artist [illegible] quality and art were evenly [illegible] each occupying its proper

[illegible] of Brahms, [illegible] which the concert opened, is in construction the most masterly of Brahms' symphonies, and, although the austere and almost ascetic quality of the work renders popular appreciation slow, it was well received last night, and the audience was certainly moved by its finer passages. The second movement (andante moderato) is one of the most romantic and original creations. It is like Schubert, but more powerfully wrought, and the whole symphony attains a high intellectual level. In the third and fourth movements it contains wide departures from the classic symphony from and opens a wide trail for modern composers to follow. Director Pau's rendering was not a first-class performance for his orchestra. In the first movement the bass was at times blurred. The second movement was, however, most thoughtfully and beautifully rendered. It is very lovely and brought out much applause. In the fourth movement the bass was a little harsh, and the total effect seemed wanting in full life. Such performances, however, will prove to the public that Brahms, as is the fact, is the greatest symphonist since Beethoven.

In the concerts for the violin Ysaye had full opportunity to exploit his genius and whether it was his bowing, or his sureness of tone, or his exceeding grace of touch, or a combination of all those qualities that go to make up the great artist, the result was a profound impression on everyone. The second movement, however, was unquestionably the favorite. And as the violinist finished on a high note of exquisite purity, that, as he slowly drew his bow with perfect power, seemed to get thinner and purer and purer and thinner, growing beautifully less, the effect was wonderful. It was as sweet and lovely as some soaring lark drawing away into the distant blue. Not only did Ysaye receive much applause on his entrance, but he was called out again and again by the delighted audience, and to the plaudits he bowed gravely unruffled. The "Rosamunde" selection was perfectly played by the orchestra, especially the andantino. After this again came Ysaye, and the expectation raised by his first performance was fully maintained in the five parts of the Scotch fantasie. The adagio showed his sympathetic qualities in the highest degree and in the scherzo the same birdlike qualities of tone again sounded and sang themselves, while the power of his deeper notes, like the cello's, was shown in the andante. The warlike finale was very spirited, and as the great soloist of the evening left the stage the applause showed the triumph of his art. The concert concluded with the showy hit, Svendsen's "Carnival of Paris," which was well rendered by the orchestra. Ysaye is unquestionably a most attractive artist, albeit he is not passionate, not Byronic, perhaps, but rather subtle and Wordsworthian.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TWELVE PAGES.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

YSAYE A GREAT ARTIST.

First Appearance of the Belgian Violinist in This City Last Night.

The second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last night was made memorable by the first appearance of Mr. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, of whom much has been heard abroad of recent years, but who is almost a stranger in the Western world. His few appearances elsewhere have evoked the highest praise and it must be admitted that none of these statements were extravagant. Mr. Ysaye is a great artist—one of the greatest violinists of the age. He belongs to that highest circle of artists who are preferred one above the other merely according to one's taste. Ysaye has that indispensable medium of an artist—a perfect technique. Nothing is difficult to him. The most complex fingering gives him not the slightest trouble.

In technique alone he is beyond criticism, but that alone does not make an artist. He has more. A look at the man is some slight indication of his work. He is a large, heavy man, with a smooth face, a heavy jaw and long black hair. The upper part of his face is not impressive, but his whole manner is. From the first one can see that he is a serious artist, with perfect command of his instrument, poetic in sentiment, modest in demeanor and utterly undemonstrative in his methods. There is not the slightest attempt to display himself. He is solely wrapped up in his art.

When he has played but a few bars one sees that here is a master. There is not the least slurring. His tone is large, his intonation is magnificent, and in every way he marks the full stature of the great artist. No one in this generation has given such a singing quality to violin music. He reminds one in this respect of Paderewski at the piano. There is warmth and feeling in every note, and in every note he shows his individuality. One is constantly impressed with his seriousness. His art is to him no idle thing. It is to be revered. It is above the place of earthly things and is to him the language of a higher existence. Certainly a more poetic violinist has not been heard here. He played Saint Saens' concerto admirably. The orchestration was delightful, just filling in a background for the artist.

In his piano passages, although the tones were barely audible, they were clean cut but soft as snowflakes. He played afterwards Bruch's Scotch fantasie, which was simply a delirium of delight. The audience was one of the largest ever at a symphony concert in this city, and was wildly enthusiastic. We shall want to hear more from this new artist.

The orchestra played Brahms' symphony in E minor No. 4; Schubert's ballet and entr'act from "Rosamunde," and Svendsen's Carnival in Paris—all most acceptably.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Last Evening.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave its second concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, in the presence of the crowded and brilliant audience which its appearance never fails to attract. It was heard in Brahm's complicated symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98, in the delicious ballet and entracte music of Schubert's "Rosamunde," and in a wild, wierd and wearisome composition by Johan Svendsen, entitled "Carnival in Paris," in all of which numbers it played with its wonted brilliancy, delicacy and impeccability, and with something more than its usual breadth and vigor. The audience enjoyed its performance greatly, and applauded it with well-merited warmth; but after all, the feature of the occasion was the first appearance in Philadelphia of Eugene Ysaye, the distinguished Belgian violinist, the cordiality of whose reception bespoke the eager and agreeable anticipations with which his playing was awaited. Mr. Ysaye is a tall, massively built man, of dark complexion, with long, coal black hair, and a leonine cast of countenance. His demeanor, though entirely unassuming, is suggestive of confidence, and his whole presence conveys, in an indescribable but unmistakable manner a sense of power. There was a moment or two of delay as he tuned his instrument, affected by the temperature of the auditorium, and then the orchestra began to play the tremolando opening bars of Saint-Saen's Concerto No. 3 in B minor, op. 61, and presently the solo violin was heard announcing in its lowest register the theme of the allegro movement. From that moment until the close of the concerto M. Ysaye was listened to with rapt attention, only suspended when opportunity offered by oubtursts of applause, and at the conclusion of the number he was called repeatedly before the curtain, and urged by people whose pleasure had rendered them inconsiderate to play something more. This he very properly, in view of the exacting and exhausting character of the composition which he had just finished, declined to do, but he was heard later on in Max Bruch's beautiful and imaginative, but immensely difficult "Scotch Fantasy" and by his performance thereof deepened and confirmed the first impression. There can be no question of M. Ysaye's standing. He is an artist of the first rank, and one of the three or four very great violinists of the day. From players of his importance brilliant technique is expected as a matter of course, and M. Ysaye has it to perfection. His intonation is faultless, the purity of his tone is quite extraordinary, while his mastery over the mysteries of staccato bowing, double stopping, etc., appears to be absolute. Yet it is not by his technique that he makes his impression. It is by the poetry, by the delicacy, by the beauty, by the irresistible emotional eloquence of his playing. With his violin he speaks to the heart with an utterance so full of power, of passion and of charm that sometimes fascinating, sometimes melting, sometimes inspiriting, it is always convincing and impressive. It was a great pleasure to hear him; it will be a still greater pleasure to hear him again.

Bizet's "Carmen" will be sung at the Academy to-night by the company of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and with a cast comprising Rastinano Ancona, Lucille Hill and Zelie de Lussan. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it will hold suburban trains until fifteen minutes after the performance.

THE RECORD.

Philadelphia, December 4, 1894.

Ysaye and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the season last evening at the Academy of Music. Mr. Emil Paur again wielded the baton, and the more this skilled and talented leader is studied the higher is the appreciation that is awakened by his methods. The special feature of the programme last evening was undoubtedly the brilliant violin playing of the Belgian soloist, Eugene Ysaye, who more than realized the enthusiastic reports that had preceded him. He is certainly a master of the violin. His technical equipment is marked by an accuracy that is almost perfection, while he infuses into his work an expressive feeling and emotional action peculiarly his own. His tonal strength is, perhaps, not so conspicuous as that of other great violinists heard here, but none has excelled him in true delicacy of expression and in exquisite modulations. He carried the house by storm last night. He was really magnificent in the well-known Saint-Saens concerto, while in the three movements of Bruch's "Scotch Fantasie" his versatility and sustained certainty of touch were admirably displayed. Ysaye's memory is a remarkable one, and at no time did he betray the slightest need of guiding notes. The orchestra itself was heard at its best in Brahm's Symphony No. 4, and in the ballet movement and entr' acte from Schubert's "Rosamunde." Conductor Paur had his players completely in sympathy with the intentions of the composers, and rarely have these two works been accorded a finer interpretation.

PUBLIC [illegible]

Philadelphia, Tuesday, December [illegible]

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Great Soloist.

The Boston Orchestra last night, at the Academy of Music, had a packed house, which thinned out quite perceptibly before the close, not through satiety with the abundant musical treat prepared by Conductor Emil Paur, but because of the inexorable requirements of railroad time-tables. The Orchestra was never in better form at any local concert, and the programme proved an exceptionally attractive one. As read by Mr. Paur, Brahms loses much of the heavy and, seemingly, obscure, purposeless and labored characteristics that have come to be associated with his symphonies in the minds of many concert attendants. His fourth (E minor) symphony, which headed the programme last night, contains a great deal of music which, in either tonal or formal beauty (though he has taken many liberties with the canonical forms), will compare favorably with any of the modern productions of its class. It was splendidly played throughout, and, if it aroused little enthusiasm at any point, there was seldom lack of interest. The symphony was followed by the No. 3 (B minor) violin concerto of Saint Saens, which presented for the first time here Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, as soloist, and served at once to verify the extremely flattering praises that had preceded him. For superb bowing, exquisite phasing, beauty of tone and a technique that is simply perfect he has had few equals here and still fewer superiors. At the close of the concerto, between whose divisions he had been enthusiastically applauded, Ysaye was called out four or five times, Mr. Paur and his first violinists leading in the demonstrations. He also played Max Bruch's Scotch fantasi ewith the same easy mastery, combined with sensibility and grace. There were some passages in the finale where he lacked freedom of bowing to an extent that suggested fatigue on his part, but this impression was speedily dissipated by the brilliant way in which he gave the telling strokes at the end. One word, though often misapplied, best sums up Mr. Ysaye—he is great; a musician as well as a virtuoso.

Besides the orchestral work in the two violin works the orchestra was heard in the ballet and entr'act music from Schubert's "Rosamunde," given with delightful delicacy and finish, and the "Paris Carnival" of Svensden, which brought the most enjoyable concert to a close.

The Times

TWELVE PAGES

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

Academy of Music.

To say that the playing of Eugene Ysaye, who was the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Academy of Music, came as one of the greatest artistic surprises Philadelphia has ever had would be to use mild terms. The man is one of the great musicians; one of the great men. There can be no question of this. Such a violinist is scarcely within the recollection of anyone living. This may sound like exaggeration, but it is not. To attempt to criticise his art would be impertinence. It has the comprehensiveness of genius. It has strength, tenderness, poetry, romance, fire, sympathy, everything, down to the physical ability to play magical tricks with the instrument which is so often a concomitant of great poetic mastery over it. And he is to the sight what he is to the ear—no one could better typify the calm strength of genius. He looks like Beethoven. It is difficult to speak of his first appearance last night with moderation—most difficult. There can be only one regret, that he was not heard at all in classical music, his selections being both modern, the Saint-Saens concerto and a Scotch fantasie by Bruch. Space is only left to mention the always admirable playing of the orchestra, the chief selection being a new Brahms symphony, No. 4, E minor. The house was crowded and greatly stirred by enthusiasm.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 160.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Its Second Concert of the Season at the New York Metropolitan Opera House.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1894. At the Metropolitan Opera House the Boston Symphony orchestra this evening gave its second concert of the season.

Beethoven's seventh symphony, the adagio from Bruch's D minor (not C minor concerto, as the handbill stated), and a movement from Paganini's D major concerto, the overture to "The Bartered Bride," the first "Arlesienne" suite by Bizet, and Liszt's "Les Preludes" were the compositions that made up the programme.

The most notable feature of the evening was the exquisite overture by the Bohemian composer, and the phenomenal performance, technically, of the Paganini music by Caesar Thomson. The artist impressed the laymen quite as much as he did the connoisseurs, and a scene of genuine enthusiasm rewarded him for his truly masterly work.

Herr Paur succeeded in catching the spirit of the music. It was played, moreover, with prodigious velocity, and yet with perfect clearness. Here, if anywhere, lay the strength of the orchestral portion of the evening's entertainment.

[59]

The Philadelphia Press

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

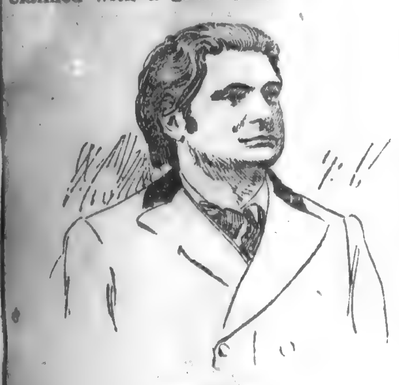
A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

M. Ysaye, the Great Violinist, Talks Music in His Bath.

The rather cynical axiom that "no man is a hero to his valet" may be proven the rule by its occasional exceptions. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, one of the greatest of musical artists, is a most impressive and admirable figure when receiving the plaudits of thousands of enthusiastic admirers. That he could still retain his dignity while giving his views on various musical topics from the splashing depths of a bath-tub at the Stratford yesterday afternoon, and under such trying circumstances remain thoroughly companionable and entertaining is proof that all proverbs go astray once in awhile. When a "Press" reporter called the great Virtuoso had just disappeared in his bath room, and from behind closed doors there came the noise of prodigious splashing and blowing, as though an aquarium had gone utterly mad and the biggest fish of all was the storm center of disturbance.

"I wish to ask some questions of M. Ysaye," said the reporter to his manager, who held the fort. A hail through a crack in the door and a deep voice gurgled noisily, "Come in." The door was opened and M. Ysaye was revealed, as only a massive head and sturdy shoulders towering from a small but turbulent sea. His mane of black hair glistened with wetness and was tumbled about his eyes in a way that would have astonished one of his great audiences or any of the numerous "crowned heads" before whom he has appeared.

"There! you have caught me," he exclaimed with a great jolly laugh. "But



Eugene Ysaye.

I am very glad to come to Philadelphia, even if I am seen by the first person I meet in most undignified pose. Do you know that your Academy of Music is said to have the finest acoustics of any—what do you call it—auditorium?—in the world. I heard this in Europe. Sarasate told me that your Academy was the most perfect hall to play in anywhere. Paderewski said the same. Perhaps it was a happy accident. I don't know."

Just as his impression of American audiences was asked, M. Ysaye went completely under for a final plunge, and the interviewer retired to the sitting room, where the violinist presently joined him wrapped in a dressing gown of gorgeous hues.

"Ah, the public, you say? The New York audiences made a charming impression on me. There was about the people such an air of intelligence. There was no lack of close attention, there was no talking, and no applause until the end of the movements. Now such a lovely work as Dvorak's symphony would have been interrupted a dozen times in France with a handclap, or a stupid "Bravo," or someone saying, "Que c'est beau," or something or other all the time. My New York and Boston audiences not only exhibited a strong love for music itself, but equal admiration for the composer. You cannot understand how quickly you feel that the public is en rapport with you. You feel in the course of your solo that your intuition, your idea, your emotion, has been felt and understood and you are buoyantly happy. I have followed with great interest the musical progress which Americans have achieved in recent years. What I know of their efforts in that direction bids me to believe that they are already far ahead of Englishmen, who seem to remain in statu quo. Why? Wagnerian lectures originated in this country, and there are hardly more accomplished musical critics in the world than are to be found in America."

M. Ysaye recalls Rubinstein in appearance in many ways. There is the same leonine head, the same suggestion of resolute vigor, and of innate power. His figure is tall and massive, with square, stalwart shoulders and a broad chest. The chin is strong, the jaw square, and the mouth firm and finely cut. His eyes are large, deep set, and wonderfully expressive, and he could be taken at once for the intelligent and sensitive artist without the mass of long dark hair that sweeps back from his brow.

YSAYE AT THE ACADEMY.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Large Audience Present.

In the second Boston Symphony concert last evening at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, had its first opportunity of hearing one of the greatest living violinists, M. Eugene Ysaye, who, it is needless to say, fulfilled all expectations that anticipatory eulogies had raised as to the man and his art. The programme was also about one of the best digested bits that Director Pau has given us and will serve to increase his hold on his audiences here, which has not been that of his predecessors. The programme ran as follows:—

Symphony No. 4 in E. minor, Op. 98, ... Brahms
Concerts for the violin..... Saint-Saens
Ballet movement and Entr'Acte from "Rosamunde"..... Schubert
Scotch Fantaise for the violin.... Bruch
Carnival in Paris..... Svendsen

The Academy was crowded and while the beauty of the Brahms symphony seemed to be fully appreciated, it was evident that the interest was in the artist. On first appearance, such is his physical qualities it does not seem possible that such a ponderous personage could have the extreme lightness, delicacy and grace which are his, almost suggesting the maiden, combined with a perfect purity of tone and backed by a technique which has no tricks in it. His calmness of manner and the way in which he made it evident, though without affectation, that he and the violin were one and one, showed an artist whose personality and art were evenly balanced, each occupying its proper

the fourth symphony of Brahms, with which the concert opened, is in construction the most masterly of Brahms' symphonies, and, although the austere and almost ascetic quality of the work renders popular appreciation slow, it was well received last night, and the audience was certainly moved by its finer passages. The second movement (andante moderato) is one of the most romantic and original creations. It is like Schubert, but more powerfully wrought, and the whole symphony attains a high intellectual level. In the third and fourth movements it contains wide departures from the classic symphony from and opens a wide trail for modern composers to follow. Director Pau's rendering was not a first-class performance for his orchestra. In the first movement the bass was at times blurred. The second movement was, however, most thoughtfully and beautifully rendered. It is very lovely and brought out much applause. In the fourth movement the bass was a little harsh, and the total effect seemed wanting in full life. Such performances, however, will prove to the public that Brahms, as is the fact, is the greatest symphonist since Beethoven.

In the concerts for the violin Ysaye had full opportunity to exploit his genius and whether it was his bowing, or his sureness of tone, or his exceeding grace of touch, or a combination of all those qualities that go to make up the great artist, the result was a profound impression on everyone. The second movement, however, was unquestionably the favorite. And as the violinist finished on a high note of exquisite purity, that, as he slowly drew his bow with perfect power, seemed to get thinner and purer and purer and thinner, growing beautifully less, the effect was wonderful. It was as sweet and lovely as some soaring lark drawing away into the distant blue. Not only did Ysaye receive much applause on his entrance, but he was called out again and again by the delighted audience, and to the plaudits he bowed gravely unruffled. The "Rosamunde" selection was perfectly played by the orchestra, especially the andantino. After this again came Ysaye, and the expectation raised by his first performance was fully maintained in the five parts of the Scotch fantasie. The adagio showed his sympathetic qualities in the highest degree and in the scherzo the same birdlike qualities of tone again sounded and sang themselves, while the power of his deeper notes, like the cello's, was shown in the andante. The warlike finale was very spirited, and as the great soloist of the evening left the stage the applause showed the triumph of his art. The concert concluded with the showy hit, Svendsen's "Carnival of Paris," which was well rendered by the orchestra. Ysaye is unquestionably a most attractive artist, albeit he is not passionate, not Byronic, perhaps, but rather subtle and Wordsworthian.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TWELVE PAGES.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

YSAYE A GREAT ARTIST.

First Appearance of the Belgian Violinist in This City Last Night.

The second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last night was made memorable by the first appearance of Mr. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, of whom much has been heard abroad of recent years, but who is almost a stranger in the Western world. His few appearances elsewhere have evoked the highest praise and it must be admitted that none of these statements were extravagant. Mr. Ysaye is a great artist—one of the greatest violinists of the age. He belongs to that highest circle of artists who are preferred one above the other merely according to one's taste. Ysaye has that indispensable medium of an artist—a perfect technique. Nothing is difficult to him. The most complex fingering gives him not the slightest trouble.

In technique alone he is beyond criticism, but that alone does not make an artist. He has more. A look at the man is some slight indication of his work. He is a large, heavy man, with a smooth face, a heavy jaw and long black hair. The upper part of his face is not impressive, but his whole manner is. From the first one can see that he is a serious artist, with perfect command of his instrument, poetic in sentiment, modest in demeanor and utterly undemonstrative in his methods. There is not the slightest attempt to display himself. He is solely wrapped up in his art.

When he has played but a few bars one sees that here is a master. There is not the least slurring. His tone is large, his intonation is magnificent, and in every way he marks the full stature of the great artist. No one in this generation has given such a singing quality to violin music. He reminds one in this respect of Paderewski at the piano. There is warmth and feeling in every note, and in every note he shows his individuality. One is constantly impressed with his seriousness. His art is to him no idle thing. It is to be revered. It is above the place of earthly things and is to him the language of a higher existence. Certainly a more poetic violinist has not been heard here. He played Saint Saens' concerto admirably. The orchestration was delightful, just filling in a background for the artist.

In his piano passages, although the tones were barely audible, they were clean cut but soft as snowflakes. He played afterwards Bruch's Scotch fantasie, which was simply a delirium of delight. The audience was one of the largest ever at a symphony concert in this city, and was wildly enthusiastic. We shall want to hear more from this new artist.

The orchestra played Brahms' symphony in E minor No. 4; Schubert's ballet and entr'act from "Rosamunde," and Svendsen's Carnival in Paris—all most acceptably.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Last Evening.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave its second concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, in the presence of the crowded and brilliant audience which its appearance never fails to attract. It was heard in Brahm's complicated symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98, in the delicious ballet and entracte music of Schubert's "Rosamunde," and in a wild, wierd and wearisome composition by Johan Svendsen, entitled "Carnival in Paris," in all of which numbers it played with its wonted brilliancy, delicacy and impeccability, and with something more than its usual breadth and vigor. The audience enjoyed its performance greatly, and applauded it with well-merited warmth; but after all, the feature of the occasion was the first appearance in Philadelphia of Eugene Ysaye, the distinguished Belgian violinist, the cordiality of whose reception bespoke the eager and agreeable anticipations with which his playing was awaited. Mr. Ysaye is a tall, massively built man, of dark complexion, with long, coal black hair, and a leonine cast of countenance. His demeanor, though entirely unassuming, is suggestive of confidence, and his whole presence conveys, in an indescribable but unmistakable manner a sense of power. There was a moment or two of delay as he tuned his instrument, affected by the temperature of the auditorium, and then the orchestra began to play the tremolando opening bars of Saint-Saen's Concerto No. 3 in B minor, op. 61, and presently the solo violin was heard announcing in its lowest register the theme of the allegro movement. From that moment until the close of the concerto M. Ysaye was listened to with rapt attention, only suspended when opportunity offered by outbursts of applause, and at the conclusion of the number he was called repeatedly before the curtain, and urged by people whose pleasure had rendered them inconsiderate to play something more. This he very properly, in view of the exacting and exhausting character of the composition which he had just finished, declined to do, but he was heard later on in Max Bruch's beautiful and imaginative, but immensely difficult "Scotch Fantasy" and by his performance thereof deepened and confirmed the first impression. There can be no question of M. Ysaye's standing. He is an artist of the first rank, and one of the three or four very great violinists of the day. From players of his importance brilliant technique is expected as a matter of course, and M. Ysaye has it to perfection. His intonation is faultless, the purity of his tone is quite extraordinary, while his mastery over the mysteries of staccato bowing, double stopping, etc., appears to be absolute. Yet it is not by his technique that he makes his impression. It is by the poetry, by the delicacy, by the beauty, by the irresistible emotional eloquence of his playing. With his violin he speaks to the heart with an utterance so full of power, of passion and of charm that sometimes fascinating, sometimes melting, sometimes inspiriting, it is always convincing and impressive. It was a great pleasure to hear him; it will be a still greater pleasure to hear him again.

Bizet's "Carmen" will be sung at the Academy to-night by the company of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and with a cast comprising Rastinano Ancona, Lucille Hill and Zelie de Lussan. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it will hold suburban trains until fifteen minutes after the performance.

THE RECORD.

Philadelphia, December 4, 1894.

Ysaye and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the season last evening at the Academy of Music. Mr. Emil Paur again wielded the baton, and the more this skilled and talented leader is studied the higher is the appreciation that is awakened by his methods. The special feature of the programme last evening was undoubtedly the brilliant violin playing of the Belgian soloist, Eugene Ysaye, who more than realized the enthusiastic reports that had preceded him. He is certainly a master of the violin. His technical equipment is marked by an accuracy that is almost perfection, while he infuses into his work an expressive feeling and emotional action peculiarly his own. His tonal strength is, perhaps, not so conspicuous as that of other great violinists heard here, but none has excelled him in true delicacy of expression and in exquisite modulations. He carried the house by storm last night. He was really magnificent in the well-known Saint-Saens concerto, while in the three movements of Bruch's "Scotch Fantasie" his versatility and sustained certainty of touch were admirably displayed. Ysaye's memory is a remarkable one, and at no time did he betray the slightest need of guiding notes. The orchestra itself was heard at its best in Brahm's Symphony No. 4, and in the ballet movement and entr' acte from Schubert's "Rosamunde." Conductor Paur had his players completely in sympathy with the intentions of the composers, and rarely have these two works been accorded a finer interpretation.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Philadelphia, Tuesday, December 4, 1894.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Great Soloist.

The Boston Orchestra last night, at the Academy of Music, had a packed house, which thinned out quite perceptibly before the close, not through satiety with the abundant musical treat prepared by Conductor Emil Paur, but because of the inexorable requirements of railroad time-tables. The Orchestra was never in better form at any local concert, and the programme proved an exceptionally attractive one. As read by Mr. Paur, Brahms loses much of the heavy and, seemingly, obscure, purposeless and labored characteristics that have come to be associated with his symphonies in the minds of many concert attendants. His fourth (E minor) symphony, which headed the programme last night, contains a great deal of music which, in either tonal or formal beauty (though he has taken many liberties with the canonical forms), will compare favorably with any of the modern productions of its class. It was splendidly played throughout, and, if it aroused little enthusiasm at any point, there was seldom lack of interest. The symphony was followed by the No. 3 (B minor) violin concerto of Saint Saens, which presented for the first time here Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, as soloist, and served at once to verify the extremely flattering praises that had preceded him. For superb bowing, exquisite phasing, beauty of tone and a technique that is simply perfect he has had few equals here and still fewer superiors. At the close of the concerto, between whose divisions he had been enthusiastically applauded, Ysaye was called out four or five times, Mr. Paur and his first violinists leading in the demonstrations. He also played Max Bruch's Scotch fantasi ewith the same easy mastery, combined with sensibility and grace. There were some passages in the finale where he lacked freedom of bowing to an extent that suggested fatigue on his part, but this impression was speedily dissipated by the brilliant way in which he gave the telling strokes at the end. One word, though often misapplied, best sums up Mr. Ysaye—he is great; a musician as well as a virtuoso.

Besides the orchestral work in the two violin works the orchestra was heard in the ballet and entr'act music from Schubert's "Rosamunde," given with delightful delicacy and finish, and the "Paris Carnival" of Svensden, which brought the most enjoyable concert to a close.

The Times

TWELVE PAGES

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

Academy of Music.

To say that the playing of Eugene Ysaye, who was the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Academy of Music, came as one of the greatest artistic surprises Philadelphia has ever had would be to use mild terms. The man is one of the great musicians; one of the great men. There can be no question of this. Such a violinist is scarcely within the recollection of anyone living. This may sound like exaggeration, but it is not. To attempt to criticise his art would be impertinence. It has the comprehensiveness of genius. It has strength, tenderness, poetry, romance, fire, sympathy, everything, down to the physical ability to play magical tricks with the instrument which is so often a concomitant of great poetic mastery over it. And he is to the sight what he is to the ear—no one could better typify the calm strength of genius. He looks like Beethoven. It is difficult to speak of his first appearance last night with moderation—most difficult. There can be only one regret, that he was not heard at all in classical music, his selections being both modern, the Saint-Saens concerto and a Scotch fantasie by Bruch. Space is only left to mention the always admirable playing of the orchestra, the chief selection being a new Brahms symphony, No. 4, E minor. The house was crowded and greatly stirred by enthusiasm.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 160.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Its Second Concert of the Season at the New York Metropolitan Opera House.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1894. At the Metropolitan Opera House the Boston Symphony orchestra this evening gave its second concert of the season.

Beethoven's seventh symphony, the adagio from Bruch's D minor (not C minor concerto, as the handbill stated), and a movement from Paganini's D major concerto, the overture to "The Bartered Bride," the first "Arlesienne" suite by Bizet, and Liszt's "Les Preludes" were the compositions that made up the programme.

The most notable feature of the evening was the exquisite overture by the Bohemian composer, and the phenomenal performance, tecnnically, of the Paganini music by Caesar Thomson. The artist impressed the laymen quite as much as he did the connoisseurs, and a scene of genuine enthusiasm rewarded him for his truly masterly work.

Herr Paur succeeded in catching the spirit of the music. It was played, moreover, with prodigious velocity, and yet with perfect clearness. Here, if anywhere, lay the strength of the orchestral portion of the evening's entertainment.

[59]

The Washington Post

Wednesday, December 5, 1894.

PLEASED A LARGE AUDIENCE.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Metzerott's.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra drew the customary large and appreciative audience to Metzerott Music Hall last evening. Other attractions come and go and prosper or fail to pay expenses, as the case may be, but Conductor Paur has at his beck and call the best musical taste of Washington always.

The programme last evening was complete and well balanced, beginning with the rather heavy Brahms' concerto No. 4 in E minor, and concluding with Svendsen's spirited "Carnival in Paris," which sent the listeners away with ears ringing and blood tingling. Between these two extremes were Franz Schubert's dainty ballet movement and entr'acte from "Rosamunde," and "L'Arlesienne" orchestral suite, No. 1, of Georges Bizet. The latter was probably the popular favorite of the orchestral programme.

While not so well known, and possibly not so well liked as the second suite of the same name, this No. 1 is a masterpiece worthy of the composer of "Carmen." In it he proves his complete mastery, not only of the wild Spanish melodies, but of all the resources of the orchestra. Some of its effects are almost bizarre; the prelude combines the strings, horns, and lower wood instruments in an excellent imitation of trumpets, which introduce a sprightly march movement. The minuetto is a most graceful movement, and the adagietto is charming, but the closing carillon—in which horns imitate perfectly the chime of bells—is splendid.

The soloist of the evening was Cesar Thompson, the Belgian violinist. As one lady listener remarked, he looks like du Maurier's portrait of Svengali in "Trilby," and plays like an angel. While he cannot be accounted a truly great violinist, being deficient in those qualities, which go to make up the antithesis of angelic music, he is a master of tone, and his playing is uniformly smooth and finished to a fault. Accordingly, he appeared to better advantage in Bruch's Adagio, where tones and smooth playing tell, than in Paginini's D major Concerto, which, in spite of his finish, was rather tame in passages, which should have been fiery. Nevertheless, he won an encore, in response to which he gave an exhibition of double-stop playing, which was pretty nearly perfect.

Baltimore American

AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD, AND THE OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

"WE BUILD."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Fine Performance at the New Music Hall—The Violinist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of its series at the new Music Hall last evening, with M. Cesar Thomson, the Belgian violinist, as soloist. The audience was very large and brilliant, although not a repetition of the first, the inaugural one. It was, however, a very enthusiastic and fashionable assemblage, for these concerts have come to be regarded as great society events, and the social, as well as the musical, world turn out in large numbers. The size of the audiences shows what a blessing to concert-goers the new Music Hall is. For the past few seasons the management of this orchestra has been compelled, for lack of a concert hall, to give their concerts in one of the theaters in the afternoon, naturally thereby depriving many who were engaged during the day of these musical treats.

The program was very well arranged, being a great improvement on their first concert in this respect, and comprised the seventh symphony, the Pastoral in A major of Beethoven, the Adagio from the first Bruch concerto in G minor, and the Paganini concerto in D major for violin solo, the overture to the "Verkaufte Braut" of Smetana, a novelty to Baltimore, "L'Arlisienne" orchestral suite of Bizet, and the symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," of Liszt.

The symphony was given with an immense amount of vigor and spirit, especially in the last movement, and showed the precision and attention in detail which characterize Mr. Paur as a leader. The orchestra was in fine form, and during the entire program fully sustained its deserved reputation as one of the great orchestras of the world.

The Smetana overture, which is a novelty of the season to the public, was written in 1866, and now, ten years after its composer's death, the opera is beginning to claim the recognition due to its freshness and beauty, of which the overture contains no small share. The Bizet suite is familiar, and was charming in its graceful tunefulness. "The Preludes," the symphonic poem, with which the concert closed, showed Liszt in one of his finest moods as a composer, and full justice was done to the beautiful composition.

M. Cesar Thomson, who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest living violinists, and esteemed worthy to rank with the great virtuosi of the kingly instrument, was born at Liege, the birthplace of so many famous violinists, in 1857. He studied at the conservatory at Liege, and received the gold medal there when only eleven. Afterwards he studied with such renowned masters as Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Leonard and Massart. His early tours through Italy and Spain were crowned with phenomenal success, comparable only to the greatest masters. His appearance at Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London created a furor equal to that of Paganini. So dazzling is his technique, so fascinating his delicious tone, that many have likened M. Thomson to the great wizard of the violin, Paganini. With natural gifts of the highest, schooled and developed under the most exacting masters and before the most critical audiences in the world, and dominated by an exalted conception, M. Thomson's playing charms both critic and amateur. Coming, as he does, in the full glory of his powers, his success in this country has been most convincing. Whether he plays Paganini, Ernst or compositions of the modern school, he is incomparable, and in such works as the Beethoven concerts he is colossal. Such breadth, such nobility, such power! All these leave the critic without an opportunity to criticize, and compel him to join the applauding throng. M. Cesar Thomson has nobly striven for and nobly won a high place in our esteem. His two numbers last night were magnificently played, and although recalled eight times, he persisted in his refusal to grant an encore.

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 5, 1894.

CESAR THOMSON HERE.

THE GREAT VIOLINIST TO APPEAR AT MUSIC HALL.

He Will Be the Soloist at the Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Company's Orchestra to Be Given This Evening—Plays With Two Violins, Likes Yachting and Is Free From Mannerisms—What Ysaye Thinks of Him.

The Caesars were a noted family and Cesar Thomson keeps up the family reputation even if his name is not spelled quite the same. He is the great violinist, who will appear at Music Hall tonight as the soloist with the Boston Symphony Company's orchestra, in the second of the series of concerts it is to give in Baltimore this winter. The first will be remembered as the magnificent success of the formal opening of Music Hall.

Cesar Thomson is at the Rennert in Room 16, where he entertained his friends

Cesar Thomson, Violinist.

this morning. Some of them were the distinguished foreign artists in the Symphony Company's orchestra with the unpronounceable names. Herr C. M. Loeffler wanted to see the great violinist, and Herr Loeffler was admitted to an audience, for he is one of Cesar Thomson's best friends. Then there were the Adamowskis, who also craved the companionship of the celebrated artist, and sent in all of their name that would indicate our first parents stepped out of the Garden of Eden into Hungary, and started a generation of musicians.

Cesar Thomson is a most interesting artist. He has as supreme a way of conquering audiences as old Julius Caesar had of conquering nations. In Italy, when Cesar Thomson played, the audiences stood up, waved their hats and shouted. They did more. After the performance they carried Cesar Thomson out on their shoulders to his carriage and then pulled the carriage to his residence. This has been done so many times it is something of a chestnut with Cesar Thomson and he speaks of it lightly, as if it were just a little thing to be admired so much and hardly a matter worth mentioning.

His Two Violins.

The violinist is in his best form today. His fingers are as supple as can be and his violins are of exquisite tone. When Cesar Thomson achieves his great triumphs he uses two violins. The first piece he will play tonight will be an adagio, by Max Bruch, from Concerto No. 1, in G minor, op. 26. This number has made good its place in the foremost rank of modern violin concertos. The second movement is a beautiful romanza, in which the solo violin occupies the foreground almost throughout. Its second phrase has become especially famous.

Cesar Thomson will play it with a Stradivarius violin, which is his finest instrument. A Stradivarius violin is valued at anywhere from $5000 to $10,000, and Cesar Thomson's is one of the best of its kind.

In the second number a concerto in D major from Paganini, Cesar Thomson will lay aside his Stradivarius and take up his Seraphini, also an instrument of great value. When he draws a bow across it the Seraphini rivals the seraphs.

Third Finger of the Left Hand.

The musicians regard Cesar Thomson highly. Ysaye, the great violinist, who will soon appear at Music Hall, recently said of Thomson:

"He is to me as the third finger of my left hand."

Now, it is well known that to a violinist nothing can be more precious than the third finger of the left hand, without which it would be impossible to give great performances on the violin. It is a sort of apple-of-the-eye with violinists, and when Ysaye gave utterance to the words it was his queer Belgian way of telling how much he thought of Cesar Thomson.

Mr. Thompson's appearance betokens the artist. A high forehead, deep, soulful eyes; thin, nervous hands, all characteristics of a man who lives a life in which aestheticism plays an important part. He is free from mannerisms and affectations.

Referring to the comparative appreciation of European audiences Mr. Thompson said that he had found those of Vienna particularly responsive. He plays a great deal in Germany and Austria and in London. His visits to Paris have been frequent. He agrees with most virtuosi that solo artists, whose work is more of a subjective quality, do not there receive a full measure of approval.

Mr. Thompson is an enthusiast on yachting. He devours all that is written on the subject, and in his home, in Liege, he has gathered a collection of models which in its completeness illustrates the history of yachting.

Orchestra and Programme.

The Symphony Company's orchestra is in excellent condition. All the men feel well and the instruments are in good tone. Conductor Emil Paur is at his best. The orchestra is making the trip under the management of Mr. Frederick Comee, the regular assistant manager, who takes the place of Manager C. A. Ellis, unavoidably absent. Manager Comee spent this morning with Manager Nolan of Music Hall and perfected all the details for tonight's performance.

The orchestra arrived in Baltimore yesterday morning. It held a rehearsal at Music Hall at noon. In the evening it went over to Washington and gave a concert in Metzerott's Music Hall. After the concert it returned to Baltimore, arriving here at 11.30 o'clock. Its headquarters are at the Carrollton Hotel.

The full number of 87 pieces will appear on the stage tonight. The following programme will be given:

Ludwig van Beethoven.....
....Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92
Soli for Violin (a.) Bruch. Adagio from Concerto No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26 (b.) Paganini.....Concerto in D major
Bedrich Smetana.....
.....Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"
Georges Bizet.....
.."L'Arlesienne," Orchestral Suite No. 1
Franz Liszt.....
.....Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"

THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1894.

A MASTER OF THE VIOLIN.

Cesar Thompson, the Belgian, Scores a Great Triumph.

HIS PERFORMANCE AT MUSIC HALL.

Recalled Again and Again by the Audience—A Notable Concert Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Gossip of Music and Musicians.

A great violinist is Cesar Thompson, the Belgian.

His success at Music Hall last night with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was won by pure merit and not by any tricky methods or popular reputation.

Until the present season this violinist was comparatively unknown in America, though he has long been accounted a great virtuoso in the European musical world. His coming, a few weeks ago, was heralded by complications with managers and impressarios, in which a lawsuit was threatened. Notwithstanding this uncomfortable entry Thompson soon made his own personality so strongly felt that his short stay in this country has already taken on the character of a musical triumph and a significant artistic event.

The influx of foreign violin virtuosi has been sufficiently large in recent years to enable Americans to hear nearly all the notable players of the time, and of these Thompson may easily be accounted one of the foremost. He has been called a second Paganini, but this does not seem an apt comparison, for Thompson belongs to a totally different school from that of Paganini, according to the idea that the present generation has formed by hearsay of the most remarkable of violinists.

While in point of technique the Paganini comparison may be apt, in general methods Thompson belongs not in the ranks of the eccentric violinists, but to that pure and classic school in which the instrument is used as a medium for the music and not the music as a medium for showing off the player's command of the resources of the instrument and for exciting astonishment in the hearer. This does not imply that Thompson is not a virtuoso in his technical mastery of the violin, but that in him the virtuoso does not seem uppermost. There is in his playing as well as his manner something that suggests the humility of genius, and almost from the first the auditor instinctively realizes that here is a man whose reverence for music in the abstract is greater than his love of popular plaudits.

In all that Thompson did last night there was evidence of mind. The simplicity of style, the refinement of phrasing, the variety of tone, all bespeak the scholar.

In detail his style may be briefly characterized as follows: A broad, large and sympathetic tone, as pure and clear in long-sustained passage as in crisp staccato; a technique in which little seems left to conquer; marvelous octave and double stopping; the most exquisitely fluent scales and arpeggios, and, withal, nothing overdone and no apparent effort, but perfect repose and dignity.

Thompson's numbers included the adagio, from Bruch's first concerto, in G minor, and Paganini's concerto, in D major.

At the close the large audience recalled the violinist again and again to the stage, but without success in eliciting an encore.

The concert was by long odds the best of the two given here thus far this season by the Boston Orchestra. While the first concert, which marked also the opening of Baltimore's new music hall was suitable to the occasion, and probably of greater popular interest than the second, it lacked the artistic unity of last night's programme.

Emil Paur was unusually strong in his work. The man himself may be lacking in magnetism of manner, but he is musically far from unimpressive. It is true that his gestures, while leading, are uncompromisingly awkward and ungainly, and his jerky motions prove really detrimental to the enjoyment of many of his auditors, but if the music be listened to for itself and without thought of the baton, then the thorough methods of the leader, his care in attending to the details and his general strength become patent.

Paur got splendid work out of his orchestra in the Beethoven A major symphony, that great creation of the master which holds the mind and heart in rapt enjoyment of the delights of noble melody and harmony and of entrancing rhythm.

An overture, "Die Ver Kaufte Brant," introduced to the audience the interesting dramatic work of the Slavonic composer, Bedrich Smetana.

In the orchestral suite, "L'Arlesienne," some charming music by Bizet was heard.

Liszt's massive "Les Preludes" made a vigorous finale to the programme, and was given with powerful breadth of tone.

THE MORNING [illegible]

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The New Belgian Violin Virtuoso Thomsen Makes His Bow.

Heralded as one of the greatest violinists of the age, Cesar Thomsen, the Belgian virtuoso, made his bow to a Baltimore audience in the new Music Hall last night, the soloist of the second Boston Symphony Orchestra concert of the season.

Few foreign artists have been more extensively advertised. Thomsen, on his advent to these shores, had the good fortune to be made the subject of a controversy between two American managers, and this has brought him much to the notice of the music world. His coming to this city has been eagerly looked forward to, but it must be said that after his performance last night there remains a certain feeling of disappointment.

With his jet black hair and beard and ever evident composure, Thomsen has hardly the appearance of a great artist, yet before the evening was over he showed himself to be a master of the instrument. He has neither the warmth of Sarasate nor the breadth of a Wilcez, but in technique and clear conception he is the peer of either. He could not have made a better selection for an exhibition of facility of fingering than the Paganini concerto in D major. The only thing to mar the successful performance of this number was an occasional thinness of tone and perceptible soldiering in bravura passages.

It is in the delicacy of touch and thorough control of organ effects that Thomsen attracts the most. Every tone is brought forth in exact rhythm, and with a precision that is as clear as a bell. He does not unnecessarily resort to harmonic effects when the extreme up perpositions are reached, while in the double-stop movements each string is made to sing out independently and in true tone. The only faulty work was in several rapid runs, when notes were either too lightly touched or skipped altogether.

To a brilliant climax, however, was the concert brought in the rendition of the concluding cadenza. It was this movement probably that earned for the composer his title of "Devil" and gave to Terschuk the idea of embodying the theme in his somnambula transcription as the "Teufel's Cadenza." The virtuoso more than did justice to the extreme difficulties of this movement, overcoming them all with apparent ease and splendid finish.

His first number was the Adagio from Concerto No. 1, in G minor, by Max. Bruch, and only the lack of the proper warmth prevented this from being a master effort. Thomsen has plenty of technique, but not enough depth of soul, and this marred the trill effects to a great degree. The virtuoso was enthusiastically recalled at the conclusion of his performance.

The orchestral numbers rendered were far superior to those given at the first concert, and, with the exception of the Beethoven symphony, were rendered in that brilliant manner for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is noted. When Director Pauer signaled for the opening number, Beethoven's A major symphony No. 7, the orchestra seemed to respond in a listless manner. The tone coloring in the first movement was blunted by the ineffectual efforts of the oboe to reach the high notes, and the instrumentalists did not seem to awake until the boisterous finale was reached.

Far different was the performance of Smetana's overture "The Sold Bride." This novelty was highly appreciated by the splendid audience. Those present who heard Seidl's Orchestra produce Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" were anxious to hear something from the pen of the man who was his teacher. The work is distinctively Slavish and hardly justifies the assertion that the man who wrote it made an attempt to Germanize Czech music. The only evidence of his admiration for Wagner was in the motif that reached for heavy harmony. The other orchestral numbers were the "L'Arlesienne," an orchestral suite by Bizet, and Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes." The latter was well rendered with the spirit and fire to make it effective.

NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

SECOND BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening gave its second concert of the season.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the adagio from Bruch's D minor (not G minor concerto, as the handbill stated) and a movement from Paganini's D major concerto, the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," the first "Arlesienne" suite, by Bizet, and Liszt's "Les Preludes," were the compositions that made up the programme.

Even if the orchestra had displayed its very best form, which it did not, such a programme would have been found wanting in taste. Contrast in such matters is not everything.

The most notable features of the evening were the exquisite overture by the Bohemian composer, and the phenomenal performance, technically, of the Paganini music by Cesar Thomson. Though you would think that the amazingly easy manner in which he played thirds and sixths in the cadenza could be appreciated by professional violinists, only the fact remains that the artist impressed the layman quite as much as he did the connoisseurs, and a scene of genuine enthusiasm rewarded him for his truly masterly work.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven has been called the apotheosis of the dance. The finale has suggested to some the dance of the corybantes around Jupiter's cradle, while more prosaic people have looked upon it simply as a peasants' dance. Whether it be the one or the other it was much too coarsely played. And "L'Arlesienne," too, lacked both grace and charm.

Herr Paur succeeded, however, in catching the spirit of the Smetana music. It was played, moreover, with prodigious velocity, and yet with perfect clearness. Here, if anywhere, lay the strength of the orchestral portion of last evening's entertainment.

[60]

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Orchestra has seldom offered its friends in New-York a more interesting programme than that of its second concert, given last evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. Nor has the band itself played for a long time here with so much fire or brilliancy. There was a notable gain in the finish and precision of the performance, from a technical point of view, over that of a month ago, and the difference in sonority and body of tone was striking. Perhaps it was the mood of the hour; perhaps Mr. Paur had gauged the difficulties that beset a body of musicians in filling from the stage the great auditorium of the opera house; or perhaps another month of the season's practice accounts for it all. In any event, the concert was one of the most brilliant the winter has yet brought forth in New-York, and gave much evident pleasure to the large audience that heard it. Mr. Paur's reading of the seventh symphony of Beethoven was disclosed as one of the most excellent achievements he has yet put to his credit in this city—virile, yet not without many refinements of feeling, even moments of poetic insight; and, especially in the last movement, of genuine power and authority. It made a deep impression upon the audience, which signified its appreciation in an unmistakable manner. In Smetana's charming comic overture to "The Bartered Bride" the strings displayed their old-time virtuososhIp in a fashion that has not latterly been quite so frequent with the Boston Orchestra as in former years. The other orchestral numbers were the first suite arranged from Bizet's exquisite music to "L'Arlésienne" and Liszt's "Les Préludes," the former of which, especially, was played with charming refinement and color.

Mr. César Thomson, who was the solo performer, has not appeared to greater advantage in New-York. He could not increase the respect that he has hitherto commanded for his technical accomplishments; but he did materially increase that felt for the purely artistic side of his playing by the breadth, dignity and nobility of his performance of the adagio from Bruch's G minor concerto. He also played Paganini's concerto in D major with an astonishing mastery of its difficulties.

The World.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Cesar Thomson, the Violinist, Creates a Sensation by His Marvellous Display of Virtuosity.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert for the present season at the Metropolitan Opera-House last evening. The visits of this superior organization of musicians are among the most important events of the winter to all genuine lovers of music.

The audience was large, and, as usual, one essentially intelligent, discriminating and appreciative. These Boston artists may flatter themselves that they possess a clientele representing the very top of the basket of the local dilletanti.

The opening number, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which has earned the title of "apotheosis of the dance," was admirably played with agreeable departures from the pedantic and purely conventional interpretation, which to us is the weak side of Mr. Paur's efficiency as a conductor. The composition, which is one more of rhythm than of themes, a glorification and an idealization, poetical and fanciful, of the forms of music, which set the feet of all races to tripping, was given a reading which fully expressed its evident significance. The second movement, with its stately tempo, evoking as it does suggestions of the classic dances of antiquity, was played with a high degree of dignity.

The soloist was Cesar Thomson, the eminent violinist. He played in a manner to completely silence criticism. In the adagio from Max Bruck's first concerto he inverted the beautiful romanza with a grandeur of sentiment that surprised those who had determined that he was merely a master of technique.

His execution in the Paganini concerto created a sensation. Such a display of absolute command of every technical possibility of the instrument has not been listened to in New York in a generation. He turned out scales, trills, glissandos, chromatic and octave runs, passages in thirds and what not with vertiginous rapidity and with such ease and repose of manner that one fairly gasped with surprise. His triumph was a great one and fully deserved.

The New York Recorder.

BY GEORGE W. TURNER.

FRIDAY, December 7, 1894

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A Beautiful Performance in the Metropolitan Opera House Before a Large Audience of Music Lovers.

The musical men from Boston, with Emil Paur at their head, held forth at length in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and a large audience thoroughly appreciated their beautiful performance. The Boston Symphony Orchestra's visit is, even in the music-clogged atmosphere of New York, an event to be reverently chronicled.

The programme at the second concert last night was a trifle long, nor was it well made. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony opened the evening, and Liszt's highly colored "Les Preludes" followed. The Bizet suite from Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" seemed hardly to fit in the general scheme, charming music as it is. The Symphony was read in a conservative manner, smoothly and with all due respect to tradition.

Cesar Thomson played an adagio from a Bruch concerto in D minor, and the Paganini concerto in D. He played with marvelous effect and got five or six recalls. He was a living picture of George du Maurier's "Svengali." The suite was delightfully given, the minuetto and its dainty passages for woodwind calls for especial mention. Sinebana's lively and humorous overture, "The Bartered Bride," was played with a finish that can defy competition.

The work of the strings was something to remember. A Mozartean atmosphere enveloped this clever comedy-overture. Mr. Paur did not give us a very brilliant, nor yet sonorous, performance of Liszt's symphonic poem, but it served to close an evening filled with music.

The Hartford Telegram.

HARTFORD, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Virtuoso Cesar Thomson Was Warmly Appreciated.

The Boston Symphony orchestra played last evening before a large audience in Foot Guard armory, an audience highly appreciative of the superb performances of this famous organization. In the highest form of music this splendid company of artists easily ranks first. For technique, shading and finish the musicians could not ask more. Beethoven's seventh symphony, a wonderful apotheosis of the dance and one of the most popular of the great master's works, was given a most delicate and masterly rendering, its varied movements calling forth all phases of the orchestra's power. Georges Bizet's first orchestral suite from "L'Arlesienne," Daudet's drama, with its more rollicking style and less severe effect contains some uniquely poetic and beautiful passages.

Cesar Thompson, the virtuoso, one of the finest masters of the violin, exhibited in his two numbers, the adagio, from Bruch's minor concerto and Paganini's D major concerto, many wonderful technical effects together with exquisite purity and accurateness of intonation. His most brilliant passages were played without apparent effort with the highest artistic finish. He was repeatedly encored but would only bow his acknowledgements. Conductor Emil Paur was obliged after each number of the concert to recognize the warm applause given the company. Auber's overture, "Carlo Broschi" closed the program.

The Hartford Times.

Saturday, December 8, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A great audience waited at the armory last night, an audience representing the leading circles of our city. And the occasion fully invited the interest and expectation visible on every face. A Beethoven symphony by one of the choice—if not the choicest—orchestras of the country, and a violinist whose fame is loud in Europe and has been as loudly re-echoed in the metropolis, were to be heard.

A little after 8 the musicians came upon the stage, Mr. Kneisel, the concert master, being loudly applauded as he entered. So was Emil Paur, the director. He mustered his clan with a rapid glance, lifted the baton, and presently the full blast of all the instruments with a high-keyed piano cadence in woods opened the symphony. This is one of the most popular and frequently rendered of Beethoven's works. Thomas has played it repeatedly in this city, but one never hears it without being seized by the power, the dignity, the noble beauty and serious intent of the music. How wonderful is the song of the wood-winds in the opening part, and how irresistibly does the entire orchestra, by gradual advances, possess itself of the theme and carry it storm-like to the most impressive fortissimos! And, once there, how strongly does it resist all attempts to subdue, to calm it down, to dissipate its might in ornamental diversions and lead it to a peaceful finale! And, throughout, what inward joyousness, what gladness of the spirit sings in all these strains, laughs in the interruptions, is handed about from bass to strings, and fills the hearer with a delight pure, intense, and elevating. How the orchestra played it! With shading and modulation, and a pointed attention to nice detail, which almost handicapped the melodious rush of the mighty composition. And yet, with what expression, with what a gain of new lights, with what skillful and manifold change of tempo, and novel manner of phrasing! The leader has evidently his own interpretation of this first part, in many regards different from the conventional, and adding greatly to the poetic glamor, the grand expression, and the joyous spirit of the work. It filled the hall with light.

The second part, the allegretto, with its short and broken song-like melody, which gradually turns into a mournful chant of all the instruments, was exquisitely rendered in very slow time, and with the utmost development of all details, the display of tone-color and modulation of every accessory and a dreamlike repose and leisurely unfolding of beauties that fascinated, and, like a spell, lay on the audience. This is a favorite number at all concerts. The firm and marked rhythm to which the theme is bound, its tender and sorrowful sentiment, its exquisitely fanciful treatment, the deeply pathetic air of the violins with the hushed brass accompaniment, the lovely finale that seems to expire in air—they give the sensation of walking on the edge of high woods, deep in the shade, with the broad and mystic moonlight far-spread outside.

And upon this follows the scherzo that makes one dance in spirit. Is there anything more exuberant, more full of abundant joy, more bounding in grace than this lightly draped musical figure that skips, and laughs, and swings, and waves? And the D major air which, in trio, twice interrupts, this gleaming, rosy, laughing measure is of such beauty that one longs to seize and hold it, until again spirited away by the lightfooted presto theme.

The finale is a storm of gladness. The orchestra is at its height, in its entire swing and strength and power, boisterous, exuberant, full of glad cry and noisy acclaim, and, with a dance rhythm pulsating through all the whirl of strings, the call of brasses, the rich sound of the wood winds. And the most sudden turns diversify this whirlwind of happy sounds, prettinesses of instrumentation strains of strange melodiousness, runs, tenderly shaded, that climb from bass upward to the highest notes in deftest pianissimo—in short, an apotheosis of glad sounds—which leaves one breathless, delighted, only conscious of the entire satisfaction that fills the soul.

No rendition could be more perfect, more full of poetic fragrance and genuine living expression—as if the music were their own—than that of last night. The orchestra was one with the score. They were playing what was within them. It was the great inspiration of a great work struggling for liberty and expression.

THE VIOLINIST.

Cesar Thomson is impressive in his appearance, with a serious, leonine head, broad shoulders, and of large make. He played the adagio of the Bruch concerto, and the D major concerto by Paganini. The latter is rarely played nowadays because of the tremendously difficult finale with its flageolet notes in thirds, that is beyond the skill of so many of the best violinists. But, it is just the selection which exhibited Thomson in his special excellence. This consists of a technical virtuosity that has not been equaled in the last decade. He surmounts the greatest, most-appalling difficulties with such ease and absence of effort that they seem but play to him. Hence in music that requires an emotional expression, while he renders the score superbly, he is not at his best, and his adagios fail to touch. One only admires the vituosity, the magic skill of his tremendous transitions, and, above all, the acute correctness of his intonation. Never a hair's breadth above or below, never the shade of a thought aside, no matter whether it is a bewildering run in octaves or tenths or a jump from end to end of the gamut, every note distinctly, clearly, roundly sounded, and perfectly, acurately intoned! Every note at its full value, polished, incisive, far carrying! A wonderful technique, but hardly any poetry, or emotion! Hence, when we reach Paganini, Thomson steps into his full mastery. And the concerto last night, with its raised pitch which rendered the tone more brilliant, exhibited the artist in the full glory of his accomplishment. It needed a knowledge of the instrument to appreciate the marvels he did, it needed an acute musical ear to take the values of his unequaled evenness and the values of his unequaled evenness notes in impossible passages were given as fully, musically, and easily as the most ordinary middle register tones. To those with such knowledge and such ear on stretch the effect was bewildering. It left one dizzy, and as exhausted as after a Wagner opera. When Thomson finished one wanted to hear no more concert, he had kept the senses at such strain that there was no desire left. This great virtuoso's tone is not broad and sonorous, it is not even brilliant in the ordinary sense. But it is of the utmost polish and with a single quality is of insinuating refinement and delicate but incisive strength, like a Florentine rapier, and is even, rounded and of full value at every point.

THE REST.

The Bizet suite was very pretty, full of odd conceits and novel orchestral groupings, a descriptive thing with charming effects, light, brilliant, fetching. Everybody rested agreeably through it, and the orchestra, after exhibiting composers, now distinctly exhibited itself in the rendition. It was admirable and the audience applauded with a will. To finish came Auber's nice overture to "Part du Diable," a pretty specimen of the French style in the forties and fifties. But Auber has a staying quality on the stage, and he is really never commonplace or quite out of date. His overture was pleasant and very deftly played.

There has rarely been a concert more enjoyed than last night's. It was a strong day for music in Hartford.

The Hartford Courant.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 8, 1894.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Paur's Orchestra and Cesar Thompson, Violinist, Last Night.

There was a large and appreciative audience at Foot Guard Hall last evening to hear Paur and his orchestra. It is to be regretted, however, that the house was not full, for the Boston Symphony deserves the most generous support and it is not likely that it will venture here again this season, if ever, in view of last night's attendance. A finer symphony concert was rarely, perhaps never given in Hartford. Herr Paur was cordially received on this his initial appearance and showed himself to be a conductor thorough en raport with his men and the music he renders, and getting superb ensemble effects from his orchestra. He is not so fascinating to watch as a man like Seidl, for example, but his influence and methods speak volumes for his scholarship and enthusiasm.

The program was one of variety and charm. The noble Beethoven Seventh Symphony received a deeply satisfying reading, virile, broad and dignified, yet full of the most delicate phrasing and subtle expression. The favorite movements, as usual, were the allegretto with its stately march theme and the scherzo, with a trio in its way as lovely as anything the master ever wrote. But notable too for rendition was the country dance of the finale played with great sparkle and spirit and never allowed to drag or be jerky, as happens with this movement not infrequently. The auditors plainly showed their appreciation of so strong and beautiful a playing of a great symphony, containing many technical difficulties. The orchestra in its strings and wood wind especially calls for superlatives of praise; one of the finest things about its ensemble playing is the proper subordination of the brass in fortissimo passages. Bizet's suite from "L'Arlesienne" gave brightness and beauty to the program; the composer of "Carmen" could be nothing but melodious, and this suite is a winning composition, with cunning transitions and modulations and bewitchment of tunefulness; particularly taking in its graceful lightness was the minuetto. And then, for those who like a touch of Italian opera music, Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi" was played with vigor and finish, to conclude the evening.

The soloist, M. Cesar Thomson, proved himself one of the world's masters as a virtuoso. He played the Bruch Adagio with great broadness of manner, emphasizing the genuine loveliness of the composition, while his tone was splendid for its rich singing quality, maintained on the highest notes. And in his second selection, the Paganini concerto, his marvellous technical acquirements were bewilderingly demonstrated; bowing and stopping, were a study which the violinists on the stage followed as eagerly as the audience, harmonies were tossed off as if they were plain notes. M. Thomson had to bow to four recalls after this brilliant performance. Yet it must be said that he is colder, less emotional than a player like Isaye, the intellectual predominating over the feelings in his work, to judge by that of last night, at least.

Altogether it was a concert long to remember, and it is to be hoped that Paul will give Hartford another chance, now that he is personally known here. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is easily first among American organizations.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XXVI., NO. 162.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1894.

The Symphony Concert Programme Books.

Compiler Taken to Task—Sunday Concerts—Notable Event at the Boston Theatre Tonight—"A Gaiety Girl" a Success—"The Princess Bonnie"—Handel and Hayden—Kneisel.

A REMONSTRANCE.

The compiler of the programme book for the Symphony concerts has, of late, taken on himself the important duties of a mentor for the audiences at these entertainments, and manifests toward them a paternal care, from a highly superior standpoint. With a zeal all the more admirable and self-sacrificing because it is not called for, he deals with them as if they were lacking in knowledge of the very fundamental principles of musical art, and he were the heaven-appointed and omniscient pedagogue to lift them, tenderly if possible, violently if necessary, out of the slough of ignorance in which he imagines them to be sunk up to the under jaw. Hence, it is that the book in question has set forth, among other things, instruction more or less edifying on such familiar themes as the sonata form, and other subjects about which he artlessly conceives that his readers know nothing.

One of these exhausting intellectual efforts anent "Phrasing" appeared in the latest issue of the programme, and it is so full of novel information that it may not prove wholly uninteresting to discuss it. In the first place, we are told the important truth that "the art of phrasing consists, in the end, in a right distribution of accents and a proper binding together of the several notes that form a melodic phrase." It needed no ghost to come from the grave to tell us this. Still, it would have been made much clearer if the learned pundit had stated that a musical phrase is analagous to a sentence in a literary composition, and that, just as the intelligent reading of such a composition depends chiefly on accentuation and punctuation, so does musical phrasing depend on the relative strength of the sounds and on their connection with or separation from each other. But to return to our pundit, who attempts to become explanatory in the following lucid manner: "The 'apex,' or culminating note of a phrase is reached as by a conscious exertion of energy, and subsided from as by a gradual relaxation of this energy. And the whole path, from beginning to 'apex,' and from 'apex' to close, is strown with minor accents, the relative force of which must depend largely on circumstances, but must not equal that of the 'apex' itself." This irresistibly calls to mind the observation made by a listener to an argument urging that man is a complex creation, and who retorted with a sincerity that carried conviction with it: "So is a hen!"

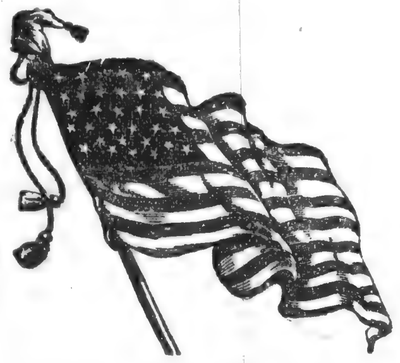
Further on the theory is advanced that "the generally and rightly accepted model in phrasing is the completely fine singer." Unfortunately this is not true. The "completely fine singer" is no more an accepted model than is the completely fine violinist. The average violinist is more apt to phrase artistically than is the singer. The latter is often hampered by the words to which the music is set, and his or her phrasing is frequently, especially in long phrases, marred by the necessity of breathing. The violinist is under no such disadvantage with his bow, and as a matter of fact it is the violinist who is the generally accepted model of the intelligent singer in both legato and in phrasing. Completely fine singers will do all that lies in their power to make their breathing and their phrasing coincide; but if anything must give way, it is the phrasing, for without breath no note can be emitted. Hence it is that a phrase is often cut in twain in order that the singer may take breath. If the programme writer wishes to discuss such matters he should make himself acquainted with the facts, and then he will not mislead his readers. Now and then he drops easily and gracefully into the methods of Mr. Jack Bunsby, as when he says: "Every melody, whether written for the voice or for an instrument, ought to be rightly phrased by the performer, or its character is destroyed." As well enunciate the thrilling truth that if a mutton chop is broiled until it is burnt, it is spoiled for eating.

Another brilliant bit of carefully evolved nonsense is the statement: "It has often been a cause for wonder that instrumental performers so seldom succeed in reproducing the natural, graceful, and significant phrasing of a fine singer. But there are often technical difficulties that stand in the way of a perfect performance of this apparently simple task; difficulties the nature and extent of which the average listener—not to mention many performers—is far enough from appreciating." It would be interesting to learn who and how many have wondered that instrumental performers so seldom phrase as well as does a fine singer. If there is any wonder to be felt in such a connection it is that the singer should not phrase as well as the fine violinist; but reflection will show that, for the reasons already given, the singer is at a disadvantage that the violinist does not experience.

The programme pundit, however, will have none of the violinist. According to him, wind instrument players phrase better than violinists. And why? Because "the oboist, flutist or clarinetist, has like a singer, a natural guide to his own length of breath. The violinist or 'cellist has only the length of his bow!" And yet the violinist can cause this length of bow, in one drawing across a string, to produce a longer-sustained tone and play more notes than can the singer or the wind instrument player gifted with the most phenomenal power of lung in holding out a single breath. The genius who presides over the literature of the Symphony programme appears to be as ignorant about the skilful use of the violin bow as he is about the art of the singer. He brings against the violin bow that its length is entirely an arbitrary standard. So is the length of a violin string. And the whole art and science of music is purely arbitrary. The sonata form is arbitrary. So is every other established musical form. If a violin bow were a yard longer than it is, no player could use it. If it were half the length that it is, it would be equally useless. When Tourte revolutionized the bow, the dimensions he accorded it were accepted, and no improvement on them has been attempted or suggested.

illness as this?—"The pianoforte keyboard is, after all, a neutral thing; all the pianist has to look out for is the exact amount of force with which he strikes the key; but the swing of the bow arm or the 'kick' of the wrist may at times be a positive impediment in the way of the violinist doing what he wants to do, and he may have to resort to all sorts of expedients to steer around the snag." Why may not the pianist fail to strike the key with the exact force desired, as well as the violinist be baffled in his attempt to avoid the "kick" of the wrist, whatever that may mean? Such callow recklessness in statement, such ignorant misrepresentation, set forth with such an air of profoundly owlish wisdom, should not appear in a book prepared for an intelligent audience to read. If subjects of this nature are to be discussed in it, it should be by a writer of authority, and not by one who, to all appearances, sets down the first idea entering his head, and then, with all the assurance of one who has not discovered how dangerous a thing is a little knowledge, proceeds gratuitously and fatuously to base on it a theory that is remarkable equally for its "cockiness" and its absurdity.

Morning Advertiser.



Published Every Day in the Year at No. 29 Park Row, New York City.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

THE SECOND CONCERT.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Cesar Thomson, Soloist, and "Die Verkaufte Braut" the Principal Features in the Programme.

There are, notably in this country, certain factors of musical expression which, like certain other factors in the expression of art or literature, have passed beyond the necessity of mere criticism and require simply discrimination in degree of praise. Such a factor is the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which gave its second concert of the season last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. This concert had really more interest than the first one, as it not only gave us what was, for a certainty, admirable selections admirably rendered, but also a bit of new music, which has been much discussed and praised lately in Europe. This was the overture from "Die Herkaufte Braut," in which the prime donne have lately scored such remarkable triumphs. This was perhaps more important than the introduction of Mr. Cesar Thomson, honest and praiseworthy artist as he is.

The first part of the programme was the rendition by the orchestra of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with its glorious blending of tempi and interchange of majors and minors. Of course it was beautifully rendered, and as it is, in spite of its classic majesty, of the nature to be essentially popular, it was received with genuine enthusiasm.

Mr. Cesar Thomson repeated the triumph of first appearance, and added to the high estimation he holds, both with the critical and merely music loving people of this city. Mr. Thomson is not a fad. He deserves his position. He is really an artist of power and fine taste, and moreover a thoroughly honest musician, who knows his instrument and disdains affectation. His bowing is true and firm and delicate—intricate, indeed, to the point of the marvelous, but absolutely free from anything like the detestable mechanical trickery of too many good violinists. He is sympathetic and strong, and knows how to tell what he means. He deserves his place. Then came what was, according to the opinions of most, the event of the evening, the overture from "Die Verkaufte Braut" of Bedrich Smetana. It is a wonderfully personal kind of music, instinct with a charm which shows individuality. It is not a mosaic polyglot, but an entity, and impresses, with what a writer would call style, in a fashion difficult to describe. A lady, the justice of whose general criticism proved that she knew music and loved it, bent to a gentleman in front of her and whispered, "It sounds as though it might have been written by a glorified Sullivan." She was wrong, as the music is not only much too good and high to be mentioned in such a connection, but the suggestion was evidently caused by the almost lilting character of the tuneful melody that sweeps through and under it. The remaining features of the programme consisted of L'Arlesienne, Orchestral Suite No. 1 from Georges Bizet, and the symphonic poem Les Preludes, from Liszt. Emil Paur conducted, to the taste of the present writer, too ostentatiously, but that is a mere opinion, and the personal equation has no weight in the mathematics of criticism.

The Sun.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

Sa NEW YORK, Paid.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night at the Metropolitan Opera House the second concert of its series with a programme generally interesting. The vast auditorium is not adapted to orchestral concerts, for, despite the fact that the marble vastness of the Capulet mansion, which has become familiar through its invariable appearance on Sunday evenings was reduced to one-half the usual size, the body of tone seemed still lost in the great building. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was given with general adherence to tradition, Mr. Paur departing from it most notably in the trio of the third movement, which was taken more slowly than usual. The last movement was played with splendid spirit, but it was lacking in precision and refinement. The orchestra overcame admirably the technical difficulties of Smetana's overture to the "Bartered Bride," but the work is a disappointment in view of the reports which have come to this country in regard to the opera's beauty. The selection given last night is spirited and not deficient in color, but it scarcely leaves one anxious to hear the complete work.

Bizet's first suite from "L'Arlésienne," a work which never loses its charm, was played with delightful delicacy and virtuosity, and the orchestra is especially to be commended for restoring the saxophone to its place in the music's interpretation which the score demands. Parts of Liszt's "Les Preludes" were marked by the quality which Mr. Paur brings to most of his readings in modern music—intelligence rather than sympathy.

César Thomson was the soloist, and it is a tribute to his powers that he accomplished the effects he did with the works he performed. It seems the penalty of such brilliant virtuosity that it must often interpret compositions so intrinsically uninteresting. In the Paganini number the audience was doubtless alternately bored and dazzled by the astounding brilliancy of the performer in playing such commonplace music. Nobody cares now to hear even so great a singer as Mme. Melba in "Lucrezia Borgia" or "Crispino e Comare," and works of such a class are no more interesting from a violinist, whatever his skill may be.

The Hartford Post.

DECEMBER 8, 1894.

"BOSTON SYMPHONY."

Herr Paur's Great Organization and Cesar Thomson, Violinist.

A concert such as was given at Foot Guard hall last evening recalls the debt that American admirers of the best music owe to Banker Higginson of Boston to whose patronage is due the existence of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The orchestra last evening again proved its right to be placed first in a classification of American musical organizations, and only the comparatively small attendance evidencing the indifference, ignorance of the importance of the event or impecuniosity of Hartford's musical public prevented complete satisfaction and pleasure. Mr. Paur conducted and established himself as a favorite by his personality, while his control over the orchestra and his intellectual ability was clearly evident and inspired the warmest appreciation and admiration, as the full value of each composition was brought out under his direction The Beethoven Seventh symphony, is aptly called the "apotheosis of the dance" was given with, may it be called, "original" effect—at least it was not conventional. The various themes, if the several forms of rhythm comprising the work may be so termed, were given a reading very expressive of the ideas of the composer

Bizet's Arlesienne suite were given a trifle too broad treament, they were not played delicately enough, but Amber's overture to "Carlo Broschi" was rendered to perfection.

The volinist, Cæsar Thomson made a veritable sensation. He gave the Paganism concerto brilliantly, and while the layman could not appreciate the extent of his genius and ability, it was still very plain that he was a complete master of the most difficult passages. Again he astonished in the adagio from Bruch's first concerto with his phenomenal technique and sentiment was never wanting in the slightest degree.

THE REGISTER.

Established 1812.

86, 88 and 90 Crown St., New Haven.

Advertisements are not received after 2 p.m. for the Daily edition, or after 9 p.m. Saturday for the Sunday edition.

All communications to the Editor should be accompanied by the author's name as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot promise to return unaccepted manuscript.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1894.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Magnificent Rendering of Classical Music, But Only Fair Sized Audience Present.

Emil Paur is not an ideal program maker or he had built his musical scheme on a smaller scale; nevertheless the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Hyperion under his baton was most interesting. When last here, this organization (which all cavilling to the contrary is still the best permanent orchestra in the country) was under the control of a wonderfully attractive individuality in the person of Mr. Nikisch, a gentleman whose memory will not be effaced by Mr. Paur with his angular beat, his non-magnetic personality and cut-and-dried conception, and it is doubtful whether the loud applause bestowed was a genuine expression of thorough enjoyment in the evening's program.

The Bach Passacaglia in C minor served (if for no other purpose) to show what a thorough disciplinarian Mr. Paur is; how marvellously clear the phrasing was; how accurate the attack, above all things what a wealth of nuance in the shading, This latter was exceptionally noticeable in the fugue at the end; because as a rule we are apt to hear fugues played at a steady tempo and with an evenness of dynamic force.

But Mr. Paur shaded the figure down at times to the most exquisite pianissimo, never once losing.

But in the symphony, every one seemed at sea. Johannes Brahms, the great Viennese master, is a tremendous puzzle to the most ardent disciple who kneels to wash his master's feet.

There is in his works at times a power that must be recognized though not understood, and frequently a crabbedness that makes one pause. When last April in Boston this symphony was given by this orchestra, Philip Hale, the eminent critic, compared the performance to a prize fight between Mr. Paur and Mr. Brahms, the audience by its applause evidently giving a decision in favor of Mr. Paur. Last night Mr. Brahms won by long odds, simply because no one understood his tactics. The second movement is the most melodious and was most enjoyed. Brahmism is a cult, but people (the mass) love melody whenever or wherever they find it and do not care for bizarre orchestral or queer rhythmical effects.

The orchestra was at its best in the suite by Bizet; nothing but praise can be said of it. With a dash and fire unexpected the first theme was announced, the minuett was given with bewitching grace and the adagietto for united strings was delicious.

As instrumental soloist, appeared Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violinist, who was heard first in the Adagio from the G minor concerto of Max Bruch and then in the Paganini Concerto in D major. A great deal has been said and written of this virtuoso and the impression he created only served to endorse the universal opinion. The ease with which he tossed off from his bow the harmonies, the double thirds and sixths and octaves, the evenness of his trill, all this and more can only be really appreciated by violinists, but we can all admire the beauty and purity of tone, the never failing accuracy of his intonation and the keen musical intelligence manifested in every phrase. Truly Cesar Thomson is one of the world's greatest artists.

The house was small which is a scandal to the musical intelligence of a town of this size. There should not have been one vacant seat, but alas! people are in music as in religion, fair weather enthusiasts—and the damp evening will furnish many an excuse.

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[illegible]

TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1894.

VOL. XXVI., NO. 164.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

The third concert in this season's series by the Kneisel Quartet, was given in Union Hall last evening, before a very large and brilliant audience. Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. L. Pourtau assisting. The programme was:

Quartet D, op. 44, No. 1, Mendelssohn.
Piano trio, B flat, op. 97, Beethoven.
Quintet for clarinet and strings, op. 115, Brahms.

To dwell on the performances of the organization would be only to repeat the encomiums that have, of necessity, become almost conventional. That it is the finest body of its kind in America is universally conceded, and that its playing never falls below the high standard it has established is to be taken for granted. The Mendelssohn quartet is not the most interesting of the composer's works in its class, and is, on the whole, lacking in the element of his best inspiration. Moreover, it has become somewhat old fashioned. Not so the splendid Beethoven trio, which retains all its original freshness and holds the attention from the first bar to the last. It was beautifully read and played, Mr. Baermann, who was welcomed with a hearty outburst of applause, acquitting himself of his share in the performance in a specially noteworthy manner, and sustaining to the full his reputationl as a mode Beethoven interpreter. The piano never obtruded itself, but was kept in its due place in the general balance of effect, and nothing was wanting in spirit, taste, color and style to make the effort flawless. It was the perfection of ensemble playing. It has been rare indeed that the scherzo, in particular, has been given here with such delicacy, crispness, precision and graceful charm of emphasis. There was great enthusiasm at the close of the performance and the artists were recalled.

The Brahms quintet was finely given, but it must be confessed that it is, on the whole, a dreary work despite its polished scholarsnip and its rich color. Its presentation on this occasion was made interesting by the first appearance here of M. Poutau in a chamber concert. His playing of the clarinet part was masterly. He has an exquisite tone, his technique is no less facile than graceful, his pianissimo is wonderfully pure and delicate, he never forces his instrument, and his style is impressively chaste and warm. His skul and artistic feeling met with an instant recognition. There was much enthusiasm over the playing of the quintet generally. In fact, through the whole entertainment the applause was frequent, cordial and appreciative. The next concert will take place Monday, Dec. 31.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, DEC. 11, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartette at Union Hall.

The unusually strong programme offered by the Kneisel quartette for their third appearance this season could not have failed to attract a large audience. Union Hall was well filled last night. The quartette and assisting artists meeting with a right worthy reception.

Mendelssohn's quartette in D major, op. 44, tuneful and bright, was an acceptable prelude to the heavier numbers by Beethoven and Brahms. The piano trio in B flat by the former, was surely the piece de résistance of the evening. Mr. Carl Baermann and Messrs. Kneisel & Schroeder gave the great work a most thorough interpretation. The andante movement, the very essence of Beethovinism, is especially beautiful, and leaves an impression which is tinged by the brilliant finale, a tempo di polka, with surprise at the contrast.

All three played faultlessly, the delicacy and power of the pianist's touch being very noticeable.

Brahms' quintette in B minor, for clarinet and strings, introduced M. Pourtau of the Symphony Orchestra. The work presents the great modern master in a romantic rather than intellectual mood, and abounds in grace and melody, the adagio movement conspicuously so. Its originality and theme development are masterful; therein is evident the superlative genius of this man who on the threshold of the 20th century, with a world of music literature behind him, can yet almost, if not entirely, hold his own with his illustrious predecessors, Bach, Beethoven et alis. It is needless to say that the quintette received a remarkable rendering. M. Pourtau's tone, once heard, can hardly be forgotten, so mellifluous and flute-like, and absolutely pure is its quality.

The fourth concert of the series will be given on the 31st Dec.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, DEC. 11, 1894.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

M. Pourtau, clarinetist, and Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, were the soloists at the third concert by the Kneisel Quartet at Union Hall last evening. The first number on the programme was a quartet by Mendelssohn, Op. 44, every number given with a snap and precision that delighted the audience. A Beethoven trio for piano, violin and 'cello was the second number, Mr. Baermann's artistic work being rewarded with round after round of applause. M. Pourtau's wonderful clarinet playing was the feature of the third number, a quintet by Brahms. The pure quality and strength of his tones, especially in the higher register, is rarely equalled, and the selection was a whole musical treat in itself. The next concert will be given Dec. 31.

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TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1894.

Kneisel Quartet.

The third concert in the Kneisel series of the season at Union hall last evening drew forth a very large audience. The magnificent playing of this quartet has long been a subject for favorable comment, not only in Boston but in many large cities in this country, and Mr Kneisel's little band of artists are universally recognized as the foremost quartet in America.

The work last evening was seemingly flawless, the assisting artists, Mr Carl Baermann, pianist, and Mr Leon Pourtau, the new clarinetist of the symphony orchestra, dividing honors with the regular members of the organization.

Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, for strings, was given with grand effect, the difficult finale, Presto con brio, being performed with notable precision and breadth of expression.

The Beethoven trio by Messrs Kneisel violin, Schroeder cello and Baermann piano, was the crowning triumph of the evening, the brillancy of scherzo and the sonority of the finale arousing most hearty tributes of applause.

Mr Pourtau played with the quartet in the Brahms quintet for strings and clarinet. The new artist has a delightful, sweet and resonant tone, almost flute like, and his execution of difficult passages is smooth, true and of even quality. His extended notes were given without deflecting from the pitch, and in every way he proved a fit associate to the quartet of which Bostonians justly feel so proud.

The next concert will be given in Union hall, Dec 31.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. L. Pourtau, gave its third concert in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows:

Quartet in D major, opus 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
Pianoforte Trio in B-flat major, opus 97....Beethoven
Quintet with Clarinet, in B minor, opus 115....Brahms

The Mendelssohn Quartet seems to be nearing the end of its day. It takes two things to make a composition live—high inspiration and complete mastery; neither of these alone is enough. Complete mastery of form and style Mendelssohn always had; but his inspiration was not always of the eternal sort, and in this particular composition one finds it belonging very much to his time. In its day it could easily stand in the first rank; but now the soul of it is old and weary, all that is left of it is its perfect form, and form without the vital soul seems purely formal and uninspiring. It is not one of the works to make the composer regretted today. It was admirably played.

Beethoven's great B-flat trio, on the other hand, is young and fresh as ever. Here we have greatness of the fullest, richest and most universal sort; such music cannot die. The performance was exceedingly fine; Mr. Baermann was fairly at his best, playing with all his wonted warmth and fire, and with far more than his ordinary self-command; Mr. Schroeder's playing of the 'cello *cantilena* near the end of the slow movement was a revelation of poignant and elevated sentiment.

The Brahms quintet has been heard here before, and shows Brahms in one of his finest aspects. We are not yet quite reconciled to the plan of the work: as regards the combination of instruments, the "Clarinet quintet" seems to us to belong properly to the by-gone forms of chamber-music; the wind instrument can be, and is, used to produce effects of entrancing beauty, but it palls on one after a time, and four movements make you rather tired of it. No matter how skilfully the composer combines it with the strings, the welding is never complete, and it cannot but soon impress you as a solo instrument after all. Mr. Pourtau's exquisite playing did much, to be sure, to make it welcome; such clarinet playing—in tone, technique, and the higher and highest musical respects—is rare anywhere, and surely unheard before in this city. The whole performance was splendid, and showed the depth and beauty of the work in the truest light.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

The Third Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Union Hall.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert last evening in Union Hall. The members were assisted by Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, and Mr. Leon Pourtau, clarionetist. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1....Mendelssohn
Piano trio in B flat major, op. 97.....Beethoven
Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello, in B minor, op. 115.....Brahms

Mr. Pourtau displayed a beautiful tone technical skill and abundant proofs of a truly artistic spirit. Mr. Baermann played the piano part of the trio with much understanding. In the scherzo he was particularly happy, for his performance was crisp and elegant throughout.

The quartet by Mendelssohn is pretty poor stuff. There is the habitual feigned passion of the man in the first movement; and there is his habitual sentimentalism in the andante. The menuetto is not distinguished, and the finale is perfunctory. So, too, the finale of the great—and long trio by Beethoven does not appeal strongly to the imagination; but how crowded with beauties and Beethovenisms are the other movements. As for the Brahms quintet, it served to cement friendship with Mr. Pourtau, and thus it had a useful mission. Much of the work seemes tedious, and the dullness is not that which rests and soothes and makes the hearer forget that there is anybody on the stage; it is of the aggressive, exasperating species.

On many occasions the Journal has praised without stint the superb performance of the Kneisel Quartet, and to speak in detail of the performance of last night would be to repeat what has so often been said. It is to be regretted, however, that the programs are so long. The generosity is mistaken. A chamber concert should never exceed one hour and a half. "But what would you have? Three quartets eat time. Would you play for a second number a fragment of a chamber composition?" Yes, by all means; or play only two complete works. The Adamowski Quartet concerts are almost always of reasonable length, and no one has complained seriously because they are too short. Quality in music is of greater importance than quantity. He is an unwise host who sets before his guests too many courses, however delicious they may be. Neither the stomach nor the ear brooks overloading.

PHILIP HALE

Boston Commonwealth.

Published Saturday at No. 120 Tremont St.,

DECEMBER 15, 1894

ATTENDANTS at the Symphonies and other entertainments in Music Hall have become familiar with the face of Mr. Fred R. Comee, who was quietly married at the Brunswick on Wednesday at noon to Miss Clara Gallupe, daughter of Deputy United States Marshal Frederick D. Gallupe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Leighton Parks in the Venetian Room, the bride being given in marriage by her father. Mr. Comee was attended by his best man, Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of Music Hall. Miss Alice Dunbar of Pittsfield, gowned in brown trimmed with otter, carrying a superb bouquet of Catherine Mermet roses tied with pink ribbons, was maid of honor. The bride was attired in her travelling gown of blue scotch goods, trimmed with martin fur and jet. She carried bride roses tied with white satin ribbons. Both the ladies wore large hats. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of in the Banquet Hall. About thirty guests were seated, including Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gallupe, parents of the bride, Mrs. W. P. Comee, and Mr. W. P. Comee, mother and brother of the groom; Mrs. Frederick Gallupe, Sr.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. John Lilly of Lambertville, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Fessenden; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hopkins of Charlestown; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper; Miss Gertrude Bent; Mr. Brown; Miss Morris and Miss Jennie Bird. Immediately after the breakfast, the bride and groom started for New York on a brief wedding trip. On their return they will occupy their new apartments at 179 Huntington avenue and will hold a reception on the evening of Jan. 23, from 8.30 to 10.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1894.

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Here is what Mr. Paur's organization presented in the way of a program, rather a melange:

Symphony No. 7, in A major, op. 92.....Ludwig van Beethoven
Soli for violin—
Adagio from Concerto No. 1, in G minor, op. 26.....Bruch
Concerto in D major.....Paganini
Mr. César Thomson.
Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut".....Bedrich Smetana
"L'Arlésienne," orchestral suite No. 1.....Georges Bizet
Symphonic poem, "Les Préludes".....Franz Liszt

This scheme was not adhered to, as Mr. Thomson, without any previous notification, substituted the first movement of Bruch's second concerto (D minor) for the more familiar slow movement in E flat from the first concerto.

Mr. Paur was in a burly mood. He read the symphony in a reckless, even noisy manner, taking the allegros too fast and the poco sostenuto to the opening movement too slow. The scherzo was well played, however, while the last allegro was not only con brio, but with rudeness. Over-accentuation seemed to be the particular humor of the conductor, and Beethoven was served up with the most lurid tintings.

The symphony was not nearly so satisfactorily played as the C minor last season. The Bizet numbers are out of place on a classical program, being al fresco in manner and savoring of the vaudeville. Mr. Paur is as unhappy as Mr. Seidl when he attempts works of the French school. He is not a versatile man, and his touch lacks delicacy, his temperament vivacity. Mr. Paur is bourgeois, honest and simple in his notions of things musical, and when he is not rough he is respectable and middle class in sentiment.

The orchestra made a fine thing of Smetana's "Bartered Bride," which is no novelty here. The strings were excellent, although dense in tone at times, but the overture was played with dash. The wood wind distinguished itself in the Bizet minuet, and the trumpet in the allegretto of the symphony was off. This was accounted for by illness of the player, who is suffering from rheumatism. Liszt's preludes lacked brilliancy, color, precision, and oddly enough the string orchestra seemed to suffer in the matter of resonance. As a program it was entirely too long and illogically constructed.

Mr. Thomson played marvelously well. Always objective, he stands apart from his work, which is the supreme exemplification of art for art. The adagio was played in sculptural style, without the intimate warmth in its rather banal measures which Ysaye infused at the later concert. The Paganini concerto was a miracle of virtuosity and a run of octaves in rapid tempo at the close set the audience wild with enthusiasm. Comparisons between Thomson and Ysaye may be invidious, but seem to be inevitable this season. We can say, with Goethe of himself and Schiller: We are both a couple of big fellows. The next concert of the Boston Band will take place January 10, 1895.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 16.

The Symphony Concert.

On account of the holiday season and our over crowded space, our notice of the Symphony concert must be deferred to next week.

The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. L. Pourtan, gave its third concert at Union Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was:

Quartet in D, op. 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn.
Piano Trio in B flat, op. 97.....Beethoven.
Quintet for Clarinet and Strings.....Brahms.

The Mendelssohn quartet is time-eaten and dull, and we listen to it with a respect that is due to tradition only. It is not a large work, it is not a sincere work, and it is irritating in its mock sentiment and affectations. It could have been left off the programme with no loss to art and with positive benefit to sensitive nerves.

The magnificent Beethoven trio came as a welcome relief. It was beautifully played throughout, Mr. Baermann again showing himself in his happiest mood; his playing was noticeable for its fine finish, for its grace and elegance; it was faithful to the canons of the highest art, for there was no obtrusiveness, no attempt made to prevert the intention of composer by forcing the piano into undue prominence; there was the finest taste shown in the tone coloring; there were massive broadness of style, brilliancy, delicacy and artistic conscientiousness down to the very finest detail. Mr. Baermann again demonstrated his unrivalled skill as a Beethoven interpreter, and he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause.

The Brahms quintet is undoubtedly a most scholarly work, but coming after the Beethoven inspiration, it seemed dull, or, at least, produced a feeling of dulness on the hearer. It appealed to the ear and not to the soul, and suggested a problem in quadratic equations which the hearer was too weary to solve. It had the merit, however, of bringing forward Mr. Pourtan, who demonstrated that he is a master of the clarinent. The tone he produces is exquisite in quality, his artistic taste is of the finest, and his technical skill that of a master. He plays without effort, difficulties are so easily conquered that they pass almost unnoticed, and his pianissimo playing is of the rarest delicacy.

As usual, the playing of the Kneisel Quartet was of the finest quality. It was intelligent and it was artistic, and it was a perpetual delight. The work of the organization was particularly fine in the Beethoven trio, while in the Brahms quintet its technical excellencies were shown at their best. The next concert takes place on Monday evening, December 31.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 164.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

The third concert in this season's series by the Kneisel Quartet, was given in Union Hall last evening, before a very large and brilliant audience. Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. L. Pourtau assisting. The programme was:

Quartet D, op. 44, No. 1, Mendelssohn.
Piano trio, B flat, op. 97, Beethoven.
Quintet for clarinet and strings, op. 115, Brahms.

To dwell on the performances of the organization would be only to repeat the encomiums that have, of necessity, become almost conventional. That it is the finest body of its kind in America is universally conceded, and that its playing never falls below the high standard it has established is to be taken for granted. The Mendelssohn quartet is not the most interesting of the composer's works in its class, and is, on the whole, lacking in the element of his best inspiration. Moreover, it has become somewhat old fashioned. Not so the splendid Beethoven trio, which retains all its original freshness and holds the attention from the first bar to the last. It was beautifully read and played, Mr. Baermann, who was welcomed with a hearty outburst of applause, acquitting himself of his share in the performance in a specially noteworthy manner, and sustaining to the full his reputation as a mode Beethoven interpreter. The piano never obtruded itself, but was kept in its due place in the general balance of effect, and nothing was wanting in spirit, taste, color and style to make the effort flawless. It was the perfection of ensemble playing. It has been rare indeed that the scherzo, in particular, has been given here with such delicacy, crispness, precision and graceful charm of emphasis. There was great enthusiasm at the close of the performance and the artists were recalled.

The Brahms quintet was finely given, but it must be confessed that it is, on the whole, a dreary work despite its polished scholarship and its rich color. Its presentation on this occasion was made interesting by the first appearance here of M. Poutau in a chamber concert. His playing of the clarinet part was masterly. He has an exquisite tone, his technique is no less facile than graceful, his pianissimo is wonderfully pure and delicate, he never forces his instrument, and his style is impressively chaste and warm. His skul and artistic feeling met with an instant recognition. There was much enthusiasm over the playing of the quintet generally. In fact, through the whole entertainment the applause was frequent, cordial and appreciative. The next concert will take place Monday, Dec. 31.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, DEC. 11, 1894.

The Kneisel Quartette at Union Hall.

The unusually strong programme offered by the Kneisel quartette for their third appearance this season could not have failed to attract a large audience. Union Hall was well filled last night. The quartette and assisting artists meeting with a right worthy reception.

Mendelssohn's quartette in D major, op. 44, tuneful and bright, was an acceptable prelude to the heavier numbers by Beethoven and Brahms. The piano trio in B flat by the former, was surely the piece de résistance of the evening. Mr. Carl Baermann and Messrs. Kneisel & Schroeder gave the great work a most thorough interpretation. The andante movement, the very essence of Beethovinism, is especially beautiful, and leaves an impression which is tinged by the brilliant finale, a tempo di polka, with surprise at the contrast.

All three played faultlessly, the delicacy and power of the pianist's touch being very noticeable.

Brahms' quintette in B minor, for clarinet and strings, introduced M. Pourtau of the Symphony Orchestra. The work presents the great modern master in a romantic rather than intellectual mood, and abounds in grace and melody, the adagio movement conspicuously so. Its originality and theme development are masterful; therein is evident the superlative genius of this man who on the threshold of the 20th century, with a world of music literature behind him, can yet almost, if not entirely, hold his own with his illustrious predecessors, Bach, Beethoven et alis. It is needless to say that the quintette received a remarkable rendering. M. Pourtau's tone, once heard, can hardly be forgotten, so mellifluous and flute-like, and absolutely pure is its quality.

The fourth concert of the series will be given on the 31st Dec.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, DEC. 11, 1894.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

M. Pourtau, clarinetist, and Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, were the soloists at the third concert by the Kneisel Quartet at Union Hall last evening. The first number on the programme was a quartet by Mendelssohn, Op. 44, every number given with a snap and precision that delighted the audience. A Beethoven trio for piano, violin and 'cello was the second number, Mr. Baermann's artistic work being rewarded with round after round of applause. M. Pourtau's wonderful clarinet playing was the feature of the third number, a quintet by Brahms. The pure quality and strength of his tones, especially in the higher register, is rarely equalled, and the selection was a whole musical treat in itself. The next concert will be given Dec. 31.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1894.

Kneisel Quartet.

The third concert in the Kneisel series of the season at Union hall last evening drew forth a very large audience. The magnificent playing of this quartet has long been a subject for favorable comment, not only in Boston but in many large cities in this country, and Mr Kneisel's little band of artists are universally recognized as the foremost quartet in America.

The work last evening was seemingly flawless, the assisting artists, Mr Carl Baermann, pianist, and Mr Leon Pourtau, the new clarinetist of the symphony orchestra, dividing honors with the regular members of the organization.

Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, for strings, was given with grand effect, the difficult finale, Presto con brio, being performed with notable precision and breadth of expression.

The Beethoven trio by Messrs Kneisel violin, Schroeder cello and Baermann piano, was the crowning triumph of the evening, the brillancy of scherzo and the sonority of the finale arousing most hearty tributes of applause.

Mr Pourtau played with the quartet in the Brahms quintet for strings and clarinet. The new artist has a delightful, sweet and resonant tone, almost flute like, and his execution of difficult passages is smooth, true and of even quality. His extended notes were given without deflecting from the pitch, and in every way he proved a fit associate to the quartet of which Bostonians justly feel so proud.

The next concert will be given in Union hall, Dec 31.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. L. Pourtau, gave its third concert in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows:

Quartet in D major, opus 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
Pianoforte Trio in B-flat major, opus 97....Beethoven
Quintet with Clarinet, in B minor, opus 115....Brahms

The Mendelssohn Quartet seems to be nearing the end of its day. It takes two things to make a composition live—high inspiration and complete mastery; neither of these alone is enough. Complete mastery of form and style Mendelssohn always had; but his inspiration was not always of the eternal sort, and in this particular composition one finds it belonging very much to his time. In its day it could easily stand in the first rank; but now the soul of it is old and weary, all that is left of it is its perfect form, and form without the vital soul seems purely formal and uninspiring. It is not one of the works to make the composer regretted today. It was admirably played.

Beethoven's great B-flat trio, on the other hand, is young and fresh as ever. Here we have greatness of the fullest, richest and most universal sort; such music cannot die. The performance was exceedingly fine; Mr. Baermann was fairly at his best, playing with all his wonted warmth and fire, and with far more than his ordinary self-command; Mr. Schroeder's playing of the 'cello *cantilena* near the end of the slow movement was a revelation of poignant and elevated sentiment.

The Brahms quintet has been heard here before, and shows Brahms in one of his finest aspects. We are not yet quite reconciled to the plan of the work: as regards the combination of instruments, the "Clarinet quintet" seems to us to belong properly to the by-gone forms of chamber-music; the wind instrument can be, and is, used to produce effects of entrancing beauty, but it palls on one after a time, and four movements make you rather tired of it. No matter how skilfully the composer combines it with the strings, the welding is never complete, and it cannot but soon impress you as a solo instrument after all. Mr. Pourtau's exquisite playing did much, to be sure, to make it welcome; such clarinet playing—in tone, technique, and the higher and highest musical respects—is rare anywhere, and surely unheard before in this city. The whole performance was splendid, and showed the depth and beauty of the work in the truest light.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

The Third Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Union Hal'.

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Piano trio in B flat major, op. 97.....Beethoven
Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello, in B minor, op. 115.....Brahms

Mr. Pourtau displayed a beautiful tone technical skill and abundant proofs of a truly artistic spirit. Mr. Baermann played the piano part of the trio with much understanding. In the scherzo he was particularly happy, for his performance was crisp and elegant throughout.

The quartet by Mendelssohn is pretty poor stuff. There is the habitual feigned passion of the man in the first movement; and there is his habitual sentimentalism in the andante. The menuetto is not distinguished, and the finale is perfunctory. So, too, the finale of the great—and long trio by Beethoven does not appeal strongly to the imagination; but how crowded with beauties and Beethovenisms are the other movements. As for the Brahms quintet, it served to cement friendship with Mr. Pourtau, and thus it had a useful mission. Much of the work seemes tedious, and the dullness is not that which rests and soothes and makes the hearer forget that there is anybody on the stage; it is of the aggressive, exasperating species.

On many occasions the Journal has praised without stint the superb performance of the Kneisel Quartet, and to speak in detail of the performance of last night would be to repeat what has so often been said. It is to be regretted, however, that the programs are so long. The generosity is mistaken. A chamber concert should never exceed one hour and a half. "But what would you have? Three quartets eat time. Would you play for a second number a fragment of a chamber composition?" Yes, by all means; or play only two complete works. The Adamowski Quartet concerts are almost always of reasonable length, and no one has complained seriously because they are too short. Quality in music is of greater importance than quantity. He is an unwise host who sets before his guests too many courses, however delicious they may be. Neither the stomach nor the ear brooks overloading.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Commonwealth.

Published Saturday at No. 120 Tremont St.,

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The Musical Courier.

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American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1894.

Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony and Bruch's Second Concerto.

By the Symphony Society and Ysaye.

By the time the audience had assembled on Saturday evening last to attend the second concert of the Symphony Society at Carnegie Music Hall, it was quite prepared to listen sympathetically to Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, which was given as a tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, for it was one of the "wettest" nights on record. "True Damrosch weather," growled in the foyer a storm-beaten musico-maniac, who would as soon think of sacrificing his artistically flowing locks upon the altar of fashion as to dream of missing a symphony concert, especially when Ysaye played.

Not that Ysaye had anything to do with the Ocean Symphony, but the orchestra did, and notwithstanding the dampness which always takes a certain amount of resonance away from the strings, the Damrosch forces played so remarkably well that due credit should be allowed them for their work. Mr. Damrosch was in a goodly vein, and conducted with unusual carefulness, and was alert for effective nuances. Rubinstein's melodious and flowing phrases are very grateful and well repay a little attention of this kind, while the musicians were thoroughly en rapport with the music, the result being an unusually finished and sympathetic performance.

Rubinstein had a certain weakness for the rich tones of the 'cello, and some of his best music has been given to that instrument. This is especially the case in this Ocean symphony, where the 'cellos have those broad and irresistible themes which characterize it as the greatest of all his orchestral compositions, and it is conceded that the Symphony Society has an admirable force of 'cellists. The movements of the symphony given upon this occasion were: 1. Allegro Moderato; 2. Allegro; 3. Adagio; 4. Scherzo; 5. Adagio, Allegro con fuoco. There was much applause following each movement, for this work is a favorite with our musical public.

M. Ysaye, who has thoroughly ingratiated himself with our concert goers, was heard in Max Bruch's second violin concerto and played better than he had yet done here. Great musicians, like all artists, have their moments of inspiration, and those who were fortunate enough to hear Ysaye play upon this occasion will not soon forget the suberb waiving of individuality, the complete abandonment to the musical meaning, the large tone, rich, full and throbbing with vitality and that dominating sense of the realization of power and magnetism. The glowing warmth of Ysay's tone, whether in those delicious mezzo tints, which he delights in and which are so tremendously effective, or in the broad phrases of a fortissimo passage, must always be admired. How crisp and clean was the execution of the finale of the concerto! The phrases were given as though cut out with a knife from the orchestral background.

Bruch's second concerto, while not as familiar as the first, has much that is admirable about it. Ysaye invested it with an interest that made one listen breathlessly to every note. The recalls at its close were too numerous to count.

If the concert could have ended right here, with the memory of the Ocean Symphony and the Bruch Concerto ringing in one's ears, the impression would have been perfect. But there was still the entire second part of the program to come, and it led to the reflection that after all people are too fond of being heard and seen to lightly relinquish any opportunity that comes along.

Not that the public were willing to let Ysaye go even after the new Theme and Variations by Joachim had been waded through, exhibiting an immense display of technique and virtuosity, the music—or rather lack of music—affording no other possibilities. Like a true artist Ysaye chose for his encore the other extreme, giving us the exquisite but grand simplicity of Bach, which somewhat smoothed our ruffled spirits. The remaining orchestral numbers were the "Tristan and Isolde," "Liebesnacht" scene, arranged for orchestra by Mr. Damrosch, which failed to prove very impressive or as rapturous as one would expect, although beautifully scored; and for a closing number a genuine novelty, by the new musical sensation Humperdinck, whose fairy opera, "Hansel und Gretel," has made an unprecedented success in Germany. It was the prelude to this opera which was heard, and exceedingly musical and refreshing it was, with some catchy tone colors and striking effects which would delight an audience at any other time. But too much music dulls the senses of even a symphony audience, and this musical fairy tale must await another hearing to be properly appreciated.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR

VOL. XCVI., NO. 169.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Performance in Honor of the Late Anton Rubinstein.

The concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night was in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The programme was.

Funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven

Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, D minor, Rubinstein

"Ocean" symphony.....Rubinstein
(With the additional movements.)

The soloist was Mrs. Ernest Lent. The occasion was further emphasized by a bust of the late composer placed on the front of the stage and surrounded by evergreens. There was a very large audience. The symphony was presented in its completeness for the first time here. It is said that Rubinstein cherished a desire to hear it played in its entirety at one concert, but that his wish was never gratified. It is strange that with his well-known horror of the ocean he should have dedicated a symphony to it, but perhaps his distaste for it came after he had finished his stupendous tribute to it. The work is a noble one, full of poetry, fire and passion; wonderfully picturesque at times, often rising to true sublimity, and never lacking in dignity and earnestness. On the whole, it may be justly considered his masterpiece, the most thorough and most vigorous expression of his genius, and showing his extraordinary fertility of invention, his inexhaustible store of melody and his command over all the resources of his art in their fullest and most impressive forms. And yet, to listen to a symphony in seven movements makes a demand on the attention that cannot well be filled without something of mental and emotional exhaustion, no heed how masterly and how stirring the work may be, and it must be confessed that the composer in depicting his subject has not been quite able to avoid repetition, if not in his themes and their treatment, at least in the sentiment that pervades. It may be, perhaps, overdaring to suggest that he has said all that it was possible to say in tone language, in the opening movements; but whether this be so or not, this portion of the work is the most brilliant, most steadily interesting and most satisfying.

The storm movement, which on this occasion had its first performance here, is a wonderful triumph of instrumentation, and is stirringly dramatic in effect, but the fatal fluency that often swayed Rubinstein has its full swing here, and interest in the movement palls long before the last bar is reached. The symphony was magnificently read and played. Mr. Paur has done nothing finer, more clean-cut and more brilliant with his orchestra this season than he achieved in the two movements named.

Mrs. Lent, who was received with cordial friendliness, gave a thoughtful and intelligent interpretation of the concerto. She has a technique of the highest finish, a beautiful touch, faultless precision and marked musical instinct. Her style is refined, and her playing showed throughout every evidence of careful training and sincere study; and yet, despite the polish, the fluency and the clearness of her performance, the purity of taste she brought to bear on it and her decided artistic feeling, her effort was, in the main, inexplicably unsatisfying. She was at her best in the opening movement which she attacked with a masculine vigor which she maintained spiritedly to its close; but from this moment she became less interesting. The slow movement was read in a somewhat dry and perfunctory manner, and the finale was lacking in force and spirit. It would appear that she had taken the opening allegro at too furious a pace and had exhausted her physical power then and there. Still there was so much of excellence in her playing and so much that made a strong and pleasing impression as to excite a desire to hear her again in a less exacting work. She was rewarded with hearty applause and twice recalled.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in D, Ph. E. Bach; Aria, "Sweet Bird," Handel; "Hirtenmusik," J. S. Bach; symphony in G, Haydn; Aria from "Taming of the Shrew," Goetz; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven. The soloist is to be Miss Gertrude Franklin.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1894.

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The eighth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall under Mr. Paur, was in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program was as follows:

Funeral March, from Symphony No. 3, in E flat Major "Eroica".....Beethoven

Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor.....Rubinstein

Symphony No. 2, in C major. "Ocean."....Rubinstein

I. Moderato assai.
II. Lento assai.—Con moto moderato.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegro.
V. Andante.
VI. Scherzo; Allegro. Trio: Moderato assai.
VII. Andante. Allegro con fuoco.

There was a peculiar fitness in giving the D minor concerto at a concert in memory of the great Russian, for the concerto is the most sustained, the noblest of his compositions of long breath. Here is no decrescendo of interest, as there is in so many of his other works. Indeed, this concerto for beauty of themes and ingeniousness of treatment stands among the great pieces for piano and orchestra. It is a heroic concerto and it demands a heroic performance. Mrs. Ernest Lent, the pianist of last evening, has a clean, well developed technique, an agreeable touch, and much taste. Her playing was marked also by sincerity. The first movement was attacked in heroic vein, and in this movement she was at her best. In the slow movement, although her clearness and her phrasing were generally admirable, there was a lack of sensuous beauty as well as of romantic spirit. In the finale there was little of the demoniac fire that should blaze from the smoking keys. It seemed as though the pianist was exhausted, and where there should have been triumphant strength there was comparative weakness. The performance as a whole excited genuine admiration. It did not move. It did not thrill.

The first movement of the "Ocean" symphony is majestic and glorious, an honor to any composer who thought in symphonic form. The other movements will not send the name of Rubinstein ringing down the ages. As a whole, it is not as characteristic a work as the "Dramatic" symphony which was played last season. There are fine descriptive effects in the "Storm," the allegro in G major is not without interest, but there is much that is merely sentimental or operatic, or just plain, simple padding in the last six movements. To give the symphony in all its tedious length seemed like doubtful reverence to the mighty dead. It is said that Mr. Paur decided to give the seven movements because Rubinstein never heard them all in consecutive order during his life time. Probably Mr. Paur thought that if Rubinstein could hear them now, he would be particularly pleased to hear the strains in Boston.

And yet a group of Rubinstein's songs—"The Asra," "Gold rolls here beneath me," "When thy gentle voice I hear"—would have more fully displayed the genius of the Russian than did this symphonic mixture of the blatant and the trivial. Nor is it too much to say that the ballet music from "Feramors" or "The Demon" is a more finished, exquisite piece of art than is the "Ocean" symphony as a whole.

The orchestra played with care and with a wealth of tone. Each movement of the symphony after the first was a signal for the departure of a portion of the audience. The bust of Rubinstein reminded many of the leonine pianist who in his great moments knew no equal. Truly, a remarkable musician of unusual versatility. The memorial occasion was not one of sorrow as when a composer of great promise dies. For Rubinstein had lived a full and honored life. He had said his say to the world.

His apotheosis was not posthumous. Before he died he knew that his was a shining name in the roll of musicians of the 19th century. And this honor was worn modestly, for the composer and pianist was a simple, generous, lovable, heroic man.

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The bride, who was married in her traveling suit, was attended by Miss Alice Dunbar as maid of honor, while Mr. Norman Woodward of Worcester and Mr. Walter I. Swasey acted as ushers.

A wedding breakfast followed, to which about 30 sat down, among them being: Mrs. M. W. Comee, mother of the groom, Mr. W. P. Comee of New York, his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Smith, Mr. Harry Taylor of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. John Lilly of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mr. William Gallupe, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Gallupe, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, Miss Gertrude Bent, Mr. James P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, Mrs. Norris, Miss Norris, Mr. James P. Brown.

Mr. Comee is a Harvard '76 man, and is well known to the smart set through his association with Music Hall and the Symphony Orchestra. On their return to town Mr. and Mrs. Comee will reside at 170 Huntington Avenue, where they will receive Wednesday evening, Jan. 23.

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Funeral march from symphony No. 3, in E flat, Ludwig van Beethoven; major, "Eroica,"; concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, Anton Rubinstein; symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean," Anton Rubinstein.

In consequence of the announcement that the concert would be a memorial, the audience was one of the largest, if not the very largest of the season. Every seat was filled and hundreds of listeners stood in the side aisles.

Although there were only three numbers on the program, it was one of the longest Mr. Paur has given us this year, and his concerts have not been noted for the shortness of their duration. The "Ocean" symphony, the whole of which has never before been performed in Boston, lasted for over an hour, and by that time many of the audience had left the hall.

It was a poorly-arranged program, too; the Beethoven funeral march was certainly the lightest and most popular number, and should have been reserved until the last. Instead, it began the program.

Mrs Lent played the concerto well, and was cordially applauded by the audience, but Boston has many pianists, who could give a much better performance. Her execution and technique were good, but she lacked power, and much of the time the piano part was hidden by the orchestra. She was awkward in every movement.

As has ben said, the "Ocean" symphony has never before in its entirety been played in Boston, and it is safe to say that most of the people who heard it yesterday hope that some of the seven movements will be omitted at the next performance.

The second movement, known as "The Storm," was on account of the peculiar musical effects, the most interesting. Effects of the storm were imitated in every possible way. The wind could be heard howling through the rigging, the sails flapped and strained, the thunder reverberated and the masts went by the board.

All this was in the music. But it took so much noise to convey the impressions that the listeners had at times to put their hands to their ears, and almost every one in the hall, players and auditors alike, was on the broad grin. The work of the orchestra was satisfactory.

The program for next Friday and Saturday will be:

Symphony in D major.....Ph E Bach
Sweet Bird (Air de Rossignol de L'Allegro et il Penseroso).....Handel
Hirtenmusik.....J S Bach
Symphony in G major.....Haydn
Aria from Taming of the Shrew.....Goetz
Overture, Fidelio.....Beethoven
Soloist, Miss Gertrude Franklin.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

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The concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening was devoted to a programme in memoriam of Anton Rubinstein, when the following selections were given:

Beethoven—Funeral march, from Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica." Op. 55.

Rubinstein—Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor. Op. 70.

Rubinstein—Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean." Op. 42.

The soloist was Mrs. Ernest Lent.

The programme was unusually long, but thoroughly delightful, and Mr. Paur received great praise, not only for the arrangement, but for the artistic manner in which the music was rendered. Beethoven's funeral march from "Eroica" is a grandly impressive movement. It is sufficiently familiar to make it doubly interesting, and its able rendering added to the beauty of the music.

Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony has never before been given in Boston in its entirety, the second movement, known as "the storm," being the new feature. It is a masterly work throughout its seven movements, and even its great length did not detract from its attractiveness.

The "storm" movement was marvellously well handled, the intricate and difficult orchestration being most skilfully and artistically rendered. The fourth movement, with its merry melody, especially delighted the audience.

Mrs. Lent, the soloist of the concerto, is a Washington lady and is comparatively little known here. She made a favorable impression, but the heavy work was something of a tax upon her. She has a clear touch and a brilliant execution, but was a little overweighted.

Miss Gertrude Franklin will be the soloist at the rehearsal and concert of the present week.

Last evening a large bust of Rubinstein was placed upon the platform, surrounded by a halo of palm leaves.

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American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1894.

Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony and Bruch's Second Concerto.

By the Symphony Society and Ysaye.

By the time the audience had assembled on Saturday evening last to attend the second concert of the Symphony Society at Carnegie Music Hall, it was quite prepared to listen sympathetically to Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, which was given as a tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, for it was one of the "wettest" nights on record. "True Damrosch weather," growled in the foyer a storm-beaten musico-maniac, who would as soon think of sacrificing his artistically flowing locks upon the altar of fashion as to dream of missing a symphony concert, especially when Ysaye played.

Not that Ysaye had anything to do with the Ocean Symphony, but the orchestra did, and notwithstanding the dampness which always takes a certain amount of resonance away from the strings, the Damrosch forces played so remarkably well that due credit should be allowed them for their work. Mr. Damrosch was in a goodly vein, and conducted with unusual carefulness, and was alert for effective nuances. Rubinstein's melodious and flowing phrases are very grateful and well repay a little attention of this kind, while the musicians were thoroughly en rapport with the music, the result being an unusually finished and sympathetic performance.

Rubinstein had a certain weakness for the rich tones of the 'cello, and some of his best music has been given to that instrument. This is especially the case in this Ocean symphony, where the 'cellos have those broad and irresistible themes which characterize it as the greatest of all his orchestral compositions, and it is conceded that the Symphony Society has an admirable force of 'cellists. The movements of the symphony given upon this occasion were: 1. Allegro Moderato; 2. Allegro; 3. Adagio; 4. Scherzo; 5. Adagio. Allegro con fuoco. There was much applause following each movement, for this work is a favorite with our musical public.

M. Ysaye, who has thoroughly ingratiated himself with our concert goers, was heard in Max Bruch's second violin concerto and played better than he had yet done here. Great musicians, like all artists, have their moments of inspiration, and those who were fortunate enough to hear Ysaye play upon this occasion will not soon forget the suberb waiving of individuality, the complete abandonment to the musical meaning, the large tone, rich, full and throbbing with vitality and that dominating sense of the realization of power and magnetism. The glowing warmth of Ysay's tone, whether in those delicious mezzo tints, which he delights in and which are so tremendously effective, or in the broad phrases of a fortissimo passage, must always be admired. How crisp and clean was the execution of the finale of the concerto! The phrases were given as though cut out with a knife from the orchestral background.

Bruch's second concerto, while not as familiar as the first, has much that is admirable about it. Ysaye invested it with an interest that made one listen breathlessly to every note. The recalls at its close were too numerous to count.

If the concert could have ended right here, with the memory of the Ocean Symphony and the Bruch Concerto ringing in one's ears, the impression would have been perfect. But there was still the entire second part of the program to come, and it led to the reflection that after all people are too fond of being heard and seen to lightly relinquish any opportunity that comes along.

Not that the public were willing to let Ysaye go even after the new Theme and Variations by Joachim had been waded through, exhibiting an immense display of technique and virtuosity, the music—or rather lack of music—affording no other possibilities. Like a true artist Ysaye chose for his encore the other extreme, giving us the exquisite but grand simplicity of Bach, which somewhat smoothed our ruffled spirits. The remaining orchestral numbers were the "Tristan and Isolde," "Liebesnacht" scene, arranged for orchestra by Mr. Damrosch, which failed to prove very impressive or as rapturous as one would expect, although beautifully scored; and for a closing number a genuine novelty, by the new musical sensation Humperdinck, whose fairy opera, "Hansel und Gretel," has made an unprecedented success in Germany It was the prelude to this opera which was heard, and exceedingly musical and refreshing it was, with some catchy tone colors and striking effects which would delight an audience at any other time. But too much music dulls the senses of even a symphony audience, and this musical fairy tale must await another hearing to be properly appreciated.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR

VOL. XCVI., NO. 169.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Performance in Honor of the Late Anton Rubinstein.

The concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night was in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The programme was.

Funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven

Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, D minor, Rubinstein

"Ocean" symphony.....Rubinstein
(With the additional movements.)

The soloist was Mrs. Ernest Lent. The occasion was further emphasized by a bust of the late composer placed on the front of the stage and surrounded by evergreens. There was a very large audience. The symphony was presented in its completeness for the first time here. It is said that Rubinstein cherished a desire to hear it played in its entirety at one concert, but that his wish was never gratified. It is strange that with his well-known horror of the ocean he should have dedicated a symphony to it, but perhaps his distaste for it came after he had finished his stupendous tribute to it. The work is a noble one, full of poetry, fire and passion; wonderfully picturesque at times, often rising to true sublimity, and never lacking in dignity and earnestness. On the whole, it may be justly considered his masterpiece, the most thorough and most vigorous expression of his genius, and showing his extraordinary fertility of invention, his inexhaustible store of melody and his command over all the resources of his art in their fullest and most impressive forms. And yet, to listen to a symphony in seven movements makes a demand on the attention that cannot well be filled without something of mental and emotional exhaustion, no heed how masterly and how stirring the work may be, and it must be confessed that the composer in depicting his subject has not been quite able to avoid repetition, if not in his themes and their treatment, at least in the sentiment that pervades. It may be, perhaps, overdaring to suggest that he has said all that it was possible to say in tone language, in the opening movements; but whether this be so or not, this portion of the work is the most brilliant, most steadily interesting and most satisfying.

The storm movement, which on this occasion had its first performance here, is a wonderful triumph of instrumentation, and is stirringly dramatic in effect, but the fatal fluency that often swayed Rubinstein has its full swing here, and interest in the movement palls long before the last bar is reached. The symphony was magnificently read and played. Mr. Paur has done nothing finer, more clean-cut and more brilliant with his orchestra this season than he achieved in the two movements named.

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VI. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Moderato assai.
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Although there were only three numbers on the program, it was one of the longest Mr. Paur has given us this year, and his concerts have not been noted for the shortness of their duration. The "Ocean" symphony, the whole of which has never before been performed in Boston, lasted for over an hour, and by that time many of the audience had left the hall.

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MUSIC

CONCERTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

The amusement week, so far as music is concerned, began on Monday evening with the third concert of the Kneisel Quartette, when these compositions were played: Mendelssohn's D major quartette, opus 44, No. 1; Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B-flat major, opus 97; Brahms' clarinet quintette in B minor, opus 115. The concert had the not unusual fault of its fellows—it was too long; for even the connoisseur and the dilettante cannot fully absorb, much less enjoy, two hours of such music, sitting on small, hard, slippery chairs in an ill-ventilated, overwarm hall. The nearest approach to possible pleasure would be won only when all the music should be delightful in itself and perfect in its performance with all external conditions favorable. On this occasion the first condition was not fulfilled. The Mendelssohn quartette is well enough written, but the peculiar and distinctive qualities of its author for which he is most welcomed and appreciated are too often absent from it, so that the movements drag along with little freshness of spirit or lightness of foot. So too the Brahms quintette has a deal of dull ponderousness in the learned labor of its first movement and the protracted evolutions of its third, for bearing up against which one hardly feels repaid by the great beauty and pleasantness of the romance-like adagio and the agreeable animation of the short finale. But the Beethoven is perennially sweet, noble and enlivening. Of course, however, the performance was perfect—how could it be else? For the Quartette—the only possible modification of whose now flawless playing would come from their associating with themselves some artist not exactly in sympathy and touch with themselves—had the co-operation of Mr. Baermann and Mr. Pourtan. The former, complete and catholic musician and player that he is, is always especially felicitous in his renderings of Beethoven, and his share in the trio was masterly at all points. Indeed it seemed his highest and most beautiful achievement in ensemble playing—always ready, ample, warm and full, but never dominant, and enlightened the scherzo with rare elegance and sparkle. M. Pourtau was fully equal to his task and showed that to the solidity and certainty of his orchestral style he added the fineness and the polish necessary for chamber music. The beauty and equality of his tone—never rough in the lower register nor strident in the upper—and the nicety and grace of his phrasing were especially remarked.

The presence upon the Music Hall platform of a marble bust of Rubinstein, mounted upon a laurelled and vine-wreathed pedestal, would have implied to any attendant upon the Eighth Symphony concert that the programme might be expected to commemorate the master so lately dead, even if no announcement of that tenor had been previously made. There were but three numbers on that programme and these, extending a little over two hours, had the natural effect of emptying many seats long before the evening was over, although there was enough of interest and consequence in the concert to justify its unusual length and to repay the majority who remained faithful to the end.

The first selection was the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which we do not remember to have ever heard quite so satisfactorily played—certainly never when we enjoyed it so greatly and felt at once so much uplifted and so much made pensive and subdued. Being marked "adagio assai," conductors are apt to take it so slowly that it drags on a weary length, instead of marching with slow and solemn step, or else, fearing this dreary sluggishness of movement, they quicken it beyond that measure of gravity which is necessary to impress the spirit deeply. Mr. Paur took a markedly slow tempo, but he made his men give elasticity and pulsation to their march and allowed just the slightest enhancement of its progression in the lighter and tenderer phases. The effect was beautiful, pathetic and yet commanding.

Then followed Rubinstein's fourth pianoforte concerto—that in D minor, his opus 70. The pianist was Mrs. Ernest Lent, of Washington, an interesting, intelligent and able player, whose simplicity of manner, indicating that she is not too much accustomed to great concert audiences, was quite charming. She appears to be—allowance made for some differences in their personal equations—a player of similar caste and calibre to Mrs. Paur. Her execution is apt, clear, ready and sufficient; she reads cantabile passages with a well sustained phrasing, strikes out octaves and double octaves freely and vibrantly and gives brightness and lightness to bravura and ornament, being also regardful of the proper attitude of the piano to the full score. Her style appeared incomplete in the narrowness of its range of gradations of color and volume. Contrast indeed there was, but rather as between softness and loudness than as between the interior qualities of rendering. And again in long developments she was inclined to reach the maximum of her power before the true climax of the music had been attained. But she played with understanding, confidence and a sure grasp upon the form and the general purport of each movement and won particular approbation for the broad sweep of the first and the calm vocality of the second, the extended romance-like theme of which was delightfully delivered and no less delightfully produced by Mr. Pourtan's clarinet.

Then came the whole of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, which nobody has had the courage heretofore to give in its entirety here in Boston, if memory serves me rightly. So long indeed is it, that it might as reasonably be called the "Equator," since its seven movements might almost belt about the whole globe of music, while its famous storm might quite as well represent a tropical tempest as a gale at sea. Yet, somehow—was it in Mr. Paur's vital, inspiriting and earnest direction or was it in the true chiar' oscuro and emotional antithesis gained by the full performance?——his complete sequence seemed less heavy and exacting than the customary group of four which most attendants upon orchestral concerts have heard.

The reader probably understands that this is not a descriptive composition, if we except the first mentioned second movement, which is an amazingly picturesque, faithful and powerful portrayal of storm and gale. It is in suggestion chiefly if not entirely and in moods and correspondences that the truth of the title must be sought, and since there comes no word from the composer to say what he, who stood so much in awe and dread as well as in admiration, of the great world of waters meant each movement to signify, every listener must define for himself according to his experiences or his fancies. The opening moderato, with its progress from cool flute notes and shivering chords to the full notes of the orchestra, perhaps implies that power which underlies even the daintiest foam-crest, and reveals to us those lines of Tennyson.

"A wild wave in the wide North-sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bank, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it."

The second is the great and wonderful storm scene, with "the piping of the gale and thunder in the clouds," the whistle and roar, the dash and crash, the sudden suspense and the instant vehemence, the apparently invincible fury and the slow exhaustion of a whirlwind. The third, an andante, hints at the glad but grave ascriptions of pious gratitude in returning calm, while the fourth, an allegro, has a loud, strong, hearty character which brings to mind the rough gayety of under spirits, as if a great crew were allowed their own festivity, where the more dignified rejoicings were over. Then comes a fifth movement, an almost plaintive andante, as if writing its all-embracing circuit the sea included sorrow, loss and mourning, while the natural return to mirth and carelessness is perhaps alluded to in the scherzo, which is the one movement of all most like in temper anent what one expects from a symphony. The finale, beginning with a slow introduction, passes soon into a fiery allegro which unites itself through the sense of power and domination in the first movement, but passes beyond it in the chorale-like passages which, borne up on the full resonance of the brass choir, rises like a glorification of the power which is beyond all powers. Through almost all the movements there runs a restless, swaying undertone (so to call it) of figures which rise and fall, weave and break harmonies and give thus a certain unity of feeling to the whole composition and recall the nominal subject when this might not seem relevant to the more obvious upper currents of the sea of sound.

Mr. Paur conducted the symphony with eminent ability and the orchestra performed it wonderfully well in all respects. The concerto work was not praiseworthy, for in the last movement there were hesitancies and uncertainties and the accents of soloist and band were not always synchronous.

A programme of six numbers is announced for the next concert. It is thus disposed: For the orchestra, symphony in D major, by Ph. E. Bach; the "Hirtenmusik" of J. S. Bach; Haydn's G-major symphony, and Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture. For Miss Gertrude Franklin, the "Sweet Bird" song of Handel and an air from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.

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OF RUBINSTEIN

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT WAS MEMORIAL.

The "Funeral March in Purple" Led the Programme—Then a Piano Concerto in D Minor—The Great "Ocean" Symphony Closed the Evening.

The concert of Saturday was dedicated to the memory of Rubinstein. Under ordinary circumstances a memorial service would not be proper matter for musical criticism, but as the occasion formed one of the regular symphonic series the usual comments may be admissible. It was very appropriate to begin with the Funeral March from the Heroic Symphony, even though we are likely to hear it again this season in connection with its proper cycle of movements. This movement remains the noblest elegy in the musical repertoire. Well did Coleridge call it "a funeral march in purple;" it is distinctively a masculine work, yet the feminine element is not lacking, for if ever a weeping woman was pictured in tones it is in the oboe passages of the first part; but this femininity never becomes effeminate; it is rather a perfect example of Schiller's statement:—

"Wo Starkes sich und Mildes parrten
Da gibt es einen guten Klang."

In the finest funeral march ever written for piano (Chopin's) the trio which might have been a similar picture of stricken womanhood (the so-called "Song at the Grave") becomes mere weakness, dangerously near to bathos, a fault that is never found in Beethoven's pictures of sorrow. The march did not become in the least degree mawkish in Mr. Paur's hands, in fact the first part went to the other extreme and could have borne a slightly slower tempo; but it was a lofty and dignified performance, altogether.

Now came a Rubinstein piano concerto, the one in D minor, although its predecessor, the concerto in G major would have been more appropriate, being more characteristic and containing an elegiac vein in its slow movement. The pianist was Mrs. Ernest Lent. Rubinstein's fault in his piano concertos is generally the making of the solo part too prominent; the piano dominates the orchestra. It did not do so on this occasion, for it was seldom powerful enough to hold its own against the instrumental forces. Mrs. Lent played with intelligence and conscientious effort, but the task evidently strained her physical powers to the utmost; there was spasmodic exertion rather than sustained breadth. The first movement was the most satisfactory, and here there was a musicianly grasp of the subject evident. The slow movement was clearly enunciated, but scarcely gave the full poetry and freedom of interpretation demanded by the composer. In the last movement physical effort was too plainly apparent, and the triumph and leonine force of the finale was only suggested. Mrs. Lent was recalled twice, and made a sufficiently good impression to have one desire to hear her in a less exacting work and in a smaller hall.

Now came the "Ocean Symphony," and the whole of it. This was the best possible tribute to Rubinstein's memory, for it has never been given in Boston, and seldom anywhere in the world, in its complete state. A few years ago Rubinstein expressed his regret to Mr. Paur that the work was never given with all of its movements; "they all belong together, and it is the only way to do justice to it," said he. However much one may disagree with this dictum of the composer, it certainly was in the best possible taste to choose the seven movements of this prolix symphony as a memorial of Rubinstein, and the audience seemed to appreciate it, for with the exception of a few suburbans with whom railroad time tables must necessarily take the place of orchestral finales, almost the entire audience stayed to the very end.

The symphony in its extended state (it was originally four movements, and three were added at intervals after its completion) is a perfect example of the merits and defects of the composer. He is the most unequal of the great tone-poets; at one moment he is storming the gates of heaven and at another he is exerting himself to combine the oboe with the bass tuba, and doing other feats of musical jugglery. The first movement is as great as some of Beethoven's orchestral achievements. Its performance was a triumph for Mr. Paur and his orchestra. That wonderful stationary tone (G) on the trumpet, the brilliant flute-work and the ensemble of the strings call for especial mention. The second movement has never been heard here, although Mr. Gericke has given all the other six movements. There are many tempests in the musical repertoire; Handel in "The Seasons," St. Saens in "Le Deluge," Beethoven in the "Pastoral Symphony," Wagner in "Die Walkuere," Rossini in "Wm. Tell" overture, and a host of others have given more or less bad weather, but there has never been such a downright northeaster as this symphonic movement; it is such a furious storm that one ought to direct it with an umbrella. It is cacophonous all through, or nearly so, it gives allopathic doses of piccolo and bass drum, and it is far too long. The vulgar may delight in the squeaking of the stringed instruments played with the bow on the bridge, (*sull' Ponticello*) in the shrieks of the piccolo which obviously are flashes of lightning, and in the thumpings of the bass drum which are the musician's thunder, but the musical analyst finds such programme music far lower than the so-called "Pure" music which does not attempt a definite picture, which is subjective instead of objective. As regards this movement one may thrust aside the old saying—"de Mortuis nil nisi Bonum," and substitute the Shakesperian apothegm—"The evil that men do lives after them." Yet the performance of the very difficult movement calls for emphatic praise. It was a wonderful exhibition of the technique of the orchestra.

The great beauty of the third (an added) movement made an admirable foil to this amount of noise, and its direct melody was grateful to the ears that longed for tune. Harp and oboe made some delightful combinations in this movement which was almost a song without words. The fourth movement was full of sailors' jollity, and the orchestra played with commendable unity in the catchy syncopations, but the added Scherzo which came as the sixth movement is fully as jovial and less forced in its style. One would gladly see this Scherzo replace the original one, or else have it added permanently to the regular movements. The slow movement which came fifth in the succession of the expanded symphony, is Oriental in its brooding. The proverb says: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," but when one scrapes the veneer from Rubinstein one finds a Semite, and there is a racial characteristic to be discerned in much of his work, particularly in the solemn and expressive movements.

The finale is not the strongest part of the symphony; its recitativelike introduction is prolix, and even its chorale climax is not very original, while the hideous tones of the stopped horns (the ugliest tone-color that can be drawn from the orchestra, Wagner used it frequently to picture crime or evil) seem to come in without any purpose whatever. The kettle-drum gave its final strokes in a manner that threatened to burst the calfskin, and the symphony was done. One is quite ready to return to the original four movements however, possibly adding the dainty Scherzo which here came as the sixth movement.

The auditors who remained to the very end may hereafter boast of having heard the longest symphony in existence.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.
DECEMBER 17, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

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[65]

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Now came a Rubinstein piano concerto, the one in D minor, although its predecessor, the concerto in G major would have been more appropriate, being more characteristic and containing an elegiac vein in its slow movement. The pianist was Mrs. Ernest Lent. Rubinstein's fault in his piano concertos is generally the making of the solo part too prominent; the piano dominates the orchestra. It did not do so on this occasion, for it was seldom powerful enough to hold its own against the instrumental forces. Mrs. Lent played with intelligence and conscientious effort, but the task evidently strained her physical powers to the utmost; there was spasmodic exertion rather than sustained breadth. The first movement was the most satisfactory, and here there was a musicianly grasp of the subject evident. The slow movement was clearly enunciated, but scarcely gave the full poetry and freedom of interpretation demanded by the composer. In the last movement physical effort was too plainly apparent, and the triumph and leonine force of the finale was only suggested. Mrs. Lent was recalled twice, and made a sufficiently good impression to have one desire to hear her in a less exacting work and in a smaller hall.

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The symphony in its extended state (it was originally four movements, and three were added at intervals after its completion) is a perfect example of the merits and defects of the composer. He is the most unequal of the great tone-poets; at one moment he is storming the gates of heaven and at another he is exerting himself to combine the oboe with the bass tuba, and doing other feats of musical jugglery. The first movement is as great as some of Beethoven's orchestral achievements. Its performance was a triumph for Mr. Paur and his orchestra. That wonderful stationary tone (G) on the trumpet, the brilliant flute-work and the ensemble of the strings call for especial mention. The second movement has never been heard here, although Mr. Gericke has given all the other six movements. There are many tempests in the musical repertoire; Handel in "The Seasons," St. Saens in "Le Deluge," Beethoven in the "Pastoral Symphony," Wagner in "Die Walkuere," Rossini in "Wm. Tell" overture, and a host of others have given more or less bad weather, but there has never been such a downright northeaster as this symphonic movement; it is such a furious storm that one ought to direct it with an umbrella. It is cacophonous all through, or nearly so, it gives allopathic doses of piccolo and bass drum, and it is far too long. The vulgar may delight in the squeaking of the stringed instruments played with the bow on the bridge, (*sull' Ponticello*) in the shrieks of the piccolo which obviously are flashes of lightning, and in the thumpings of the bass drum which are the musician's thunder, but the musical analyst finds such programme music far lower than the so-called "Pure" music which does not attempt a definite picture, which is subjective instead of objective. As regards this movement one may thrust aside the old saying—"de Mortuis nil nisi Bonum," and substitute the Shakesperian apothegm—"The evil that men do lives after them." Yet the performance of the very difficult movement calls for emphatic praise. It was a wonderful exhibition of the technique of the orchestra.

The great beauty of the third (an added) movement made an admirable foil to this amount of noise, and its direct melody was grateful to the ears that longed for tune. Harp and oboe made some delightful combinations in this movement which was almost a song without words. The fourth movement was full of sailors' jollity, and the orchestra played with commendable unity in the catchy syncopations, but the added Scherzo which came as the sixth movement is fully as jovial and less forced in its style. One would gladly see this Scherzo replace the original one, or else have it added permanently to the regular movements. The slow movement which came fifth in the succession of the expanded symphony, is Oriental in its brooding. The proverb says: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," but when one scrapes the veneer from Rubinstein one finds a Semite, and there is a racial characteristic to be discerned in much of his work, particularly in the solemn and expressive movements.

The finale is not the strongest part of the symphony; its recitativelike introduction is prolix, and even its chorale climax is not very original, while the hideous tones of the stopped horns (the ugliest tone-color that can be drawn from the orchestra, Wagner used it frequently to picture crime or evil) seem to come in without any purpose whatever. The kettle-drum gave its final strokes in a manner that threatened to burst the calfskin, and the symphony was done. One is quite ready to return to the original four movements however, possibly adding the dainty Scherzo which here came as the sixth movement.

The auditors who remained to the very end may hereafter boast of having heard the longest symphony in existence.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.
DECEMBER 17, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

The concert of Saturday was dedicated to the memory of Rubinstein. Under ordinary circumstances a memorial service would not be proper matter for musical criticism, but as the occasion formed one of the regular symphonic series the usual comments may be admissible. It was very appropriate to begin with the Funeral March from the Heroic Symphony, even though we are likely to hear it again this season in connection with its proper cycle of movements. This movement remains the noblest elegy in the musical repertoire. Well did Coleridge call it "a funeral march in purple;" it is distinctively a masculine work, yet the feminine element is not lacking, for if ever a weeping woman was pictured in tones it is in the oboe passages of the first part; but this femininity never becomes effeminate; it is rather a perfect example of Schiller's statement:—

"Wo Starkes sich und Mildes parrten
Da gibt es einen guten Klang."

In the finest funeral march ever written for piano (Chopin's) the trio which might have been a similar picture of stricken womanhood (the so-called "Song at the Grave") becomes mere weakness, dangerously near to bathos, a fault that is never found in Beethoven's pictures of sorrow. The march did not become in the least degree mawkish in Mr. Paur's hands, in fact the first part went to the other extreme and could have borne a slightly slower tempo; but it was a lofty and dignified performance, altogether.

Now came a Rubinstein piano concerto, the one in D minor, although its predecessor, the concerto in G major would have been more appropriate, being more characteristic and containing an elegiac vein in its slow movement. The pianist was Mrs. Ernest Lent. Rubinstein's fault in his piano concertos is generally the making of the solo part too prominent; the piano dominates the orchestra. It did not do so on this occasion, for it was seldom powerful enough to hold its own against the instrumental forces. Mrs. Lent played with intelligence and conscientious effort, but the task evidently strained her physical powers to the utmost; there was spasmodic exertion rather than sustained breadth. The first movement was the most satisfactory, and here there was a musicianly grasp of the subject evident. The slow movement was clearly enunciated, but scarcely gave the full poetry and freedom of interpretation demanded by the composer. In the last movement physical effort was too plainly apparent, and the triumph and leonine force of the finale was only suggested. Mrs. Lent was recalled twice, and made a sufficiently good impression to have one desire to hear her in a less exacting work and in a smaller hall.

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Boston Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The eighth Symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, "In Memoriam Auton Rubinstein." The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Funeral March from Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "*Eroica*," opus 55.
Rubinstein: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, opus 70.
Rubinstein: Symphony No. 2, in C major, "*Ocean*," opus 42.
Mrs. Ernest Lent was the pianist.

Beethoven's grand *Marcia funebre* was admirably given, with noble dignity of expression, simplicity and force. The movement, to be sure, loses somewhat by being given apart from the rest of the symphony, but then, it can afford a good deal!

It is said that one of the fondest wishes of the latter half of Rubinstein's life was to find a conductor "with courage enough" to give the whole of the "Ocean" symphony; it is doubted whether he himself ever heard the entire work at a sitting, in its latest, complete shape. Well! we have heard it now, in all its seven movements, without a cut, and with all the (upon the whole, few) repeats made. The experience was worth having—for once. And, as it was an experience such as no one is likely to have more than once in a lifetime, we think the people who left the hall before the symphony was over did so rather foolishly. We much doubt whether any composer with the slightest claim to greatness will ever repeat Rubinstein's experiment of writing a symphony in seven longish movements. Every musical form has certain natural limits, which a composer can overstep only at his peril; and it may be said in general that no composer has ever overstepped such limits without suffering more or less from it. Beethoven himself did this in his great pianoforte sonata in B-flat major, opus 106; he wrote a sonata of really symphonic proportions, one that might fairly be called a "symphony for pianotorte;" and, with all its unquestionable greatness and power, the work cannot but be called too long, too full of matter, and often too fully developed, for the pianoforte to carry. It would not be an overlong symphony, if well scored for orchestra; but it is a terribly long sonata. In the same sense one can say that this "Ocean" symphony of Rubinstein's would be but a short oratorio, if based on a poetic text and written for soli, chorus and orchestra; but, as a symphony, as a purely orchestral work, its length is positively appalling. And not the least inconvenient item in its length is the disheartening effect it has upon the players; after duly rehearsing a work like the "Ocean" symphony, the orchestra is already sick of it, and comes to the concert with its enthusiasm damped.

Singularly enough, this hearing of the entire symphony does not in the least alter one's former opinion of it; one still finds the first movement far and away superior to all else in it. If there is anything else in the symphony at all worthy to stand beside this mevement, we should say it was the added Scherzo in F major (the present sixth movement), the Trio of which is especially charming. The other movements are all more or less weak: and, though they do gain a certain amount of strength by being given together—like the bundle of sticks in the fable—they are, upon the whole, tedious individually and collectively. Although we think Rubinstein really strengthened the work by adding the *Andante* in E major and the Scherzo in F—albeit he would have strengthened it still more by cutting out the original *Andante* in E minor—we cannot see that his latest addition, the "storm" movement in A minor, has any sense at all; the whole spirit of the movement is at loggerheads with that of all the rest of the symphony. Before the addition of this movement, it was peculiarly noticeable how carefully Rubinstein had kept himself on the symphonic side of the boundary line between imaginative orchestral writing and programme-music; the six other movements are essentially symphonic, and if we find "oceanic" suggestions in them, they are but suggestions, poetically idealized and in no sense merely photographic; they are romantic rather than naturalistic. But in this last-added movement Rubinstein has given us a "storm" such as Liszt himself might have given us, a pure piece of programme-music. And be it said—whether to his honor or not remains a matter of point of view—that he has not walked this path with much dignity; Liszt would have done so with more majesty. The thing is unquestionably a stunning storm, viewed as a piece of musical photography; more than this it has immense rhythmic vitality and go to it, it is good fun to listen to. The trouble is that it often makes you smile, and a poetic storm-piece should not do that. When the big-drum thunder comes, the effect is mainly comic, just as the fall of the Tower of Babel is in the composer's biblical opera,—it makes you think of bricks and mortar more than it does of a heaven-sent cataclysm. Then that Choral in the last movement; what impressiveness there may be in it resides wholly in the bare fact that it is a church-like melody; musically it is weak, and harmonized with a crudeness that is the merest aping of rugged strength; and, as for the counterpoint in the strings the composer has put against it at its last appearance, one would have thought that, after Meyerbeer, no self-respecting composer would touch counterpoint of that sort with a pair of tongs!

One thing impressed us strongly throughout the symphony; indeed, we have been impressed with it before *in re* Rubinstein: this is the man's sadly defective sense for orchestral coloring, or else his terrible lack of skill in scoring. In the year of grace 1857 (when the original parts of the symphony were written), and *a fortiori* later, an orchestral composer might fairly be expected sufficiently to have mastered the art of instrumentation to turn out a work that needed none of that painful "doctoring" at rehearsals which is required by parts of the ninth symphony and some things by Schumann; he ought to know how to score so that his work should sound well if played simply as it was written. Well! the instrumentation of the "Ocean" symphony seldom sounds thoroughly well; the effect is often confused, the coloring seldom really beautiful; one body of instruments often kills another, instead of adding strength or richness thereto; the orchestra is often very ill-balanced. Take that added *Andante* in D: the thing is not as strong as Goliath, but the first five or six pages of it sound absolutely delicious on the pianoforte; on the strings the effect is null! Then the final Choral: how coarse, thick, and muddy those brass harmonies sound! without real power

or brilliancy! But the last movement [illegible] in its way: thoroughly original, and unspeakably strong in its beauty and poetry. This movement should live—say, as a concert "Ocean" overture.

The performance was in the main fine, if not quite so finished as is our orchestra's wont. But we incline to think that much of the roughness of effect is to be charged to Rubinstein's scoring, rather than to the playing. One point detracted a good deal from the general effect of the work, and this was that Mr. Paur seemed to have an all too vivid consciousness of the length of the symphony, and appeared to be in too much of a hurry. The first movement suffered especially. If any movement in all orchestral literature has ample indications of the proper tempo, this one has; just look at its history; at first Rubinstein marked it *Allegro maestoso;* then, doubtless finding that conductors took it too fast, he changed the marking to *Moderato assai;* could any indication be plainer? But, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Paur takes it at a frank *Allegro vivace.* The "Storm" movement, too, was taken at a break-neck pace, in spite of the *Con moto moderato* written over it. The *Andante* in D major sounded restless and hurried,—although here the composer's change in the marking, from *Adagio* to *Andante*, as the symphony grew older, certainly indicates that the tempo must not drag. Still the whole experience was an interesting one, though one may suspect that it may have the effect of burying the composer several fathoms deeper than Ariel's father in the "Tempest."

Mrs. Lent came to us wholly unheralded, and played Rubinstein's D minor concerto in a sincere, musical way, without trickery or false sentiment. The performance was perhaps rather pallid, the Finale being in especial beyond the player's powers of virtuosity. Upon the whole, the pianist was placed—or had placed herself—in a somewhat false position—that of doing sincere but not strikingly effective work, at a concert where the very best is not too good. In another setting her playing might have made a far different impression.

The next programme is: C. P. E. Bach, Symphony in D-major; Handel, scena, "Sweet Bird," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato;" J. S. Bach, Shepherds' music, from the "Christmas Oratorio;" Haydn, Symphony in G major (B. & H., No. 13, Peters, No. 8); Goetz, aria from "Taming of the Shrew;" Beethoven, overture to "Fidelio," opus 72. Miss Gertrude Franklin will be the singer.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, DEC. 16, 1894.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

The third of this season's concerts was given on Monday evening before an audience which completely filled Union hall. Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. Leon Pourtau, the wonderful new clarinetist of the Symphony orchestra, were the assisting artists, and the programme was:

Quartette, op. 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
Piano Trio, op 97.....Beethoven
Quintet for strings and clarinet, op. 115.. Brahms
.....

The very well known—indeed, well nigh hackneyed—quartette of Mendelssohn was excellently played. One is glad to hear it occasionally, if for no other reason than to assure one's self anew that Mendelssohn was often guilty of uttering inaninities with a great show of brilliancy and vigor. Only such a masterly rendering as the Kneisel group gives it, especially in the allegro movements, can make it sufferable.

The Beethoven trio, that thing of perennial strength and beauty, was likewise given masterly rendering, and the performance of it received warm commendations of applause. Mr. Baermann's playing of a work of this sort is such as no other Boston player can give us, sturdy yet delicate, studied yet clear.

The Brahms quintette has already become one of the best known and best loved of its author's works, although it was finished not quite four years ago. The addition of the clarinet to the strings gives delightful richness as well as novelty of tone color. The themes are Brahmsian to the last degree, and the methods of working-out are likewise as characteristic of the composer as possible. Yet there are no spots of ugliness of sound and excessive complexity of thought such as we are likely to observe on a first hearing of a Brahms work. The second movement, with its remarkable tremolo effects, is one of the most intensely tragic things which have ever happened in music. We wish we might hear it again, yet almost dread to.

If one may say that a thing is "beneath criticism," and express thereby the superlative of badness in art, may one not exalt the superlatively good by calling it "above criticism?" Such seemed to us a fitting word to say of Mr. Pourtau's playing. It must have been a revelation to the audience.

The next concert is set for New Year's eve.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's third concert was given last evening at Infantry Hall. There was the usual attendance of music-lovers, about two-thirds filling the hall, the same forceful, delicate and finely rounded interpretation by the players, the familiar etnergetic method of conducting on the part of Herr Paur, and, last but not least, a genuine novelty on the programme. The present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has been sharply criticised by certain musical writers for lack of skill in programme making. While it is exceedingly doubtful that all would be of one mind as to what does constitute a well constructed programme, it can hardly be denied that the one presented last night was both symmetrical and solid, worthy, too, of a musical audience and of the fine artists to whom its interpretation was entrusted, as well as pleasing to that numerous class which the musical critic is wont to group under the title of "the average listener."

Last night's offering consisted of but three numbers, as follows:

Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92.Beethoven
I. Poco Sostenuto (A major).
Vivace (A major).
II. Allegretto (A minor).
III. Scherzo: Presto (F major).
Trio: Assai meno presto (D major).
IV. Finale: Allegro con brio (A major).
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73.....Beethoven
I. Allegro.
II. Adagio un poco moto.
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo.
Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"....Smetana
(First Time.)

It is sometimes difficult to see upon what grounds certain works of a composer are singled out for pre-eminence and set above their fellows as of greater worth. The matter is a simple one, of course, when some writer of pleasant mediocrities suddenly startles the world with something resembling a masterpiece, but how is it when a man composes nine symphonies and each one is a masterpiece? Probably no one will care to quarrel with the dictum that assigns to Beethoven's ninth symphony the place of honor, or even with the ranking of the fifth in second place, but yet the others have claims. This very seventh symphony presents a sustained interest, a musical beauty in its exquisite themes and charming modulations, a Titanic grasp in its orderly working out and a masterly use of orchestral resource that makes one feel while listening to its golden measures that, after all, perhaps the verdict should be reconsidered. But if it is not to be allowed to displace its fellow works of art, it must yet be granted that at certain points it sparkles with the full effulgence of Beethoven's mighty genius, that brightest star in the firmament of pure music. It is needless to say that it was magnificently played.

The novelty of the programme was Smetana's overture. The works of this Bohemian composer, who died some ten years ago, are just beginning to make their way outside of his country, where they have long been held in high repute. This overture is short and written in something like a rondo form. It is brilliant in the extreme, Wagnerish in its liberal use of the brass, and its themes are tinged with that peculiar flavor that seems inseparable from the music of Bohemian and Hungarian composers. It was played with great fire and dash, its resounding finale making a brilliant close to the concert. The programme notes imparted the interesting information that Dr. Antonin Dvorak was a pupil of Smetana.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Carl Baermann, the well-known Boston pianist, who gave a fine performance of Beethoven's great "Emperor" concerto. Mr. Baermann's abilities are too well known and appreciated here to call for extended remark upon his playing. He is a fine artist, and did himself full justice last evening. Beethoven's concerto is one of the classics of the pianoforte. It demands a facile and finished technic, which Mr. Baermann certainly possesses, as he does the power of mechanical expression. He does not express his own individuality in anything he plays, which is a lack in his artistic equipment, or the reverse, according to the point of view from which one chooses to regard the end and aim of pianoforte playing.

The fourth concert of the series will take place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 16.

PROVIDENCE, THURSDAY

The Telegram.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

Another Symphony Concert Proves Quite a Musical Treat.

The third concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Infantry hall last night was the counterpart of the two which preceded it, in all the features that made those events so enjoyable. The performance was exceedingly interesting from first to last, and applause in generous, but deserved measure was bestowed upon the musicians and their hard-working conductor. Particularly acceptable was Smetana's overture, a piece which flashed with brilliancy and moved the slowest pulse by its magnetizing spirit. It was finely rendered. Beethoven's No. 7 symphony was played with admirable care, taste and discrimination.

Mr. Carl Baermann of Boston, a pianist of note, was the soloist. His execution of Beethoven's No. 5 concerto was an artistic display of address and technical understanding, though the interpretation he gave could have been improved by treatment of a more sympathetic character. He was encored twice.

The next concert occurs on the evening of Jan. 16.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra's third concert was given last evening at Infantry Hall. There was the usual attendance of music-lovers, about two-thirds filling the hall, the same forceful, delicate and finely rounded interpretation by the players, the familiar etnergetic method of conducting on the part of Herr Paur, and, last but not least, a genuine novelty on the programme. The present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has been sharply criticised by certain musical writers for lack of skill in programme making. While it is exceedingly doubtful that all would be of one mind as to what does constitute a well constructed programme, it can hardly be denied that the one presented last night was both symmetrical and solid, worthy, too, of a musical audience and of the fine artists to whom its interpretation was entrusted, as well as pleasing to that numerous class which the musical critic is wont to group under the title of "the average listener."

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The fourth concert of the series will take place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 16.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 171.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1894.

The resemblance between Beethoven and Rubinstein was most strongly marked at the last Symphony concert by the placing of the latter's bust so the audience could compare its massive features with those of the greater master. There was the same mysterious mark of genius, the same ideality, showing how nature repeats herself even in distinct types, and emphasizing the theory that man is born again into the world. Not that Rubinstein is Beethoven; but that his transcendent gift may have descended in part to this Russian who proved himself a worthy heir of an inheritance which moves the soul to ecstasy and tears.

It is doubtful if the Symphony orchestra ever played anything with such intensity as it played that storm movement of the Ocean symphony. Talk of Wagnerian effects! Why, people expected to see the ceiling of old Music Hall open, and the deluge to fall, and some sensitive persons even grew hysterical, as the gale increased with such velocity, and with that drummer thundering away like Jove himself through it all. It was superb! Mr. Paur very nearly jumped off the platform in his supreme efforts to hold these wild elements in hand, and though the verdict on dear Rubinstein's famous work was that its length was tiresome, the storm was simply grand at every point. Sometimes noise has its advantages. It wakes you up.

[66]

The program of the eighth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Funeral March, from Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Concerto for piano, No. 4, in D minor.....
Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean"...Rubinstein
Moderato assai.
Lento assai. Con moto moderato.
Andante.
Allegro.
Andante.
Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Moderato assai.
Andante. Allegro con fuoco.

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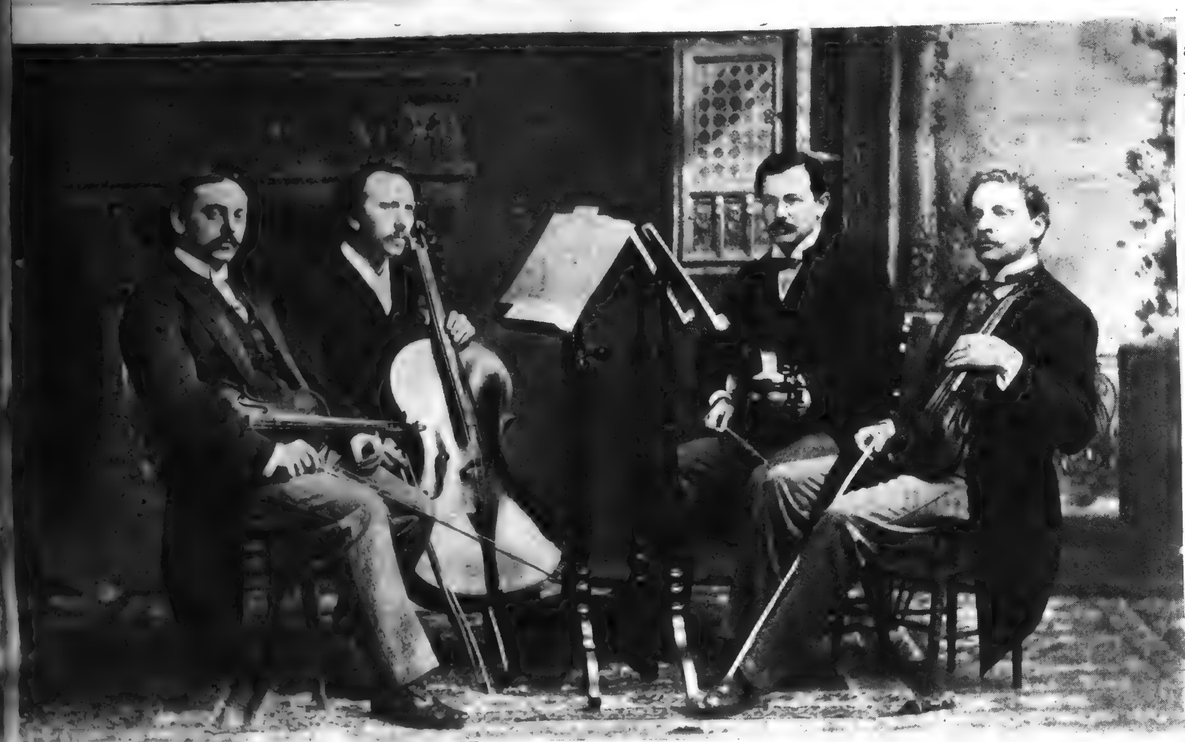

The program of the eighth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Funeral March, from Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Concerto for piano, No. 4, in D minor..... }.....Rubinstein
Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean"... }
Moderato assai.
Lento assai. Con moto moderato.
Andante.
Allegro.
Andante.
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...TRAL.
...DAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. ..., NO. 176.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Gertrude Franklin Wins a Brilliant Success.

The Soloist in Her Best Voice—Bach's Symphony in D Exquisitely Played by the Orchestra—A Most Satisfying and Convincing Haydn Interpretation by Mr. Paur.

The selections for the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night were:

Symphony in D.....Philip Emanuel Bach
Scena, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
Sinfonia from the "Christmas Oratorio"
Symphony G (B. and H. 13).....J. S. Bach
Scena from "Taming of the Shrew"..H. Goetz
Overture, "Fidelio," op. 72.....Beethoven

The soloist was Miss Gertrude Franklin. The attendance was very large. The programme was pleasingly light in character, and it was a felicitous idea to place the symphony by Emanuel Bach in such close proximity with that of Haydn, for the latter was always an earnest and enthusiastic student of the music of the earlier masters, and, moreover, anticipated much in the symphony form that is generally credited to Haydn. This Bach is the connecting link between the period of the great Bach and Handel and that of Haydn and Mozart, and was the immediate precursor of Haydn. In him was manifested the germs of form and of thematic treatment which were so wonderfully developed by Haydn, and his works in their construction, especially in regard to his recognition of the necessity of a more artistic form than prevailed in his time have given him a far greater prominence and importance than were attained by any of his contemporaries. His instrumentation is remarkable for his era, notably in connection with its contrasts between the wind and the strings and for its free writing. The symphony played last night may have sounded quaint and notable more for its cheerfulness and its easy natural flow than for its depth, but it must have seemed revolutionary to the musical public of that day. In his best instrumental works this Bach rises boldly above his contemporaries. This symphony in D is his most successful achievement in that species of composition, and is the only one that has survived. It is still delightful in its freshness, despite certain quaint cadences, and will always be interesting for its animation, its grace and its melodiousness. Its proper character was admirably preserved in the masterful and sympathetic reading accorded it by Mr. Paur, and it was exquisitely played by the orchestra.

The Haydn symphony is one of the most fascinating of its composer's works in its kind. It charms from beginning to end by its pure and natural melody, its buoyancy of spirit, its dainty simplicity and its beautiful contrasts of tone color. The slow movement, though almost naive in its themes and their treatment, is full of poetry, and its finale effervesces with gayety and brilliancy. Mr. Paur's interpretation of the work was one of his most brilliant successes. The movements were taken at their first pace, the readings of the largo and the minuet being conspicuously striking in this relation. The coloring throughout was exquisite in its finish, and the whole may be fairly pronounced the most satisfying and convincing Haydn interpretation and playing that has ever been heard at these concerts. The selection from the "Christmas Orations," by the giant Bach, seasonably introduced in the programme, was rendered by the orchestra with surpassing beauty and purity of style. The audience was exceptionally appreciative of the efforts of the orchestra and its conductor through the whole concert, and its applause was very cordial.

Miss Franklin, who has not been heard at these concerts in several seasons, was cordially received. The Handel scena is its composer's most carefully written song in its kind, and, though it is now somewhat quaint, and its Da capo narrowly escapes making it tiresome, it is always interesting when performed by a thorough singer. Miss Franklin sang it very beautifully throughout, with flawless technique, absolute purity of style and impressive breadth and dignity. She was in her best voice, and in both the legato and the more florid passages her singing was artistic in the truest sense of the term. Strikingly fine was her trilling in its tunefulness, its steadiness and its splendid crescendo in its climaxes. In the cadenza there were two remarkably long and evenly sustained pianissimo notes, and a chromatic run that was exceptional in its clearness and precision, every note coming out distinctly. The scene has rarely been so well sung here. At its close she was heartily applauded and twice recalled. The Goetz air was given for the first time in Boston. It is a beautiful composition and the orchestration is of rare beauty. The strings are used in masterly style and with great richness in effect, and there are some delightful touches with the wind instruments. It is an exacting work, wholly in the legato style, which perhaps may account for why it has not been given here before. It is not a "show" piece, and demands solid singing, without which it might easily become dry, bald and uninteresting. Here again the artist distinguished herself by her mastery of the technique of her art and by the refined color that marked the interpretation generally, and won another brilliant success and two vigorous recalls.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; concerto for pianoforte, H. H. Huss (first time); Ballet music, "Die Rebe," Rubinstein; overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. Henry Holden Huss is to be the soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 23.

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"Sweet Bird".....Handel
Hirtenmusik.....J. S. Bach
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Aria from "Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture, "Fidelio".....Beethoven

The Symphony by Carl Philip Bach was interesting historically rather than æsthetically, and we must be in the historical mood to properly appreciate it. It is a voice from the past and unmistakably reveals its respectable antiquity. We all know that Hayden was "father" of symphony, and yet Carl Philip was his predecessor in this species of writing. As a question of age Carl Philip is first; as a question of merit Carl Philip, with his eighteen symphonies, must remain in the background. Judged as an art work the D-major symphony suggests childhood, without its grace, hard work and high knowledge without inspiration, hardness and dryness without profundity. The work is not alive, it is dead and mummified childhood, and in place of leading us forward, transports us backwards to the time of which it is a type. The great Johann Sebastian is, and always will be a modern, and Carl Philip has the further disadvantages of being his son. There may be a class of modern supersensitives who are emotionally thrilled and spiritually moved by this D-major symphony; as we know that there was at least one person who was stirred to religious fervor by the mere sound of the word "Mesopotamia"; but to the average music lover of the present day the work will suggest little more than powdered wigs, dignified deportment, suave manner galliards and sarabands. This is from the æsthetic side; historically the Carl Philip symphony is of the greatest interest and value; it is good work in itself; it repesents a transition phase in musical history and is a connecting link between the great Johann Sebastian and the great Haydn. The work was finely played, but perhaps with the objection that a too modern color was given to the interpretation. Some works—those which are not immortal—refuse to be modernized, and in the process lose all their characteristic traits. In this local color is everything, for the language spoken appeals in vain to our ear. We cannot see or recall the living Pharaoh in the mummy, and so we study the hieroglyphics on the coffin lid, inspect the nard and frankincense, muse over the Canopic jars, and so feel a vague, sentimental regret for the good old times, while at the same time, trying to repress a selfish joy that we were born at a later state.

The Haydn Gmajor symphony is not much younger than the one that preceded it on the programme. Carl Philip was dead but a few years when it was written—but what a contrast! It is quaint here and there, but it still speaks a living language that all understand, and with an authority that all obey. It is not necessary to make allowances, but only to note differences. The beauty seen through inspiration is never antiquated, and good "papa" Haydn put in music a portion of that beauty entombed by Phidias in marble. The beauty of the one is naked, that of the other is clad in an attire that is out of date; but at soul both are one. In the Haydn work there are beauty, grace, lightness and surety of touch, born of definite ideas, gentle humor, an absence of pedantry, a fine fertility of invention, a sweet cheerfulness, depth, earnest-broadness, and full ripe technical knowledge as, to take one instance, the working out of the allegro movement proves. This symphony was faultlessly played, all the beauties characterizing the composer being in full evidence in the interpretation. The beautiful largo was a finished piece of work and the finale was given with admirable brilliancy. The large and majestic shepherds' music of Bach was also admirably played and the "Fidelio" overture brought an admirable programme to a satisfactory close. Mr. Paur was the recipient of frequent applause and was called forward to bow his thanks. It is only justice to note that the symphony orchestra has steadily improved until it has reached a degree of perfection that has been hitherto unknown to this excellent organization.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Gertrude Franklin, who might have shown greater discretion in the selection of pieces she sang. In the first place, in singing "Sweet Bird" so soon after the great Melba sung it, Miss Franklin forces a comparison that must necessarily tell against her. Of course comparison is not criticism, but yet, in the present case it foretells the result of criticism. Any man has the right to compose a tragedy on the subject of Hamlet, but though one may wonder at the daring, the result can be safely predicted from the start. And then, it must be remembered that art can be judged only from its results, and, so far as these results are concerned, it makes no difference whether the artist fails through large or through small ambition. As for the Goetz aria, it was a mistake to select it; a modern opera will not admit of mutilation; each portion is part of a homogeneous whole and, taken by itself, loses the effect intended by the composer, and, judging from the few words that could be heard, the aria seems intended to be sung by a perplexed, troubled, heart-sore woman; that is with feeling and some show of emotion. Perhaps it is not allowable on the concert stage to yield to impulse or feeling; but surely art has a higher claim than the routine of tradition. If it be necessary to sing with cold impassiveness; if technical excellence be the only object aimed at, then it would seem as though songs should be selected that demand nothing more than technical skill in the interpretation. There is a tendency at the present time to applaud technical skill as something that deserves praise in itself, whereas it has really nothing to do with art but with method. Every pedant can tell us that Rubenstein "dropped" notes in his piano playing; there are thousands of pianikins who do not drop notes, and yet Rubinstein's failures are more admirable than their successes. The fiery flash of genius excuses everything; but mere mechanical excellence will not excuse the absence of genius; if it is the only possession of artist, it will hardly excuse itself. We must have evidence of fine art before we are prepared to estimate the value of faultless technique. Any number of swallows will not make the spring, let them cleave the air in never so many graceful curve and circumgyrations, and, on the other hand, if the spring is perfect we may even forgive and forget the absence of swallows. In a singer as in all artists, mere techinal excellence is of secondary value; if nothing is done there is but small interest in noting how skilfully the failure was brought about. It only remains to add that Miss Franklin is careful and painstaking in all that she does. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 6 Tschaikowsky; Concerto for Pianoforte, Henry H. Huss, Rubinstein Ballet music, "Die Rebe"; Overture Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 23, 1894.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY, ETC.

The ninth Symphony concert might almost have been fitted up with a Christmas tree decoration, for the general range and character of the music was so simple, innocent, free and seasonably placid even in its gayety, that the juvenile audience at those unique concerts for children which Miss Orviss has just been giving might have understood and enjoyed nearly every number on the programme.

The concert was quite short, and yet there were six selections to be played, their composers being two Bachs (father and son), Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Goetz—all but the last-named being classic, and two being scenes for soprano, undertaken by Miss Gertrude Franklin. In detail, these selections were:—From Philipp Emanuel Bach, his symphony in D major, hardly larger or longer than many an overture of our day, for its three movements, each running directly into the next, present in about a dozen minutes a gayly and keenly counterpointed allegro, a short, persuasively melodic largo, and a stirring presto. All is honest, open and almost ingenuous, betraying its author's kingship and yet giving evidence of independence of thought and incipient emancipation of style. From John Sebastian Bach, the pastoral Shepherd Music from the "Christmas" oratorio, with its calm buoyancy and gently piety of feeling. From Haydn, the favorite symphony in G major, the slow movement of which is a shade or two graver and more severe than one expects from him, but whose bright allegro, solid-footed minuet and happy-hearted final rondo are as characteristic as they are delightful. From Beethoven, the "Fidelio" overture, which, as it was the fourth he wrote for that opera, is but a pale suggestion of the strength and splendor of the three which bear the name he loved for his great work, "Leonora." All this music was excellently directed and admirably played, but one might except that the double-basses were not always so smooth and clear in the Haydn as they ought to have been.

In her concert selections Miss Franklin always respects her art, her self and her audience. For this occasion she chose the "Sweet Bird," from Handel's music to the "Il Pensieroso" of Milton, and the scene of Katherine's repentance and new resolutions from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew." If in the former a comparison arose between her and Mme. Melba who had recently won a triumph with that air in that same hall, Miss Franklin can blame only herself. Yet she was no great sufferer in such a comparison. Her voice is absolutely limpid, her intonation perfect, her phrasing unimpeachable and her general style has a distinguished fineness. All that could reasonably be said in a comparative comment would be then that Mme. Melba's voice has the greater fulness and that her execution of the more elaborate fioriture had the freedom of spontaneity, while Miss Franklin's showed something of the reserve of the accomplished student and the preparation of the skilful artist. The Goetz scene was skilfully proportioned, and the distinction between its two moods clearly manifested, the singer's beautiful enunciation contributing much to this. Mr. Mole played the flute obbligato to the "Bird" song (which had a charming new cadenza) in his best style.

Next Saturday's programme names: Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony; Rubinstein's "Die Rebe" ballet music; Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, and a concerto for pianoforte, which its composer, Mr. Henry Holden Huss will come from New York to play.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1895.

In the Ninth Symphony Concert it was interesting to hear a symphony so old as that in D, by Philipp Emanuel Bach, who died over a century ago; have that followed by his father's Shepherd Music, from a Christmas oratorio written in 1734; then to hear Haydn's Symphony in G, with its brief movements, reminding you of the sparkling sprays on a holiday tree; and have the concert wind up with Beethoven's Fidelio. Four eighteenth-century compositions. The soloist was Gertrude Franklin, with right noble work in another last century selection, the Sweet Bird, from Handel's Penseroso, her voice finely blending with Mole's flute obligato. Her other number (and very kind it was on the singer's part to let us hear it) was up to date, "My strength is spent," from Taming the Shrew. Though praised as musicianly, the music conveys little of the spirit of Katharine's character or the words, nor does it inspire any special wish to hear the rest of Goetz's opera.

An the Tenth Symphony Concert we enjoyed two decided novelties. One was Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, whose publication shortly preceded his death in 1893. It is indeed a variation from the stereotyped classic form, beginning and ending adagio, with the allegros between; but it is full of suggestions which might indicate a mind about venturing on the unknown sea.

The other "first time" was the piano concerto in B, by Henry Holden Huss. The composer was himself at the piano. The introduction is disagreeably suggestive of a big doll shouting papa; but when this is over, the brilliancy of the work chains your attention, especially the delicate second movement. The concert ended with Berlioz's Bellini overture.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

The Ninth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Paur was as follows:

Symphony in D major.....P. E. Bach
Scena: "Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato".....Handel
Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.
Sinfonia, (Shepherds' Music) from the "Christmas Oratorio".....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).....Hadyn
Scena: "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture to "Fidelio," in E major.....Beethoven

There were brave symphony makers before Haydn. It is easy to say that the fully developed sonata form is not found in their works; but take the symphony of Emanuel Bach played last evening, and how fresh it is, how alive its simple figures. The largo is a movement that might well serve as a prelude to reading Milton, such music as Charles Lamb spoke of, full of solemn, almost unearthly beauty. And then these old symphonies have the great merit of brevity. There is more than an historical interest awakened by hearing these works. It might be well to play once a year a symphony by Sammartini, or Gossec, or Stamitz. The work might show us how easily the audiences before Haydn were amused. Or the hearing might be like unto a walk in an old-fashioned flower garden, with paths trimmed with box, with a quaint, old summer house, with a sundial bearing a verse that serves as a reminder of death.

In his arrangement of the "Shepherds' Music" Franz tells us how he thinks Bach should have written the instrumental introduction. It is the fashion to set this piece against Handel's pastoral symphony in "The Messiah," to the disadvantage of the latter. Yet are not the strains of Handel more naive, more realistic, more in keeping with "the silly shepherds" who heard the angelic song as they kept their flocks? These shepherds of Bach knew too much about counterpoint.

A symphony by Haydn almost always gives genuine pleasure. The one chosen last evening is familiar, but its jollity, its good nature, its artful simplicity are not stale. It would be an interesting experiment to play it with the orchestra of Haydn's time. The great body of strings in the modern orchestra is surely out of proportion with the number of the other instruments, no matter how discreet the conductor may be. Some have proposed to double the wind instruments, both wood and brass, but would it not be easier to reduce the strings? The symphony, as is true of the other numbers, was well read and finely played.

But this last sentence needs qualifying. In the overture to "Fidelio," there was a lack of precision, and the horn-theme in the main allegro was wobbly. Then, too, the overture—for Beethoven—is pretty poor stuff. In comparison with the great Lenore overtures it sinks into insignificance.

Miss Franklin sang with her usual taste and skill. There is more than this to be said in praise of her. In the air by Handel her display of technique was admirable. Many were the fine points in the detail; witness, for instance, the upward run at the close; the purity of the tones held in friendly rivalry with the flute; the treatment of the cadences, a stumbling block to many excellent singers and players who are at their ease in works of the romantic school. Mr. Molé played the obligato with his customary skill, and sympathetically.

In the scena from "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Franklin sang with genuine and unexaggerated feeling. The beauty of the music does not rest in the singer's part. Her voice is but one instrument of the orchestra. Goetz, a musician of undoubted talent and more than ordinary promise, took life seriously, even in writing a comic opera. In this scene he is at his best; the opera as a whole suffers from his seriousness, his apparent desire to be intense even when the text calls for light and humorous music. Nor as I remember the opera did he show unmistakably the true dramatic instinct. This scena, fine as it is, might fit a woman of more dreamy, romantic character than Katharine, the repentant shrew. Her regret might well take a lighter tone. Even prophetic mockery might be heard in the orchestra. For who was ever convinced that Petruchio after the curtain falls is sure of a peaceful married life? Nor is he the man to be content with uneventful, sluggish domesticity.

PHILIP HALE.

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VOL. XCVI., NO. 176.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Gertrude Franklin Wins a Brilliant Success.

The Soloist in Her Best Voice—Bach's Symphony in D Exquisitely Played by the Orchestra—A Most Satisfying and Convincing Haydn Interpretation by Mr. Paur.

The selections for the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night were:

Symphony in D.....Philip Emanuel Bach
Scena, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
Sinfonia from the "Christmas Oratorios"
Symphony G (B. and H. 13).....J. S. Bach
Scena from "Taming of the Shrew"...H. Goetz
Overture,, "Fidelio," op. 72.....Beethoven

The soloist was Miss Gertrude Franklin. The attendance was very large. The programme was pleasingly light in character, and it was a felicitous idea to place the symphony by Emanuel Bach in such close proximity with that of Haydn, for the latter was always an earnest and enthusiastic student of the music of the earlier masters, and, moreover, anticipated much in the symphony form that is generally credited to Haydn. This Bach is the connecting link between the period of the great Bach and Handel and that of Haydn and Mozart, and was the immediate precursor of Haydn. In him was manifested the germs of form and of thematic treatment which were so wonderfully developed by Haydn, and his works in their construction, especially in regard to his recognition of the necessity of a more artistic form than prevailed in his time have given him a far greater prominence and importance than were attained by any of his contemporaries. His instrumentation is remarkable for his era, notably in connection with its contrasts between the wind and the strings and for its free writing. The symphony played last night may have sounded quaint and notable more for its cheerfulness and its easy natural flow than for its depth, but it must have seemed revolutionary to the musical public of that day. In his best instrumental works this Bach rises boldly above his contemporaries. This symphony in D is his most successful achievement in that species of composition, and is the only one that has survived. It is still delightful in its freshness, despite certain quaint cadences, and will always be interesting for its animation, its grace and its melodiousness. Its proper character was admirably preserved in the masterful and sympathetic reading accorded it by Mr. Paur, and it was exquisitely played by the orchestra.

The Haydn symphony is one of the most fascinating of its composer's works in its kind. It charms from beginning to end by its pure and natural melody, its buoyancy of spirit, its dainty simplicity and its beautiful contrasts of tone color. The slow movement, though almost naive in its themes and their treatment, is full of poetry, and its finale effervesces with gayety andb rilliancy. Mr. Paur's interpretation of the work was one of his most brilliant successes. The movements were taken at their first pace, the readings of the largo and the minuet being conspicuously striking in this relation. The coloring throughout was exquisite in its finish, and the whole may be fairly pronounced the most satisfying and convincing Haydn interpretation and playing that has ever been heard at these concerts. The selection from the "Christmas Orations," by the giant Bach, seasonably introduced in the programme, was rendered by the orchestra with surpassing beauty and purity of style. The audience was exceptionally appreciative of the efforts of the orchestra and its conductor through the whole concert, and its applause was very cordial.

Miss Franklin, who has not been heard at these concerts in several seasons, was cordially received. The Handel scena is its composer's most carefully written song in its kind, and, though it is now somewhat quaint, and its Da capo narrowly escapes making it tiresome, it is always interesting when performed by a thorough singer. Miss Franklin sang it very beautifully throughout, with flawless technique, absolute purity of style and impressive breadth and dignity. She was in her best voice, and in both the legato and the more florid passages her singing was artistic in the truest sense of the term. Strikingly fine was her trilling in its tunefulness, its steadiness and its splendid crescendo in its climaxes. In the cadenza there were two remarkably long and evenly sustained pianissimo notes, and a chromatic run that was exceptional in its clearness and precision, every note coming out distinctly. The scene has rarely been so well sung here. At its close she was heartily applauded and twice recalled. The Goetz air was given for the first time in Boston. It is a beautiful composition and the orchestration is of rare beauty. The strings are used in masterly style and with great richness in effect, and there are some delightful touches with the wind instruments. It is an exacting work, wholly in the legato style, which perhaps may account for why it has not been given here before. It is not a "show" piece, and demands solid singing, without which it might easily become dry, bald and uninteresting. Here again the artist distinguished herself by her mastery of the technique of her art and by the refined color that marked the interpretation generally, and won another brilliant success and two vigorous recalls.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; concerto for pianoforte, H. H. Huss (first time); Ballet music, "Die Rebe," Rubinstein; overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. Henry Holden Huss is to be the soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 23.

The Symphony Concert.

The ninth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given, last night, at Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphony in D-major.....C. Ph. E. Bach
"Sweet Bird".....Handel
Hirtenmusik.....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G-Major.....Haydn
Aria from "Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture, "Fidelio".....Beethoven

The Symphony by Carl Philip Bach was interesting historically rather than æsthetically, and we must be in the historical mood to properly appreciate it. It is a voice from the past and unmistakably reveals its respectable antiquity. We all know that Hayden was "father" of symphony, and yet Carl Philip was his predecessor in this species of writing. As a question of age Carl Philip is first; as a question of merit Carl Philip, with his eighteen symphonies, must remain in the background. Judged as an art work the D-major symphony suggests childhood, without its grace, hard work and high knowledge without inspiration, hardness and dryness without profundity. The work is not alive, it is dead and mummified childhood, and in place of leading us forward, transports us backwards to the time of which it is a type. The great Johann Sebastian is, and always will be a modern, and Carl Philip has the further disadvantages of being his son. There may be a class of modern supersensitives who are emotionally thrilled and spiritually moved by this D-major symphony; as we know that there was at least one person who was stirred to religious fervor by the mere sound of the word "Mesopotamia"; but to the average music lover of the present day the work will suggest little more than powdered wigs, dignified deportment, suave manner galliards and sarabands. This is from the æsthetic side; historically the Carl Philip symphony is of the greatest interest and value; it is good work in itself; it repesents a transition phase in musical history and is a connecting link between the great Johann Sebastian and the great Haydn. The work was finely played, but perhaps with the objection that a too modern color was given to the interpretation. Some works—those which are not immortal—refuse to be modernized, and in the process lose all their characteristic traits. In this local color is everything, for the language spoken appeals in vain to our ear. We cannot see or recall the living Pharaoh in the mummy, and so we study the hieroglyphics on the coffin lid, inspect the nard and frankincense, muse over the Canopic jars, and so feel a vague, sentimental regret for the good old times, while at the same time, trying to repress a selfish joy that we were born at a later state.

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The soloist of the evening was Miss Gertrude Franklin, who might have shown greater discretion in the selection of pieces she sang. In the first place, in singing "Sweet Bird" so soon after the great Melba sung it, Miss Franklin forces a comparison that must necessarily tell against her. Of course comparison is not criticism, but yet, in the present case it foretells the result of criticism. Any man has the right to compose a tragedy on the subject of Hamlet, but though one may wonder at the daring, the result can be safely predicted from the start. And then, it must be remembered that art can be judged only from its results, and, so far as these results are concerned, it makes no difference whether the artist fails through large or through small ambition. As for the Goetz aria, it was a mistake to select it; a modern opera will not admit of mutilation; each portion is part of a homogeneous whole and, taken by itself, loses the effect intended by the composer, and, judging from the few words that could be heard, the aria seems intended to be sung by a perplexed, troubled, heart-sore woman; that is with feeling and some show of emotion. Perhaps it is not allowable on the concert stage to yield to impulse or feeling; but surely art has a higher claim than the routine of tradition. If it be necessary to sing with cold impassiveness; if technical excellence be the only object aimed at, then it would seem as though songs should be selected that demand nothing more than technical skill in the interpretation. There is a tendency at the present time to applaud technical skill as something that deserves praise in itself, whereas it has really nothing to do with art but with method. Every pedant can tell us that Rubenstein "dropped" notes in his piano playing; there are thousands of pianikins who do not drop notes, and yet Rubinstein's failures are more admirable than their successes. The fiery flash of genius excuses everything; but mere mechanical excellence will not excuse the absence of genius; if it is the only possession of artist, it will hardly excuse itself. We must have evidence of fine art before we are prepared to estimate the value of faultless technique. Any number of swallows will not make the spring, let them cleave the air in never so many graceful curve and circumgyrations, and, on the other hand, if the spring is perfect we may even forgive and forget the absence of swallows. In a singer as in all artists, mere techinal excellence is of secondary value: if nothing is done there is but small interest in noting how skilfully the failure was brought about. It only remains to add that Miss Franklin is careful and painstaking in all that she does. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 6 Tschaikowsky; Concerto for Pianoforte, Henry H. Huss, Rubinstein Ballet music, "Die Rebe"; Overture Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz.

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Sinfonia, (Shepherds' Music) from the "Christmas Oratorio".....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).....Hadyn
Scena: "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture to "Fidelio," in E major.....Beethoven

There were brave symphony makers before Haydn. It is easy to say that the fully developed sonata form is not found in their works; but take the symphony of Emanuel Bach played last evening, and how fresh it is, how alive its simple figures. The largo is a movement that might well serve as a prelude to reading Milton, such music as Charles Lamb spoke of, full of solemn, almost unearthly beauty. And then these old symphonies have the great merit of brevity. There is more than an historical interest awakened by hearing these works. It might be well to play once a year a symphony by Sammartini, or Gossec, or Stamitz. The work might show us how easily the audiences before Haydn were amused. Or the hearing might be like unto a walk in an old-fashioned flower garden, with paths trimmed with box, with a quaint, old summer house, with a sun dial bearing a verse that serves as a reminder of death.

In his arrangement of the "Shepherds' Music" Franz tells us how he thinks Bach should have written the instrumental introduction. It is the fashion to set this piece against Handel's pastoral symphony in "The Messiah," to the disadvantage of the latter. Yet are not the strains of Handel more naive, more realistic, more in keeping with "the silly shepherds" who heard the angelic song as they kept their flocks? These shepherds of Bach knew too much about counterpoint.

A symphony by Haydn almost always gives genuine pleasure. The one chosen last evening is familiar, but its jollity, its good nature, its artful simplicity are not stale. It would be an interesting experiment to play it with the orchestra of Haydn's time. The great body of strings in the modern orchestra is surely out of proportion with the number of the other instruments, no matter how discreet the conductor may be. Some have proposed to double the wind instruments, both wood and brass, but would it not be easier to reduce the strings? The symphony, as is true of the other numbers, was well read and finely played.

But this last sentence needs qualifying. In the overture to "Fidelio," there was a lack of precision, and the horn-theme in the main allegro was wobbly. Then, too, the overture—for Beethoven—is pretty poor stuff. In comparison with the great Lenore overtures it sinks into insignificance.

Miss Franklin sang with her usual taste and skill. There is more than this to be said in praise of her. In the air by Handel her display of technique was admirable. Many were the fine points in the detail; witness, for instance, the upward run at the close; the purity of the tones held in friendly rivalry with the flute; the treatment of the cadences, a stumbling block to many excellent singers and players who are at their ease in works of the romantic school. Mr. Molé played the obligato with his customary skill, and sympathetically.

In the scena from "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Franklin sang with genuine and unexaggerated feeling. The beauty of the music does not rest in the singer's part. Her voice is but one instrument of the orchestra. Goetz, a musician of undoubted talent and more than ordinary promise, took life seriously, even in writing a comic opera. In this scene he is at his best; the opera as a whole suffers from his seriousness, his apparent desire to be intense even when the text calls for light and humorous music. Nor as I remember the opera did he show unmistakably the true dramatic instinct. This scena, fine as it is, might fit a woman of more dreamy, romantic character than Katharine, the repentant shrew. Her regret might well take a lighter tone. Even prophetic mockery might be heard in the orchestra. For who was ever convinced that Petruchio after the curtain falls is sure of a peaceful married life? Nor is he the man to be content with uneventful, sluggish domesticity.

PHILIP HALE.

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, DEC. 23, 1894.

Miss Franklin Soloist at the Symphony Concert.

Last night's symphony concert was attended by an audience unusually large, considering the holiday season. The program was varied, and afforded excellent opportunities for the orchestra's good work. The soloist of the occasion was Miss Gertrude Franklin, and Mr Mole accompanied her with a flute obligato.

The scene from Handel's cantata, L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," beginning with "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," was sung by Miss Franklin with exquisite grace. Her voice was clear as a lute at times, her trilling was sweet and her phrasing charming. She interpreted the spirit of the music with striking effect, and, while her voice is not susceptible of great strength, it is capable of very delicate modulations. She was enthusiastically applauded at the end of her first song, and Mr Mole shared the applause for his excellent flute playing.

Miss Franklin was not so felicitous in her second song of "My Strength is Spent," from Hermann Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew." Her voice was clear and the periods rounded, but it lacked dramatic expression and force. She did not elucidate that impassionate feeling which the spirit of the lines required, though she sang it with technical accuracy and good effect.

Mr Paur's interpretation of Bach's shepherd music from the "Christmas Oratorio" was very striking, and the orchestra elicited all the charm of which Bach's composition is susceptible. Haydn's symphony in G major afforded the orchestra opportunities for better work. The second movement, especially the largo, in D major, was played with a vivacity and charm seldom equaled at former performances. The melodious theme pervading the whole movement was beautifully presented by the delicate song of the first violins, while the accompaniment of the celli and the oboe added majesty and charm to the whole movement. Nor was the playing of the finale inferior in technique and spirit, while the brilliant conclusion won the hearty applause of the audience.

The concert ended with Beethoven's overture "Fidelio," in E major, and its beautiful measures, its sweet melody and soft rhythms, was all elucidated by Mr Paur's interpretation of the theme and the orchestra's brilliant playing.

The program for the next concert will be as follows:

Symphony No. 6 ..... Tschaikowsky
Concerto for pianoforte .... Henry Holden Huss
(First Time)
Ballet music, Die Rebe ..... Rubinstein
Overture, Benvenuto Cellini ..... Berlioz
Mr Henry Holden Huss, soloist.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 24, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Three Short Works By Bach, Handel and Haydn.

The concert of Saturday turned back the pages of musical history and showed the attentive auditor the symphony and the orchestral score in process of formation. There were three "symphonies" on the programme, yet the concert was shorter than usual, for two of these were examples of the pre-Haydnite application of the word, and were not as long as modern overtures. The word "Symphony" has undergone strange mutations: the old Greeks used it (*Sumphonia*) to express the union of different instruments in a single melody, or possibly to indicate that a drone bass was being played to the melody. This opinion receives confirmation from the fact that the bagpipe of mediæval, and even of present times, receives the name of "Zumpogna" in Italy. It is possible, therefore, that the Scotch music brings us near to the style of ancient Greece. In the days of earliest opera (about 1600) the word "symphony" was used to denote an instrumental prelude, postlude, or interlude in a vocal work. In this sense the picture of the Shepherd's Music from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," which precedes the words "And there were shepherds abiding in the field," is called "Symphony" by Bach, exactly as a picture of the same subject, is called "Pastoral Symphony" by Handel, and presents the self same rhythm and style of treatment. Then there came a transition towards the modern vein and the symphony became a species of free sonata, presenting some development of figures and themes, but still quite vague in outline and hazy as to form. Such a symphony was C. P. E. Bach's work which began the concert. Finally the symphony became a grand sonata for orchestra, the finest of the instrumental cycle-forms, presenting four diverse styles of composition in a harmonious whole. This was represented upon the programme by Haydn's G major symphony (not the "Oxford" or the "Military," but the lively little one written for the Parisians), so that almost the entire concert became an exposition of the evolution of form. Yet to have made this still more educational a Bach suite should have been added, for while the first movement of the symphony, as we have it, owes its origin to the old sonata, the old symphony and the Italian concerto, yet the modern symphony as a whole is the descendant of the suite. It is scarcely within the province of a concert review to give a synopsis of the development of the sonata-form, but the logical and educational character of the programme of this concert deserves to be recognized and understood.

The performance was of a generally excellent character. The Philipp Emanuel Bach symphony was excellently performed. It was more contrapuntal than a modern work would have been, yet it foreshadowed modern music in many a theme, and particularly in its Largo. This Bach with the many initials was not a genius as his elder brother Wm. Friedemann was, (the latter was also a splendid scamp) but he proved to the world that talent counts for something at a pinch, and during the hiatus which followed the death of Beach and Handel he led the taste of the world towards a school which consisted of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; he was the link between the old and the new. During his lifetime he achieved more success than his infinitely greater father. Burney says of him: "He is learned, I think, even beyond his father, whenever he pleases, and is far before him in variety of modulation!!!" We also learn through Burney that "Complaints have been made against his pieces, for being long, difficult, fantastic and far-fetched," but this must have been only because of his leaving the style which the old contrapuntists had established in Germany.

The second number of the concert was Handelian, being the florid aria, "Sweet Bird" from "L'Allegro." Miss Gertrude Franklin sang this with the intelligence that one has learned to associate with all her public appearances. Her voice is not one to grow enthusiastic over, its upper register being thin and betraying effort, but her middle and lower tones are rich and resonant, her enunciation clear, her intonation faultless. The staccato passages were the weakest of the generally good performance. Mr. Molé distinguished himself by excellent flute work in the obligato.

Miss Franklin's second number was much the better of the two. It was an expressive scena from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," and fitted the singer's voice like a glove. No trace of effort was apparent and the breadth and expression were commendable. The orchestra did excellent work in the accompaniment, the muted strings being especially expressive. Miss Franklin was twice recalled after each of her numbers. Bach's "Shepherd's Music" was suited to the Christmas season, and the English horns did some notable work in the number. It is decidedly a better setting of the subject than that which Handel has attained in his treatment of the same picture; and this is the more to be remarked since Handel was generally the superior of Bach in scoring, and also in dramatic effect.

The chief success of the concert was the Haydn symphony, which presented one of the best readings of the old master that we have had in many years. The tempi were taken in just the proper, conservative fashion, nothing was over-hurried, nothing was blurred. It was a delight to listen to the pure symmetry of the "father of instrumental form," and there were enough tunes in the work to set up fifty modern composers. The minuet was exquisitely performed, and its trio with drone-bass, (reproducing the so-called "Musette" of the suite) presented a most charming contrast. The finale was a jovial specimen of peasant humor and awakened the audience to the heartiest applause. It was a fine example of the older symphonic finale. It has already been stated that the cycle idea as set forth in symphony had its origin in the suite. In no movement is the mark of its paternity more evident than in the finale. The suite ended with a hearty and rollicking Gigue, nothing less than the "jig" of modern times, and it soon became an accepted axiom that the cycle form must end in a jolly manner. The early symphonies followed the established rule, and one finds all phases of joviality in the finales of Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven himself at first followed suit, and the finale of his first symphony is as hilarious as any of Father Haydn's; but (although the older vein is distinguishable in the finales of his seventh and eighth symphonies) already in his second symphony one finds the end presenting resolute power in placing of mere animal spirits. Even Beethoven, however, could not quite overcome the difficulty which attends making a climax in the finale of symphony, which lies in the fact that the strongest possible form (the sonata-movement form) is used in the first movement, the best trump is played at the beginning of the game, and while some relief was found in using a grand variation form for the finale, the movement is still handicapped by the strength of the beginning of the cycle.

The concert ended with Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture, weakest of the four overtures which the composer wrote to his one opera. Beethoven was at his greatest in the dramatic overture, and his "Leonora Overture No. 3" still stands as the best example of this free treatment. In this "Fidelio" overture the composer comes near to the classical overture shape used by Mozart (as he also did in the "Prometheus" overture), and the result is not the best in the world. It was given in that heavy, powerful vein which Mr. Paur sometimes delights in. The kettledrum was pushed to the canon-ading point, the early crescendo was of tremendous strength, and almost everything was in the ultra-heroic vein. The horn, however, made a rather timid entrance, and the work was less impressive, as a whole, than the rest of the excellent concert.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The ninth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

C. P. E. Bach: Symphony in D major.
Handel: Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato."
J. S. Bach: Sinfonia ("Shepherds' Music") from the "Christmas Oratorio."
Haydn: Symphony in G major (B. & H., No. 13; Peters No. 8).
Goetz: Scena, "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew."
Beethoven: Overture to "Fidelio," in E major, Opus 72.

Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer.

The programme was a feast of old music, in which the one modern dish, the scene from Goetz's opera, seemed wholly in place, so purely classical was it in spirit, if not in form. The symphony in D major seems to be about the only orchestral work of Philipp Emanuel Bach's that has survived in the modern concert repertory; it is rather an embryonic symphony, according to present notions, and the first movement looks particularly dry in the score: little more than the contrapuntal working-out of a few inconspicuous figures, and this, too, with a somewhat discouraging air of continually beginning over again that reminds one but little of the stronger, more continuous, *crescit eundo* style of development of the great masters of polyphonic writing. But the thing has so much life, such vigor of accent, the composer shows such fertility of resource, and each successive phrase fits so well into its place, that the effect is the very opposite of dry. Then that little slow movement, with its flutes and lower strings playing in 3rds two octaves apart, and the dainty *pizzicato* arpeggios of the violins coming in between the phrases, is full of charm. Nothing could be fresher and more lively than the bright little Finale. The work was exceedingly well played.

It seemed to us that the great elder Bach's Christmas "Shepherds' Music," with the bare places in the score so admirably filled out by Robert Franz, had never before been so nearly well played here as last Saturday evening. Innocent as it looks, the piece is terribly difficult for an orchestra, perhaps one of the most difficult things our band has ever had to tackle. The writing, both as regards counterpoint and instrumentation, is so clearly transparent that the slightest uncertainty or vacillation in any of the parts is a positive calamity; and there are few things in music more difficult to give with the proper grace and swing of phrasing than that exquisite Siciliano rhythm, with its dotted triplet. As we have said, the piece was better played than we have yet heard it, largely, we think, owing to Mr. Paur's somewhat faster tempo than that of his predecessors here. Regarding this and some other quasi-Siciliano movements by Bach and Handel, especially the air "And He shall feed His flock" in "The Messiah," the late Otto Dresel (one of the best authorities on such matters) used to say that, no matter what the text or general expressive character of such movements might be, the old Siciliano must never be taken very slow; as soon as you get below a certain rate of speed the whole characteristic swing of the rhythm is inevitably lost. Mr. Paur seems to have felt the force of this, for he took the movement at a tempo at which it really could be played; and the result was, if not ideally fine, at least better than we can remember hearing before.

Haydn's G-major symphony is one of the brightest gems in the old "Papa's" crown; never was the sunny old gentleman more thoroughly inspired than when he wrote it; you may find grander moments in some of the "Salomon" symphonies, but no purer *afflatus* nor greater vigor of development. The *Largo* in especial is a perfect tone-poem; its motto should be—

> For he on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of Paradise.

And that thrice-wonderful Finale! Where in all music has sprightly Grace taken Humor more cordially by the hand, and tripped the dainty measure in more frolicsome sport? If that is not true genius, then pray tell us what genius is?

Beethoven's fourth overture to his one opera brought the concert to an inspiring close. It is curious how this overture, which does not take a single one of its themes from the opera, is soaked through and through with the "Leonore" spirit; it fits the opera, and nothing else under the sun! And how serious of purpose it all is, in spite of its lighter style; had not the still greater "Leonore No. 3" existed, its closing climax would have beggared all else in the overture form. The performance, sad to say, was none of the very best; there was spirit enough, but want of perfect accuracy of ensemble.

Miss Franklin sang Handel's Bird Song—with the flute obbligato exquisitely played by Mr. Charles Molé—very beautifully indeed. We could have spared the closing double cadenza, not because a cadenza is in any way out of place in the song, but because the one she sang seemed particularly un-Handelian in character; but her singing of the whole song was artistic, imbued with the true poetry of the music, and technically unimpeachable. Equally good in an entirely different vein was her singing of the Goetz scena; and here we have once more to thank Miss Franklin for giving us something that is at once new and admirable; she has long been noted for what should be called artistic enterprise in the best sense, and shows no signs of falling from her high reputation in this respect now. The scena itself is very beautiful, and shows not only musical and dramatic power, but also what a true poet poor Goetz really was: notwithstanding the almost ridiculously flaccid dog-Latin of the text, he has taken the situation with quite Shaksperean seriousness and elevation of poetic feeling, and idealized it much as Mozart has idealized pregnant dramatic situations, time and time again. The music is full of genuine depth of feeling, expressed with infinite beauty and grace. Miss Franklin sang it admirably.

The next programme is: Tschaikowsky, symphony [illegible] B minor, "*Pathétique*" (new); H.H. Huss, concerto for pianoforte (new); Rubenstein, ballet, "La Vigne;" Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," opus 23. Mr. Henry Holden Huss will be the pianist.

Boston Commonwealth.
Published Saturday at No. 120 Tremont St.,
DECEMBER 22, 1894

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
And in my mathematic ebb and flow
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea gods: — who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck force thence, and give it to the wise
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,—
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find O waves,
A load your Atlas shoulders can not lift?

I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.
I, too, have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what shells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous imaginative men.
For though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men who must go there, or die.

These lines of Emerson's hovered vaguely in my mind as I listened to Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony Saturday evening. The symphony, by its unprecedented length, its wonderful variety, ranging from the serenest beauty to the most tempestuous cyclonic cacophany, attempts to depict the infinite and — fails. Yet what a magnificent attempt! What invention! What extraordinary fecundity of ideas! It had never been given in Boston in its entirety before. Except as an anniversary tribute, say on the hundredth jubilee of Rubinstein's birth, it will probably never again be heard in all its ten divisions. It will be like the great epics, which few ever read from beginning to end but which serve as a perpetual glory and fund of quotations.

The storm, though unticketed, tells its own story: it is a West Indian hurricane which would justify the Weather Bureau in hanging out its new cyclone signal: it is programme music with a vengeance. It outberliozes Berlioz; the galloping horses of the Valkyrie are regular compared with the whistling, howling, hissing, shrieking, bellowing, blaring, champing, romping, thumping, thundering, conglomerating, chromatic runs, dissonances, pangs and bangs, of this extraordinary movement. It is decidedly theatrical, and one looked to see the electric flashes of the Flying Dutchman. Beethoven in bronze gazed down on Rubinstein in marble, and a questioning expression seemed to hover over his strong face: "Was a pastoral symphony the cause of all this?"

I remember the great occasion when Rubinstein conducted his Ocean Symphony in May, 1873, at the Tremont Temple. It has apparently been growing ever since. Then there was no storm: as Mr. Hassard said: "It has no trivial imitations of the sounds of the sea, roar of the angry waves, whistling of the winds or dashing the surf." The same Mr. Hassard, then musical critic of the Tribune, speaking of the finale, said that "it leads up to a magnificent climax in Luther's choral gradually introduced with many ingenious progressions and scored with surprising richness — a hymn in recognition of the Almighty, who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand."

But the choral is thoroughly Russian and is 'first cousin once removed' to the Russian national hymn.

The audience, it must be confessed, seemed somewhat restive under the excessive length of the symphony, and many left the hall before it was over. The conductor could not help being affected by this condition of things, which evidently caused him to get through with it as soon as possible. This was done with no loss of dignity or of control, but simply by somewhat hastening the pace. It was a note worthy occasion. The promramme for tonight is as follows: Ph. E. Bach — Symphony in D major; Handel — Sweet Bird (Air de Rossignol de L'Allegro et il Penseroso;) J. S. Bach — Hirtenmusik; Haydn — Symphony in G major; Goetz — Aria from Taming of the Shrew; Beethoven — Overture, Fidelio; soloist, Miss Gertrude Franklin.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

The program of the ninth symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, in D major.....Emanuel Bach
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato" (flute obligato).....Händel
Mr. Molé.
Sinfonia, "Hirtenmusik," from the "Christmas Oratorio".....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13).....Haydn
Scena, "My Strength is Spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture to "Fidelio," in E major.....Beethoven

The symphony by Emanuel Bach has other merits than its brevity. Its interest is other than historical. Profoundly beautiful is the slow movement, with a beauty that is solemn, a solemnity of a perfect Lord's day on a lonely hillside where there is no thought, no trace of man.

The pastorale of Händel in "The Messiah" is to me more real, more naïve, more in keeping with the simple, frightened shepherds than is the Hirtenmusik of Bach. The shepherds of the latter knew their counterpoint.

The other pieces are familiar and require no comment. The performance of the orchestra as a whole was excellent; in the "Fidelio" overture there were a few slips.

Miss Gertrude Franklin sang well. In the aria by Händel she displayed an admirable technique. Nor did the careful treatment of detail conceal a broad conception of the air. I have seldom, if ever, heard a more finished performance of the aria. In the scena from "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Franklin sang with genuine feeling and rare understanding.

* * *

The program of the Symphony concert of the 29th will be as follows: sixth symphony, Tschaikowsky; concerto for piano, Huss; ballet music, "Die Rebe," Rubinstein; overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. H. H. Huss will be the pianist.

The Music Trades.

OFFICES, 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1894.

Frederick R. Comee, the efficient assistant at Music Hall, of Manager Ellis, who served as best man, was on Dec. 12 married to Clara E., daughter of F. D. Gallupe, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Leighton Parks, of Emanuel Church.

The Symphony Orchestra commemorated Rubinstein at its eighth concert, by playing a violin concerto by him, and also the Ocean Symphony, with his additional numbers.

The third Kneisol Concert was full of that peculiar charm which characterizes the work of this club. The four played Mendelsson's Quartet in D, op. 44, No. 1. With Baermann at the piano, came the lovely trio in B-flat, of Beethoven, op. 97. The novelty was Brahm's Quartet in B-minor, op. 115, for two viol viola, cello, and clarinet, the latter exquisitely played by Leon Portan, whose remarkable work in the Symphony Orchestra is exciting so much attentive admiration. This Brahms composition is redolent with the Bohemian or Hungarian spirit and treatment, and makes you think of their peripathetic minstrels, playing into your eyes. Christian Union Hall filled with listeners.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 30.

The Symphony Concert.

The tenth Symphony concert was given last night, at Music Hall. The following is the programme:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor.....Tschaikowsky.
Concerto for Pianoforte in B-major, Henry H. Huss.
Overture, "Beevenuto Cellini".....Berlioz.

Is Tschaikowsky an immortal? Fortunately the duty of answering this question rests with posterity, and it is always an unpleasant business looking a gift horse in the mouth. At least, it seems certain that one cannot thoroughly enjoy this master's music without preliminary reflection and study; that is, its beauties are not self evident; not so unmistakably in evidence as to force themselves on unquestioning faith. As an artist, of what nationality is Mozart? Does the answer in the slightest degree affect the value of the music. If we are ignorant of Beethoven's political opinions, are we unable to enjoy the "Heroic" symphony? In listening to Tschaikowsky's music we must never forget that he is a Russian, nor can we fully understand him without referring to Russian history. He gives us no view of a beauty that is universally recognized, a beauty that forces admiration for its own sake; he paints the beauty of his country, the half-attractive, half-repelling thing that is goddess and witch at the same time; that sips ambrosia from skulls and ravenously devours raw flesh served up in richly bejewelled silver platters. This is undoubtedly originality; it typifies race and reveals strong individuality; but, at the same time, it has not reached the level held sacred to the highest art, when a race reaches the high intellectual and æsthetic level of old Greece the statue of an Apollo or of an Aphrodite is accepted as the ideal standard of beauty. It is not national but simply human; with Russia at its present intellectual, and emotional level we must accept the Tschaikowsky idea with caution; separate the gold from the dross, draw a distinction between what is human and what is infernal, and then take what remains not as that which cannot be excelled, but simply as the best material obtainable. The æsthetic value of national art depends upon the civilization of the nation producing it, and when a nation is at a comparatively low level of civilization those elements which are characteristic of its art are the elements which are of the least art value; elements which will disappear as the art progresses toward perfection. The Tschaikowsky symphony, No. 6, is beautifully and elaborately instrumented; the ideas are clear-cut, and more than enough insisted on to make them clear. The first movement is strong in contrasts; melancholy and passion alternate, and largeness of thought is lost in passion worked to tatters. The second movement is pretty and graceful in idea and the themes are finely and characteristically developed; the grace merges into fever restlessness; the smile ending in a tear, for the modern artist has small faith in self-respect, his overstrung nerves tempting him to think of his own temporary woes rather than of the serene beauty which abides. The third movement is said to be of extreme liveliness, but it is not the liveliness of heroic joy; it is suggestive of semi-intoxicated mutes at a funeral. In this movement as elsewhere the greatest pleasure is caused by the lavish display of technical knowledge and the wonderful fertility and skill in giving new shapes and twisting new beauties about a given theme. The fourth movement is Adagio; it is the wail of a wounded satyr, not the Promethean grief that suffers and presents a smiling face of beauty and of defiance to his foes. It is touching, but long drawn out agony of the animal kind, and a trifle out of place in high art. As a whole the symphony shows wonderful learning, passion and feeling; but it speaks not of beauty but of the morbid melancholy of a morbid dying century.

The Huss concerto for pianoforte does not demand extended notice; it is well made but uninspired music; the ideas are small suggesting very little dwarfs attired in long-train robes. It is respectable music that will shame no one to know and to speedily forget. Elaborate preparations are made to say something that is never spoken. The work shows painstaking care, but it is not live music; it is elaborate without being interesting, and the general effect produced recalls Dr. Johnson's advice to a young and ambitious author, the advice to improve his work by cutting out all these portions that he regarded as the best.

The programme for the next concert is Mozart's Symphony in D major; Divertimento for Violin and Orchestra (MS), C. M. Loeffler; Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit;" Grieg and "Carneval," Dvorak. The soloist is Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A New Symphony Given for the First Time in Boston.

Noble in Character and Original in Treatment—It Is Splendidly Played, and Makes a Profound Impression—Mr. Huss Plays His New Pianoforte Concerto.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was:

Symphony No. 6.....Tschaikowsky
Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, Henry H. Huss
Ballet music, "Die Rebe".....Rubinstein
Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

The soloist was Mr. Henry Holden Huss. The symphony, which was played here for the first time on this occasion, is its composer's large work. When it had its first hearing, it was coldly received by the public much to Tschaikowsky's surprise and disappointment. He urged another performance for it, and it was again announced, but before the date of its second playing he died and the symphony was given as his elegy. It is a remarkable composition, full of power, dignity and originality, and striking in the nobility that distinguishes it generally. It has, however, little in it that suggests the form of the symphony as it is commonly understood. It is preeminently a rhapsodic work, carrying with it, at times, much of the aspect of an impromtu in its constantly varying moods and its lack of form. It is entitled "Symphony Pathetic," and in its first and its last movements this qualification is impressively borne out. Nothing more profoundly touching and saddening in its pathos has ever been written than the finale; for the work ends with an "adagio-lamentoso." Even in its most impassioned moments it is inexpressively touching in its profound melancholy, and its themes are among the noblest and most sincere in feeling that modern musical art has produced. The first allegro is no less interesting in the beauty of its subjects, and the broad dignity of their treatment. The orchestration through the whole symphony is splendid in its richness, its clearness and its masterly contrasts of tone color. The second and the third movements have nothing of a pathetic character. The former is a charmingly melodious and vivacious bit of writing, piquant in its themes and fascinating in its instrumentation. It is in 5-4 time, and the composer has handled this awkward rythm with extraordinary grace and freedom, and with a variety of accent equally ingenious and enforced. The third movement is the most conventional and the weakest part of the work, constantly suggesting the march from Raff's "Lenore" symphony. The worth of the composition lies in its opening and its close. It bristles with difficulties and is exceptionally exacting on the players; but they met its demands with brilliant results, and Mr. Paur's reading was masterly throughout. The audience listened attentively, and the strong and appreciative applause they bestowed on it showed that it had made a deep impression on them. Mr. Paur was called forward three times at the end of the performance.

The concerto by Mr. Hass is a thoroughly well written work, but the orchestra is more prominent in it than is the solo instrument. In fact, in the first movement, the piano appears to be very much of a superfluity, and it adds nothing to the meaning of the concerto, and not infrequently has the effect of intrusiveness. The movement is very long, and for all that it says of importance there is no reason why it should not end in the middle or be prolonged to double its length. There is over-much of arpeggoing that means nothing, and one of its themes is a fragment of Bizet that has lingered in the composer's memory and strayed into the work. The orchestration is too heavy through the whole work, and overwhelms the solo instrument at almost every turn. The slow movement is a succession of clever and often pretty modulations, leading to nowhere in particular except into the flower garden of Gounod and the conservatory of Wagner. It is in the finale alone that the piano is made to assert itself vigorously in a solo aspect, but what it is all about is not easy to discern on a first hearing. The fault of the work, too heavy instrumentation, is most prominent in this movement. Mr. Huss played the first and second movements with clearness and brilliancy, manifesting the possession of a well-trained technique, but in the more exacting finale he appeared scarcely equal to the task he had set himself. To sum up in a few words, the work is eminently well and intelligently made music, evidencing a thorough knowledge of the resources of modern musical art, and admirable musicianship. It is never commonplace, and never sinks to mere virtuosity; but it is too long for what it has to say, is wondrous in effect, and now and then a little tiresome. Mr. Huss was heartily received, warmly applauded and recalled after his playing of his concerto.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in D major (without a minuet), Mozart; Divertimento, for violin and orchestra, C. M. Loeffler (first time); suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit," Grieg; and overture, "Carneval," Dvorak (first time). The soloist is to be Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

Boston Commonwealth.
Published Saturday at No. 120 Tremont St.,
DECEMBER 22, 1894

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
And in my mathematic ebb and flow
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea gods: — who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck force thence, and give it to the wise
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,—
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find O waves,
A load your Atlas shoulders can not lift?

I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.
I, too, have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what shells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous imaginative men.
For though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men who must go there, or die.

These lines of Emerson's hovered vaguely in my mind as I listened to Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony Saturday evening. The symphony, by its unprecedented length, its wonderful variety, ranging from the serenest beauty to the most tempestuous cyclonic cacophany, attempts to depict the infinite and — fails. Yet what a magnificent attempt! What invention! What extraordinary fecundity of ideas! It had never been given in Boston in its entirety before. Except as an anniversary tribute, say on the hundredth jubilee of Rubinstein's birth, it will probably never again be heard in all its ten divisions. It will be like the great epics, which few ever read from beginning to end but which serve as a perpetual glory and fund of quotations.

The storm, though unticketed, tells its own story: it is a West Indian hurricane which would justify the Weather Bureau in hanging out its new cyclone signal: it is programme music with a vengeance. It outberliozes Berlioz; the galloping horses of the Valkyrie are regular compared with the whistling, howling, hissing, shrieking, bellowing, blaring, champing, romping, thumping, thundering, conglomerating, chromatic runs, dissonances, pangs and bangs, of this extraordinary movement. It is decidedly theatrical, and one looked to see the electric flashes of the Flying Dutchman. Beethoven in bronze gazed down on Rubinstein in marble, and a questioning expression seemed to hover over his strong face: "Was a pastoral symphony the cause of all this?"

I remember the great occasion when Rubinstein conducted his Ocean Symphony in May, 1873, at the Tremont Temple. It has apparently been growing ever since. Then there was no storm: as Mr. Hassard said: "It has no trivial imitations of the sounds of the sea, roar of the angry waves, whistling of the winds or dashing the surf." The same Mr. Hassard, then musical critic of the Tribune, speaking of the finale, said that "it leads up to a magnificent climax in Luther's choral gradually introduced with many ingenious progressions and scored with surprising richness — a hymn in recognition of the Almighty, who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand."

But the choral is thoroughly Russian and is 'first cousin once removed' to the Russian national hymn.

The audience, it must be confessed, seemed somewhat restive under the excessive length of the symphony, and many left the hall before it was over. The conductor could not help being affected by this condition of things, which evidently caused him to get through with it as soon as possible. This was done with no loss of dignity or of control, but simply by somewhat hastening the pace. It was a note worthy occasion. The promramme for tonight is as follows: Ph. E. Bach — Symphony in D major; Handel — Sweet Bird (Air de Rossignol de L'Allegro et il Penseroso;) J. S. Bach — Hirtenmusik; Haydn — Symphony in G major; Goetz — Aria from Taming of the Shrew; Beethoven — Overture, Fidelio; soloist, Miss Gertrude Franklin.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

The program of the ninth symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, in D major.....Emanuel Bach
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato" (flute obligato).....Händel
Mr. Molé.
Sinfonia, "Hirtenmusik," from the "Christmas Oratorio".....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13).....Haydn
Scena, "My Strength is Spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz
Overture to "Fidelio," in E major.....Beethoven

The symphony by Emanuel Bach has other merits than its brevity. Its interest is other than historical. Profoundly beautiful is the slow movement, with a beauty that is solemn, a solemnity of a perfect Lord's day on a lonely hillside where there is no thought, no trace of man.

The pastorale of Händel in "The Messiah" is to me more real, more naïve, more in keeping with the simple, frightened shepherds than is the Hirtenmusik of Bach. The shepherds of the latter knew their counterpoint.

The other pieces are familiar and require no comment. The performance of the orchestra as a whole was excellent; in the "Fidelio" overture there were a few slips.

Miss Gertrude Franklin sang well. In the aria by Händel she displayed an admirable technique. Nor did the careful treatment of detail conceal a broad conception of the air. I have seldom, if ever, heard a more finished performance of the aria. In the scena from "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Franklin sang with genuine feeling and rare understanding.

* * *

The program of the Symphony concert of the 29th will be as follows: sixth symphony, Tschaikowsky; concerto for piano, Huss; ballet music, "Die Rebe," Rubinstein; overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. H. H. Huss will be the pianist.

The Music Trades.

OFFICES, 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1894.

Frederick R. Comee, the efficient assistant at Music Hall, of Manager Ellis, who served as best man, was on Dec. 12 married to Clara E., daughter of F. D. Gallupe, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Leighton Parks, of Emanuel Church.

The Symphony Orchestra commemorated Rubinstein at its eighth concert, by playing a violin concerto by him, and also the Ocean Symphony, with his additional numbers.

The third Kneisol Concert was full of that peculiar charm which characterizes the work of this club. The four played Mendelsson's Quartet in D, op. 44, No. 1. With Baermann at the piano, came the lovely trio in B-flat, of Beethoven, op. 97. The novelty was Brahm's Quartet in B-minor, op. 115, for two viol viola, cello, and clarinet, the latter exquisitely played by Leon Portan, whose remarkable work in the Symphony Orchestra is exciting so much attentive admiration. This Brahms composition is redolent with the Bohemian or Hungarian spirit and treatment, and makes you think of their peripathetic minstrels, playing into your eyes. Christian Union Hall filled with listeners.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 30.

The Symphony Concert.

The tenth Symphony concert was given last night, at Music Hall. The following is the programme:

Symphony No. 6, in B-minor.....Tschaikowsky.
Concerto for Pianoforte in B-major, Henry H. Huss.
Overture, "Beevenuto Cellini".....Berlioz.

Is Tschaikowsky an immortal? Fortunately the duty of answering this question rests with posterity, and it is always an unpleasant business looking a gift horse in the mouth. At least, it seems certain that one cannot thoroughly enjoy this master's music without preliminary reflection and study; that is, its beauties are not self evident; not so unmistakably in evidence as to force themselves on unquestioning faith. As an artist, of what nationality is Mozart? Does the answer in the slightest degree affect the value of the music. If we are ignorant of Beethoven's political opinions, are we unable to enjoy the "Heroic" symphony? In listening to Tschaikowsky's music we must never forget that he is a Russian, nor can we fully understand him without referring to Russian history. He gives us no view of a beauty that is universally recognized, a beauty that forces admiration for its own sake; he paints the beauty of his country, the half-attractive, half-repelling thing that is goddess and witch at the same time; that sips ambrosia from skulls and ravenously devours raw flesh served up in richly bejewelled silver platters. This is undoubtedly originality; it typifies race and reveals strong individuality; but, at the same time, it has not reached the level held sacred to the highest art, when a race reaches the high intellectual and æsthetic level of old Greece the statue of an Apollo or of an Aphrodite is accepted as the ideal standard of beauty. It is not national but simply human; with Russia at its present intellectual, and emotional level we must accept the Tschaikowsky idea with caution; separate the gold from the dross, draw a distinction between what is human and what is infernal, and then take what remains not as that which cannot be excelled, but simply as the best material obtainable. The æsthetic value of national art depends upon the civilization of the nation producing it, and when a nation is at a comparatively low level of civilization those elements which are characteristic of its art are the elements which are of the least art value; elements which will disappear as the art progresses toward perfection. The Tschaikowsky symphony, No. 6, is beautifully and elaborately instrumented; the ideas are clear-cut, and more than enough insisted on to make them clear. The first movement is strong in contrasts; melancholy and passion alternate, and largeness of thought is lost in passion worked to tatters. The second movement is pretty and graceful in idea and the themes are finely and characteristically developed; the grace merges into fever restlessness; the smile ending in a tear, for the modern artist has small faith in self-respect, his overstrung nerves tempting him to think of his own temporary woes rather than of the serene beauty which abides. The third movement is said to be of extreme liveliness, but it is not the liveliness of heroic joy; it is suggestive of semi-intoxicated mutes at a funeral. In this movement as elsewhere the greatest pleasure is caused by the lavish display of technical knowledge and the wonderful fertility and skill in giving new shapes and twisting new beauties about a given theme. The fourth movement is Adagio; it is the wail of a wounded satyr, not the Promethean grief that suffers and presents a smiling face of beauty and of defiance to his foes. It is touching, but long drawn out agony of the animal kind, and a trifle out of place in high art. As a whole the symphony shows wonderful learning, passion and feeling; but it speaks not of beauty but of the morbid melancholy of a morbid dying century.

The Huss concerto for pianoforte does not demand extended notice; it is well made but uninspired music; the ideas are small suggesting very little dwarfs attired in long-train robes. It is respectable music that will shame no one to know and to speedily forget. Elaborate preparations are made to say something that is never spoken. The work shows painstaking care, but it is not live music; it is elaborate without being interesting, and the general effect produced recalls Dr. Johnson's advice to a young and ambitious author, the advice to improve his work by cutting out all these portions that he regarded as the best.

The programme for the next concert is Mozart's Symphony in D major; Divertimento for Violin and Orchestra (MS), C. M. Loeffler; Suite, "Ans Holberg's Zeit;" Grieg and "Carneval," Dvorak. The soloist is Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVI., NO. 183.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A New Symphony Given for the First Time in Boston.

Noble in Character and Original in Treatment—It Is Splendidly Played, and Makes a Profound Impression—Mr. Huss Plays His New Pianoforte Concerto.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was:

Symphony No. 6.....Tschaikowsky
Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, Henry H. Huss
Ballet music, "Die Rebe".....Rubinstein
Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

The soloist was Mr. Henry Holden Huss. The symphony, which was played here for the first time on this occasion, is its composer's large work. When it had its first hearing, it was coldly received by the public much to Tschaikowsky's surprise and disappointment. He urged another performance for it, and it was again announced, but before the date of its second playing he died and the symphony was given as his elegy. It is a remarkable composition, full of power, dignity and originality, and striking in the nobility that distinguishes it generally. It has, however, little in it that suggests the form of the symphony as it is commonly understood. It is preeminently a rhapsodic work, carrying with it, at times, much of the aspect of an impromtu in its constantly varying moods and its lack of form. It is entitled "Symphony Pathetic," and in its first and its last movements this qualification is impressively borne out. Nothing more profoundly touching and saddening in its pathos has ever been written than the finale; for the work ends with an "adagio lamentoso." Even in its most impassioned moments it is inexpressively touching in its profound melancholy, and its themes are among the noblest and most sincere in feeling that modern musical art has produced. The first allegro is no less interesting in the beauty of its subjects, and the broad dignity of their treatment. The orchestration through the whole symphony is splendid in its richness, its clearness and its masterly contrasts of tone color. The second and the third movements have nothing of a pathetic character. The former is a charmingly melodious and vivacious bit of writing, piquant in its themes and fascinating in its instrumentation. It is in 5-4 time, and the composer has handled this awkward rythm with extraordinary grace and freedom, and with a variety of accent equally ingenious and enforced. The third movement is the most conventional and the weakest part of the work, constantly suggesting the march from Raff's "Lenore" symphony. The worth of the composition lies in its opening and its close. It bristles with difficulties and is exceptionally exacting on the players; but they met its demands with brilliant results, and Mr. Paur's reading was masterly throughout. The audience listened attentively, and the strong and appreciative applause they bestowed on it showed that it had made a deep impression on them. Mr. Paur was called forward three times at the end of the performance.

The concerto by Mr. Hass is a thoroughly well written work, but the orchestra is more prominent in it than is the solo instrument. In fact, in the first movement, the piano appears to be very much of a superfluity, and it adds nothing to the meaning of the concerto, and not infrequently has the effect of intrusiveness. The movement is very long, and for all that it says of importance there is no reason why it should not end in the middle or be prolonged to double its length. There is over-much of arpeggoing that means nothing, and one of its themes is a fragment of Bizet that has lingered in the composer's memory and strayed into the work. The orchestration is too heavy through the whole work, and overwhelms the solo instrument at almost every turn. The slow movement is a succession of clever and often pretty modulations, leading to nowhere in particular except into the flower garden of Gounod and the conservatory of Wagner. It is in the finale alone that the piano is made to assert itself vigorously in a solo aspect, but what it is all about is not easy to discern on a first hearing. The fault of the work; too heavy instrumentation, is most prominent in this movement. Mr. Huss played the first and second movements with clearness and brilliancy, manifesting the possession of a well-trained technique, but in the more exacting finale he appeared scarcely equal to the task he had set himself. To sum up in a few words, the work is eminently well and intelligently made music, evidencing a thorough knowledge of the resources of modern musical art, and admirable musicianship. It is never commonplace, and never sinks to mere virtuosity; but it is too long for what it has to say, is wondrous in effect, and now and then a little tiresome. Mr. Huss was heartily received, warmly applauded and recalled after his playing of his concerto.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in D major (without a minuet), Mozart; Divertimanto, for violin and orchestra, C. M. Loeffler (first time); suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit," Grieg; and overture, "Carneval," Dvorak (first time). The soloist is to be Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

Tschaikowsky's Remarkable Sixth Symphony.

A Rhapsodic Work of Mighty Imagination.

The Piano Concerto of Mr. Henry H. Huss Played.

The program of the tenth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Op. 74 (first time).....Tschaikowsky
Concerto for piano forte, in B major (first time).....Henry H. Huss
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

The compiler of the program book saw fit to insert in the current number several platitudinous paragraphs masked as epigrams.

For the same number he Englished an account of sundry dances of the time of Henry III. from "Les Origines de l' Opéra," by Ludovic Celler, whose real name was Louis Leclercq. It is to be regretted that his courage failed him when he translated the description of the volte. He started out in fine feather, and the staid readers of program books were no doubt delighted to learn that "ladies who had well-turned legs could not afford to despise it (the volte), for they showed them freely. But why did he not pursue the interesting subject? Why did he not complete the paragraph ending "in keeping her skirts from flying in the air?" Why did he not follow the original (page 64), and quote from the good and free-spoken Tabouret? Why did he not tell the entertaining story of how Henry III., then Duke of Anjou, fell in love with Mary of Clèves at a famous ball in 1572, when she danced the volte with prodigious vigor? 'Tis a tale of a shirt, and the curious can find it on page 66 of Celler's book.

The reader will find in this same program-book no information concerning the early history of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony. And yet the question about its first performance is no more beyond conjecture than the "song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women."

The reader asks about this symphony. He finds in the program-book miscellaneous information and a pedagogic and imperfect view of the symphonic structure.

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The Musical Times (London), Jan. 1, of this year, gave the following account of Peter Tschaikowsky's last appearance in public, Oct. 16, 1893. The account was Englished from the Signale.

"The occasion was the first symphony concert of the St. Petersburg Imperial Musical Society, which the deceased master conducted. The program consisted of the overture to an unfinished opera, 'Carmosine,' by Laroche, a larghetto and gavotte from Mozart's 'Idomeneo,' Tschaikowsky's first pianoforte concerto, and his anxiously awaited new symphony (No. 6, in B minor, op. 74). * * * Although the composer was recalled many times at the finish, he was not satisfied with the effect which his new work had produced, and he expressed a hope that it might soon be performed again to enable its being better understood. To this end he also gave it, after the performance, the title of 'Symphonie Pathétique,' little thinking how soon his wish would be gratified, and the new title become, indeed, strangely appropriate."

After the death of Tschaikowsky—and some say that he deliberately poisoned himself—the symphony was repeated at the second concert of the Musical Society.

"In the middle of the orchestra," says the correspondent of the Signale, "stood a bust of the composer, surrounded by laurels and palms and crowned with a laurel wreath. Napravnik occupied the place where, only a short time before, Tschaikowsky had stood in perfect health conducting his last work. The crowded audience seemed at first depressed, but the beauty and power of the music soon drew forth enthusiastic applause. The performers were deeply moved, and surpassed themselves in their superb renderings of the various works. Besides the Symphony, the program included the master's Overture to 'Romeo and Juliet,' his Violin Concerto, played by Leopold Aeur; pianoforte solos by Miss aus der Ohe, and an air from the opera 'Eugeny Onegin,' splendidly sung by the artist who created the part of the hero in this work when it was given in London—viz., Mr. Eugène Oudin. Altogether this 'In Memoriam' concert was worthy of the greatest Russian composer and of the foremost musical society in the Russian capital.

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This noble work of Tschaikowsky made a profound impression last evening. It is not worth while to inquire into the motives of the composer in putting the slow movement ast. Purists may object to the scheme, but in this instance the effect is marvelous. Nor in the presence of such an exhibition of genius would it be decent to say at random, "But this is not a symphony; the middle movements are too free; the music is dramatic, not symphonic."

The first movement, an allegro with adagio introduction, is skillfully constructed. The coda is remarkable, sufficient alone to prove Tschaikowsky's mastery of technical means. Who can ever forget that moaning descending scale? But greater than any technical display is the imagination of the artist. Call the second theme sensuous, if you please; it is nobly sensuous.

Sensuousness is here brought into sharp contrast with the melancholy, the gloom aroused by the thought of death. For in the embrace of lovers enters that thought and chills the kisses of the lips. No analysis can give any idea of the wealth of beauty, in the harmonic progressions, in the spontaneous melody, in the imaginative, and thoughtfully colored instrumentation.

The second movement, a Scherzo, is a graceful, piquant treatment of an eccentric rhythm. Tschaikowsky has often shown a fondness for solving such rhythmical problems, notably in the Scherzo of one of his string quartets. In this Scherzo of the symphony the question is answered with such ease and elegance that the problem is not thought of by the hearer. The trio is conspicuous for its pedal point, and it is a masterpiece of work.

The third movement is below the high level of the rest. It is not free from vulgarity, and the march suggests too strongly the famous march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony.

But the finale is one of the noblest, most sublime compositions of the last sixty years. It is a mighty lamentation. Not egotistical, personal mourning; not the bitter reflections of a jaded voluptuary, a Solomon, who finds "Vanity" the answer to the question of Life, the Sphinx; but such a lamentation as might be evoked by the fall of an empire, by the thought of the complaining millions of men. The first movement tells of the grave, and its solemnity is shudder-inducing. The last movement has nothing earthly in its nature. The sensuous theme heard earlier in the symphony has suffered a strange change. Like a novel by Dostoievsky, the movement is without hope, and its last words are words of despair. The dying measures answer no questions. They say, "It is finished."

Here then are rhapsodical impressions of a long instrumental rhapsody. Never have I realized the impossibility of describing adequately in words the effect made by a great composition to those who did not hear it as after this revelation of Tschakowsky's genius. If one should speak of the singular orchestral effects, if he should, for instance, mention the treatment of the bassoons or the brass in the first movement, would his words convey any impression to those who only know the bassoon as a word used by Coleridge, and regard brasses as the plural of brass?

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Mr. Huss, a pupil of Rheinberger, is known to be a sincere, industrious musician. He appeared here last evening as a composer and a pianist. Now as a composer he did not apparently in writing this concerto consult his own technique, for it must be said frankly that although he has improved as a pianist his technique is not yet developed sufficiently to do justice to his work. Take the theme of the finale, for instance; it was not heard definitely until it was declaimed by the orchestra. As I had no opportunity of seeing the score and can only judge of the work as played by Mr. Huss, his very endeavor may have prejudiced his concerto. For last evening the concerto as a whole seemed labored and dull.

The first movement starts off bravely. The opening measures attract attention, but, you who were there, what do you remember of the measures that follow? There were pleasing passages, but there was also much that seemed dangerously near padding. I care not for a man's scholarship if he has nothing new to say, or if he has not a new way of saying something that has been accepted by the world. This first movement seems strung together; it is far too long; and the balance between orchestra and piano is not well observed. At times the piano was wholly beneath the orchestral billows. The second movement is like unto a dry and sandy waste. The finale appears to be the most spontaneous and firmly knit of the three movements; but it suffered from the incapacity of the pianist to bring out its points forcibly. The fundamental faults of the concerto are a desire to show contrapuntal tricks without a gain thereby, themes too short and of too undecided a character, and a lack of convincing logic in the thematic development.

It may be added here that Mr. Paur gave loose reins to the orchestra. Certainly he might have shown more discretion, as soon as he realized the pianist's moderate strength.

The performance of the orchestra throughout the evening was not flawless. Mr. Paur is getting to be too fond of violent contrasts, and forgetful of the fact that there must be measures in every work which demand moderation in treatment. And was not the sublime theme of the last movement of the symphony taken at too fast a pace?

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 30, 1894.

HUSS AT THE SYMPHONY.

His Piano Solo and the Accompaniment Somewhat at Odds.

Interest in the Symphony concert last night was divided between the first hearing in this city of the Tschaikowski symphony in B minor, and the appearance of Henry Holden Huss as a soloist in his own concerto. In the first instance much more was realized than was expected, while in the latter there was more or less disappointment.

The Tschaikowski symphony opened the programme. It is in four movements, and its rendering occupied forty-five minutes. The first movement, the longest of the four, presents many strong contrasts of light and shade, and is a quaint and ingenious bit of composition. The violin, genious bit of composition. The violins, 'celli, flutes and clarinets are used with admirable effect throughout the movement and the general theme which is manifest at the start makes its appearance frequently throughout the movement in ever changing form. The movement develops in strength as the climax is reached.

Midway the tempo changes, introducing some delightful harmonies. The general working out is elaborate in the extreme, and the movement almost from start to finish is highly dramatic. The second movement is particularly tuneful and is developed by various orchestral combinations and quaint figures. The third movement is lighter than the preceding ones, while the fourth is slow, solemn and dignified.

Mr. Paur entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and showed a marked interest in the composition, which was given altogether a magnificent rendering. The audience was very enthusiastic, each movement being liberally applauded. The Tschaikowski symphony is likely to be long remembered by those who heard it last night, and it will always be warmly welcomed whenever it is again played.

Mr. Huss was unfortunate in selecting his own concerts in which to be heard, for it is heavy and uninteresting. The orchestral accompaniment is not clearly enough defined, and there was an apparent lack of unity of purpose between the orchestra and the solo performer. The composition lost, too, by so closely following the brilliant symphony; but a second hearing of Mr. Huss in something else, may warrant a better impression of him.

He is not a brilliant pianist, though there was a certain modesty about his work which was commendable. There is a want of style and finish in his playing and he is far more at home in the forte passages than in the pianissimo. The audience, however, took kindly to him and gave him a couple of recalls. The programme was brought to a close with the Berlioz overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The next concert will introduce two novelties, a divertimento in A minor, by C. M. Loeffler, who will also be the soloist, and the Dvorak overture to "Carneval."

[71]

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, DEC. 30, 1894.

Performance of Last Work by Tschaikowsky.

The usual large audiences attended the 10th symphony rehearsal and concert in Music hall Friday afternoon and last night. On each occasion it was necessary to stop the sale of admission tickets before the performance began. From a financial point of view this season of symphony concerts is likely to compare very favorably with those of former years.

The program played last night was not the most enjoyable of the season. The performance of the Tschaikowsky symphony in B minor, the last symphony written by the famous Russian composer, was most welcome, but it is a very lengthy work, and left the audience in a frame of mind that was not especially conducive to enjoyment of the pianoforte concerto in B minor by Henry Holden Huss, which was given as the second number of the program. A much greater work than this concerto and a much more brilliant pianist than Mr Huss would have suffered under such circumstances.

It was particularly unfortunate for Mr Huss that he should appear the day after a large portion of his audience had listened to Stavenhagen, one of the most accomplished pianists ever heard here. To compare Mr Russ' playing with that of so great an artist as is Mr Stavenhagen is altogether unfair, of course, but it was impossible to dismiss from one's mind while hearing Mr Huss play the exquisite pleasure which had so recently come from listening to the greater artist.

Director Paur seems to have an extreme fondness for piano soloists, but it is to be hoped that he has not arranged for the appearance of many more at this season's symphony concerts.

Mr Huss' concerto is an interesting work and shows the hand of a cultivated musician. Although seldom notable for originality either in its melodies or its treatment, there is much in the work to command attention, even admiration.

The four movements, allegro, maestoso andante tranquillo and finale, allegro vivace, are written, generally, in an extended sonata form and are all of considerable length and elaborate development. There is a long cadenza in the first movement and this Mr Huss played with fairly good effect, but there were many passages in which the soloist cannot be said to have held his own with the orchestra. The second movement is the most enjoyable of the three. It is the most simple in treatment and is delightfully melodious. The scoring is rich and elaborate, but due prominence is allowed the solo instrument.

Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 6, in B minor, is a noble composition, and it was splendidly played, under Mr Paur's direction. While it may possibly not be entitled to rank as the best of the great Russian's writings, it is certainly one of his very best, and is likely to long remain in favor with symphony concert audiences.

The title of the symphony, "Pathetique," suggests the character of its music, which is always mournful in tone, even in its most lively passages. There is an abundance of rich harmony throughout the symphony, and the many and beautiful themes are embellished with the elaborate effects for which this composer was so noted. The symphony is written in the customary fast movements, but the slow movement comes last.

It is impossible in the limited space available at this time to tell of the many delicious melodies, the exquisite harmonies and the odd and beautifully contrasted tone colors with which the symphony is crowded. Tschaikowsky was fond of utilizing the full resources of the modern orchestra, and in this last work he has given remarkable individual prominence to each instrument, and most delightful is the effect produced by so many brief solos artistically harmonized.

Berlioz' brilliant overture to the opera "Benvenuto Cellini" was the third and last number of yesterday's program, and it was admirably played by the orchestra.

The program for the next concert will be as follows:

Symphony in D major (without minuet) .Mozart
Divertimento in A minor, for violin and orchestra (MS) .....C M Loeffler
(First time.)
Suite, Aus Holberg's Zeit .....Grieg
Overture, Carneval .....Dvorak
(First time.)
Soloist, Mr C. M. Loeffler.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 31, 1894.

THE SYMPHONY.

THAT OF TSCHAIKOWSKY'S IN B MINOR GIVEN.

It May Fairly be Called a Masterpiece—An American Work Suffered by Contrast—Berlioz's Benvenuto Cellini Closed the Long but Interesting Programme.

The concert of Saturday opened with a work which may fairly be called a masterpiece,—Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony, No. 6, the so-called "Pathetic Symphony." One might quarrel with the title of "symphony" as here applied; a true symphony should present the sonata-form in its greatest guise, while this work is free, ecstatic and rhapsodical. But Beethoven himself let down the bars in the Ninth Symphony, and Schumann widened the breach in the form by his later symphonies. The final result was that Bruckner introduced Wagnerism into symphony, and the classic form now rests chiefly upon the achievements of one man,—Brahms. Tschaikowsky's symphony does not belong to the extreme left, it is not so wildly radical as Bruckner's Seventh, but it mainly follows the sonata-style of Liszt and Schumann, presenting continuous development and broad and well-chosen contrasts. The value of such a free style depends wholly upon the man who uses it, and whether it is merely an imitation of modern iconoclasm, or a spontaneous expression of thought which would have been trammelled in any other form; in this case it seems to have been the latter. Such works must be regarded as monoliths in music, standing apart, not to be classified with this or that school, and their grandeur is their own sufficient justification; it is only when the young imitator comes into the field that they become pernicious. Who would imitate Walt Whitman! Yet his power is undeniable. When the growing composers have learned that the glorious Wagner "school" began and ended with Richard Wagner a great step in musical progress will have been taken. Tschaikowsky has not copied anybody in this work and even the comparison made above regarding the affinity with Liszt or Schumann must be taken in a restricted sense.

From the very first notes upon the bassoon the stamp of intense earnestness was upon the work, and development of the theme began almost immediately after it had been stated. The composer's fondness for wood wind effects was marked, and flute, clarinette and bassoon all had especially prominent passages. The contrasts were of the strongest; the auditor would be lulled to tranquility by gentle phrases upon flute or clarinette, only to be awakened roughly by some tragic episode given with the power and fury of the full orchestra. Yet these effects, which sound but poorly in the description, were not inartistic or bombastic. There was, however, too much development in the first movement, which took twenty minutes in the performance, and there were some moments of monotony.

To use 5-4 rhythm is not a new idea, from mediæval music (even from ancient Greek music) to the most modern, this rhythm has been used as a temporary device, but an entire movement in such a rhythm is a *rara avis*, and Tschaikowsky has achieved it without any apparent straining or *bizarrerie*; the movement is grace itself, spite of the boldness of impressing the rhythm by constant strokes on the kettle-drum in the second theme. The combat between two themes, which formed the third movement, was very clearly brought out, and the final majesty as the march theme triumphed was an excellent climax. Some touches of pizzicato strings combined with piccolo gave a striking tone-color to parts of this movement.

The last movement broke entirely with symphonic tradition by being in slow tempo, a species of Elegy. Strange, weird effects of brasses in the deepest register, of the hideous tones of the muted horns (also in unusually deep register) dark phrases upon the bass tuba (excellently played) were some of the strong touches of coloring in this sombre movement. Even the tam-tam, or gong, was used to add to the spectral character of the climax. To the average American citizen the gong is associated with anything but gloom, and therefor it may be to the purpose to state that no instrument can give such an uncanny effect as the gong, struck very softly. Meyerbeer uses this instrument at the rising of the nuns from their graves, in "Robert;" Rossini does the same at the opening of the tomb of Ninus, in "Semiramide;" and even the conservative Cherubini has used the gong for a similar effect in a requieum mass. At the close of the work the composer has taken a leaf from the book of Weber, for he uses the pizzicato of the contrabasses much as the latter has done in the "Freischuetz Overture." It is much to say that the capricious character of the symphony did not once disturb the unity of the orchestra; to give a constantly good ensemble in such a work means a degree of technical skill that shows clearly how our orchestra has advanced. It was gratifying to observe that the public appreciated the excellent work done, for Mr. Paur was recalled twice at its conclusion.

The end of the concert was not less powerful than its beginning, for it concluded with Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture which was given with due attention to its sharp contrasts and its glow of instrumentation. One may be allowed to speak a word of especial praise of the oboe solo in this, and also to pay a tribute to the immense power of the finale.

Between these works, as between the upper and nether millstone, the piano concerto of Henry. H. Huss was ground. It is pleasant to see that Mr. Paur intends to cherish the American muse, but he does not need actually to nurse her! One can understand a MacDowell concerto being given a place on great programmes, for that composer's works (especially in concerto form) have strength, power and imagination. This composition gives the effect of an extended and skilful exercise in classical form. The old Frenchman's remark, "Ce Senate, que me veut-il?" could have been freely translated on this occasion "What does this concerto want *here?*" Yet it is possible that some injustice is being done to Mr. Huss by so emphatic a statement, for he was his own pianist and was not able to force the solo instrument against the heavy scoring that he had put in the orchestral parts, especially in the finale, but even this excuse only impales the composer-pianist upon the other horn of the dilemma. There were, however, some points to commend in the first movement; firstly, there was undeniable skill in the development of themes, and the form was well within the classical lines; secondly, the beginning was bold, fiery and original, in its trumpet and drum phrases, in the immediate entrance of the piano, and in the bit of cello solo; and lastly, the climax here, when it was reached, was effective. The composer has followed the example of Mendelssohn (in his violin concerto) and placed his cadenza in the middle of the development, rather than at the end of the movement. The chief theme of the finale also deserves commendation for its spirited character and its originality although there is too much rhythmic jugglery practised with it in its development.

Mr. Huss was heartily applauded at the close of his work and was twice recalled by the audience.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 30, 1894.

The tenth Symphony concert was not long, but it made great demands upon mind, ears and nerves, for its programme named two new works of large scope and serious massiveness, together with a great and full-volumed overture.

First in place and in importance stood Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony, surnamed the "Pathetic," published not long before his lamented death, and containing some matters of such deep and significant nature that it might almost be considered as the swan song of his genius, sounding for a last time the full sweep of its compass and blending the poems of fancy with the peans of passion. It is a work which we at least should be glad to hear again before being obliged to express about it anything which must meet challenge as a formulated and balanced judgment. Not in might of sound and massed instrumentalities alone does it overwhelm the listener at times, but in its commanding and rushing enunciation of suddenly contrasted thoughts and its concentration of tone colors, now most sombre and now most lucent, and in its vehement determination to speak out, to be heard and to sway. It is both music of the imagination and of the heart, and the sensitive auditor is now made joyful by its spontaneous and vivid gayety and now depressed by its almost funereal gloom.

But let us try to analyze faintly some causes and means of that peculiar effect which demands both reflection and eloquence to resolve and define it truly. The first movement begins with a short adagio in which the deepest voice of the bassoon utters a brief sad phrase, rising and falling over dull harmonies of the lower strings. A few horn notes, supported by the wooden wind and the violas, build a bridge, as it were, over which the theme passes to be caught up as the first subject of the strong, urgent allegro. An air of agitation pervades the orchestra, and hurried responsive downward phrases sweep to and fro. But the mood changes, while a tender and almost soulful andante, cast into voicings of velvety richness, succeeds and with a secondary air continues its emotional flow until there is a sudden, fierce shock, a pause, and a return to the allegro. This goes wildly on with outcries, clamors and tremendous surges of sound from which emerge some suave and melting passages, lost in their turn in sepulchral depths to which the heavy basses of the trombone, bassoon and tuba can hardly descend. Gradually a darker spirit seems to possess the movement and the often changed rhythm moulds itself into a sombre march-like form, which dies away into moody silence. Other listeners must fashion their own theory as to what the many changes, from the solemn opening to the imposing processional, may typify; but to us all the latter portion brought to mind insistently the lines of Longfellow:

"In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives."

The second and third movements are as happy, as light, as brilliant and as impetuously fanciful as if no grief or pain or struggle existed in the world. The former has the unusual 5-4 rhythm, but this is treated so elastically that one thinks of nothing but lilting under the fairest sky in buoyant airs. The latter is even more swift and exuberant, and, like the first movement, tests all the virtuosity of the players with its involutions, its shifts and its tossing phrases. It is written upon two themes, noted as in 4-4 and 12-8 times, which, as even the tyro in music knows, can be blended together perfectly without losing their identity. The stronger finally carries all before it, and the movement ends in a jubilant triumph. If pathos be sought in these portions of the symphony, it must be by suggestion from the fundamental thought that the sources of tears and laughter lie so close together, and that from joy to sorrow one crosses often only an imaginary line.

With the finale the sense of tragedy returns. Here, in so strange a place, is found the slow movement of the symphony, dark with desolation, subdued with sorrow, and well nigh majestic with mourning. It has moments of imposing passion in which the full power of the orchestra appears to be but a suppressed revelation, and others when scarcely more than murmurs are to be heard. At last, as if exhausted by its own intensity, it dies away in faint and fainter chords to complete and impressive silence.

Departing, as it so often does, from conventional forms, this symphony is likely to afford matter for debate. The formalists will probably have many objections, but the imaginative and sympathetic ought to be touched gratefully by it. The supersensitive may be oppressed by its immense sonority; but normal dispositions will recognize, we think, that its extremities of power are only invoked when the necessary climax of passion could not else be reached.

It was inconsiderate and all but unkind to Mr. Henry Holden Huss to put his pianoforte concerto next in order. An almost crushing comparison was inevitable, because his first movement was in construction dictated by some such spirit of expression in art as pervaded much of the symphony. There were similar sharp contrasts of tone-color, irregularities of rhythm, diversions of thought, unusual choices of instrumental register, and abrupt announcements from unexpected voices. But what in Tschaikowsky was the perfection of mastery necessarily appeared in the young man as ambitious effort only, and what was excellent in purpose and treatment could not help appearing to disadvantage and seem ungracious, far-fetched and involved. Under even completely favorable conditions we doubt but Mr. Huss's nervous and forcible opening movement would be found to have some strained and ugly passages, representative rather of skill and determination than of natural and persuasive eloquence. The andante was very beautiful in thought and in form and was heard with entire pleasure. The finale left an impression not dissimilar from that made by the allegro—of a bold, but not altogether successful striving for what is yet beyond the young composer's grasp. To be discursive without being illogical, to be passionate without being spasmodic and erratic without being ungovernable, does not come in a day, nor will it be given to all just because they are ambitious and energetic. Mr. Huss—who visited Boston once, if we remember aright, as the adjunct illustrator of some of Mr. Krehbiel's apostolic expositions of Wagner—played the piano part ably, with decisive emphasis, clean technique and adequate power.

Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, with its pompous sonority, its stately splendor and occasional clangor and brilliancy, ended the programme with all due volume and vehemence.

The orchestra coped magnificently with the immense difficulties and bewildering intricacies of the symphony, and did full justice to the overture; but they were not always prompt and perfect in the concerto, playing for an occasional minute or so as if they were a little fatigued and would have been more alert and exact if refreshed by a composition void of any suggestion of the Tschaikowsky flavor.

To speak of the pianoforte is not perhaps quite in place here, but the Mason and Hamlin grand is not very often heard in Music Hall and it seems no more than fair to say that its fine qualities justified its selection by the player whom it well served.

Next Saturday's programme names two novelties—Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, and a manuscript "divertimento" for violin and orchestra, in which the soloist will be its composer, Mr. C. M. Loeffler. The other numbers will be Grieg's "In Holberg's Time" suite and Mozart's D-major symphony, without the minuet.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1894.

For the first time Boston heard Goldmark's Sappho Overture at the sixth Symphony Concert. It opens with harps, suggestive of the famous classic beauty, though the Greeks had no such music; but later you think of the sea into which Sappho cast herself, rather than of the groves and maidens amidst which she dwelt. Raff's Symphony, In the Woods, was welcome for its descriptive quality, though rather long in development. Liszt's symphonic poem, Les Preludes, No. 3, was a delightful windup. The soloist was Mrs. Elena Kehew Eaton, with her big round voice, in the Sleep aria, from Handel's Semele, and in Weber's Ocean Song, and made the former very attractive.

Eugene Ysaye made his Boston debut at the seventh Symphony Concert, and was received with an enthusiasm rarely shown by the afternoon audience. In three minutes his wonderful tones roused sympathetic vibrations in the auditorial brain. Such broad and rich violin playing has rarely been heard in our city, the softer tones winding into the air like some silky film. His two selections, admirably suited to the display of his varying qualities, were the Saint-Saens Concerto, No. 3, in B minor, op. 61, played here a season or two ago by Adamowski; and Ernst's fantasy on airs from Rossini's old opera of Othello. In acknowledging his recall Mr. Ysaye gracefully indicated to the audience that they owed part of their thanks to the orchestra. The symphony of the concert was Volkmann's First, in D minor, full of beauty. A welcome novelty was the Chasonne and Rigodon, from Monsigny's last century opera, Queen of Golconda. The concluding number was Svendsen's Carnival of Paris—a jolly bit of writing.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1895.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The fourth concert of the Kneisel Quartet was held in Union Hall last evening, Mr. Arthur Whiting being the pianist. The programme included the A minor quartet, opus 132, by Beethoven; a quartet in G major by Haydn, and a sonata for piano and 'cello, opus 1, by Pfitzner, a young Frankfort musician. The great triumph of the evening was the performance of the Beethoven quartet, in which the great composer gives impressive thanks to the Lord for recovery from a serious illness. The sonata was delightfully played by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Schroeder, the latter handling his instrument in his usual masterly manner. The closing number was Haydn's quartet, which was given brilliantly and with great artistic effect.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1895.

MUSIC AT UNION HALL.

An audience, composed of lovers of classical music, filled every nook and corner of Union Hall, No. 48 Boylston street, last evening.

The Kneisel Quartet celebrated New Year's eve by giving their fourth concert. Franz Kneisel held the first violin, Otto Roth the second, while L. Svecenski and Alwin Schroeder were viola and violoncello respectively.

These four gentlemen, with the assistance of Arthur Whiting, gave an interesting programme, consisting of a quartet in A minor, from Beethoven, sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, from Hans Pfitzner, and quartet in D major, from Haydn.

SUNDAY, DEC[illegible] 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "*Pathétique*," opus 74. (First time.)
Henry Holden Huss: Concerto for Pianoforte in B major. (First time.)
Berlioz: Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," opus 23.
Mr. Henry Holden Huss was the pianist.

Tschaikowsky's latest symphony has been made the theme of not a little rumor, and some very grim romance seems to be connected with it. It has been rumored in Germany that the symphony was not only a posthumous work, but a not entirely authentic one; that—like Carl Tausig's last two "Soirées de Vienne"—it was put together after the composer's death from unfinished sketches found among his papers. But this is hardly likely, for it seems pretty certain that the work was really performed, or at least rehearsed, under Tschaikowsky's own direction, and that he died within twenty-four hours afterwards. It is whispered, too, that his sudden death was not from cholera, but by suicide; there is a rumor afloat that Tschaikowsky himself told an American musician that this symphony was to be his "last work." How much truth there is in all this, who shall tell? What gives it a semblance of credibility is the almost unprecedented fact in symphonic writing of its ending with the slow movement, a veritable dirge, if ever there were one. Did Tschaikowsky deliberately mean the last movement he ever wrote to be his own dirge, and then incontinently kill himself afterwards? Or is this all nothing more than the morbid imagination of Rumor?

Of one thing, however, we may feel tolerably certain; that this symphony, if published posthumously, is entirely authentic; there is not a sign of meddling patchwork in a single one of its four movements. No one but Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky himself could have written any of it, and no one but he could have put it together as it now stands. It is Tschaikowsky through and through, and nothing but Tschaikowsky!

Once reading the score and once hearing the work do not furnish any very sound basis for forming an opinion of so long, varied, and exceedingly complex a composition as this symphony. There is much in it which we personally do not like, much which we hardly know yet whether to like or not; but there is an inflexible seriousness, a deep earnestness of purpose in it throughout such as must be recognized at once. Never has Tschaikowsky shown himself more grimly in earnest. The amount of elaborate work in the score is something stupendous; and yet one can say that only the third movement, *Allegro molto vivace*, is in any way over-developed. Here, to be sure, in spite of a heroic cut made by Mr. Paur, the development does seem considerably in excess over what the material can well bear. But in the three other movements there does not seem to be a note too much; everything tells strongly and surely. A good deal of the first movement seems to us as yet to push dramatic strenuousness too far in the direction of the melodramatic and theatrical. The manner in which the melodious and expressive second theme of the first movement is treated, the way in which it is scored, make it verge dangerously on the "Handel *Largo*" style; the mere external impressiveness of the thing is unquestionably immense, but what an enormous emphasis to throw upon an essentially modest theme! It is like bellowing "I love you!" through a speaking trumpet. And yet one feels the greatest sincerity behind it all; for even tail-lashing can be sincere.

For a technical point, it is curious with what ease and naturalness Tschaikowsky has treated the cross-grained 5-4 time in the second movement, especially as he has not in the least veiled the rhythmic irregularity of the time—as Chopin did almost completely in the slow movement of his first sonata, opus 4, and Wagner did to a great extent in the 5-4 passages of the great climax in the third act of "Tristan." This theme of Tschaikowsky's flows quite naturally; it does not make the impression of the composer's forcing himself to write in 5-4 time, and carrying out his purpose through thick and thin; but with and in spite of all this, the effect upon the ear is something unexampled in our musical experience. After twenty or thirty measures of it, you begin to feel as if you were going crazy, that a little more of that sort of thing will drive you straight to Somerville! It is like having the soles of your feet tickled with a feather.

The closing threnody is without exception the blackest, most disconsolate piece of musical gloom we have ever listened to; it is not overwhelming grief, it is limitless despair, bordering on insanity. Very beautiful, too, withal, and most impressive in its sombre coloring; but one feels that "all faith has gone out from it!" Upon the whole, this last symphony of the great Russian impresses us more strongly than anything else we have ever heard of his; even the problematical character of much of it makes it interesting; would that Mr. Paur would, for once, break through the customary rule and let us hear it again, and that very soon!

The performance was exceedingly fine, and showed that the orchestra, as well as the conductor, had worked entirely *con amore* in preparing the work; every man in the orchestra played as if for dear life, as if the universe depended upon the symphony's going to perfection.

Berlioz's brilliant overture to his first opera was played with great dash and seemed to be heartily enjoyed. It was not the best Berlioz performance we have heard from the orchestra of late, but was fairly good nevertheless.

Of Mr. Huss's new pianoforte concerto it would hardly be fair to say much after a single hearing. The work seems to us to carry a certain lesson with it, to be in a measure a commentary on the position of a young composer in this country, especially on the difficulty he has in meeting the musical public face to face. It may well be doubted whether an American composer, who has fairly won the right to be considered as such, finds it as easy to have a work of his brought out here as a French composer of corresponding rank does in Paris. And this, too, in spite of the fact that there are ten or fifteen reputable composers in France to one here. Concert programmes in Paris literally swarm with French works; not only by men who enjoy a quasi-reputation of greatness, by men whose works are also given outside of France, but by mere local respectabilities. Here a composer, not generally admitted as standing in the first rank in this country, finds only the veriest semi-occasional [illegible] having a work brought out; when

[illegible] this, and we do not [illegible] here; we merely state the [illegible] a composer of less than "national" reputation in this country has to look forward for years to bringing a composition of his before the public, and must deem himself exceptionally lucky when the long-wished-for chance does come at last. But what we do say is that, this being the case, the young composer naturally tries to make the very most of his chance when it comes. He is in somewhat the position of the poor man of epicurian tastes who is invited out to a grand dinner only once or twice in a season: it is ten to one that, when he does go out to dine, he makes himself sick; he eats that dinner for all it is worth, and more! Hope long postponed induces the young composer to try to produce a work which shall be in every way worthy of the (to him) enormously great occasion, and so he rather overdoes things.

Take Mr. Huss in the present instance. He comes forward with a concerto such as no one but a Brahms or a Tschaikowsky has any reasonable right even to attempt writing. In its length, in its imposing largeness of plan and prolixity of treatment, it aims at the very greatest things. Take the first movement: there is a first theme with two subsidiaries, a second theme with its subsidiary, and a double-headed conclusion-theme; in a word, all that any composer can allow himself in a symphonic movement on the very largest scale. Now look through—we will not say a sonata or concerto, but—any largest symphony by Beethoven or Brahms, find one in which there is such a plethora of thematic material, and see if the composer has in a single instance permitted himself to work out *all* this material in his second part! We have not made the experiment ourselves, but we are none the less pretty sure that such an instance can not be found. Yet this is just what Mr. Russ has done! The labor he has undertaken is positively Herculean, such as hardly a great composer has attempted. What possible tenth part of a chance of success was there? And the other movements, if not planned on quite as gigantic a scale as the first, aim all too evidently in the same direction. When Beethoven had written the first movement of his violin concerto—a movement which nothing but the composer's all-conquering genius saves from being a monstrosity—he followed it up with one of the shortest slow movements, and one of the lightest finales, on record. Mr. Huss goes on as if his first movement had been the merest trifle. There is no need of mincing matters; Mr. Huss's concerto is too big a thing for any but the most consummate and experienced genius to have carried through strongly and effectively. There is much good in it, there is even considerable skill shown at times in the development and working out; now and then one comes upon a phrase of real geniality. But the strength of arm and length of breath requisite to carry through such a labor without the interest flagging, and without incoherencies and lapses of all sorts appearing on every hand is not his. Barring Brahms, we know of no man living today who could have carried through such a work! And note also that the tendency of young composers to attempt such enormous tasks is no inducement to either concert-givers or audiences to look smilingly upon them. Let Mr. Huss write something a quarter as long, and he will have double the chance of playing it twice as often.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in D major (without minuet); C. M. Loeffler, divertimento in A minor for violin and orchestra (MS., first time); Grieg, suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit;" Dvorák, overture, "Carneval" (first time). Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the violinist.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The program of the concert given by the Kneisel Quartet last evening in Union Hall included the A minor quartet, op. 132, by Beethoven; a quartet in G major by Haydn, and, as a novelty, a sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 1, by Pfitzner, a young musician of talent in Frankfort. The quartet by Beethoven was the colossal work in which the composer expresses his thanks to the Lord for convalescence. By the way, in mentioning this movement written "in the Lydian mode," Von Lenz made the amusing mistake of translating as follows, "in lyric style." You may call the great quartets of the latter period of Beethoven orchestral sketches or strange rhapsodies, or the ne plus ultra of quartet music; no description can take away the beauty and the grandeur of the compositions when they are played by such artists as the members of the Kneisel Quartet. The sonata gave great pleasure and it was interpreted admirably. The quartet by Haydn furnished a delightful contrast to the colossal work of Beethoven. The next concert will be given Jan. 21.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, JAN 1, 1895.

Kneisel Quartet.

Although the attendance at the Kneisel quartet concert last night (the fourth in this season's series) was not as large as usual, it was appreciative and enthusiastic. The program consisted of three numbers—Beethoven's quartet in A minor, a sonata for pianoforte and cello by Hans Pfitzner, and the Haydn quartet in D major.

Mr Kneisel refuses to believe that his programs are too long and keeps his audience at least two hours, when most of the people in the hall would be glad to have the concert last not more than an hour and a half. Last night the Beethoven quartet consumed more than 50 minutes, and this number prolonged the concert until after 10 o'clock.

The program was given in the usual artistic manner, for the quartet always plays well. The adagio movement of the Beethoven number and the performance of the Haydn quartet, as a whole, were notably effective. The sonata was interesting. This was its first performance. Mr Whiting played with refinement and style, and his associate, Mr Schroeder, was at his best. The next concert will be given Jan 21.

[72]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 30, 1894.

The tenth Symphony concert was not long, but it made great demands upon mind, ears and nerves, for its programme named two new works of large scope and serious massiveness, together with a great and full-volumed overture.

First in place and in importance stood Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony, surnamed the "Pathetic," published not long before his lamented death, and containing some matters of such deep and significant nature that it might almost be considered as the swan song of his genius, sounding for a last time the full sweep of its compass and blending the poems of fancy with the pæans of passion. It is a work which we at least should be glad to hear again before being obliged to express about it anything which must meet challenge as a formulated and balanced judgment. Not in might of sound and massed instrumentalities alone does it overwhelm the listener at times, but in its commanding and rushing enunciation of suddenly contrasted thoughts and its concentration of tone colors, now most sombre and now most lucent, and in its vehement determination to speak out, to be heard and to sway. It is both music of the imagination and of the heart, and the sensitive auditor is now made joyful by its spontaneous and vivid gayety and now depressed by its almost funereal gloom.

But let us try to analyze faintly some causes and means of that peculiar effect which demands both reflection and eloquence to resolve and define it truly. The first movement begins with a short adagio in which the deepest voice of the bassoon utters a brief sad phrase, rising and falling over dull harmonies of the lower strings. A few horn notes, supported by the wooden wind and the violas, build a bridge, as it were, over which the theme passes to be caught up as the first subject of the strong, urgent allegro. An air of agitation pervades the orchestra, and hurried responsive downward phrases sweep to and fro. But the mood changes, while a tender and almost soulful andante, cast into voicings of velvety richness, succeeds and with a secondary air continues its emotional flow until there is a sudden, fierce shock, a pause, and a return to the allegro. This goes wildly on with outcries, clamors and tremendous surges of sound from which emerge some suave and melting passages, lost in their turn in sepulchral depths to which the heavy basses of the trombone, bassoon and tuba can hardly descend. Gradually a darker spirit seems to possess the movement and the often changed rhythm moulds itself into a sombre march-like form, which dies away into moody silence. Other listeners must fashion their own theory as to what the many changes, from the solemn opening to the imposing processional, may typify; but to us all the latter portion brought to mind insistently the lines of Longfellow:

"In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives."

The second and third movements are as happy, as light, as brilliant and as impetuously fanciful as if no grief or pain or struggle existed in the world. The former has the unusual 5-4 rhythm, but this is treated so elastically that one thinks of nothing but lilting under the fairest sky in buoyant airs. The latter is even more swift and exuberant, and, like the first movement, tests all the virtuosity of the players with its involutions, its shifts and its tossing phrases. It is written upon two themes, noted as in 4-4 and 12-8 times, which, as even the tyro in music knows, can be blended together perfectly without losing their identity. The stronger finally carries all before it, and the movement ends in a jubilant triumph. If pathos be sought in these portions of the symphony, it must be by suggestion from the fundamental thought that the sources of tears and laughter lie so close together, and that from joy to sorrow one crosses often only an imaginary line.

With the finale the sense of tragedy returns. Here, in so strange a place, is found the slow movement of the symphony, dark with desolation, subdued with sorrow, and well nigh majestic with mourning. It has moments of imposing passion in which the full power of the orchestra appears to be but a suppressed revelation, and others when scarcely more than murmurs are to be heard. At last, as if exhausted by its own intensity, it dies away in faint and fainter chords to complete and impressive silence.

Departing, as it so often does, from conventional forms, this symphony is likely to afford matter for debate. The formalists will probably have many objections, but the imaginative and sympathetic ought to be touched gratefully by it. The supersensitive may be oppressed by its immense sonority; but normal dispositions will recognize, we think, that its extremities of power are only invoked when the necessary climax of passion could not else be reached.

It was inconsiderate and all but unkind to Mr. Henry Holden Huss to put his pianoforte concerto next in order. An almost crushing comparison was inevitable, because his first movement was in construction dictated by some such spirit of expression in art as pervaded much of the symphony. There were similar sharp contrasts of tone-color, irregularities of rhythm, diversions of thought, unusual choices of instrumental register, and abrupt announcements from unexpected voices. But what in Tschaikowsky was the perfection of mastery necessarily appeared in the young man as ambitious effort only, and what was excellent in purpose and treatment could not help appearing to disadvantage and seem ungracious, far-fetched and involved. Under even completely favorable conditions we doubt but Mr. Huss's nervous and forcible opening movement would be found to have some strained and ugly passages, representative rather of skill and determination than of natural and persuasive eloquence. The andante was very beautiful in thought and in form and was heard with entire pleasure. The finale left an impression not dissimilar from that made by the allegro—of a bold, but not altogether successful striving for what is yet beyond the young composer's grasp. To be discursive without being illogical, to be passionate without being spasmodic and erratic without being ungovernable, does not come in a day, nor will it be given to all just because they are ambitious and energetic. Mr. Huss—who visited Boston once, if we remember aright, as the adjunct illustrator of some of Mr. Krehbiel's apostolic expositions of Wagner—played the piano part ably, with decisive emphasis, clean technique and adequate power.

Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, with its pompous sonority, its stately splendor and occasional clangor and brilliancy, ended the programme with all due volume and vehemence.

The orchestra coped magnificently with the immense difficulties and bewildering intricacies of the symphony, and did full justice to the overture; but they were not always prompt and perfect in the concerto, playing for an occasional minute or so as if they were a little fatigued and would have been more alert and exact if refreshed by a composition void of any suggestion of the Tschaikowsky flavor.

To speak of the pianoforte is not perhaps quite in place here, but the Mason and Hamlin grand is not very often heard in Music Hall and it seems no more than fair to say that its fine qualities justified its selection by the player whom it well served.

Next Saturday's programme names two novelties—Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, and a manuscript "divertimento" for violin aud orchestra, in which the soloist will be its composer, Mr. C. M. Loeffler. The other numbers will be Grieg's "In Holberg's Time" suite and Mozart's D-major symphony, without the minuet.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1894.

For the first time Boston heard Goldmark's Sappho Overture at the sixth Symphony Concert. It opens with harps, suggestive of the famous classic beauty, though the Greeks had no such music; but later you think of the sea into which Sappho cast herself, rather than of the groves and maidens amidst which she dwelt. Raff's Symphony, In the Woods, was welcome for its descriptive quality, though rather long in development. Liszt's symphonic poem, Les Preludes, No. 3, was a delightful windup. The soloist was Mrs. Elena Kehew Eaton, with her big round voice, in the Sleep aria, from Handel's Semele, and in Weber's Ocean Song, and made the former very attractive.

Eugene Ysaye made his Boston debut at the seventh Symphony Concert, and was received with an enthusiasm rarely shown by the afternoon audience. In three minutes his wonderful tones roused sympathetic vibrations in the auditorial brain. Such broad and rich violin playing has rarely been heard in our city, the softer tones winding into the air like some silky film. His two selections, admirably suited to the display of his varying qualities, were the Saint-Saens Concerto, No. 3, in B minor, op. 61, played here a season or two ago by Adamowski; and Ernst's fantasy on airs from Rossini's old opera of Othello. In acknowledging his recall Mr. Ysaye gracefully indicated to the audience that they owed part of their thanks to the orchestra. The symphony of the concert was Volkmann's First, in D minor, full of beauty. A welcome novelty was the Chasonne and Rigodon, from Monsigny's last century opera, Queen of Golconda. The concluding number was Svendsen's Carnival of Paris—a jolly bit of writing.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1895.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The fourth concert of the Kneisel Quartet was held in Union Hall last evening, Mr. Arthur Whiting being the pianist. The programme included the A minor quartet, opus 132, by Beethoven; a quartet in G major by Haydn, and a sonata for piano and 'cello, opus 1, by Pfitzner, a young Frankfort musician. The great triumph of the evening was the performance of the Beethoven quartet, in which the great composer gives impressive thanks to the Lord for recovery from a serious illness. The sonata was delightfully played by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Schroeder, the latter handling his instrument in his usual masterly manner. The closing number was Haydn's quartet, which was given brilliantly and with great artistic effect.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1895.

MUSIC AT UNION HALL.

An audience, composed of lovers of classical music, filled every nook and corner of Union Hall, No. 48 Boylston street, last evening.

The Kneisel Quartet celebrated New Year's eve by giving their fourth concert. Franz Kneisel held the first violin, Otto Roth the second, while L. Svecenski and Alwin Schroeder were viola and violoncello respectively.

These four gentlemen, with the assistance of Arthur Whiting, gave an interesting programme, consisting of a quartet in A minor, from Beethoven, sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, from Hans Pfitzner, and quartet in D major, from Haydn.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1894.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "*Pathétique*," opus 74. (First time.)
Henry Holden Huss: Concerto for Pianoforte in B major. (First time.)
Berlioz: Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," opus 23.
Mr. Henry Holden Huss was the pianist.

Tschaikowsky's latest symphony has been made the theme of not a little rumor, and some very grim romance seems to be connected with it. It has been rumored in Germany that the symphony was not only a posthumous work, but a not entirely authentic one; that—like Carl Tausig's last two "Soirées de Vienne"—it was put together after the composer's death from unfinished sketches found among his papers. But this is hardly likely, for it seems pretty certain that the work was really performed, or at least rehearsed, under Tschaikowsky's own direction, and that he died within twenty-four hours afterwards. It is whispered, too, that his sudden death was not from cholera, but by suicide; there is a rumor afloat that Tschaikowsky himself told an American musician that this symphony was to be his "last work." How much truth there is in all this, who shall tell? What gives it a semblance of credibility is the almost unprecedented fact in symphonic writing of its ending with the slow movement, a veritable dirge, if ever there were one. Did Tschaikowsky deliberately mean the last movement he ever wrote to be his own dirge, and then incontinently kill himself afterwards? Or is this all nothing more than the morbid imagination of Rumor?

Of one thing, however, we may feel tolerably certain; that this symphony, if published posthumously, is entirely authentic; there is not a sign of meddling patchwork in a single one of its four movements. No one but Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky himself could have written any of it, and no one but he could have put it together as it now stands. It is Tschaikowsky through and through, and nothing but Tschaikowsky!

Once reading the score and once hearing the work do not furnish any very sound basis for forming an opinion of so long, varied, and exceedingly complex a composition as this symphony. There is much in it which we personally do not like, much which we hardly know yet whether to like or not; but there is an inflexible seriousness, a deep earnestness of purpose in it throughout such as must be recognized at once. Never has Tschaikowsky shown himself more grimly in earnest. The amount of elaborate work in the score is something stupendous; and yet one can say that only the third movement, *Allegro molto vivace*, is in any way over-developed. Here, to be sure, in spite of a heroic cut made by Mr. Paur, the development does seem considerably in excess over what the material can well bear. But in the three other movements there does not seem to be a note too much; everything tells strongly and surely. A good deal of the first movement seems to us as yet to push dramatic strenuousness too far in the direction of the melodramatic and theatrical. The manner in which the melodious and expressive second theme of the first movement is treated, the way in which it is scored, make it verge dangerously on the "Handel *Largo*" style; the mere external impressiveness of the thing is unquestionably immense, but what an enormous emphasis to throw upon an essentially modest theme! It is like bellowing "I love you!" through a speaking trumpet. And yet one feels the greatest sincerity behind it all; for even tail-lashing can be sincere.

For a technical point, it is curious with what ease and naturalness Tschaikowsky has treated the cross-grained 5-4 time in the second movement, especially as he has not in the least veiled the rhythmic irregularity of the time—as Chopin did almost completely in the slow movement of his first sonata, opus 4, and Wagner did to a great extent in the 5-4 passages of the great climax in the third act of "Tristan." This theme of Tschaikowsky's flows quite naturally; it does not make the impression of the composer's forcing himself to write in 5-4 time, and carrying out his purpose through thick and thin; but with and in spite of all this, the effect upon the ear is something unexampled in our musical experience. After twenty or thirty measures of it, you begin to feel as if you were going crazy, that a little more of that sort of thing will drive you straight to Somerville! It is like having the soles of your feet tickled with a feather.

The closing threnody is without exception the blackest, most disconsolate piece of musical gloom we have ever listened to; it is not overwhelming grief, it is limitless despair, bordering on insanity. Very beautiful, too, withal, and most impressive in its sombre coloring; but one feels that "all faith has gone out from it!" Upon the whole, this last symphony of the great Russian impresses us more strongly than anything else we have ever heard of his; even the problematical character of much of it makes it interesting; would that Mr. Paur would, for once, break through the customary rule and let us hear it again, and that very soon!

The performance was exceedingly fine, and showed that the orchestra, as well as the conductor, had worked entirely *con amore* in preparing the work, every man in the orchestra played as if for dear life, as if the universe depended upon the symphony's going to perfection.

Berlioz's brilliant overture to his first opera was played with great dash and seemed to be heartily enjoyed. It was not the best Berlioz performance we have heard from the orchestra of late, but was fairly good nevertheless.

Of Mr. Huss's new pianoforte concerto it would hardly be fair to say much after a single hearing. The work seems to us to carry a certain lesson with it, to be in a measure a commentary on the position of a young composer in this country, especially on the difficulty he has in meeting the musical public face to face. It may well be doubted whether an American composer, who has fairly won the right to be considered as such, finds it as easy to have a work of his brought out here as a French composer of corresponding rank does in Paris. And this, too, in spite of the fact that there are ten or fifteen reputable composers in France to one here. Concert programmes in Paris literally swarm with French works; not only by men who enjoy a quasi-reputation of greatness, by men whose works are also given outside of France, but by mere local respectabilities. Here a composer, not generally admitted as standing in the first rank in this country, finds only the veriest semi-occasional chance of having a work brought out; when the chance does come, it is to be prized as a hardly estimable blessing, as a great stroke of luck. No doubt there are reasons enough for this, and we do not care to go into them here; we merely state the fact that a composer of less than "national" reputation in this country has to look forward for years to bringing a composition of his before the public, and must deem himself exceptionally lucky when the long-wished-for chance does come at last. But what we do say is that, this being the case, the young composer naturally tries to make the very most of his chance when it comes. He is in somewhat the position of the poor man of epicurian tastes who is invited out to a grand dinner only once or twice in a season; it is ten to one that, when he does go out to dine, he makes himself sick; he eats that dinner for all it is worth, and more! Hope long postponed induces the young composer to try to produce a work which shall be in every way worthy of the (to him) enormously great occasion, and so he rather overdoes things.

Take Mr. Huss in the present instance. He comes forward with a concerto such as no one but a Brahms or a Tschaikowsky has any reasonable right even to attempt writing. In its length, in its imposing largeness of plan and prolixity of treatment, it aims at the very greatest things. Take the first movement: there is a first theme with two subsidiaries, a second theme with its subsidiary, and a double-headed conclusion-theme; in a word, all that any composer can allow himself in a symphonic movement on the very largest scale. Now look through—we will not say a sonata or concerto, but—any largest symphony by Beethoven or Brahms, find one in which there is such a plethora of thematic material, and see if the composer has in a single instance permitted himself to work out *all* this material in his second part! We have not made the experiment ourselves, but we are none the less pretty sure that such an instance can not be found. Yet this is just what Mr. Russ has done! The labor he has undertaken is positively Herculean, such as hardly a great composer has attempted. What possible tenth part of a chance of success was there? And the other movements, if not planned on quite as gigantic a scale as the first, aim all too evidently in the same direction. When Beethoven had written the first movement of his violin concerto—a movement which nothing but the composer's all-conquering genius saves from being a monstrosity—he followed it up with one of the shortest slow movements, and one of the lightest finales, on record. Mr. Huss goes on as if his first movement had been the merest trifle. There is no need of mincing matters; Mr. Huss's concerto is too big a thing for any but the most consummate and experienced genius to have carried through strongly and effectively. There is much good in it, there is even considerable skill shown at times in the development and working out; now and then one comes upon a phrase of real geniality. But the strength of arm and length of breath requisite to carry through such a labor without the interest flagging, and without incoherencies and lapses of all sorts appearing on every hand is not his. Barring Brahms, we know of no man living today who could have carried through such a work! And note also that the tendency of young composers to attempt such enormous tasks is no inducement to either concert-givers or audiences to look smilingly upon them. Let Mr. Huss write something a quarter as long, and he will have double the chance of playing it twice as often.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in D major (without minuet); C. M. Loeffler, divertimento in A minor for violin and orchestra (MS., first time); Grieg, suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit;" Dvorák, overture, "Carneval" (first time). Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the violinist.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

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Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, JAN 1, 1895.

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Mr Kneisel refuses to believe that his programs are too long and keeps his audience at least two hours; when most of the people in the hall would be glad to have the concert last not more than an hour and a half. Last night the Beethoven quartet consumed more than 50 minutes, and this number prolonged the concert until after 10 o'clock.

The program was given in the usual artistic manner, for the quartet always plays well. The adagio movement of the Beethoven number and the performance of the Haydn quartet, as a whole, were notably effective. The sonata was interesting. This was its first performance. Mr Whiting played with refinement and style, and his associate, Mr Schroeder, was at his best. The next concert will be given Jan 21.

[72]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

The fourth concert by the Kneisel Quartet was held in Union Hall last evening, Mr. Arthur Whiting assisting. The programme was admirable throughout and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. A more finished performance than the Beethoven's Quartet in A minor, as played by the Kneisel Quartet, last evening, would be difficult to imagine, the "molto adagio" movement deserving special mention.

A sonata for piano forte and violoncello by Hans Plitzner was delightfully played by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Schroeder; one almost forgets the natural limitations of the violoncello in listening to Mr. Schroeder's masterly handling of the instrument. This number was played for the first time, but judging from its merits and the hearty reception which it won, it will be heard again. The closing number was Haydn's Quartet in D major.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1895.

The program of the tenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (first time).....Tschaikowsky
Concerto for piano, B major (first time).....Huss
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

You have heard the great work of Tschaikowsky. Played here for the first time it made a profound sensation. The third movement is below the general high level; it is not free from vulgarity, and the march is too like the famous one in the "Lenore" of Raff. But how passionate, how imaginative is the first movement! As for the finale, it is a finale to everything. There is no hope. The joys and the sorrows, the lusts and the high thoughts of life are dust and ashes. What a wealth of beauty, spiritual and technical, in this wondrous composition! Do you remember the strange use of the bassoons, the combination of bassoon and flute, the wildly pathetic descending scale in the first movement, the supreme mastery of rhythm, and the pedal in the second, the stopped-horn effect and the sublime melody in the lamentation—a lamentation of the complaining millions of men?

Is it true, as some say, that Tschaikowsky deliberately poisoned himself?

The concerto of Mr. Huss suffers chiefly from these faults: the themes are too short, without particular distinction; there is not irresistible logical development; the movements are too long; there is unnecessary detail for the purpose of introducing unmeaning and incongruous contrapuntal tricks; the instrumentation is too heavy, too thick. The work does not hang together. The first movement starts off bravely, but after the trumpet phrase what remains in the memory? There are so many digressions that there is no steady course to the goal. The second movement is hopelessly dull. The finale seemed last evening the most spontaneous and effective portion of the work. I say "seemed," because the technic of Mr. Huss did not respond to his own demands. Although he has improved as a pianist since his last appearance here, he is not able to put such a work as this concerto in the most advantageous light.

Mr. Paur might well have conducted with more discretion when he realized the moderate ability of the pianist. Overwrought as is the instrumentation, the conductor should have moderated the fell orchestral rage. And I may here add that Mr. Paur is gradually getting into the habit of forcing the instruments, string, wood, brass and skin.

I admire and respect the honesty and the industry of Mr. Huss. This is not said in a conventional way. These words are not offered as a salve. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance in Munich, where for a short time we were fellow students. I know the high purpose, the sincerity of the man and the musician. In this concerto there are abundant evidences of scholarship, but they are for the most part out of place and injurious to the continuity and the effect of the work. He has had an opportunity of hearing this concerto. It is his duty now to revise, enliven and above all prune with a merciless hand.

PHILIP HALE.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Mittwoch, 2. Januar 1895.

Das dritte Konzert des Boston Symphonie Orchesters. — Unter Mitwirkung der Solistin Frl. Adele aus der Ohe wird am nächsten Montag in der Academy of Music das dritte Konzert des berühmten Boston Symphonie Orchesters unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur stattfinden. Kunstfreunde seien auf dasselbe ganz besonders aufmerksam gemacht. Das Programm bietet folgende Tonwerke: Symphonie No. 7, Beethoven; Concert für Pianoforte in A moll, Schumann; Ouverture, „Carneval", Dvorak; Ouverture, Scherzo, Nocturne und Hochzeitsmarsch aus „Sommernachtstraum", Mendelssohn.

Tickets sind in No. 1221 Chestnut Str. zu haben.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVII., NO. 6.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two of the Numbers Heard for the First Time in Boston.

Mr. Loeffler's Divertimento Remarkable for Its Piquant Capriciousness—His Triumph as Composer and Soloist Complete—The Mozart Symphony and the Dvorak Overture.

The programme for the concert of last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall was:

Symphony in D, No. 1.....Mozart
Divertmento, for violin and orchestra (MS.)
C. M. Loeffler
Suite, "In Holberg's Time".....Grieg
Overture, "Carneval".....Dvorak

The soloist was Mr. C. M. Loeffler. Two of the numbers were heard for the first time here. These were the divertiment and the overture. The Mozart symphony is not often heard here. It deserves more frequent performances, if only for the fascinating slow movement and the gay and melodious finale, with their Figaroish color and their freshness and beauty generally. The andante, in particular, is quite in the vein of the opera, and constantly suggests voices and stage action, and the last movement is full of the spirit of the two unequalled and unapproachable finales in that work. There are passages in it of exquisite grace and charm, and the wood wind are used with entrancing effect. The symphony was perfectly read as to tempi, feeling and character by Mr. Paur, the slow movement especially, which was given with a refreshing absence of that sickly sentimentality that is generally imparted to it. The Grieg suite is one of its composer's most felicitous successes. It is without his more striking mannerisms, and the writing for strings is masterly in its fulness and richness. The Dvorak overture is a wonderfully brilliant and stirring work. In several of its aspects it recalls Berlioz's 'Carneval Romaine," but it also has a character that is decidedly the composer's own. Its animation is immense, and is sustained with remarkable fertility of resource—orchestrally and otherwise. The themes are equally original and impressive, and the work as a whole can hardly fail of becoming a standard feature on concert programmes. It was played with a vigor that was fairly thrilling.

Mr. Loeffler's divertimento is a composition of great interest and originality. It is in three movements. The first is a "preambule," and the solo instrument dashes at once into species of "perpetual motion" of a purely virtuoso character, and from which a departure is seldom taken. Here and there is a moment of repose that gives a necessary contrast to the movement, but it is not long sustained. The interest is intensified by instrumentation that is as new as it is beautiful in effect, especially a charming combination in which the harp, violas and a horn are prominent. The second movement is an "eclogue," which is striking in the peculiar novelty of its suave themes and the orchestration that colors them. There are no violins except the solo instrument used in this part of the work, and some extraordinary effects are produced by the association of flutes, bassoons, the harp, an English horn and a muted trumpet.

The orchestration here is quite new and its delicacy is as notable as its novelty. The last movement entitled "Carnaval des morts" consists of variations on the well-known plain song "Dies Irae, dies illa." These variations are of a most extraordinary character, and tax the virtuosity of the player to the utmost. Here again the orchestration is impressive in its originality, and is of a more fiery and vigorous kind than is to be found in any other portion of the work. The divertimento is remarkable for its piquant capriciousness. It is a surprise from beginning to end, and never falls off in interest; while strange to say, dispite its extreme modern character in both form and treatment, it is never lacking in clearness and interest. Though complicated, the orchestration is always discreet, and is delightful in its effectiveness and its freedom from overloading and conventionality. The work is perhaps the best of its composer's efforts that have been heard in public.

It is a credit to his brilliant musicianship, the purity of his taste and the skill with which he departs from set forms and takes refuge in the bizarre, without becoming merely eccentric. His performance of the solo part again exemplified his masterly technique, his unerring intonation under the most exacting conditions, the beauty of his phrasing and his keen artistic instinct. He was welcomed with great cordiality, and after each movement was applauded with an enthusiasm whose sincerity was as pronounced as was the effort that called it forth, and at the close of the work he was recalled again and again, until one ceased to count how many times he came forward to bow his acknowledgments. His triumph as composer and soloist was complete.

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Boston Sunday Globe.

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During his long connection with the symphony orchestra he has endeared himself to all his associates, and his sterling merit as a musician has won for him the admiration of the musical public generally.

He appeared yesterday not only as a soloist, but also as a composer, and readily succeeded in delighting his audience in both capacities.

The composition given yesterday is entitled "Divertimento," in A minor for violin and orchestra, and was heard for the first time in public. It is a brilliant work, and is replete with original ideas and striking effects, which are treated in a thoroughly scholarly manner, and yet all is so bright and pleasing that the work is calculated to win much more popular favor than is generally accorded to scholarly musical compositions.

As the title indicates, Mr Loeffler's "Divertimento" is generally of a light, and lively character, and gives great prominence to the solo instrument, allowing the performer ample opportunity for display of virtuosity.

The work was written by Mr Loeffler last summer, and is in three movements, preambule, eclogue and carnaval des morts. Each of these three movements is so thoroughly charming that one is not to be selected as deserving of greater praise than another.

The orchestral accompaniment of the first movement is particularly elaborate, and utilizes the full resources of the modern band. There are several passages where the instrumentation is notably melodic and beautiful.

The second movement, which is of a pastorale character, is decidedly original in treatment. No violins are used in the orchestra, but many exquisite effects are gained by the other instruments which support the solo violin, especially by the wood wind in several dainty passages.

The last movement is an elaborate writing, and consists chiefly of variations on the song "Dies irae, dies illa." The passages for the solo violin are uncommonly brilliant and difficult.

After the performance of each movement there were demonstrations of delight from the audience. It was honest applause, too, not due solely to the personal popularity of Mr Loeffler, for in many respects this is the best work of its kind ever written by a resident Boston musician.

Regarding Mr Loeffler's playing only words of most cordial praise are to be said. His performance was at all times artistic and finished. His tone was fascinating in its purity, and fairly dazzling was the brilliancy of his execution in the pyrotechnic passages. It is unnecessary, however, to dilate upon the accomplishments of an artist so well known and so thoroughly appreciated by Bostonians.

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It is one of the most brilliant short orchestral compositions ever written by the distinguished Russian composer who a few years ago took up his residence in America. It is thoroughly modern in style and is notable for the number, variety and brilliancy of its tonal pictures. It is rich in melody, and the orchestration is most elaborate.

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No less charming was the performance of Grieg's brilliant and delightful suite. Each of the five movements were played with exquisite effect, especially the dainty gavotte which was given with marvelous grace.

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Waldweben, Siegfried's passage to Brunnhilde's rock, morning dawn and Rhine journey.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1895.

The Eleventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall.

This is the program of the eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening:

Symphony, D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Divertimento, A minor, for violin and orchestra (MS. first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
Overture, "Carnival" (first time).....Dvorak

It was a pleasant concert last evening. The program was interesting, the performance was for the most part admirable, and the audience was dismissed at a reasonable hour. The qualification as to the performance is this: the attack was slightly irregular, especially in the symphony.

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Mr. Loeffler was applauded enthusiastically for his performance and his composition. I can imagine easily an excellent and estimable person, fond of music and learned in the primer of form, saying: "Oh, yes, this divertimento is all very well as a show piece, and Mr. Loeffler played finely, but there is not much in it. No development of thematic material, and the variations in the finale are bizarre." And he would say this in good faith. Now Mr. Loeffler, as it seems to me, has a large sympathy for the modern French and Belgian decadents. He believes in tonal impressions, in effects of color, rather than in conscientious plodding in the sonata ruts. The macabre is not distasteful to him. He likes sharp contrasts. He delights in instrumental experiments. If he sought expression in verbal phrase he would cotton to Verlaine and Moréas and Rimbaud and Retté.

This divertimento shows clearly that Mr. Loeffler has a right to make experiments. There are strange or delightful effects throughout the work: as in the unison of harp and violas in the preambulum, the singularly effective use of muted trumpets in the eclogue, the alternate pizzicati in the finale. The romantic interrupts constantly the severe in the opening movement, as though it protested against the revival of old-fashioned preluding. Beautiful in thought and treatment is the eclogue, where no violins are used. The absence of the biting strings gives one some idea of how Méhul's "Uthal," a one-act opera without fiddles, would finally exasperate the ear. Mr. Loeffler stopped his eclogue in time, or the audience might have uttered the famous cry of Grétry, as he sighed for a chanterelle. "Never mind the color of the movement," says an objector. "How about the thought?" Well, it was not spectacled, it was not dull; it was fresh and soothing and delightful.

Of course, if you see the word eclogue, and then feel a 6—8 rhythm and hear instruments associated with warm landscapes, flocks and herds, and high, indolent clouds, you are pastorally inspired. But without the name, the music might be "The Bride," or "Viola," or "As You Like It." In fact, you cannot in such music separate thought and color. And the color was a rare delight. In his "Carnaval des Morts," where the plain song "Dies Irae" serves as a theme, Mr. Loeffler made a slight incursion into Shudderland; but the absolute security of the violinist allayed any possible fear and smoothed quickly the slightly developed goose-flesh. It is clever, this music; and it is more than clever; it shows imagination. Sometimes you wish that Mr. Loeffler had a little streak of coarseness in his nature; in this finale it would not be amiss. But let us be thankful for the refinement, the curiosity that would fain find new colors, the skill in finding them, and the genuine imagination. To say that it is a creditable work is to talk like a pedagogue. It is, indeed, a fascinating composition, one that pricks suggestion and provokes moods.

And the composer played his difficult part with the accuracy, the brilliancy, the delicacy, and the purity that are so characteristic of him.

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Interesting, too, was Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, full of blood and leaping in the air and delirious delight. The contrasting andantino is charmingly orchestrated; but has the overture the strength, the swing of the Dvorak of old, before he wrote to Englishorder and made a pilgrimage to Spillville, Iowa? Portions of the suite by Grieg always give pleasure, especially the sarabande and the air. As for the Mozart symphony it is full of beauties. Such music when genius makes the dry bones of formalism live does not suffer if placed next the tonal impressions of the moderns. Such juxtaposition shows in clearest light the worth, the strength, the beauty of each school.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

The fourth concert by the Kneisel Quartet was held in Union Hall last evening, Mr. Arthur Whiting assisting. The programme was admirable throughout and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. A more finished performance than the Beethoven's Quartet in A minor, as played by the Kneisel Quartet, last evening, would be difficult to imagine, the "molto adagio" movement deserving special mention.

A sonata for piano forte and violoncello by Hans Plitzner was delightfully played by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Schroeder: one almost forgets the natural limitations of the violoncello in listening to Mr. Schroeder's masterly handling of the instrument. This number was played for the first time, but judging from its merits and the hearty reception which it won, it will be heard again. The closing number was Haydn's Quartet in D major.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1895.

The program of the tenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (first time).....Tschaikowsky
Concerto for piano, B major (first time).....Huss
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

You have heard the great work of Tschaikowsky. Played here for the first time it made a profound sensation. The third movement is below the general high level; it is not free from vulgarity, and the march is too like the famous one in the "Lenore" of Raff. But how passionate, how imaginative is the first movement! As for the finale, it is a finale to everything. There is no hope. The joys and the sorrows, the lusts and the high thoughts of life are dust and ashes. What a wealth of beauty, spiritual and technical, in this wondrous composition! Do you remember the strange use of the bassoons, the combination of bassoon and flute, the wildly pathetic descending scale in the first movement, the supreme mastery of rhythm, and the pedal in the second, the stopped-horn effect and the sublime melody in the lamentation—a lamentation of the complaining millions of men?

Is it true, as some say, that Tschaikowsky deliberately poisoned himself?

The concerto of Mr. Huss suffers chiefly from these faults: the themes are too short, without particular distinction; there is not irresistible logical development; the movements are too long; there is unnecessary detail for the purpose of introducing unmeaning and incongruous contrapuntal tricks; the instrumentation is too heavy, too thick. The work does not hang together. The first movement starts off bravely, but after the trumpet phrase what remains in the memory? There are so many digressions that there is no steady course to the goal. The second movement is hopelessly dull. The finale seemed last evening the most spontaneous and effective portion of the work. I say "seemed," because the technic of Mr. Huss did not respond to his own demands. Although he has improved as a pianist since his last appearance here, he is not able to put such a work as this concerto in the most advantageous light.

Mr. Paur might well have conducted with more discretion when he realized the moderate ability of the pianist. Overwrought as is the instrumentation, the conductor should have moderated the fell orchestral rage. And I may here add that Mr. Paur is gradually getting into the habit of forcing the instruments, string, wood, brass and skin.

I admire and respect the honesty and the industry of Mr. Huss. This is not said in a conventional way. These words are not offered as a salve. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance in Munich, where for a short time we were fellow students. I know the high purpose, the sincerity of the man and the musician. In this concerto there are abundant evidences of scholarship, but they are for the most part out of place and injurious to the continuity and the effect of the work. He has had an opportunity of hearing this concerto. It is his duty now to revise, enliven and above all prune with a merciless hand.

PHILIP HALE.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.
Mittwoch, 2. Januar 1895.

Das dritte Konzert des Boston Symphonie Orchesters. — Unter Mitwirkung der Solistin Frl. Adele aus der Ohe wird am nächsten Montag in der Academy of Music das dritte Konzert des berühmten Boston Symphonie Orchesters unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur stattfinden. Kunstfreunde seien auf dasselbe ganz besonders aufmerksam gemacht. Das Programm bietet folgende Tonwerke: Symphonie No. 7, Beethoven; Conzert für Pianoforte in A moll, Schumann; Ouverture, „Carneval", Dvorak; Ouverture, Scherzo, Nocturne und Hochzeitsmarsch aus „Sommernachtstraum", Mendelssohn.

Tickets sind in No. 1221 Chestnut Str. zu haben.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVII., NO. 6.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two of the Numbers Heard for the First Time in Boston.

Mr. Loeffler's Divertimento Remarkable for Its Piquant Capriciousness—His Triumph as Composer and Soloist Complete—The Mozart Symphony and the Dvorak Overture.

The programme for the concert of last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall was:

Symphony in D, No. 1.....Mozart
Divertmento, for violin and orchestra (MS.)
C. M. Loeffler
Suite, "In Holberg's Time".....Grieg
Overture, "Carneval".....Dvorak

The soloist was Mr. C. M. Loeffler. Two of the numbers were heard for the first time here. These were the divertiment and the overture. The Mozart symphony is not often heard here. It deserves more frequent performances, if only for the fascinating slow movement and the gay and melodious finale, with their Figaroish color and their freshness and beauty generally. The andante, in particular, is quite in the vein of the opera, and constantly suggests voices and stage action, and the last movement is full of the spirit of the two unequalled and unapproachable finales in that work. There are passages in it of exquisite grace and charm, and the wood wind are used with entrancing effect. The symphony was perfectly read as to tempi, feeling and character by Mr. Paur, the slow movement especially, which was given with a refreshing absence of that sickly sentimentality that is generally imparted to it. The Grieg suite is one of its composer's most felicitous successes. It is without his more striking mannerisms, and the writing for strings is masterly in its fulness and richness. The Dvorak overture is a wonderfully brilliant and stirring work. In several of its aspects it recalls Berlioz's 'Carneval Romaine," but it also has a character that is decidedly the composer's own. Its animation is immense, and is sustained with remarkable fertility of resource—orchestrally and otherwise. The themes are equally original and impressive, and the work as a whole can hardly fail of becoming a standard feature on concert programmes. It was played with a vigor that was fairly thrilling.

Mr. Loeffler's divertimento is a composition of great interest and originality. It is in three movements. The first is a "preambule," and the solo instrument dashes at once into species of "perpetual motion" of a purely virtuoso character, and from which a departure is seldom taken. Here and there is a moment of repose that gives a necessary contrast to the movement, but it is not long sustained. The interest is intensified by instrumentation that is as new as it is beautiful in effect, especially a charming combination in which the harp, violas and a horn are prominent. The second movement is an "eclogue," which is striking in the peculiar novelty of its suave themes and the orchestration that colors them. There are no violins except the solo instrument used in this part of the work, and some extraordinary effects are produced by the association of flutes, bassoons, the harp, an English horn and a muted trumpet.

The orchestration here is quite new and its delicacy is as notable as its novelty. The last movement entitled "Carnaval des morts" consists of variations on the well-known plain song "Dies Irae, dies illa." These variations are of a most extraordinary character, and tax the virtuosity of the player to the utmost. Here again the orchestration is impressive in its originality, and is of a more fiery and vigorous kind than is to be found in any other portion of the work. The divertimento is remarkable for its piquant capriciousness. It is a surprise from beginning to end, and never falls off in interest; while strange to say, dispite its extreme modern character in both form and treatment, it is never lacking in clearness and interest. Though complicated, the orchestration is always discreet, and is delightful in its effectiveness and its freedom from overloading and conventionality. The work is perhaps the best of its composer's efforts that have been heard in public.

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The next concert will be devoted wholly to Wagner. The programme is: "Rienzi," overture; "Tannhaeuser," (a) act 2, Elizabeth's aria; (b) act 3, Prelude; "The Flying Dutchman," overture; "Lohengrin," (a) act 2, balcony scene; (b) act 3, Prelude; "Die Meistersinger," (a) act 3, Prelude; (b), act 1, Walther's Preislied; "Rheingold," Procession of the Gods; "Die Walkure," Spring song; "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung," (a) Waldweben; (b) Siegfried's passage to Brunhilde's rock, morning dawn and Rhine journey (Richter arrangement).

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The orchestral accompaniment of the first movement is particularly elaborate, and utilizes the full resources of the modern band. There are several passages where the instrumentation is notably melodic and beautiful.

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The last movement is an elaborate writing, and consists chiefly of variations on the song "Dies irae, dies illa." The passages for the solo violin are uncommonly brilliant and difficult.

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PHILIP HALE.

[73]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 6, 1895.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—A NEW COMPOSITION BY MR. LOEFFLER, ETC.

The fourth concert of the Kneisel Quartette, which took place on Monday evening last, was a rich and beautiful performance as usual, the chief interest so far as art-work is concerned centering in the A-minor quartette of Beethoven. Between this and Haydn's cheery D major quartette, which ended the evening, was placed a novelty,—namely, a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, written by Hans Pfitzner. It was played most favorably by Mr. Arthur Whiting and Mr. Schroeder and made a very agreeable impression, for it was found to be well placed upon the instruments, clear in idea and scholarly in development, thus obtaining the approval of musicians and giving pleasure to laymen.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler is more than an accomplished and sterling violinist whose playing does justice to the fine school whose stamp it bears and an intelligent and sympathetic interpreter of other men's music. He is also a composer who writes—or at any rate publishes—little, but who has always something new and individual to say and says it well. What he has heretofore presented to Boston concert audiences has been accepted at once as emanating from a reflective and inventive mind working with broad knowledge and by personal experience through the best technical means of expression. He has now added to the short list already recorded to his credit a "Divertimento" for violin and orchestra, which Mr. Paur placed upon last night's Symphony programme and which won many recalls, in which the favor of the audience was divided between the composer and the executant, for Mr. Loeffler took upon himself the responsibility of the solo part and sustained it with a modest and complete art. The composition consists of three rather brief movements,—a prelude, which begins at once in the solo instrument with a swift and wandering allegro which suggests the temperament of a chaconne, but is interrupted by a graver, quicker episode or two; an eclogue, of bland and pastoral nature, in which no violins are used and wise combinations of the wind instruments give the chief support and coloring; and finally a "Carnival of the Dead," in which bold and striking variations are woven about themes derived from the "Dies Irae" plain song. Mr. Loeffler's peculiarly original bent, observable in the other two movements, is especially evident in this finale, wherein are many contrasts and surprises, as the moods fluctuate from the wild and weird to the grave and imperative or the gentle and sweet. The orchestration of the entire score is characterized by an originality which never descends to eccentricity or makes an effort to be singular, but expresses itself by means which appear as natural as they are new. Particularly to be noted are the episodes for full orchestra and a slower soft digression in the first movement, the two-part song which finds peace in the last movement, the delicate and frequent use of the harp and the many fully scored pages which are both exquisite in their interweaving and rich in their coloring. There is life in all the work and the impression it makes is altogether grateful and encouraging.

There was another new thing on the programme—a "Carnival" overture by Dvorak. One knows pretty well by this time what to expect from any composition which bears that brand. It will have one phrase of great animation and full of musical noise, preferably based upon some foot-joggling melody, and a phrase or two of a milder cast, so that the dreamers in the audience can rhapsodize about love-making in the midst of the hurly-burly or think more prosaically about bucolic souls plodding up and down through riotous revelry. Dvorak gives all this and throws into his score a lot of minor figures of all sorts which one can interpret according to his own knowledge or imagination of carnivalesque appearances and behaviors. The author's skill in instrumentation and his spirited ways are here combined, so that the overture is brisk and sturdy and works up to a clanging and rattling climax at last.

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There is no concert next week, but a week later a programme containing pretty nearly all the things which can be profitably extracted from Wagner will be presented.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Gazette

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The eleventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given last night at Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphony in D-major, No. 1.....Mozart
Divertimento A-minor.....C. M. Loeffler
Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Greig
Overture Carnival (first time).....Dvorak

The Mozart symphony calls for no particular mention at this late date; it was very finely and appreciatively played. The Divertimento in A-minor, for violin and orchestra is a credit to Mr. Loeffler; it is built from within outwards, it is filled with ideas, and the working out is truly a development, a growth, and not a mere display of technical knowledge. The first movement is restless gloom alternating with sunlight; it is a strong appeal to the emotions, but the feeling aroused is vague and sombre. The second movement is a fine contrast; it is a pastorale sweet in melody and developed with delightful originality and with the finest art. The orchestration is novel, and most attractive. This movement breathes of fresh air and calmness; it is a Claude landscape, full of sunlight and serenity. The third movement is more formal; the poet has given way to the scientist: there are no swift, sure flashes of beauty, but definitely-prepared-for surprises. The work throughout is finely scored. There is a wise avoidance of showy noise; a fine artistic restraint, in saying less than might be said; the stimulating a feeling of vagueness that the hearer can make definite according to his need of the moment. There is fine art in superabundance. Mr. Loeffler is first and always a lucid thinker, with full control over his emotions; and he is most conscientious. His work is polished to the highest degree with, at times, some loss of broadness. Mr. Loeffler at odd moments, forgets the composer in thinking of the instrument which he plays as beautifully and masterfully, and the skill of the soloist is then a weight on the imaginative flight of the composer. But taken all in all, the Divertimento is a work of rare beauty, a masterpiece of its kind; it is filled with countless beauties, the orchestration is fascinating written by a thorough musician, an original thinker, and an imaginative artist of a special and rare kind. Mr. Loeffler's violin playing was as charming as his composition, and both called forth the most enthusiastic and long-continued applause.

The Grieg suite is antiquity dressed in modern attire. A good, harmless old beau, who danced old tunes because they were young to him, danced them to the sound of a wheezy old clavichord, is made to go through the motions of dancing to the sound of all the technical wonders of a modern orchestra. With all respect to the composer, the old gavottes, sarabands and rigadoons are far better than the imitations for they are sincere in all their stately foolishness or gayety; with Grieg they are affectations. The thing is well done, but it would have been better if left undone. Technically considered the suite is deserving of praise only.

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BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
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Loeffler's Divertimento and the "Carneval" Overture.

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Then came Mr. Loeffler, with his divertimento in A minor, which was given its first hearing. When Mr. Loeffler undertook to write this composition he doubtless knew what he wanted to say musically, and he should be credited with an honest intent, if not with satisfactory results. The composition has little meaning or form, and is wofully lacking in pleasing harmonies. The first movement was rather quaint in places, and the second contained several graceful passages. The last movement, called "Carneval des Morts," is wild and heavy, and when the divertimento is finally finished, one is at a loss to know what it is all about. Mr. Loeffler's execution was almost faultless, as might have been expected, and at the end he was rewarded with a most cordial outburst of applause, which was not silenced until he had bowed his acknowledgments several times.

The Grieg suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit," came as a delightful relief. It was light and harmonious, and was charmingly played.

The overture to Dvorak's "Carneval" was new and proved a strong, musicianly composition. It starts in with the whole orchestra, with a theme which is quite fully developed before many bars have passed. It gradually diminishes until only the strings are heard in some beautiful passages. Then the original theme returns and is elaborately worked out, the overture ending brilliantly, almost where it began.

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THE BOSTON [illegible]

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The fourth of the season's series of concerts was given in Union hall last Monday evening. The programme was:

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Sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 1.....Pfitzner
Quartette in D, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn

When great players tackle a problem such as Beethoven's last quartette, the result cannot fail to be interesting, although the music itself may not be called entertaining. The Kneisel players added—if that is possible—to their laurels in their playing of the Beethoven work. While parts of it are wholly transparent and delightful, long stretches of it—particularly the adagio—can be made bearable by only the most perfect mastery in treatment. It had such treatment Monday evening, and close attention and hearty applause were the players' rewards.

The new work by Pfitzner, played by Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Arthur Whiting, struck us as in every sense worthy, but in no sense inspired.

It was excellently played, albeit that Mr. Whiting was at times a trifle less assertive than we would have desired.

The rendering of the fairy-like and brief third movement was ideal, and aroused real enthusiasm. The remarkable satisfactoriness of Mr. Whiting's method and style of playing were, perhaps, in this movement most clearly shown. Yet we would not be understood as saying that Mr. Whiting's playing of *fortissimo* passages is not excellent. On the contrary, in his stronger work he gives an impression of thorough command and reserve power. It is simply that his judgment as to the balance of power in the ensemble seemed to us occasionally faulty, and that he always erred toward subordination of the piano, never in the opposite direction.

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Established 1813.
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MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 7, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

It was probably the similarity of the works given, rather than their performance, that made three quarters of the concert of Saturday seem dry and tame. A symphony by Mozart considerably below the level of the great final three (written in 1788), a composition by Loeffler with very much virtuosity and very little inspiration, and a suite by Grieg in the periwigged vein formed the body of the concert, after which an overture by Dvorak, in the modern style, came with irresistible power. The preceding works may have been generally good in themselves, but an hour and a quarter without a gleam of modern passion or fervor, tended in the direction of dulness; after all we are of our own epoch and most responsive to its language.

Yet the Mozart symphony was all grace and delicacy and was played with absolute clearness and intelligence, and one must recognize the impossibility of limiting the representation of Mozart's symphonic expression forever to the G minor and the Jupiter symphony. Mr. Loeffler received a welcome that must have assured him of his hold upon the popular affection, and his performance of his own Divertimento proved (which needed no proof) his complete mastery of his instrument. He is not in sympathy with stormy passion, and his performance, as well as the composition itself, showed little of *Sturm* or *Drang*. There was a Chesterfieldian presentation of great difficulties without the obtrusion of a sign of effort. The first movement pleased the reviewer least, for it gave a free improvisational style such as Bruch used in the first movement of his G minor violin concerto, but without Bruch's poetry or romance. The last movement, with its use of an old church mode as Cantus, was quaint, but by no means as dramatic as its title would indicate. It was called "Carnaval des Morts," but was no more than suavely morbid, the skeletons being done up in dress coats and white kids for the occasion. It was Edgar Allan Poe diluted with Tupper. The movement was almost entirely a genteel reproduction of St. Saens or Berlioz. But it was another matter with the eclogue, the second movement; here the scoring was masterly, and since nothing intense was demanded, the composer was not overweighted.

The omission of violins made the solo instrument all the more impressive. Possibly Mr. Loeffler was led to this by a study of Brahms, who has achieved strong effects without violins (Mehul wrote an entire opera—"Uthal"—without violins), but he deserves credit for the application of this effect in violin concerto, where, so far as the reviewer knows, no master has yet employed it. The carillon-like chief theme, and the pastoral style of the entire movement were commendable, and this part of the work was up to Mr. Loeffler's best vein. The composer-performer was recalled again and again at the close of his work.

Now followed the quaint suite by Grieg "Aus Holberg's Zeit." It gave the string orchestra an opportunity to display their precision and excellent ensemble. It is interesting to find the composer of "Peer Gynt," who usually revels in bizarre touches, holding himself strictly to the old and conservative school in this suite, at times, as in the Gavotte, giving a distinct flavor of Bach. There was a good, clear atmosphere in this work, but there had been so little of piquancy in the preceding numbers that the conservatism came in the wrong place. Yet one must pay tribute to the chaste and pure vein of it all, a whiff from the last century; after all the Trilbys of the present do not wholly abolish the Pamelas of the past, even in music.

But one could not help being more in sympathy with Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, which received its first Boston performance on this occasion. Here was modern thought and modern orchestration, with all its fervor. The work was bold from the very beginning; full of contrast, yet not slighting the demands of melody, this overture made a splendid impression even upon a first hearing. There were some distinctly Wagnerian touches, the "Tannhaueser Overture" being strongly suggested more than once. The performance was a brilliant one, the violins especially deserving praise, for they were used mercilessly in the highest positions (Berlioz and Wagner have caused the orchestral violins to fulfil solo requirements) yet showed no hesitancy, and gave no suspicion of blurring. The next concert, as if to atone for the general mildness of this, is to consist wholly of Wagnerian numbers. It will take place a week from Saturday, as our orchestral Jasons are this week in search of the golden fleece in our musical suburbs. LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 6, 1895.

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THE BOSTON TIMES

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But one could not help being more in sympathy with Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, which received its first Boston performance on this occasion. Here was modern thought and modern orchestration, with all its fervor. The work was bold from the very beginning; full of contrast, yet not slighting the demands of melody, this overture made a splendid impression even upon a first hearing. There were some distinctly Wagnerian touches, the "Tannhaueser Overture" being strongly suggested more than once. The performance was a brilliant one, the violins especially deserving praise, for they were used mercilessly in the highest positions (Berlioz and Wagner have caused the orchestral violins to fulfil solo requirements) yet showed no hesitancy, and gave no suspicion of blurring. The next concert, as if to atone for the general mildness of this, is to consist wholly of Wagnerian numbers. It will take place a week from Saturday, as our orchestral Jasons are this week in search of the golden fleece in our musical suburbs. LOUIS C. ELSON.

[74]

...ton Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1895.

...ic Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert last Saturday evening was from the following programme:

Mozart: Symphony in D major, No. 1.
Adagio.
Andante.
Finale: Presto.
C. M. Loeffler: Divertimento in A minor, for Violin and Orchestra (MS.) (First time.)
I. Preambule.
II. Eclogue.
III. Carnaval des morts.
Grieg: Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit."
Dvorak: Overture, "Carneval." (First time.)

The Mozart symphony, one of the most characteristic of the master, was delightfully played and proved a gratifying and refreshing draft from the purest wells of music undefiled. Taken together with the Grey suite, "In Holberg's Time," a clever and pleasing imitation of the old forms of music, with sarabande and rigodon, it furnished a setting of fine antique elegance in which to frame the extremely modern music of the two other numbers of the well-balanced programme, Mr. Loeffler's ultra-impressionistic divertisements and Dvorak's splendidly sensuous "Carneval" overture. As the work of a resident artist Mr. Loeffler's suite exacted special interest and was listened to with warm sympathy and received with loud plaudits, the composer being recalled several times after the triumphant performance of his newest concert piece. Like its predecessors heard in these concerts, it is of a dainty, wayward grace and gossamer texture, and somewhat too shifting, vague and indistinct of purpose for instant comprehension by the "general"—of course intentionally so, for many passages occur where the meaning becomes straightforward and clear and easily understood, and the accompanying effects of the orchestration are sufficiently to the popular liking to leave as the total impression one of pleasure. But the opening movement or "preambule" is almost formless fiddling—that is, apparently merely a picture of a violin virtuoso preluding as if alone and practising over and over the tricks and feats and graces of the craft—most ably and subtly executed, of course, with Mr. Loeffler as soloist presented for public entertainment, however, such music reminds one of the story of the Chinese embassy's enjoying most at the grand opera the preliminary tuning up. The second part, named "gelogue," conveys a deliciously pastoral suggestiveness according with its elegant title, as fitful in purpose as a light summer breeze laden with field flowers' fragrance and as changeable in direction as yellow butterflies on the wing in the sunshine. After this genial and ethereal fancy the "Carnaval des morts" with its heavily scored introduction on the "Dus Iral" seems rather too startlingly and rudely uncongruous even for an acknowledged "advertisements." But the reminiscences of Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre" cropping out is not the only suggestion of the dull clatter of the skeletons in the charnel house—the tonal color and atmosphere on the instrumentation is somehow made stifling, stuffy, flat, not to say fetid, and disagreeable, as utterly deprived of the essential charm of music as the interior of a well-whitewashed and cemented family vault. It is needless to say that Mr. Loeffler's skill, scholarship, modish tastes, and virtuosity are always in evidence throughout his odd, capricious combination of solo reverie and broad effectism for orchestra, but it is mainly, for all but musicians, of the stuff that dreams are made of. Grief's piece immediately following and Doorck's after it. And the effect of getting into fresh air and natural daylight again,—the innocent enjoyment there is for the public in clear, melodic phrases and emphatic rythmes, with some charm—unstrained and unforced, some sense, some true power as well as technical accomplishments.

There will be no rehearsal or concert by the Symphony Orchestra this week. The twelfth rehearsal and concert will be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan. 18 and 19. The programme will be taken exclusively from the compositions of Wagner, including overtures to Reenzo and The Flying Dutchman, Elizabeth's ava and prelude to act 3 from Tanuhauser, balcony scene and prelude act 3 from Sohengrin, and selections from Die Meistersinger, Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried and Die Götterdämmeruy.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 8. Januar 1895.

Das Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur gab gestern Abend in der Academy of Music ein großes Konzert unter Mitwirkung der Piano-Virtuosin Frl. Adele aus der Ohe, welches den Besuchern großen Genuß bereitete und zu den besten Konzerten dieses berühmten Orchesters gezählt werden muß. Es wurde Beethovens siebente Symphonie gespielt, deren Schönheiten von dem Orchester in meisterhafter Weise zum Ausdruck gebracht wurden; ferner Mendelssohns Musik zum „Sommernachtstraum", wobei die Vorzüglichkeit der Streich- und Holzblas-Instrumente des Orchesters zur vollen Geltung kamen und eine neue Ouverture „Carneval" von Dvorak, eine sehr interessante und packende Composition. Frl. aus der Ohe legte durch den Vortrag des Pianokonzertes von Schuman wiederum den Beweis ihrer Meisterschaft in Technik, Ton und poetischer Auffassung ab.

Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 9, 1895.

...ymphony Orchestra in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan 8—This was Wagner night with the Boston symphony orchestra, and the program was an admirably selected one and rendered as ... the symphony orchestra can. De... the crowd and it rained and ... incessantly all the evening, the ... was crowded with a very fashion... audience. The program included ... from "Rienzi," "Tannhauser," ... Dutchman," "Lohengrin," ... "Rheingold," "Die ... Siegfried" and "Die Gotter... The soloists were Miss ... and Mr Anton Schott.

The Leader.

JANUARY, 1895.

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The piano part in the concerto was played by Mrs. Ernest Lent who has skilful fingers, but who plays heavily and not always clearly and who never succeeded in reaching up to the height of Rubinstein's ideas. It was almost painful to witness her exertions, and why she was selected, while we have so many better players in our city, is a problem that I cannot solve.

The third Kneisel concert was dull. The Mendelssohn Quartet, No. 1 in D major, has ceased to be interesting; it is affected, permeated with sweet unmeaning sentimentalism and rises like an unwelcome Banquo's ghost at the festival of modern music. Another item on the programme was a Brahms quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola and 'cello. Its great merit was that it allowed Mr. Leon Pourtau of the symphony orchestra to appear in chamber music. Mr. Pourtau is a master of the clarinet, the tones he produces are always clear and beautiful and of the very finest quality; he plays without effort, and is technically so proficient that difficulties seem commonplaces under his fingers. It was a delight to hear him. The gem of the concert, however, was the great Beethoven piano trio in B-flat, with Mr. Carl Baermann as interpreter. In my last letter I gave you my opinion of Mr. Baermann and I do not intend to repeat myself; but he is really the ideal Beethoven interpreter, and I do not know which to admire most his beautiful touch or the fine artistic broadness of his interpretation. He gives us the utmost finish, but broadness of conception is not sacrificed in minuteness of details, all going towards the making of a perfect harmonious whole. The beautiful work was beautifully played.

Boston Commonwealth.

DECEMBER 15, 1894

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VOL. XCVII., NO. 11.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra's Performance in New York Last Night.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1895. Wagner was the sole composer represented upon the programme of the concert given this evening in the Metropolitan by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Evidently an attempt had been made to exhibit the art life of the master, from the cradle to the grave. Every period in the development of his genius, and every phase of his fecund imagination was displayed in some example, covering as they did "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Hollaender," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger" and the "Nibelungen" series.

The performance was worthy of the programme. The prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" was not as clear as it would have been had the tempo not been so extremely fast, for, though the technique of the organization, taken as a body, is equal to anything, an air of breathless agitation characterized the excerpt.

On the other hand, the prelude to the third act of "Tannhauser" was a perfect example of poetic pathos, and the prelude from "Die Meistersinger"—again the third act—was a marvel of tonal color and grace. The overture to "Rienzi," too, was excellently played, notwithstanding a "quack" in the brass.

Mme. Nordica sang the "Dich, Heure Halle," with magnificent breadth. The number was the most perfect in performance of any during the evening, for it breathed a spirit of exalted passion.

The excerpt from "Lohengrin"—the balcony music—was rather too dreamy, for it was almost inaudible.

Mr. Anton Schott made a strident reappearance in Wagner's "Preislied" and the "Fruhlingslied" from "Die Walkure" and delighted many of the audience.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert last Saturday evening was from the following programme:

Mozart Symphony in D major, No. 1.
Adagio.
Andante.
Finale: Presto.
C. M. Loeffler: Divertimento in A minor, for Violin and Orchestra (MS.) (First time.)
I. Preambule.
II. Ectogue.
III. Carnaval des morts.
Grieg: Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit."
Dvorak: Overture, "Carneval." (First time.)

The Mozart symphony, one of the most characteristic of the master, was delightfully played and proved a gratifying and refreshing draft from the purest wells of music undefiled. Taken together with the Grey suite, "In Holberg's Time," a clever and pleasing imitation of the old forms of music, with sarabande and rigodon, it furnished a setting of fine antique elegance in which to frame the extremely modern music of the two other numbers of the well-balanced programme, Mr. Loeffler's ultra-impressionistic divertisements and Dvorak's splendidly sensuous "Carneval" overture. As the work of a resident artist Mr. Loeffler's suite exacted special interest and was listened to with warm sympathy and received with loud plaudits, the composer being recalled several times after the triumphant performance of his newest concert piece. Like its predecessors heard in these concerts, it is of a dainty, wayward grace and gossamer texture, and somewhat too shifting, vague and indistinct of purpose for instant comprehension by the "general"—of course intentionally so, for many passages occur where the meaning becomes straightforward and clear and easily understood, and the accompanying effects of the orchestration are sufficiently to the popular liking to leave as the total impression one of pleasure. But the opening movement or "preambule" is almost formless fiddling—that is, apparently merely a picture of a violin virtuoso preluding as if alone and practising over and over the tricks and feats and graces of the craft—most ably and subtly executed, of course, with Mr. Loeffler as soloist presented for public entertainment, however, such music reminds one of the story of the Chinese embassy's enjoying most at the grand opera the preliminary tuning up. The second part, named "gelogue," conveys a deltciously pastoral suggestiveness according with its elegant title, as fitful in purpose as a light summer breeze laden with field flowers' fragrance and as changeable in direction as yellow butterflies on the wing in the sunshine. After this genial and ethereal fancy the "Carnaval des morts" with its heavily scored introduction on the "Dus Iral" seems rather too startlingly and rudely uncongruous even for an acknowledged "advertisements." But the reminiscences of Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre" cropping out is not the only suggestion of the dull clatter of the skeletons in the charnel house—the tonal color and atmosphere on the instrumentation is somehow made stifling, stuffy, flat, not to say fetid, and disagreeable, as utterly deprived of the essential charm of music as the interior of a well-whitewashed and cemented family vault. It is needless to say that Mr. Loeffler's skill, scholarship, modish tastes, and virtuosity are always in evidence throughout his odd, capricious combination of solo reverie and broad effectism for orchestra, but it is mainly, for all but musicians, of the stuff that dreams are made of. Grief's piece immediately following and Doorok's after it. And the effect of getting into fresh air and natural daylight again,—the innocent enjoyment there is for the public in clear, melodic phrases and emphatic rythmes, with some charm—unstrained and unforced, some sense, some true power as well as technical accomplishments.

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Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 8. Januar 1895.

Das Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur gab gestern Abend in der Academy of Music ein großes Konzert unter Mitwirkung der Piano-Virtuosin Frl. Adele aus der Ohe, welches den Besuchern großen Genuß bereitete und zu den besten Konzerten dieses berühmten Orchesters gezählt werden muß. Es wurde Beethovens siebente Symphonie gespielt, deren Schönheiten von dem Orchester in meisterhafter Weise zum Ausdruck gebracht wurden; ferner Mendelssohns Musik zum „Sommernachtstraum", wobei die Vorzüglichkeit der Streich- und Holzblas-Instrumente des Orchesters zur vollen Geltung kamen und eine neue Ouverture „Carneval" von Dvorak, eine sehr interessante und packende Composition. Frl. aus der Ohe legte durch den Vortrag des Piano-Konzertes von Schuman wiederum den Beweis ihrer Meisterschaft in Technik, Ton und poetischer Auffassung ab.

Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 9, 1895.

Symphony Orchestra in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan 8—This was Wagner night with the Boston symphony orchestra, and the program was an admirably selected one and rendered as only the symphony orchestra can. Despite the night, and it rained and snowed incessantly all the evening, the hall was crowded with a very fashionable audience. The program included selections from "Rienzi," "Tannhauser," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung." The soloists were Miss [illegible]herra and Mr Anton Schott.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1895.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert in Union Hall December 31. The program was as follows: Beethoven's A minor quartet, op. 132; a novelty, a sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 1, composed by Pfitzner, of Frankfort, and played by Messrs. Schroeder and Arthur Whiting, and a quartet in G major by Haydn. I regret to say that I cannot find anywhere an adequate account of the sonata. The reviewers were at the production of "Westward Ho."

Pleasing concerts were given last week by the Dartmouth College Glee Club and Mr. Clayton Johns. The latter was assisted by Miss Franklin, Miss Little and Mr. Gebhard.

* * *

The program of the Eleventh Symphony concert, given the 5th, was as follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Divertimento in A minor, for violin and orchestra.....C. M. Loeffler
Preambule.
Eclogue.
Carnaval des morts.
(Ms.) First time.
Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
Overture, "Carnaval".....Dvorák
(First time.)

Mr. Loeffler's composition is one of genuine interest. The first movement opens immediately with the solo violin in loose figuration, a sort of perpetuum mobile against a pedal, and this apparently rambling figure is in character the nub of the movement, although there are melodic episodes of tender, melancholy or sturdy nature. There is an example of peculiar instrumentation in episode molti tranquillo, where the harp and a few violas flow in unison against the song of the solo violin while a horn sustains.

No violins are used in the eclogue. There are three flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons English horn, two horns, two trumpets, harp, kettledrums, and the usual strings with the exception noted. This movement is delightful in melody and in color. There is, for instance, a remarkable effect, due chiefly to the use of stopped trumpets. Against these effective, often strange combinations of color the solo violin stands out in bold relief.

The finale is a series of variations on the plainsong "Dies irae, dies illa." The theme is declaimed moderato and then treated somewhat after the fashion of a passacaglia. The second verse of the plainsong is used later. The cadenza is rather a series of modulatory passages than a formal cadenza.

Mr. Loeffler played with accuracy, and the peculiar brilliancy and purity that are peculiar to him. The solo part swarms with difficulties, but he played it with an air of provoking ease. He was applauded most enthusiastically.

* * *

Mr. Loeffler is a decadent. He believes in tonal impressions rather than in thematic development. How fastidious he is in his search after the proper, the one, the felicitous word! Do you know Jean Moréas? Or "L'Imitation de Notre-Dame la Lune," by Jules Laforgue? When I hear music by Mr. Loeffler I think of such decadents.

Let me explain more fully, or more obscurely. There is a strange story, entitled "The Sixth Marriage of Blue Beard," and the man that dreamed it is Henri de Régnier. You must know that Blue Beard left a widow, Héliade, whom he loved dearly: the Shepherdess, who came to meet the wedding procession, clothed in naught but her loveliness, for she was poor and had no robe worthy her lord. Naked she was wedded to him, and she was sacred to him because he had slain his other wives on account of their robes. Each robe was in a room reserved for it in the great castle. Each room was odorous with a particular perfume. The furniture was in harmony with robe and perfume. And Blue Beard would spend hours going from room to room, stroking his long beard with its tinges of silver. The solitary Lover went still further in his melancholy pleasure:—

"Far-off and fitting music came sighing through the wall. About the white robe (O tender Emmène, it was thine!) crept the slowness of the languishing viol; near the blue (which was thine, O naïve Poncette!) the hautboy sang; by the side of thine, melancholy Blismode, a lute sighed because robe was mauve and eyes were always lowered; a fife laughed, and oh how shrill! to remind that thou wert an enigma, in thy green and choral robe. Tharsile! but the instruments sounded together when the master visited the robe of Alède, a strange robe, which always seemed to clothe a phantom; then the music whispered low because Blue Beard had loved this Alède with a mighty love. She was the twin of Sister Anne; you would have taken one for the other, and he yearned for a new wife who would resemble the two, because they are six in number, these shades that wander at night about the olden ruin, and it is the last one only who is clothed."

It was Mr. Loeffler who should have arranged this music for Blue Beard. For he has the delicate sentiment, the curiosity of the hunter after nuances, the love of the macabre, the cool fire that consumes and is more deadly than fierce, panting flame.

Mr. Loeffler is more than an experimenter in color. He is a man of refined and fantastic imagination. He has set some of Verlaine's verses to music; voice, piano and viola obligato. And the viola is the one instrument that would sympathize with Verlaine.

Do you wish me to tell you about the variations on the "Dies iræ"? You must hear them for yourself. Would it be of benefit if you knew that the theme was first handled thus and in the next place so! If you are adamant in the matter of form you will undoubtedly exclaim, "Very clever and superbly played." And if that is all you say you never will understand Mr. Loeffler, for to him there is no absolute proof that 2×2—4.

* * *

Nor did the juxtaposition of Mozart and Loeffler injure either. In keeping, too, were the air and the saraband from Grieg's suite. Then, with crash and fury and bursting blood vessels, the music of Dvorák dismissed the audience that was fired with her bacchantic fury before she told them the full purport of the tender andantino, which is as though lovers sighed and whispered in a dimly lighted cul-de-sac, while the Carnival torrent swept impetuously through the neighboring thoroughfare. PHILIP HALE.

SOUR ON PAUR.

MR. HENDERSON wrote the following in the "Times" last Sunday:

"Be ye faithful unto death" is the motto of the Boston scribes. This is how Philip Hale rejoices in the "Journal" that Boston got Paur instead of Richter:

"Here is a remarkable instance of narrowness, if the statements are true. Hans Richter loved Wagner so that he therefore felt obliged to hate Rubinstein. He has prohibited the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he is the leader, from playing at the Rubinstein Festival to be held at the Singakademie, and Rubinstein's works are not allowed on the programs of the Philharmonic concerts. This deplorable attitude is the cause for much comment in musical circles in Vienna.

"It is in many ways an excellent thing for Boston that Hans Richter did not succeed Mr. Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the first place, he is in his fifty-second year, and good judges say that he is careless in drill and slovenly at times in his public conducting. He is an ultra Wagnerite, 'sot' in his notions, and narrow in his ideas concerning modern music. He is a fine example of the old saying, 'No bigot like a radical.'

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Mr. Paur conducted with much enthusiasm and vigor; the orchestra played with great brio, but was militated against by the weather, to which, no doubt, was due the considerable false intonation noticed. Mr. Kneisel, the concert master, did full justice to his lovely obligato in the "Waldweben," and the whole concert was a delightful affair.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert in the series by the Boston Symphony orchestra comes late this year on account of the inability of the managers to secure a date at the Academy of Music. It will be given this evening and the programme was rehearsed yesterday in the presence of a somewhat larger audience than that of the November concert. Mr. Paur departed from his precedent and gave a bill that was two and one-quarter hours' long. Some of the programmes of this orchestra have been less than an hour and a half in length. The leading number, in position and consequence, is Beethoven's Seventh symphony. Mr. Paur's reading of this work is not so smooth as that of Mr. Thomas, who has played it on the same stage many a time, but there was a force, a dash, an impetus that are rarely to be heard. These qualities are usually secured at the expense of finish, and it was so yesterday. The brasses had too much liberty and some of the accents were harsh. But the reading emphasized the wonderful vitality of the symphony. Genius has been variously described as patience, aptitude, study and the art of taking pains; but Beethoven, like Handel, Michael Angelo and Shakspeare, showed that a plenitude of life was one of its attributes. This is the writing of a man with a big brain, a big heart, sound stomach and strong nerves. There is a splendid animalism in it. And, unless it may be the Fifth symphony, there is no composition that has so large a reach of meaning. It is a conspectus of the whole art musical. Tragedy and comedy roar and laugh through it, the theme dances and anon it plods as heavily as a mourner to the tomb. Nothing has been written that surpasses the scherzo in gaiety and freshness, and the hoarse grunts of the bassoons—an Aristophenean croaking chorus—are employed humorously, yet with cunning contrast, to make the play of the violins and sparkle of the wood wind the lighter and finer. There is one modulation in this movement that ties the trio over to the repeat of the scherzo proper, that in thrilling beauty has no likeness in the literature of the orchestra—the change from D to F; only a few notes, but notes that mean as much as some epics. The calm and sunshiny dignity of the opening, the sad beauty of the allegretto and the wh iri of the finale, where one might fancy that Beethoven was trying to describe the rush of the planets around the sun, "tumbling steep in the uncontinented deep," are in fine contrast with the brilliancy of the scherzo.

Adele Aus Der Ohe was the soloist, and she played the Schumann A minor concerto, a work of mind and soundness, for Schumann is the most intellectual of composers, and for that reason, maybe, one of the most melancholy. Miss Aus Der Ohe played this number clearly, correctly, with even a touch of romance, but her style is that of health and robustness. She hears music as one imagines that she sees life, as a perfectly normal manifestation, and her fingers gambol over an allegro more willingly than they lag through the measures of a largo. She plays much as she did when she was last in Brooklyn, and received as hearty a welcome. She was called out three or four times, but there were other pieces on the programme, and she wisely declined to tire herself or the audience with a repetition of the concerto. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" suite, lacking the vocal parts, was played with sympathy, yet with muscle. It was a well fed crowd of fairies that gamboled through the overture, and something more than flower nectar was the food, too; there was a half suspicion of hot frankfurters. The scherzo and nocturne were somewhat more restrained, but in the wedding march the trombones and cornets had things much their own way. The queer conceit of Saint-Saens that he has formulated into his prelude to "The Deluge" discovered the excellence of the strings, and in the solo part of it, for Mr. Kneisel, that modest young artist gained quite his share of glory. His tone reminds one somewhat of Ysaye's in its clearness and resonance, and when the strings altogether were at work the delightful voice quality was obvious. It is hard to say what an overture means without hearing the work that it preludes, but judging from this exhibit the view taken by the French composer is that the cataclysm which drowned the world was rather a subject for sentimental regret than for surprise and horror.

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No Dinner for Mr Paur.

The dinner announced to be given to Conductor Paur of the Boston Symphony orchestra by the Musicians' club this evening, has been postponed and in its place an informal reception will be tendered him at the club rooms from 6 to 7 P. M.

[76]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1895.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert in Union Hall December 31. The program was as follows: Beethoven's A minor quartet, op. 132; a novelty, a sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 1, composed by Pfitzner, of Frankfort, and played by Messrs. Schroeder and Arthur Whiting, and a quartet in G major by Haydn. I regret to say that I cannot find anywhere an adequate account of the sonata. The reviewers were at the production of "Westward Ho."

Pleasing concerts were given last week by the Dartmouth College Glee Club and Mr. Clayton Johns. The latter was assisted by Miss Franklin, Miss Little and Mr. Gebhard.

* * *

The program of the Eleventh Symphony concert, given the 5th, was as follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Divertimento in A minor, for violin and orchestra.....C. M. Loeffler
Preambule.
Eclogue.
Carnaval des morts.
(Ms.) First time.
Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
Overture, "Carnaval".....Dvorák
(First time.)

Mr. Loeffler's composition is one of genuine interest. The first movement opens immediately with the solo violin in loose figuration, a sort of perpetuum mobile against a pedal, and this apparently rambling figure is in character the nub of the movement, although there are melodic episodes of tender, melancholy or sturdy nature. There is an example of peculiar instrumentation in episode molti tranquillo, where the harp and a few violas flow in unison against the song of the solo violin while a horn sustains.

No violins are used in the eclogue. There are three flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons English horn, two horns, two trumpets, harp, kettledrums, and the usual strings with the exception noted. This movement is delightful in melody and in color. There is, for instance, a remarkable effect, due chiefly to the use of stopped trumpets. Against these effective, often strange combinations of color the solo violin stands out in bold relief.

The finale is a series of variations on the plainsong "Dies irae, dies illa." The theme is declaimed moderato and then treated somewhat after the fashion of a passacaglia. The second verse of the plainsong is used later. The cadenza is rather a series of modulatory passages than a formal cadenza.

Mr. Loeffler played with accuracy, and the peculiar brilliancy and purity that are peculiar to him. The solo part swarms with difficulties, but he played it with an air of provoking ease. He was applauded most enthusiastically.

* * *

Mr. Loeffler is a decadent. He believes in tonal impressions rather than in thematic development. How fastidious he is in his search after the proper, the one, the felicitous word! Do you know Jean Moréas? Or "L'Imitation de Notre-Dame la Lune," by Jules Laforgue? When I hear music by Mr. Loeffler I think of such decadents.

Let me explain more fully, or more obscurely. There is a strange story, entitled "The Sixth Marriage of Blue Beard," and the man that dreamed it is Henri de Régnier. You must know that Blue Beard left a widow, Héliade, whom he loved dearly: the Shepherdess, who came to meet the wedding procession, clothed in naught but her loveliness, for she was poor and had no robe worthy her lord. Naked she was wedded to him, and she was sacred to him because he had slain his other wives on account of their robes. Each robe was in a room reserved for it in the great castle. Each room was odorous with a particular perfume. The furniture was in harmony with robe and perfume. And Blue Beard would spend hours going from room to room, stroking his long beard with its tinges of silver. The solitary Lover went still further in his melancholy pleasure:—

"Far-off and fitting music came sighing through the wall. About the white robe (O tender Emmène, it was thine!) crept the slowness of the languishing viol; near the blue (which was thine, O naive Poncette!) the hautboy sang; by the side of thine, melancholy Blismode, a lute sighed because robe was mauve and eyes were always lowered; a fife laughed, and oh how shrill! to remind that thou wert an enigma, in thy green and choral robe. Tharsile! but the instruments sounded together when the master visited the robe of Alède, a strange robe, which always seemed to clothe a phantom; then the music whispered low because Blue Beard had loved this Alède with a mighty love. She was the twin of Sister Anne; you would have taken one for the other, and he yearned for a new wife who would resemble the two, because they are six in number, these shades that wander at night about the olden ruin, and it is the last one only who is clothed."

It was Mr. Loeffler who should have arranged this music for Blue Beard. For he has the delicate sentiment, the curiosity of the hunter after nuances, the love of the macabre, the cool fire that consumes and is more deadly than fierce, panting flame.

Mr. Loeffler is more than an experimenter in color. He is a man of refined and fantastic imagination. He has set some of Verlaine's verses to music; voice, piano and viola obligato. And the viola is the one instrument that would sympathize with Verlaine.

Do you wish me to tell you about the variations on the "Dies iræ"? You must hear them for yourself. Would it be of benefit if you knew that the theme was first handled thus and in the next place so! If you are adamant in the matter of form you will undoubtedly exclaim, "Very clever and superbly played." And if that is all you say you never will understand Mr. Loeffler, for to him there is no absolute proof that 2×2=4.

* * *

Nor did the juxtaposition of Mozart and Loeffler injure either. In keeping, too, were the air and the saraband from Grieg's suite. Then, with crash and fury and bursting blood vessels, the music of Dvorák dismissed the audience that was fired with her bacchantic fury before she told them the full purport of the tender andantino, which is as though lovers sighed and whispered in a dimly lighted cul-de-sac, while the Carnival torrent swept impetuously through the neighboring thoroughfare. PHILIP HALE.

SOUR ON PAUR.

MR. HENDERSON wrote the following in the "Times" last Sunday:

"Be ye faithful unto death" is the motto of the Boston scribes. This is how Philip Hale rejoices in the "Journal" that Boston got Paur instead of Richter:

"Here is a remarkable instance of narrowness, if the statements are true. Hans Richter loved Wagner so that he therefore felt obliged to hate Rubinstein. He has prohibited the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he is the leader, from playing at the Rubinstein Festival to be held at the Singakademie, and Rubinstein's works are not allowed on the programs of the Philharmonic concerts. This deplorable attitude is the cause for much comment in musical circles in Vienna.

"It is in many ways an excellent thing for Boston that Hans Richter did not succeed Mr. Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the first place, he is in his fifty-second year, and good judges say that he is careless in drill and slovenly at times in his public conducting. He is an ultra Wagnerite, 'sot' in his notions, and narrow in his ideas concerning modern music. He is a fine example of the old saying, 'No bigot like a radical.'

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

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Adele Aus Der Ohe was the soloist, and she played the Schumann A minor concerto, a work of mind and soundness, for Schumann is the most intellectual of composers, and for that reason, maybe, one of the most melancholy. Miss Aus Der Ohe played this number clearly, correctly, with even a touch of romance, but her style is that of health and robustness. She hears music as one imagines that she sees life, as a perfectly normal manifestation, and her fingers gambol over an allegro more willingly than they lag through the measures of a largo. She plays much as she did when she was last in Brooklyn, and received as hearty a welcome. She was called out three or four times, but there were other pieces on the programme, and she wisely declined to tire herself or the audience with a repetition of the concerto. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" suite, lacking the vocal parts, was played with sympathy, yet with muscle. It was a well fed crowd of fairies that gamboled through the overture, and something more than flower nectar was the food, too; there was a half suspicion of hot frankfurters. The scherzo and nocturne were somewhat more restrained, but in the wedding march the trombones and cornets had things much their own way. The queer conceit of Saint-Saens that he has formulated into his prelude to "The Deluge" discovered the excellence of the strings, and in the solo part of it, for Mr. Kneisel, that modest young artist gained quite his share of glory. His tone reminds one somewhat of Ysaye's in its clearness and resonance, and when the strings altogether were at work the delightful voice quality was obvious. It is hard to say what an overture means without hearing the work that it preludes, but judging from this exhibit the view taken by the French composer is that the cataclysm which drowned the world was rather a subject for sentimental regret than for surprise and horror.

The closing piece was a work by Dvorak—a Carnival overture, that had not before been played. It is musicianly in its construction, but as wild as a gypsy dance in its inception. Dvorak is another man who carries a great quantity of steam. The "Carnival" is written at high pressure and with an almost barbaric clamor. It suggests a circus coming into town, with a whole procession of red wagons and several live elephants. It is not coarse, however; on the contrary, there are some bits of song for the wood wind, notably for the English horn, that are almost lovely, and in the most swinging and easy of the themes there is a hint of that sadness that seems to pertain to the art of eastern Europe which Mr. Dvorak exemplifies. He is one of the last of men to stand chargeable with thematic peculation, hence the likeness of some of his chromatic runs and ascents to the "Tannhauser" bacchanal may be honestly set down to accident. The orchestra found congenial employment in this overutre, and it brought the concert to a close with a fine sense of exploit. The programme will be repeated under advantageous circumstances to-night, and the next concert will occur in the early part of February.

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[76]

THE MORNING HERALD

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

AN EVENING WITH WAGNER.

An Exclusive Programme of Works by This Composer Presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

WHILE Emil Paur does not possess the qualifications that characterize the ideal orchestra conductor, he nevertheless showed himself last night to be a fairly intelligent reader of Richard Wagner's writings. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the third concert of the season in the Music Hall, and presented an exclusive Wagner programme, quite a novelty in these parts.

Seidl has done something in this direction during his rare visits to this city, but while he is the superior as far as interpretation goes, he had not the good fortune to have such a splendid corps of instrumentalists at his command.

It was also noticeable last night that the lethargic disposition which characterized the orchestra upon previous occasions was happily absent. The men seemed to have become imbued with the Wagner spirit now sweeping over the musical people of this country, and they did full justice to the works essayed.

The occasion offered a good opportunity for Baltimoreans to contrast the ideas of Paur and Seidl—the one arrogant in mannerisms yet conscientiously aggressive, and the other good-natured in spirit but lacking of firmness and command.

Yet withal Mr. Paur produced a concert well in keeping with the Boston Symphony standard, and the Baltimore public showed as much eagerness to be considered worshipers at the shrine of Wagner as has been known of other musical assemblages throughout the land.

The programme was well selected. The only fault to be found, if any, was the over-abundance of entire act selections, and this had the effect of making the entertainment somewhat tiresome to those who take exceptions to the same style of compositions being played all evening. With few exceptions, the numbers were fairly familiar, but they all seemed new from the splendid manner in which they were presented.

One feature was the novel tempo given for the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the change was certainly a gratifying one. The rapidity of action in the introductory motif precluded dragging work by horns and trombones, which is usually an instance that mars the work of other organizations.

That the tone of the concert be kept intact, the Wagner solos were sung by experienced Wagner vocalists. Miss Elsa Kutscheria was the soprano; a powerful woman with a powerful voice, equal to the volume of accompaniment, but lacking in warmth and music. She sung the recitative for Elizabeth from the second act of "Tannhauser," and an aria from the balcony scene of "Lohengrin," the latter which was the better rendered of the two.

Herr Anton Schott was the other soloist He is also "built" to meet the occasion with a strong tenor voice that shows considerable evidence of much Wagner wear and tear. Herr Schott is amusing if not entertaining, and at once became a favorite. His numbers were Walter's "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger," and a "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure." He received an ovation after the first selection, and seemed surprised at so much warmth on such a cold night.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra should certainly feel gratified that so large and brilliant an audience turned out in all that snow, slush and rain to attend the concert. After the performance the scene in front of the hall was one long to be remembered. Hackmen and policemen stood dripping, ankle deep in slush, shouting out numbers, and their cries were returned with vigor by those under hosts of umbrellas who were anxious to ride home.

The Times

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 8, 1895.

Academy of Music.

A thoroughly well chosen and well executed programme drew one of the largest audiences of the season to the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music. The house was crowded in every part, and never did this fine organization confer greater pleasure upon the lovers of good music. The symphony was Beethoven's seventh, always a joy to listen to. Mr. Paur's reading is sometimes peculiar and not always convincing; but it is always clear and firm, and the work of the orchestra under his direction was admirable throughout. The allegretto was played with uncommon beauty of sentiment and the final allegro was as noble a piece of ensemble playing as one could demand, full of life and color and movement and splendidly effective. Miss Aus der Ohe, who was warmly welcomed after an absence of two seasons, during which she has continued to advance in all the qualities of a great pianist, played the Schumann A minor concerto with a really masterly fluency and brilliancy, with a broad artistic conception and a refinement of feeling that made her performance, sustained by Mr. Paur and the orchestra with rare appreciation and taste, one to be remembered with delight. These two great compositions made up the body of the programme, but the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music which followed would have made the concert noteworthy. As a mere piece of dainty execution neither of Mr. Paur's predecessors ever gave us anything finer than the overture, yet beside this it had poetry and feeling and richness of color and its essential harmony of proportion. We recall no concert performance of this music more satisfying. A "Carneval" overture by Dvorak closed the concert. The modern composer has added a triangle, a tambourine, cymbals and a harp to the instruments employed by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, but we do not see that he has added very much else of importance in this work, though it is a bright bit of impressionism and was played with

The Washington Post

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1895.

TWELVE WAGNER NUMBERS.

The Boston Symphony Club Successfully Carries Out a Daring Innovation.

It is a high commentary on the musical culture of Washington that an entirely Wagnerian programme could attract and hold entranced such an audience as filled Metzerott Music Hall last evening. Wagnerian music is commonly considered caviare to the general public, so when it comes to sitting through a whole feast of the harmonies of the future it requires an educated taste. The music of the Bairenth master demands brains as well as ears; it appeals not merely to the senses, but to the highest faculties of the intellect; the imagination is stimulated and the finer emotions stirred to their depths by the magnificent motives of what has not extravagantly been termed the music of the soul rather than the senses.

It was the third concert of the Boston Symphony season, and Conductor Paur was evidently determined to prove that his organization is the peer of any in America in the interpretation of Wagnerian music. That the proof offered in a programme of twelve select numbers was conclusive, was the unanimous verdict of the audience, many of whom pronounced it the finest Wagnerian concert yet given in Washington.

It opened with the stirring "Rienzi" overture, which the programme commentator has somewhat disparagingly termed "a brilliant and rather noisy opera overture of the then French school." But either this critic is too severe or the overture improved through its masterly rendition, for it fairly enthused the audience, and the smiling conductor was kept bowing his thanks for fully five minutes. The "Flying Dutchman" overture, with its strange commingling of stormy and devotional motives, was also well rendered, but perhaps next in popular appreciation was the "Lohengrin" prelude, with its clashing cymbals and horns bellowing like melodious bulls of Bashan. Again the audience broke into applause so continuous that it became almost embarrassing to blushing Mr. Paur.

The second part of the orchestral programme was perhaps less appreciated because less familiar. It included the "Meistersinger" prelude and the "Procession of the Gods," from "Die Rheingold," the latter a remarkable composition in which the harp and oboes, horns, and violins are combined with weird yet stirring effects, and Hans Richter's arrangement of excerpts from the last two dramas of the Niebenlungen tetralogy, "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung." These include the graphically descriptive scenes of Siegfried's passage through the fire to Brunnhilde's rock, the morning dawn, and Siegfried's voyage up the Rhine, a composition for which familiarity will breed greater appreciation of its eminent merit.

The vocal part of the programme was fittingly supplied by Miss Elsa Kutscherra, a powerful, full-voiced soprano, who was heard at her best in Elizabeth's aria from "Tannhauser." She dominated the orchestra and brought out the full dramatic strength of this number, but her voice was rather heavy for the balcony scene from "Lohengrin." She received much well-merited applause, but it was reserved for Herr Anton Schott to bring down the house with his masterly rendition of Walther's "Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger." The veteran Wagnerian tenor was in his best voice, and his performance would have won the prize in any of those celebrated song contests. His rendition of the Spring Song from "Die Walkure" was equally fine, and the singer was kept bowing his thanks until he was as rosy as the ribbon which suspends the Kaiser's decoration from his collar.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1895.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy Last Evening.

The most delightful concert of the season was that given at the Academy of Music last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, in the presence and with the plaudits of the usual crowded and brilliant audience. In every respect the performance was one of extraordinary interest and merit. The symphony was Beethoven's, in A major, No. 7, and it may be doubted whether this beautiful work, so full of grace, of melody and charm, so perfect in form, so spontaneous in utterance, so eloquent and sympathetic in sentiment, was ever more artistically, more expressively or more convincingly interpreted. Its exuberance of joy, its poetry of feeling, its outpouring of happiness and of life, every shade of its meaning, every phase of its beauty, all the details of its development, were appreciated by Mr. Paur with a perception which missed nothing, and an insight that was never at fault, and were conveyed by the orchestra with a combination of delicacy and power which left nothing to be imagined or desired. If there were any who thought the rendering of the allegretto unduly pensive, the brilliancy of the concluding allegro must have effaced the impression. The other exclusively orchestral numbers were the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, in which the virtuosity of Mr. Paur's strings and the splendid quality of his wood wind were of course superbly exhibited, and a new overture by Dvorak, entitled "Carnival," which proved to be very vivid, vital and interesting. The soloist was Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, who received a very cordial welcome after her long absence, and who played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto with that absolute adequacy of technique, virile breadth of method and constant lucidity of intelligence which have made her one of the great pianists of the day.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 8, 1895.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The third concert this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so finely given last evening in the Academy, before the customary large audience, placed Mr. Paur in an admirable light as a programme builder. The music was, of course, all of the best, and, what was equally to the purpose, it had so adroit arrangement that the general effect proved unusually attractive; there was enjoyment for the lovers of the purely classic, while at the same time those who go to a concert in a cheerful frame of mind, and want something more than ponderous technicalities and abstruseness, found the most congenial sort of entertainment. Beginning with the joyous Seventh Symphony of Beethoven (A major), so full of poetic life and the spirit of dance, the list next provided Schumann's noble piano-forte concerto (A minor, op. 54), with Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe as the soloist, and these were followed by the overture, scherzo, nocturne and wedding march from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, and, by way of novelty, Dvorak's "Carneval" overture.

One of the most welcome features of the evening was the appearance of Miss Aus der Ohe, who has not been heard here for some time. She is a charming executant, with a sureness and vigor of touch not always to be found in a feminine performer, and to this she adds remarkable tonal beauty, clearness and elegance of style. All these qualities had brilliant exposition last night, her work possessing the old-time verve and effectiveness, and, possibly, even more than the old-time finesse.

On the performance of the Beethoven Symphony too much praise could not be bestowed, but the successes of the Boston Orchestra have become so familiar, and the admirable playing of its members are now taken so much as a matter of course, that it would be superfluous to go into an analysis of this particular achievement excepting to note, in passing, that the indescribable grace of the lovely "Seventh" seemed peculiarly well suited to the delicate effects which Mr. Paur knows so thoroughly how to get out of his responsive musicians. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" selections, particularly the fairy-like scherzo, had equally worthy interpretation, and here again the orchestra had a delicate task that they could fulfill *con amore*.

The Dvorak overture, coming as it did at the last, might not have been heard under the best auspices, yet, for all that, it made a picturesque impression by its bizarre gaiety, its fluency, melodic beauty and unconventionality. In some respects it proved very characteristic of the composer, notably in showing his skill in scoring for the orchestra; in one or two instances it diverged from the Dvorak standard, but, be that as it may, the overture was full of color and brilliancy, and gave a spirited ending to a delightful concert.

THE RECORD.

Philadelphia, January 8, 1895.

Fourth Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy.

The novelty of the Fourth Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music last evening was Antonin Dvorak's "Overture, Carnival, in A major." The first hearing of this Opus 92 revealed the work to be inspired by the characteristic energy and fire of that highly temperamental composer and yet to be not nearly so original as might have been expected in tonal effects. The absence of coloring was somewhat redeemed by the masterly instrumentation. The contrapuntal passagework in the strings and the introduction of the second theme in E minor on the first and second violins playing melodies in octaves over the arpeggios of the minor strings were delightfully conceived, while the coda was most effective. The excessive fortissimo of the opening tended, however, to destroy the true force of this finale, which was only saved by the interpolation of a striking but questionable andantino transition. The orchestral responses were happily developed, in spite of this, and the general effect on the listeners was that of slightly uninteresting brilliancy.

The famous seventh symphony of Beethoven, the apotheosis of Terpsichore, which opened the programme, was magnificently interpreted by Herr Emil Paur, the remarkable persistency of its dance rhythms and key in A minor working a subtle spell over the listeners. The popular allegretto and the technical presto were splendidly performed. The fine trumpet and flute effects were handled with keen appreciation of their value, while the allegro fourth movement was worked up to a stirring finale. Herr Paur admirably revealed the mysticism of this movement, which so many seem determined to make either rustic or bacchanalian. The superb power of strings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was not only again demonstrated in all these numbers, but the woodwinds and horns had more to do than usual, and demonstrated the thorough efficiency of the organization. A delicate contrast to these numbers was introduced in the exquisite music of Mendelssohn's Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This romantic masterpiece of the little 17-year-old maestro was exquisitely given, and the onomatopoetic effects of the tripping elves and braying donkey so picturesquely treated, that one saw Mustard-seed and Peasblossom waiting on Bottom lolling in Titania's lap.

Of the consummate technique and imaginative quality of the soloist of the evening, Fraulein Aus der Ohe, nothing need be said. She revealed her mastery of the one beyond question in the final passages of the intermezzo and the entire allegro conclusion of Schumann's Concerto in A minor, and played with a rare touch and grace. The value of pianoforte concertos may be doubted, but such is the vogue, and will be for a long time to come. It is an unmusical fashion, however, although in Schumann's solitary example the piano is properly attuned to its place in the orchestral work.

FOURTEEN PAGES

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Beethoven's Seventh and Miss Aus Der Ohe Share the Honors of the Evening.

As no two persons are likely to hit on the same metaphor, to use the same figurative phrase in expressing the emotions, especially those evoked by so delicious an evening as the Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music last evening, the attempt therefore to describe the various musical effects is at the best futile. There were two strong features of the concert last night. One was the Beethoven symphony and the other was the playing of Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe. This gifted pianist has not been seen in Philadelphia for two years. Always a favorite here, her friends were delighted to note the great advance in her art since she last appeared before them. She has kept all the qualities which have won her applause in the past, and has added a brilliancy, force and breadth which made her playing a new delight.

The programme ran as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92; Schumann, Concerto in Pianoforte in A minor, Op. 54; Mendelssohn, Overture, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March from the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Dvorak, Overture, "Carneval" (first time); soloist, Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe. In selecting Beethoven's seventh symphony—one of the master's pre-eminent compositions and one he loved himself, Conductor Paur unconsciously ran counter to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, composed of amateurs, which recently played this same masterpiece, and, as one of the local patronesses held last evening, more poetically. However that may be, the symphony, as interpreted last evening, gave one that overwhelmingly offset its great value and beauty, as it is the chief of romantic compositions. The wonderful introduction, with its three interwoven themes, led up to the fire of the vivace movement. The lively allegretto, one of the famous concert pieces to some, and, seemingly, to a large number in the audience, was less beautiful than the scherzo, which is the triumph of Beethoven's art. The witchery of the delicate dance effects and the general richness of the scherzo were in extraordinary contrast to the boisterous finale. This is differently interpreted figuratively, as is natural it should be. To some it is a peasant's dance, to others a revelry of Olympian character. Unquestionably the effect at first is that of a dance of hobgoblins, a sort of "Peer Gynt" arrangement, if Beethoven had but known "Peer Gynt." This hobgoblin dance, then, becomes, as it were, involved in a more humorous phrase till, without any thought of belittling a great composition, it suggests the humors of a round-up of an unearthly circus in a wierd land. There is the crack of the whip, the whirl of the performers, the clown's cry and the general rush and clamor and excitement of a mad throng.

When Miss Aus Der Ohe took her seat at the piano everyone knew it was to be a treat, but just what difference two years had made was not known till she struck the keys. Then the old grace, flexibility of her playing, the limpid loveliness of her notes, which, unmusically speaking, were seen, added to new powers which completely captivated the audience, especially in intermezzo. After her performance she was called out three times. The programme was completed in a most harmonious manner by the Mendelssohn music—the scherzo being a particularly lovely bit of playing and the familiar welding march, by the way, being given with several odd effects—and then the fiery and audacious overture of Dvorak, which was rendered with great spirit, bringing out all the individuality in this brilliant composition.

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GENIUS OF WAGNER.

As Interpreted by Paur and the Boston Orchestra.

IN A CONCERT AT THE MUSIC HALL.

The Programme Was Exclusively of Wagnerian Compositions, and the Notable Performance Held the Rapt Attention of a Large Audience.

Partly because of the strength of the programme and partly to make the acquaintance of Emil Paur in the role of a Wagnerian leader musical Baltimore filled the Music Hall at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night.

As both of the points of attraction hinged closely together, the success of the programme—and it was a genuine success—meant also the success of Paur. There have been Wagner performances in Baltimore of greater finish and poetry, perhaps, but there have been few of equal vigor.

Director Paur, who has been thought at times to be mechanical and pedantic in his work, could certainly not have been accused of lack of enthusiasm last night. He was earnest and absorbed in the music and showed in the results achieved that his men were inspired by and in touch with him.

The fact that a long programme of eleven numbers in an unbroken Wagner cycle was listened to with rapt attention was a tribute not only to the composer, the director and to the orchestra, but to the appreciation and intelligence of the audience.

The opening number was the overture to Wagner's first successful dramatic work, "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," the text of which was taken from Bulwer's novel. Nothing could have more strikingly marked the difference between Wagner in his early stage and Wagner in his prime than this overture and the works chosen for the closing numbers. "Rienzi," except for certain unmistakable effects in the treatment of the themes now and then, is peculiarly un-Wagnerlike. In its showy and tuneful measures and its simple and clear-cut rhythm it suggests oftentimes Weber's overtures, and in its brilliant orchestration there is apparent rather a desire for popular effects than to express depths of thought. It was played with great dash and spirit.

In the "Tannhauser" prelude, which was the next orchestral number, there was an occasional suggestion of lack of perfect accord in intonation between the strings and woodwind, but the contrasting color of the instruments was exquisitely brought out.

A strong performance of the great "Flying Dutchman" overture followed, with its wondrous and mystic roar of ocean and its weird and mysterious atmosphere, forming a musical picture of the whole opera.

The prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" was taken at a breathless tempo which made the music seem to sparkle and flash with brilliance and took the audience by storm.

Following each other with ever-increasing power came the numbers from Wagner's great operas, including a prelude from "Die Meistersinger," the "Procession of the Gods" from "The Rheingold" and the magnificent music of "Die Gotterdammerung," including the beautiful and characteristic tone-pictures of Siegfreid's passage to Brunhilde's rock, the dawn of morning and the Rhine journey, all combined into a single orchestra number, and forming in the beauty of the themes, their wonderful development and their poetical and spiritual power a masterpiece of musical genius.

The interest of the programme was heightened by the appearance of two excellent German singers—one, Miss Elsa Kutscherra, a newcomer to this country, who made her Baltimore debut recently with the Germania Maennerchor, and the other, Anton Schott, a noted opera and ballad singer, whose name has long been foremost among those of great singers in Europe and America.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EVENING AT THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The series of concerts given each Winter in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra have come to be regarded by New Yorkers as a well-established institution, and as noteworthy and important a feature of the musical season as the old Philharmonics and the Symphony and Oratorio Society concerts.

The entertainment given by the gentlemen from Boston Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera-House was specially interesting, as being devoted exclusively to the exposition of Richard Wagner's music. Critics agree that the interpretation of the programme on that occasion showed not only the admirable training of the band, but its perfect mastery of the technical difficulties which abound in the music of Wagner.

In fact, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now regarded as one of the leading musical organizations of the country, and its conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, as a conspicuous exponent of the music of the future. Since he took charge of the Boston Orchestra, after the retirement of Mr. Nikitsch, that organization has lost none of the old time delicacy and precision for which it has always been famous, and if anything plays with more warmth, color and spirit than before.

Our artist has caught some of the characteristic poses of Conductor Paur, as well as certain individual peculiarities of Boston musicians and New York concert-goers.

BROOKLYN LIFE

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JAN. 12, 1895.

THE January concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place at the Academy of Music this (Saturday) evening. Mr. Emil Paur has arranged a solid but delightful bill of music for the night. It leads off with Beethoven's seventh symphony, the most beautiful of all in the opinion of many critics, though it has not the strength of the fifth. Then follow the prelude to "The Deluge," by Saint-Sæns, and the new "Carnival" overture by Dvorak, whose "New World" symphony leads us to expect something good. The four principal numbers from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"—that is, the overture, the scherzo, the nocturne and the wedding march—are to close the concert. The soloist will be Fraulein Adele Aus Der Ohe, a young woman of remarkably finished technique and musicianly intelligence—one of the most satisfying women artists that has been heard here since Essipoff played. She is to give Schumann's A minor concerto, the work that one of his critics declared to be the most intensely personal of his compositions. "All the melancholy of the man, his sweetness, his poetic nature and the sensitiveness which was as usual its attendant, may be traced in this work." The orchestra requires no words of praise. There is none other in the world so fine.

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Baltimore Life,

BALTIMORE, MD., JANUARY 12, 1895.

A WAGNER CONCERT.

A very large appreciative and music loving audience attended the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the new Music Hall on Wednesday evening last, notwithstanding the very inclement weather. The program was exclusively devoted to Wagnerian compositions and the skill and preciseness in which they were interpreted reflect great credit upon director Paur and his great orchestra of ninety-five artists. The opening number was the overture from "Rienzi" and was followed by selections from Wagner's great operas, Tannhaeuser," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Goetterdammerung." In addition to the magnificent work of the orchestra two noted solo artists also made their appearance; namely, Miss Elsa Kntscherra (Prima Donna Soprano, from the Royal Opera House, Dresden,) and Mr. Anton Schott; both are artists of high musical culture, and their numbers were warmly and heartily applauded. Miss Kutcherra has been heard here before having made her debut in this city at the first concert this season of the Germania-Maennerchor. The next concert takes place Wednesday evening, February 6, at the new Music Hall.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE REPUBLIC

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The third concert of the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the very efficient baton of Conductor Emil Paur, was given at Metzerott Music Hall, on Tuesday evening last, consisting entirely of Wagner music, and attracted one of the largest and most refined and fashionable audiences of the present season, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It is safe to say that no one who was present regretted having braved the storm, for it was a most delightful musical feast in every particular, and the Baireuth master himself would doubtless have heartily joined in the prolonged applause which greeted each number of the program, for each was a gem, rendered in a manner that could not have failed to have won the approbation of even so severe a critic as the immortal Wagner, whose name will live and whose compositions will delight cultivated ears as long as the world stands.

If there were those in the audience who entertained prejudice against Wagnerian music, Conductor Paur and his orchestra must have dispelled their prejudices, for everybody applauded.

The soloists of the evening were Miss Elsa Kutzcherra, soprano, and Mr. Anton Schott, tenor, both of whom were in good voice and added materially to the pleasure of the very best musical entertainment of the present season. It was creditable to Conductor Paur and the management that they positively and firmly refused to respond to encores, notwithstanding the fact that they were vociferously and repeatedly demanded. Encores have grown to be a positive nuisance, lengthening the performance into unreasonable hours and usually resulting in many of the audience leaving before the close of the concert. We trust others will profit by the good example set by this great orchestra, and that all entertainments will be confined strictly to the printed program, a course which will unquestionably give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number.

The fourth concert will be given in Metzerott Music Hall on Tuesday evening, February 5.

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1895.

Musical Notes and Items.

The estimate placed upon Mr. Emil Paur in his capacity of Kapelmeister of the foremost of American orchestra organizations—the Boston Symphony Orchestra—by his work during the two seasons of his incumbency, was fully confirmed by the Wagner concert last Thursday evening.

Mr. Paur thinks. He does not feel. He is intellectual and not emotional. He is precise, careful, skilful, but cold, unsympathetic and prosaic. He is traditional, classical if you will; he observes every printed direction in a score, elaborates with attention to every minute detail, but fails to catch the spirit, the significance, the vis anima of the composition. If the work so treated is one in which there is no emotional significance, descriptive of things rather than suggestive of human thoughts and feelings, the result is entirely satisfying.

This fact established, it carries with it the status of Mr. Paur as a Wagnerian interpreter.

Witness the manner in which, at the concert in question, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" was played. Or the "Lohengrin" prelude—both musical morceaux that describe things that have a visual character, or are simply illustrative in purport. It was superb work. There was dash, rhythmic accentuation, broad phrasing, tone gradations, rich tonal quality, faultless technique. It was superb. Per contra, turn your thoughts back to the impressions received by the performance of the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," and those of the prelude of the third act of "Tannhauser."

In these pieces there is something beneath the surface—a significance of thoughts and emotions. They are not musical pictures, they are poems in melody and harmony. Of this there was not the faintest intimation in their performance.

To be a successful interpreter of Wagner one must understand his music, of course, but the comprehension must be sympathetic. If one is not emotionally appealed to by his musical sentences, an expressive formulation of their sense is impossible.

The work of the orchestra was beyond criticism. Its technical equipment is such that nothing is beyond its grasp. There were moments in last Thursday's concert when this premier organization established an actual standard.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The third concert of the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the very efficient baton of Conductor Emil Paur, was given at Metzerott Music Hall, on Tuesday evening last, consisting entirely of Wagner music, and attracted one of the largest and most refined and fashionable audiences of the present season, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It is safe to say that no one who was present regretted having braved the storm, for it was a most delightful musical feast in every particular, and the Baireuth master himself would doubtless have heartily joined in the prolonged applause which greeted each number of the program, for each was a gem, rendered in a manner that could not have failed to have won the approbation of even so severe a critic as the immortal Wagner, whose name will live and whose compositions will delight cultivated ears as long as the world stands.

If there were those in the audience who entertained prejudice against Wagnerian music, Conductor Paur and his orchestra must have dispelled their prejudices, for everybody applauded.

The soloists of the evening were Miss Elsa Kutzcherra, soprano, and Mr. Anton Schott, tenor, both of whom were in good voice and added materially to the pleasure of the very best musical entertainment of the present season. It was creditable to Conductor Paur and the management that they positively and firmly refused to respond to encores, notwithstanding the fact that they were vociferously and repeatedly demanded. Encores have grown to be a positive nuisance, lengthening the performance into unreasonable hours and usually resulting in many of the audience leaving before the close of the concert. We trust others will profit by the good example set by this great orchestra, and that all entertainments will be confined strictly to the printed program, a course which will unquestionably give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number.

The fourth concert will be given in Metzerott Music Hall on Tuesday evening, February 5.

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company,
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SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1895.

Musical Notes and Items.

The estimate placed upon Mr. Emil Paur in his capacity of Kapelmeister of the foremost of American orchestra organizations—the Boston Symphony Orchestra—by his work during the two seasons of his incumbency, was fully confirmed by the Wagner concert last Thursday evening.

Mr. Paur thinks. He does not feel. He is intellectual and not emotional. He is precise, careful, skilful, but cold, unsympathetic and prosaic. He is traditional, classical if you will; he observes every printed direction in a score, elaborates with attention to every minute detail, but fails to catch the spirit, the significance, the vis anima of the composition. If the work so treated is one in which there is no emotional significance, descriptive of things rather than suggestive of human thoughts and feelings, the result is entirely satisfying.

This fact established, it carries with it the status of Mr. Paur as a Wagnerian interpreter.

Witness the manner in which, at the concert in question, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" was played. Or the "Lohengrin" prelude—both musical morceaux that describe things that have a visual character, or are simply illustrative in purport. It was superb work. There was dash, rhythmic accentuation, broad phrasing, tone gradations, rich tonal quality, faultless technique. It was superb. Per contra, turn your thoughts back to the impressions received by the performance of the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," and those of the prelude of the third act of "Tannhauser."

In these pieces there is something beneath the surface—a significance of thoughts and emotions. They are not musical pictures, they are poems in melody and harmony. Of this there was not the faintest intimation in their performance.

To be a successful interpreter of Wagner one must understand his music, of course, but the comprehension must be sympathetic. If one is not emotionally appealed to by his musical sentences, an expressive formulation of their sense is impossible.

The work of the orchestra was beyond criticism. Its technical equipment is such that nothing is beyond its grasp. There were moments in last Thursday's concert when this premier organization established an actual standard.

[78]

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1895.

Music Hall: The First Ysaye Concert.

Mr. Eugene Ysaÿe, assisted by Miss Theodore Pfaffiin, soprano, and Mr. Aimé Lachaume, pianist, gave his first concert in the Music Hall last Saturday afternoon, the programme being as follows:

César Franck: Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte (first time).
Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Lachaume.
Saint-Saëns: Air, "Mon cœur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila."
Miss Pfaffiin.
Vieuxtemps: Fantasia appassionata for Violin.
Mr. Ysaye.
Chopin: Ballade No. 3, in A-flat major, opus 47.
Mr. Lachaume.
Bach: Sarabande, Gigue, and Chaconne from Sonata for Violin alone, in D minor.
Mr. Ysaye.
Bizet: Pastorale.
Delibes: "Les filles de Cadiz."
Miss Pfaffiin.
Ysaye: Solos for Violin, Scène au Berceau. Mazurka No. 3 ("Dans le lointain"). Saltarelle carnavalesque.
Mr. Ysaye.

It was interesting to hear the sonata by César Franck, a composer for whom a considerable posthumous reputation has been growing in France of late years. During his not too successful lifetime Franck was always spoken of with respect, and now he has been made the object of no little sincere admiration; he was a man of rather classical and un-French tendencies for his day, the unpopularity attaching to which his compositions seem gradually to be living down. Regarding the sonata played here for the first time on Saturday afternoon we can only say that it made but little impression upon us; there is no little earnestness evident in the work, together with a good deal that is graceful and charming. But at this first hearing we were unable to grasp what of coherency there might be in the composition, and its musical meaning escaped us; only the last movement, *Allegretto poco mosso*, in which all the subtleties of canon are treated not only with consummate skill and ease, but with a rare vitality and musical vigor, seemed perfectly clear and really inspiring. It is hard to say, regarding a new work played by unfamiliar artists, exactly where the responsibility for an unsatisfying impression lies. Naturally a great part of it lies with the listener. Still we could not help receiving the impression—if the truth must be told—that, in this case some share in the responsibility lay with Mr. Ysaÿe; even acknowledging that first impressions are apt to be deceptive, we certainly did get the impression that Mr. Ysaÿe's playing, ineffably beautiful as it was in many ways, rather veiled than revealed what coherency of development there might be in the music; and this impression was strengthened by some of his subsequent playing of more familiar things. Apart from his rare beauty of tone and wondrously perfect technique, his melodic phrasing is in general singularly beautiful; and yet he seems to be as a player what not a few noteworthy modern composers have been called to a considerable extent, "*l'artiste de la phrase*"—the artist of the phrase—throwing a great amount of power and expressiveness into each individual phrase, by and for itself, somewhat to the detriment to that constructive part each phrase should play as a member in a stoutly built and coherently developed whole. We felt there was more exquisite beauty of detail work in his playing than there was comprehensive totality of conception. Instead of going on and on, with that "*crescit eundo*" force which all true musical development acquires, he seemed to a certain extent to be continually beginning over again.

We felt this far less, if at all, in his playing of the Vieuxtemps Fantasia. Here, to be sure, the musical development was in itself so perfectly clear and unmistakable that none but absolutely poor playing could have in any way obscured it; but his playing was far more than merely negatively good in this respect; it was masterly in its whole pre-ordained scheme. Especially admirable was the sort of compromise the great violinist made between the modern style of playing and that so-called "grand" style which belonged more especially to the day when the music was written. Mr. Ysaÿe allowed himself just as much of the old "grand style" of phrasing as modern ears could bear in such music, pushing it just far enough to be enormously effective, but stopping short of the point where it would have raised a smile. His whole performance of this piece was as artistic as possible, and in point of virtuosity beggared all description.

His playing of the Bach Sarabande and Gigue was exceedingly beautiful in some respects, if rather superficial in feeling and mannered in expression; one looks for something more frank and downright in old Bach than such sophisticated airs and graces. With the Chaconne Mr. Ysaÿe approached one of the great touchstones of a violinist's power. His playing of the mighty composition left us with very mingled feelings of admiration and dissatisfaction. For one thing, it showed a worthy study of the work, a great deal of careful thought expended upon drawing up the general scheme of performance; there was not a carelessly or thoughtlessly played measure in the whole. In a word, it was the most highly elaborated rendering of the Chaconne we ever heard; all imaginable effects of contrast between one variation and another were resorted to, and yet wholly without crassness or merely clap-trap effectiveness. And yet in the earlier portions of the work Mr. Ysaÿe certainly did not succeed in holding the music together with as sure a grasp as some other less brilliant players we have heard. There seemed to us to be a certain lack of true nobility of feeling and expression; until the entrance of the theme in D major, we could feel nothing higher than a certain exquisiteness of *mondain* grace, with now and then a touch of rather mawkish sensibility. On the other hand, the expression in that ineffable first major variation struck us as being somewhat overdone; the divine music was not enough allowed to tell its own story. But with the long climax that follows this variation, Mr. Ysaÿe rose to far higher things; here one felt real earnestness, naturalness and power of expression; and the climax was worked up to a white heat with all the force of a true master. It was grand!

Mr. Ysaÿe's own little pieces are charming enough, and showed off both his grace and virtuoso brilliancy in the most convincing manner.

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Mr. Lachaume played his part in the Franck sonata like a fully competent pianist and musician; in an honest, clear, and unaffected style, and with much feeling and beauty of tone. His playing of the Chopin Ballade—one of the most difficult things to "hold well together" in the whole pianist's repertory—had much that was fine in it, with some less satisfying moments.

The audience was gratifyingly large; indeed it was a real "Paderewski house." Yet, although evidently receptive and by no means cold—nothing could have been cold, by the way, in the oven into which the Music Hall was converted for the occasion—it committed no excesses of enthusiasm. Mr. Ysaÿe's next concert comes on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23.

The Cambridge Tribune

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1894.

Symphony Concert

A Wagner Evening Which Was a Grand Success—Anton Schott Enthusiastically Received—"The Best Concert of the Season" the General Verdict.

The fifth concert in Sanders on Thursday evening, was devoted exclusively to selections from Wagner's works, this being the programme:

Rienzi ..... Overture
Tannhaeuser ..... (*a*) Elizabeth's Aria
(*b*) Prelude to Act III.
The Flying Dutchman ..... Overture
Lohengrin ..... Act II. Balcony Scene
Act III. Prelude
Die Meistersinger ..... Prelude to Act III.
Walther's Preistied ct I.
Das Rheingold ..... Procession of the Gods
Die Walküre ..... Spring Song
Siegfried and ..... (*a*) W aldweben
Die Götteidämerung... (*b*) Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn and Rhine Journey.

The soloists were Miss Elsa Kutscherra and Mr. Anton Schott.

At last we have had a full-fledged programme of Wagner music, and a splendidly arranged one at that! Mr. Paur has won and deserved the gratitude of Cambridge for his skill and energy in surmounting the difficulties of such an undertaking. The absence of Madame Nordica alone prevented the concert from being an ideal one, but as it was, the banquet of good things was eagerly and enthusiastically enjoyed by the large audience. The brilliant "Rienzi" overture was splendidly played, the beautiful melody of Rienzi's prayer given out by the strings in the slow Introduction, being interrupted by a roll on the snare drum for all that it was worth! Nothing could be more sharply defined than the contrast between the slow majesty of this theme, and the "Santo Spirito Cavaliere" of the Allegro. This overture was composed with the entire opera of Rienzi, der Letzte der Tribunen for the Academic de Musique in Paris and perhaps that is the reason why it constantly suggests French Grand opera, rather than Wagner's characteristic later style, of which it has not a trace.

Miss Elsa Kutscherra, Mr. Walter Damrosch's principal Wagnerian prima donna, made a charming appearance, and sang acceptably and with spirit "Elizabeth's greeting to the hall of song," in the opening scene of the second act in Tannhaeuser. Unfortunately Miss Kutscherra's intonation was constantly false, but she was heard to much better advantage in Elsa's beautiful balcony song. She was warmly received and applauded. The Prelude to Act III introducing Tannhaeuser's pilgrimage was beautifully played, as was also the introduction to the bridal procession in the third act of Lohengrin. This opera is on the most deeply poetic and highly intellectual plane of all Wagner's works, and the smallest excerpts from it are always a source of delight. The overture to the "Flying Dutchman" in which Wagner first developed the idea of first symbolizing his dramatic conceptions by corresponding musical phrases, was faultlessly rendered. One could easily discern the wanderings of the Old Man of the Sea, the Norwegian boat song, Senta's *motif*, the Angel of Mercy, etc. The Prelude to the third act of Die Meistersinger, was another gem, and a familiar one. Mr. Schott was evidently remembered with delight by the audience, and he was given a rousing reception. He was in splendid voice, and sang Walther's Preisleid with absolute perfection. We have never heard it given with such splendid fire and dramatic force. He was recalled again and again, but, owing to a wise provision in these concerts, he was not allowed to accept the much desired encore. He was equally fine in Siegmund's exquisite love song from the first act of Die Walküre "Die Liebe lockte den Lenz," and was again greeted with a storm of enthusiasm.

Mr. Paur showed his usual good judgment in importing such an artist expressly for the occasion. "The Procession of the Gods," from "Das Rheingold," lost some of its impressiveness by being taken out of its natural environment, but was, nevertheless, highly interesting and beautifully played. The Waldweben from "Siegfried" is to our mind far less wonderful than the Siegfried Idyl, but it is redeemed by the flavor of Wagner's genius, and was exquisitely played. The concert ended with a superb performance of Siegfried's journey to Brünnhilde's, rock in which the ever beautiful "fire charm" was given with much brilliancy, also the bird-motive. The introduction to the second part of the Gotterdämmerung prologue was especially fine, in which Siegfried takes leave of Brünnhilde in the morning twilight. The softness of the trombones and horns is gradually joined by the whole orchestra, until the sun rises with a grand outburst of all the brass. We should like to have heard the great closing scene of Brünnhilde, but that was impossible, and too much praise cannot be given Mr. Paur for his wonderfully artistic management of the closing selection and for his masterly conducting throughout the concert. For one small detail four horns were imported for the occasion from New York. The next concert will be on Thursday evening, January 24.

C. R.

...Mrs. Emil Paur, wife of the conductor of the Boston Symphony, will give five piano recitals in February on the afternoons of the days upon which the Symphony concert is given, as follows: Monday, February 4, Philadelphia; Tuesday, 5, Washington; Wednesday, 6, Baltimore; Thursday, 7, New York; Friday and Saturday, 8 and 9, Brooklyn.

...Madame Lilian Nordica will be the soloist at the Symphony concert in Boston on the 18th and 19th of January. She will also sing at the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York on Thursday evening of next week. Those who know, say that Mme. Nordica receives $700 each night she sings in opera and $600 for each concert.

..."The very best concert of the season!" was heard on all sides as the delighted crowd filed out of Sanders Theatre last Thursday night. The evening with Wagner was certainly a most pronounced success and Mr. Anton Schott's reception was something unusual in enthusiasm for a Cambridge Symphony audience.

...By one of the accidents that occasionally happen to artists, Mr. Anton Schott's luggage did not come on with him from New York, and as the distinguished singer is of a massive and rotund style of architecture, the ghastly dilemma confronted him of appearing before a Cambridge audience to sing Wagner's "Spring Song" and "Walther's Preislied" in a very unconventional travelling suit. Some kind friend endeavored to charter a dress suit for the occasion, but the measurements appalled the Schneider, and that plan fell through, ignominously. At the last moment a combination suit was improvised from the wardrobes of three accomodating friends, and, nothing daunted, Mr. Schott came and, like Cæsar, conquered. It is not every tenor that could have risen to his best efforts in borrowed linen and another man's swallow-tail, but Mr. Schott sang like a cherub, carried the audience by storm and was called and recalled by his enthusiastic hearers. The very remarkable likeness, in face and physique, between Mr. Schott and a well-known Harvard professor was generally commented upon, and it would seem that if our genial professor had been called upon, in time, the singer could have been readily accommodated in the matter of a dress suit. However, Cambridge will always be ready to hear Mr. Schott—even if he should be compelled to sing in a shooting jacket.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

IT certainly seemed as if Mr. Emil Paur had determined to "do or die" last Thursday night, for with his orchestra he gave us a tremendous Wagner program made up with considerable skill and fairly illustrative of Wagner's development as a composer. It was an inclement night, but the Metropolitan Opera House was fairly well filled and the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not played so brilliantly this season. This was the program:

"Rienzi"—
Overture
"Tannhäuser"—
Act II.—"Elisabeth's Aria"
Act III.—Prelude
"The Flying Dutchman"—
Overture
"Lohengrin"—
Act II.—"Balcony Scene"
Act III.—Prelude
"Die Meistersinger"— ..... Wagner
Act I.—"Walther's Preislied"
Act III.—Prelude
"Rheingold"—
"Procession of the Gods"
"Die Walküre"—
"Spring Song"
"Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung"—
"Waldweben," "Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock," "Morning Dawn" and "Rhine Journey" (Richter arrangement)

Nordica and Mr. Anton Schott were the solo singers.

It may be premised that an entire evening devoted to an exposition of Wagner's music on the concert stage is neither in consonance with the master's views nor fair to the music played. But to offset this New York has heard so many times the Wagnerian music drama that it is not in the dark when excerpts are given. But frankly the practice is not a laudable one. The symphony should be the "piece de resistance" of the concert room, and the dramatic overture a subsidiary number in the program. The Boston band was at its best in the "Rienzi," the "Dutchman," and the Prelude to the third act of the "Meistersinger." Mr. Paur is not at home in Wagner. The intense dynamic effects are beyond his sympathies, and his temperament is not in touch with the surging, restless, feverish phrases of the modern music drama.

The "Waldweben" lacked poetry, atmosphere, and the Richter arrangement was without climax. The most vital work of the evening was the "Dutchman" overture, which was played with surpassing fire and effect. Nordica sang "Dich Theure Halle" with fervor, and the "Lohengrin" number with much delicacy and feeling. Mr. Schott was happy in his selections, although his voice has lost its bloom and his tendency to explosive emission is painful. But he was vigorous and enthusiastic. So was Mr. Paur, but other qualities are needful, both for singer and conductor. The orchestra was often clangorous, as Mr. Paur is much given to forced dynamic effects.

Boston Transcript

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Mr. Paur showed his usual good judgment in importing such an artist expressly for the occasion. "The Procession of the Gods," from "Das Rheingold," lost some of its impressiveness by being taken out of its natural environment, but was, nevertheless, highly interesting and beautifully played. The Waldweben from "Siegfried" is to our mind far less wonderful than the Siegfried Idyl, but it is redeemed by the flavor of Wagner's genius, and was exquisitely played. The concert ended with a superb performance of Siegfried's journey to Brünnhilde's, rock in which the ever beautiful "fire charm" was given with much brilliancy, also the bird-motive. The introduction to the second part of the Gotterdämmerung prologue was especially fine, in which Siegfried takes leave of Brünnhilde in the morning twilight. The softness of the trombones and horns is gradually joined by the whole orchestra, until the sun rises with a grand outburst of all the brass. We should like to have heard the great closing scene of Brünnhilde, but that was impossible, and too much praise cannot be given Mr. Paur for his wonderfully artistic management of the closing selection and for his masterly conducting throughout the concert. For one small detail four horns were imported for the occasion from New York. The next concert will be on Thursday evening, January 24.

C. R.

...Mrs. Emil Paur, wife of the conductor of the Boston Symphony, will give five piano recitals in February on the afternoons of the days upon which the Symphony concert is given, as follows: Monday, February 4, Philadelphia; Tuesday, 5, Washington; Wednesday, 6, Baltimore; Thursday, 7, New York; Friday and Saturday, 8 and 9, Brooklyn.

....Madame Lilian Nordica will be the soloist at the Symphony concert in Boston on the 18th and 19th of January. She will also sing at the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York on Thursday evening of next week. Those who know, say that Mme. Nordica receives $700 each night she sings in opera and $600 for each concert.

...."The very best concert of the season!" was heard on all sides as the delighted crowd filed out of Sanders Theatre last Thursday night. The evening with Wagner was certainly a most pronounced success and Mr. Anton Schott's reception was something unusual in enthusiasm for a Cambridge Symphony audience.

...By one of the accidents that occasionally happen to artists, Mr. Anton Schott's luggage did not come on with him from New York, and as the distinguished singer is of a massive and rotund style of architecture, the ghastly dilemma confronted him of appearing before a Cambridge audience to sing Wagner's "Spring Song" and "Walther's Preislied" in a very unconventional travelling suit. Some kind friend endeavored to charter a dress suit for the occasion, but the measurements appeared to be hopelessly [illegible] and nothing [illegible] Mr. Schott [illegible] professor [illegible] that [illegible] possible [illegible] song [illegible] dress suit. However, Cambridge will always be ready to hear Mr. Schott even if he should be compelled to sing in a shooting jacket.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

IT certainly seemed as if Mr. Emil Paur had determined to "do or die" last Thursday night, for with his orchestra he gave us a tremendous Wagner program made up with considerable skill and fairly illustrative of Wagner's development as a composer. It was an inclement night, but the Metropolitan Opera House was fairly well filled and the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not played so brilliantly this season. This was the program:

"Rienzi"—
Overture.....
"Tannhäuser"
Act II.—"Elisabeth's Aria".....
Act III.—Prelude.....
"The Flying Dutchman"—
Overture.....
"Lohengrin"—
Act II.—"Balcony Scene".....
Act III.—Prelude.....
"Die Meistersinger"— .....Wagner
Act I.—"Walther's Preislied".....
Act III.—Prelude.....
"Rheingold"—
"Procession of the Gods".....
"Die Walküre"—
"Spring Song".....
"Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung"—
"Waldweben," "Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock," "Morning Dawn" and "Rhine Journey" (Richter arrangement).....

Nordica and Mr. Anton Schott were the solo singers.

It may be premised that an entire evening devoted to an exposition of Wagner's music on the concert stage is neither in consonance with the master's views nor fair to the music played. But to offset this New York has heard so many times the Wagnerian music drama that it is not in the dark when excerpts are given. But frankly the practice is not a laudable one. The symphony should be the "piece de resistance" of the concert room, and the dramatic overture a subsidiary number in the program. The Boston band was at its best in the "Rienzi," the "Dutchman," and the Prelude to the third act of the "Meistersinger." Mr. Paur is not at home in Wagner. The intense dynamic effects are beyond his sympathies, and his temperament is not in touch with the surging, restless, feverish phrases of the modern music drama.

The "Waldweben" lacked poetry, atmosphere, and the Richter arrangement was without climax. The most vital work of the evening was the "Dutchman" overture, which was played with surpassing fire and effect. Nordica sang "Dich Theure Halle" with fervor, and the "Lohengrin" number with much delicacy and feeling. Mr. Schott was happy in his selections, although his voice has lost its bloom and his tendency to explosive emission is painful. But he was vigorous and enthusiastic. So was Mr. Paur, but other qualities are needful, both for singer and conductor. The orchestra was often clangorous, as Mr. Paur is much given to forced dynamic effects.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Infantry Hall before an audience whose numbers were but slightly, if at all, affected by the disagreeable weather outside. Nor was there any lack of the usual cordial and discriminating applause, although the programme was certainly not one that would be thought likely to appeal strongly to any except those whose tastes run level with ultra modern musical ideas. The superb playing of the orchestra, of course, furnishes an excuse—no matter what they play—for recognition and enjoyment, and certainly they deserved the one and afforded the other by their brilliant execution of last night's programme. The numbers, which were selected from the works of Richard Wagner, were as follows:

"Rienzi".....Overture
"Tannhauser".....Act III., Prelude
"The Flying Dutchman".....Overture
"Lohengrin".....Act III., Prelude
"Die Meistersinger".....
.....(a) Act III., Prelude.
.....(b) Act I., Walther's Preislied
"Rheingold".....Procession of the Gods
"Die Walkure".....Spring Song
"Siegfried" and.....(a) Waldweben.
"Die Gotterdammerung"..(b) Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn and Rhine Journey...(Richter Arrangement)

Such a programme, though it does not offer the pleasing element of variety, is of interest as displaying the gradual development of a great creative mind. Here the first four selections are from operas which were all composed previous to the year 1848, at which time Wagner was 35 years of age. There is force and originality enough in them all to show conclusively that a new composer had arisen, yet in but one ("Lohengrin") are there to be found any marked hints of the wide divergence from established forms with which Wagner was to startle the musical world in after years.

The selections from "Die Meistersinger" belong to a period 20 years later, when his ideas as to the form and mission of opera had been fully formulated, and here they are presented so far as the limitations of a comic opera allow. To this period belong "Rheingold" (the prelude to the "Ring des Nibelungen") and "Tristan and Isolde." In this latter opera he fully expressed himself. To quote his own language—"Here I moved with entire freedom and disregard of all theoretic scruples."

The three final numbers are taken from the great "Nibelungen" trilogy, first produced under his own direction at Bayreuth in 1876. This was his crowning work, and, save for "Parsifal," his last. In these he exhibits not only the freedom in which he exulted 10 years before, but the ripened experience of years and the boldness of one who thoroughly believes in himself and his methods.

The music of no composer, living or dead, suffers more from being presented in fragments on a concert programme than does that of Richard Wagner. It is well known that he himself realized this, and disliked to have it so performed. The reason is not far to seek. It is as though a great painter should be called upon to exhibit his palette and brushes instead of the completed picture. No matter with what gorgeous colors the one might be covered, or of what admirable material the others might be made, the exhibition would hardly be considered a worthy one. There is great originality and wonderful color in Wagner's orchestration, abundance of thematic material and supreme skill in the handling thereof on any page of a Wagner score, but to understand what it all means the whole picture should be undraped. The structural form of any part of his music is more or less meaningless except as it constitutes a part of the grand whole. Consequently a knowledge of the signification of the various "leit-motifs" so cunningly contrasted and intertwined, and a familiarity with the story they are meant to illustrate, must precede any intelligent understanding of Wagner's later works. As this knowledge and familiarity are not possessed by the great majority of concert-goers, the only impression they receive is that of a bewildering maze of sound, which leads they know not where. That, which all this disadvantage, excerpts from Wagner's works do impress audiences profoundly is a sufficient proof that "the master," as his admirers lovingly term him, was in very truth one of the world's greatest composers.

The soloist of the evening was Herr Anton Schott, the famous German tenor, long and brilliantly identified with the singing of Wagnerian roles. His voice shows but little decadence from its prime, though its owner is past the meridian of life. It is still of marvellous power, mellow as the note of a horn, and able to dominate the powerful orchestration with which it has to contend for supremacy. His singing last night gave great satisfaction, and he was often recalled. Herr Schott's breast blazed with medals, some of which he has won upon other than musical fields, for he has been through the great German wars, and won his decorations for conspicuous bravery on the field of battle. He commanded a battery of artillery with rank of Captain, and, though not now in active service, holds the rank of Major, and would command a section if the German army should again be mobilized.

The orchestra's next concert takes place on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 20.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED BY THE

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL COMPANY.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895.

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The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Infantry Hall before an audience whose numbers were but slightly, if at all, affected by the disagreeable weather outside. Nor was there any lack of the usual cordial and discriminating applause, although the programme was certainly not one that would be thought likely to appeal strongly to any except those whose tastes run level with ultra modern musical ideas. The superb playing of the orchestra, of course, furnishes an excuse—no matter what they play—for recognition and enjoyment, and certainly they deserved the one and afforded the other by their brilliant execution of last night's programme. The numbers, which were selected from the works of Richard Wagner, were as follows:

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The Telegram.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.,

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 17, 1895.

MIGHTY WAGNER.

Symphony Concert Devoted to the Master's Great Work.

It takes a pretty boisterous night to depreciate attendance at a Boston Symphony orchestra concert, and this was abundantly evidenced by the size of the assemblage in Infantry hall last night. The orchestra appeared there for the fourth time this season, and it is a pleasure to record that the occasion was the most distinguished, so far as the character of the music and the quality of the performance went. Every selection on the program was a Wagner production, starting with the virile and polished "Rienzi" overture and finishing with "Die Gotterdammerung." Naturally so heavy a menu required vigorous and trained powers of digestion, and to those who possessed this capacity it was a treat not to be described in words.

The orchestra was skillfully directed by Mr. Paur, and it gave a series of interpretations that was thoroughly grand. The unrivaled opportunities for tone coloring and massing, the picturesqueness and magnificence of the brass effects, the impetuousness and thunder and the deft shading, which are so wonderfully characteristic of Wagner's imposing works, all these elements were most effectively brought out. Perfection is the only term which fits the style in which the orchestra rendered every passage.

The soloist, Mr. Anton Schott, proved a big power in the entertainment. He is a massive personage, commanding and impressive in his bearing, and enthusiastic in his manner, and as he came before the audience last night, his broad front glittering with medals of honor received during his illustrious career as a soldier and a musician, he made a most conspicuous figure. His vocal work was admirable. His voice rang resonantly and magnetically as of yore, and he displayed the same faculty for holding every auditor as if by some occult and irresistible influence that he has always possessed. Encores demonstrated the satisfaction of the gathering.

The fifth performance will occur Feb. 23.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was devoted to the exposition of the works of Richard Wagner. As a natural result, the house was a large one for such a discouraging night. Had the weather been clear, the audience would have been the largest that has attended any concert of the gentlemen of Boston this season. The programme was comprehensive and delightful. It embraced the following numbers: Overture to "Rienzi," Elizabeth's aria from Act II. and the prelude to Act III. of "Tannhäuser," the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," the balcony scene and the prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin," the prelude to Act III. and Walther's prize song from the same act of "Die Meistersinger," the procession of the gods from the last scene of "Das Rheingold," the Spring song from "Die Walküre," the "Waldweber" from "Siegfried," and Hans Richter's arrangement of Siegfried's passage to Brünnhilde's rock, the morning dawn, and the Rhine journey. The soloists were Mme. Nordica and Anton Schott.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about either of these singers. Mme. Nordica's Wagner singing has been made sufficiently familiar in the course of the opera season, and Mr. Schott's can be made sufficiently familiar to any reasonable human being in about three minutes. There was very little left of either Hans Sachs or Sieglinde when he got through with his work last night. Mme. Nordica deserves a special word for her beautiful delivery of Elsa's balcony reverie. Mr. Paur is hardly an ideal interpreter of Wagner's music. He is too methodical. His readings remind one of M. Maurel's acting. The whole scheme is on the surface. This is especially the case when Mr. Paur has to deal with such a delicate and poetic bit of music as the first part of the prelude to Act. III. of "Die Meistersinger." The joints of his phrasing show themselves altogether too clearly. In the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," where he was compelled to take a tempo too fast for such dissecting articulation, he was at his best. The number was played with splendid spirit, with warmth, and with color. It made one think of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of old times. In the prelude to Act. III. of "Lohengrin," the conductor was again at home. In the music selected from the trilogy, he appeared to less advantage. Here again his deliberate method of exposing all the joints between phrases was injurious to the romantic spirit of the music. However, it was a delight to hear all the old favorites again, and the concert served as a pleasant foretaste of the feast which Mr. Damrosch is to set before us later on.

The New York Recorder.

BY GEORGE W. TURNER.

FRIDAY, January 11, 1895.

ONLY WAGNER WAS PLAYED

Nine of His Music Dramas Sampled at the Boston Symphony Concert.

Conductor Paur Deals Too Much in Overwrought Crescendoes—A Cloying Programme.

For a visiting orchestra to play a Wagner programme in New York is like fetching coals to New Castle, especially when Mr. Emil Paur conducts such an excursion. So the Wagner programme, played last night at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was too long and dragged in interest, despite a rather ingeniously arranged scheme, one that illustrated Wagner's development, for no less than nine of his music dramas were represented, while "Tristan and Isolde" and "Parsifal" were conspicuous by their absence.

It is more than an open question whether an entire Wagner programme can be defended on good aesthetic grounds. Of all the musical moderns, Wagner can least stand the test of the concert room. He knew it himself, and laid the embargo of his displeasure on the conductor who gave excerpts from his music in concert performances. Then, it is true, with Wagnerian logic, he broke his own rule, but even such a precedent is dangerous.

Wagner's style is so foreign to the concert halls and depends so much on dramatic accessories that it suffers without them. Then, too, for a whole evening his music is cloying as despite all the boasts of his blind worshippers. His versatility is much overrated. His moods run in high, emotional grooves. His restless feverishness becomes monotonous when not framed by the operatic mise en scene, and his orchestral language, sonorous, sumptuous in suggestion and high-pitched in color scheme, tells heavily on the nerves before an evening wears away. And when you add to all this a conductor who is more muscular than poetic, and without imagination or mood-versatility, you tell the story of last night's concert.

Paur has of late gone in for temperament, no doubt because his critics have dwelt on his temperamental deficiencies. So in the playing of his band there is noticeable now a strenuous quality, forced fortissimos, strained pianissimos. The effect is of roughness, even of harshness. The wood wind and brass are made to work too hard by Mr. Paur, who has suddenly become enamored of power and overwrought crescendos. Delicacy of phrasing is often sacrificed, and the most brilliant the orchestra did last night was the "Rienzi" overture with its circus-like finale.

There was, however, other good work done during the evening. The prelude to the third act of "Tannhauser," the Rhinegold selection, and the "Dutchman" overture were played well. When Mr. Paur is not on the rampage he is neat. Really his earlier manner was the best—for him; cut and dried mechanical conducting. Of storm and stress he should beware. The "Walweben" was cleverly done, with few technical slips, but it lacked poesy, the mellow atmosphere of the mid-forest.

Nordica sang "Dich Theure Halle" and looked very smiling and handsome. Then she sang the balcony scene from "Lohengrin," and only looked handsome—her smile had fled. She was in good Nordica voice. Anton Schott, the famous tenor with the apopleptic method, delivered, or rather shot, at his audience the prize song from 'Die Walkure." His voice, his face, his decorations, were an impressionistic study in scarlet. He seems well preserved for a Wagner singer.

NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895.

WAGNER WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Wagner was the sole composer represented upon the programme of the concert given last evening in the Metropolitan by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Evidently an attempt had been made to exhibit the art life of the master, from the cradle to the grave. Every period in the development of his genius and every phase of his fecund imagination was displayed in some example, covering as they did "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Hollaender," "Lohengrin," "Tannhaeuser," "Die Meistersinger," and the "Nibelungen" series.

The performance was worthy of the programme. The prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" was not as clear cut as it would have been had the tempo not been so extremely fast, for, though the technique of the organization, taken as a body, is equal to anything, an air of breathless agitation characterized the excerpt. On the other hand the prelude to the third act of "Tannhaeuser" was a perfect example of poetic pathos, and the prelude from "Die Miestersinger"—again the third act—was a marvel of tonal color and grace. The overture to "Rienzi," too, was excellently played.

Mme. Nordica sang the "Dich, theure Halle" with magnificent breadth. The number was the most perfect in performance of any during the evening and breathed a spirit of exalted passion. The excerpt from "Lohengrin"—the balcony music—was rather too dreamy, for it was almost inaudible.

Mr. Anton Schott made a strident reappearance in Walther's "Preislied" and the "Fruhlingslied" from "Die Walkure" and delighted many of the audience.

[80]

...AIL AND EXPRESS.
... & St. Paul's Churchyard,
New York.

Evening, Jan. 11, 1895.

...ston Symphony Orchestra Wagner Concert Last Night.

The first concert of the season devoted exclusively to the works of Richard Wagner was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Emil Paur's leadership. The programme was put together with skill and a good idea of contrast, and was rendered with the assistance of Mme. Nordica and Mr. Anton Schott.

Mr. Paur's leadership of the admirably trained orchestra was not altogether satisfactory. In several of the numbers the work was very good indeed, but in "Rhinegold" and Hans Richter's arrangement of the excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung" his interpretation lacked the real meaning and depth which could have been brought out. There was no imagination or deep feeling shown, and the wonderful "motives" sometimes rather lost their significance from the narrow manner in which they were played. In some of the numbers, however, Mr. Paur succeeded well, especially where real inspiration was not needed.

The orchestra is one of the best in training and general make-up, and the smoothness and precision of its work were as much a feature last night as at all the concerts of this organization.

Mme. Nordica was thoroughly satisfactory in her two solos, Elizabeth's aria from Act II. of "Tannhauser" and Elsa's song on the balcony from Act II. of "Lohengrin." When Mme. Nordica sings Elsa one feels that she has behind her interpretation the authority of Mme. Wagner, and she is convincing and adequate in the role. The rendition of the balcony scene was delightful, and the aria from "Tannhauser" was sung with significance and power.

Mr. Anton Schott sang the "Prieslied" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure." His voice is of fine quality in the upper registers, though lacking in life and vibration. His singing of the "Preislied" was not what it should have been; he slighted the lower notes and gave the whole less dignity and fervor than it needed. The "Spring Song" was also rather inadequate.

The large attendance last night, in spite of the exceedingly disagreeable weather, shows how the New Yorkers appreciate a Wagner concert by such a fine organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Kneisel Quartet of Boston will play this evening in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The programme includes a quartet in F major of Dvorak, the Larghetto and Scherzo from Cherubini's D minor quartet and the A minor quartet of Beethoven. This is to be the first of three concerts by this organization.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The need of a "Wagner programme" in the scheme of a concert orchestra's series in New-York at the present day is not evident, at least so far as the musical public is concerned. The justification for a concert devoted wholly to excerpts and fragments from Wagner's works lies not so much in the aesthetic needs of the community as in an ambition, undoubtedly pardonable, on the part of the conductor of such an organization at the Boston Symphony Orchestra to exploit the magnificent powers of his band in this special field and to make known his own ideas respecting the interpretation of Wagner's music. In this view of the case the concert of Wagnerian fragments offered last evening by the Boston Orchestra was an eminent success. It revealed anew the mastery of the organization over some of the most difficult tasks that can be set an orchestra, and it showed Mr. Paur's abilities and limitations as a conductor more clearly than they have before been shown.

The programme included some of the most familiar of Wagner's overtures and instrumental movements. The technical achievements of the orchestra were of the highest; it responded to every intention of the conductor, as clay in the hands of the potter, and there was much that was brilliantly played, and with an admirable and satisfying richness of tonal quality; such were the "Flying Dutchman" overture, and the selection from the third act of "Die Meistersinger." But in general it may be said that there were evident in Mr. Paur's readings an excessive effort at elaboration, an overdue emphasis of detail, a lack of freedom and of fire that were fatal to the impression of unity and to the emotional significance of the music. In his climaxes, too, there was a lack of that reserve power and overwhelming dramatic intensity that the New-York musical public has learned are inherent in Wagner's music and can be brought out of it by him who has the secret. Mr. Paur can justly be credited with many excellences, but he failed last evening to carry conviction as an interpreter of Wagner's music.

The solo singers were Mme. Nordica, who sang "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," and the balcony scene from "Lohengrin," the latter with exquisite tenderness and dignity; and Anton Schott, whose selections were Walther's "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" and Siegmund's song from the first act of "Die Walküre." He sang with vigor and with declamatory forcefulness, and even, generally, in time, but his voice sounded worn and lacking in color.

...Evening Post.

New York, Friday, Jan. 11, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Wagner programme which Mr. Paur selected for the third concert of his orchestra drew a larger audience than attended the other concerts, although the weather was abominable and the condition of the streets a horrible reminiscence of Tammany rule. Without going into details, it may be said that Mr. Paur was heard to better advantage in the selections from the music-dramas than in those from the early operas. The music of Wagner's "storm and stress" period calls for a Bohemian abandon which does not comport well with academic nicety and trimness. It is useless to try to make the "Rienzi" overture refined; it should be played as a sensational attempt to beat Meyerbeer on his own grounds. But in everything that the Boston Orchestra played one could not but admire the wonderful ensemble, the absolutely perfect crescendos and decrescendos, the rich glow of color, which in the Procession of the Gods, from "Rheingold," and in Siegfried's Rhinejourney, especially dazzled the hearer. It was excellent Wagner-playing, much better than what we are accustomed to hear at Carnegie Hall; yet it was not fully convincing; it interested but did not convey the heat of enthusiasm. The plain truth is that Mr. Seidl has spoiled us for other Wagner conductors, just as Mr. Paderewski has spoiled us for other pianists. The one disadvantage of going to Switzerland is that other mountain-chains ever after seem small, and make us long again for Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

The Sun.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Concert—A Wagnerian Programme.

It is not a pleasure to record that the Metropolitan Opera House contained a small audience last night at the concert of the Boston Symphony Society. The programme was made up exclusively from Wagner's works, containing a selection given in chronological order from every one of his operas, excepting "Tristan and Isolde." The soloists of the evening were Mme. Nordica and Anton Schott, the veteran tenor whose participation in the performance was no element in its success; and last night his present incapacity was augmented by the temporary drawback that he was not in good voice. Mme. Nordica sang *Elisabeth's* aria from "Tannhäuser," "Euch theure Hallen," with splendid expressiveness, and gave the balcony music from "Lohengrin" as she has often sung it this season. Her voice was not in particularly good condition in either aria, but this deficiency was compensated for by the admirable intelligence and feeling with which she rendered the music. Herr Schott laboriously intoned the Preislied and *Siegmund's* Love Song with very discouraging results.

Mr. Paur conducted the instrumental music with the greatest familiarity, rarely glancing at the score. New Yorkers may have grown to accept as authoritative Mr. Seidl's readings of Wagner's music, and the fact that Mr. Paur often takes the slow movements more slowly than we are accustomed to hear them, and the fast movements with unaccustomed *accelerando*, may have proved a novelty for which the audience was unprepared. The orchestra showed, however in spite of its many admirable characteristics, the splendid sonority of the strings and its exquisite delicacy in the wood instruments, that it lacks one feature which makes the music of Wagner different from all other, and that is the quality of elasticity. This is the quality one is likely to appreciate first in the hastening and retarding of the tempo and in the indeterminate and conflicting rhythms and melodies of Wagner's music. The Boston Symphony plays admirably as to every formal requirement in tone and shading, and these excellent qualities make it deficient at times in the most completely successful interpretation of Wagner's music. The introduction to the third act of "Tannhäuser" was taken much more slowly than it is usually given. The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" was the best performance of the concert, played with splendid spirit and expression. The prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" was the usual arrangement of the prelude in conjunction with the scenes of festivities in the third act, and was marked by rather more lively movement than it is usually given with. Four excerpts from the Nibelung Ring closed the concert.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1895.

It is probably essential to the contentment of a considerable portion of the musical community that a Wagner programme should come in somewhere during the Symphony season. M. Paur put it in yesterday, making it the basis of his twelfth concert And thus he arranged it: "Rienzi"—Overture. "Tannhauser"—Act. II., "Elizabeth's Aria." Act. III., prelude. "Flying Dutchman"—Overture. "Lohengrin"—Act. III., prelude. "Meistersinger"—Act. III., prelude; Dance of Apprentices and Procession; Act I., "Walther's Preislied." "Rheingold"—"Procession of the Gods." "Die Walkure"—"Spring Song." "Siegfried"—"Waldweben." "Gotterdammerung"—"Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn and Rhine Journey," arranged by Hans Richter.

About such a programme there is nothing critical to be said. It illustrates the best that there is in the great composer's scores of what can be taken as absolute music, capable of giving pleasures and awakening moods by its own sounds and phrases. In its way this was a historical programme, because with one exception its order was chronological, beginning with the furious clangor and tremendous piety of the melodramatic period, and so passing on through the transition period of the "Dutchman" and other romantic operas to the "lyric drama" epoch, with its dying suggestions of that possible return to lighter and more melodious moods which Wagner's own end precluded.

The performance by the orchestra, much enlarged according to the exigencies of some selections, generally was splendid work. The present homogeity and and fine qualities of the wooden wind were never more manifest, the brass succeeded in being full almost to tumultuousness without being blatant, and the virtuosity of the strings was splendid in its strength, surety and celerity. Great animation, order and interest prevailed, and when all the special instruments of percussion were involved, the kettle-drummer, even though he had a whole row about him, was obliged to give up sometimes as beaten as his drums. Mr. Paur's treatment was for the most part felicitous both intellectually and passionately; but the gentler and more suave passages suffered from too much severity and too little sympathy. The two songs were rendered with his best appreciation and ability by Mr. Schott, whose eminent merit as a Wagner singer has been long recognized here. In the "Prize Song" even his voluminous and resonant tones were overwhelmed by the irrational violence of the accompaniment; but in the "Spring Song" Mr. Paur showed some consideration and allowed the audience to hear something beside the band.

The audience packed the hall and applauded loud and long, recalling Mr. Paur at the end of the first part and Mr. Schott at the end of his song.

At the next concert Mr. Cesar Thomson, the other distinguished violinist of the season, will make his debut, playing a concerto of Goldmark, and the orchestra will perform Dvorak's "American" symphony, a symphonic poem of Smetana and Beethoven's "Leonora, No. 2" overture.

And apropos of this Wagner programme, which was the same to all effects and purposes as was given in New York week before last, a funny thing was printed in the Commercial Advertiser over the signature of Mr. Vance Thompson, who has some about as original and eccentric ideas about music and performances of music as anybody who divulges in public his private opinons. For in commenting upon the concert, he remarked that Mr. Paur conducted the overture "in far too well-bred a manner" and further alleged that the conductor's "chief sin is lackadaisicality." We believe Mr. Thompson to be a newcomer to New York—certainly to the department of musical criticism there. Can it be that what he has heard of the New York orchestras has deadened the normal sensibility of his tympanum? Or was he perhaps born with a dullness of hearing? For us of Boston, who have four times as many opportunities of acquainting ourselves with Mr. Paur's conducting, the opinion stands that his "chief sin" is a growing robustiousness of effect and a disposition to force the volume of orchestral sound until its quality is in danger of degenerating into noise. But stay—can it be that Boston is becoming enfeebled and assimilating itself unconsciously to the nature of a friend who accompanied Mr. Thompson to the concert and gave assurance that "he was affected with the proper vibration?" Because of this friend it is not too kindly written that his "temperament is unusually gelatinous." But yet again—can Mr. Thompson be so very wise in men, manners or music, since in this same article, laboring to be humorous about Hans Sachs sitting under a supposititious elder tree, he says of himself,—"My arboreal knowledge is very scant; I couldn't tell an elder from Susannah." That certainly does not argue much good for the young gentleman's cognitions or his judgment. And so, perhaps, the average Boston opinion about Mr. Paur's handling of Wagner is quite as likely to be correct as Mr. Thompson's, especially as the Tribune, which measures the world of music with its yard-stick, implies that the rendering of the programme was overcharged, in spite of some lack of dramatic intensity.

If so small a thing can afford a grain of comfort to the Musical Courier, which has been sitting in silent, speechless sorrow since its diatribes against Mr. Paur went for nothing, why should any good Bostonian begrudge it? Mr. Philip Hale having said in print, as has been also said and sung by others, that it would not be a bad plan to have a man of some other than German birth and education come in time to the head of the Symphony Orchestra, bringing more catholic views, tastes and cognitions, the Courier plucks up a spirit for new imaginings and writes:—"There is a cloud no bigger perhaps than a man's hand on the musical horizon. There is an undercurrent of grumbling in Boston about Mr. Paur and his cast iron beat, and the grumbling is done by the music critics. Whether Mr. Paur is or is not a great conductor is not the question now. What principally concerns Mr. Higginson is that the Boston Symphony orchestra has unquestionably lost some of its prestige during the past year." All of which shows that the Courier does not understand Boston criticism any better than Mr. Krehbiel and does not get a good grip on facts.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston ...

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1895.

The program of the 12th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was devoted to selections from the opera of Wagner, and was as follows:

"Rienzi," overture (1842).
"Tannhauser," introduction to Act III. (Tannhauser's pilgrimage), (1845).
"Der Fliegende Hollander," overture (1843).
"Lohengrin," introduction to Act III. (1850).
"Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," a. Prelude to Act III., dance of apprentices, procession of master singers and hymn to Hans Sachs (1868). b. Walther's prize song, Act III., scene 5.
"Das Rheingold," procession of the gods and lament of the Rhine daughters (1869).
"Die Walkure," Siegmund's love song, Act I., scene 3 (1870).
"Siegfried," "Waldweben" (1876).
"Gotterdammerung," Siegfried's passage to Brunnhilde's rock, morning dawn, and Siegfried's Rhine journey (1876).

This program is given in full as a matter of record, and also because, as arranged, it gives some idea of the growth of Wagner. As the compiler of the program book justly says, "Rienzi" contains "little or nothing that can be called characteristically Wagnerian." No wonder that Wagner in later years was ashamed of it, and would fain have all copies burned or at the bottom of the sea. The overture is one of the cheapest and most vulgar compositions ever written by a great musician. Yet its brutality and circus-pomp appeal to an audience and it is almost always welcomed as though it were a masterpiece. The growth of Wagner from this crude imitation of the style of Meyerbeer and Halévy to the best portions of "Parsifal" is only equaled by the steady improvement of Verdi from "Oberto" to "Aida."

Again let it be said, that Mr. Paur arranged this program with more than ordinary skill. It not only showed the growth of Wagner; it also gave within a reasonable length of time an excellent opportunity of hearing him at his best. However much ferocious Wagnerites may deplore the fact, the people at large prefer such tunes as Walther's prize song and Siegmund's love song to the passages that are so dear to the ultra-Wagnerites on account of alleged tremendous meaning and dire import. It may be said in passing that Mr. Schott declaimed these same tunes vigorously and with what is called Wagnerian understanding. He was in good voice and excellent general physical condition.

It would be easy to dilate on the fact that such a program seems singularly out of place in a Symphony concert. But, after all, perhaps it is better, if these excerpts must be heard to lump them all together, and devote an evening to the exhibition. If any of the subscribers do not like the feast provided, they can then send their regrets without fear of losing the opportunity of meeting an old and esteemed friend, or becoming acquainted with some one worth knowing. There was a time when such a concert would have provoked wild discussion. Some would have found no pleasure in it. Others, afflicted sorely with Wagneritis, would have echoed King Nebuchadnezzar and commanded their neighbors in these words: "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image."

But there is no golden image in music to be worshiped blindly. The genius of Wagner is acknowledged, just as the genius of Mozart, Weber, Verdi, and Bizet is acknowledged. No one is now compelled to say that everything in the gigantic music dramas is worthy of blind adoration.

Indeed, the more you hear the music of Wagner, the more you detect commonplace passages. This may sound like a paradox; and perhaps it needs this explanation: That just as in "Don Giovanni" there are certain Mozartian formulas which today seem stale and trite, so beyond doubt and peradventure mannerisms and formulas of Wagner will provoke yawns a century from now. That which is great and glorious will remain. Remember that "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro" still hold the stage, and they were written over a century ago.

It would be idle also to dilate on the fact that such concerts are flagrantly in variation of the expressed theories of Wagner. As Wagner himself violated nearly all his pet theories, what would be the use of spinning words about the enormity of this particular offence?

Let it be said, then, that there was a great audience, which gave long and loud manifestations of delight. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant, and Mr. Paur showed himself thoroughly in sympathy with the works of which he was interpreter.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Brilliant Wagner Programme — Other Musical Events.

The patrons of the Symphony concert in Music Hall last evening thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Instead of endeavoring not to look bored over a long symphony, which nine-tenths of them could not understand, they were treated to a Wagner programme, composed of selections from the chief works of the great composer.

Mr. Paur had chosen wisely, and every one of the ten numbers was heartily applauded. The leader demonstrated that he was as much at home with the writings of the German masters as in the classic works of Beethoven, and a more pleasing interpretation of Wagner has seldom, if ever, been heard in this city. The orchestral numbers of Wagner are especially effective, and rendered by the large orchestra whose leader not only has his men in perfect control, but is thoroughly familiar with the compositions of his fellow countryman, the result could scarcely fail to be pleasing. The overtures to "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman," the introd uction to the third act of "Lohengrin" and the procession of the gods from "Rhine-Gold" were the best.

Anton Schott was the soloist and sang Walther's prize song from "The Meistersinger" and Seigmund's love song from "Der Walkure." In the latter Mr. Schott's voice sounded hard and metallic and failed to realize the full beauty of the number. The audience was by far the largest of the season.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the soloist will be Mr. Carson Thomson, the violinist.

[81]

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.
Broadway & St. Paul's Churchyard, New York.
Friday Evening, Jan. 11, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Wagner Concert Last Night.

The first concert of the season devoted exclusively to the works of Richard Wagner was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Emil Paur's leadership. The programme was put together with skill and a good idea of contrast, and was rendered with the assistance of Mme. Nordica and Mr. Anton Schott.

Mr. Paur's leadership of the admirably trained orchestra was not altogether satisfactory. In several of the numbers the work was very good indeed, but in "Rhinegold" and Hans Richter's arrangement of the excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung" his interpretation lacked the real meaning and depth which could have been brought out. There was no imagination or deep feeling shown, and the wonderful "motives" sometimes rather lost their significance from the narrow manner in which they were played. In some of the numbers, however, Mr. Paur succeeded well, especially where real inspiration was not needed.

The orchestra is one of the best in training and general make-up, and the smoothness and precision of its work were as much a feature last night as at all the concerts of this organization.

Mme. Nordica was thoroughly satisfactory in her two solos, Elizabeth's aria from Act II. of "Tannhauser" and Elsa's song on the balcony from Act II. of "Lohengrin." When Mme. Nordica sings Elsa one feels that she has behind her interpretation the authority of Mme. Wagner, and she is convincing and adequate in the role. The rendition of the balcony scene was delightful, and the aria from "Tannhauser" was sung with significance and power.

Mr. Anton Schott sang the "Prieslied" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure." His voice is of fine quality in the upper registers, though lacking in life and vibration. His singing of the "Preislied" was not what it should have been; he slighted the lower notes and gave the whole less dignity and fervor than it needed. The "Spring Song" was also rather inadequate.

The large attendance last night, in spite of the exceedingly disagreeable weather, shows how the New Yorkers appreciate a Wagner concert by such a fine organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Kneisel Quartet of Boston will play this evening in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The programme includes a quartet in F major of Dvorak, the Larghetto and Scherzo from Cherubini's D minor quartet and the A minor quartet of Beethoven. This is to be the first of three concerts by this organization.

New-York Daily Tribune.
FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The need of a "Wagner programme" in the scheme of a concert orchestra's series in New-York at the present day is not evident, at least so far as the musical public is concerned. The justification for a concert devoted wholly to excerpts and fragments from Wagner's works lies not so much in the aesthetic needs of the community as in an ambition, undoubtedly pardonable, on the part of the conductor of such an organization at the Boston Symphony Orchestra to exploit the magnificent powers of his band in this special field and to make known his own ideas respecting the interpretation of Wagner's music. In this view of the case the concert of Wagnerian fragments offered last evening by the Boston Orchestra was an eminent success. It revealed anew the mastery of the organization over some of the most difficult tasks that can be set an orchestra, and it showed Mr. Paur's abilities and limitations as a conductor more clearly than they have before been shown.

The programme included some of the most familiar of Wagner's overtures and instrumental movements. The technical achievements of the orchestra were of the highest; it responded to every intention of the conductor, as clay in the hands of the potter, and there was much that was brilliantly played, and with an admirable and satisfying richness of tonal quality; such were the "Flying Dutchman" overture, and the selection from the third act of "Die Meistersinger." But in general it may be said that there were evident in Mr. Paur's readings an excessive effort at elaboration, an overdue emphasis of detail, a lack of freedom and of fire that were fatal to the impression of unity and to the emotional significance of the music. In his climaxes, too, there was a lack of that reserve power and overwhelming dramatic intensity that the New-York musical public has learned are inherent in Wagner's music, and can be brought out of it by him who has the secret. Mr. Paur can justly be credited with many excellences, but he failed last evening to carry conviction as an interpreter of Wagner's music.

The solo singers were Mme. Nordica, who sang "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," and the balcony scene from "Lohengrin," the latter with exquisite tenderness and dignity; and Anton Schott, whose selections were Walther's "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" and Siegmund's song from the first act of "Die Walküre." He sang with vigor and with declamatory forcefulness, and even, generally, in time, but his voice sounded worn and lacking in color.

The Evening Post.
New York, Friday, Jan. 11, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Wagner programme which Mr. Paur elected for the third concert of his orchestra drew a larger audience than attended the other concerts, although the weather was abominable and the condition of the streets a horrible reminiscence of Tammany rule. Without going into details, it may be said that Mr. Paur was heard to better advantage in the selections from the music-dramas than in those from the early operas. The music of Wagner's "storm and stress" period calls for a Bohemian abandon which does not comport well with academic nicety and trimness. It is useless to try to make the "Rienzi" overture refined; it should be played as a sensational attempt to beat Meyerbeer on his own grounds. But in everything that the Boston Orchestra played one could not but admire the wonderful ensemble, the absolutely perfect crescendos and decrescendos, the rich glow of color, which in the Procession of the Gods, from "Reingold," and in Siegfried's Rhinejourney, especially dazzled the hearer. It was excellent Wagner-playing, much better than what we are accustomed to hear at Carnegie Hall; yet it was not fully convincing; it interested but did not convey the heat of enthusiasm. The plain truth is that Mr. Seidl has spoiled us for other Wagner conductors, just as Mr. Paderewski has spoiled us for other pianists. The one disadvantage of going to Switzerland is that other mountain-chains ever after seem small, and make us long again for Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

The Sun.
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But there is no golden image in music to be worshiped blindly. The genius of Wagner is acknowledged, just as the genius of Mozart, Weber, Verdi, and Bizet is acknowledged. No one is now compelled to say that everything in the gigantic music dramas is worthy of blind adoration.

Indeed, the more you hear the music of Wagner, the more you detect commonplace passages. This may sound like a paradox; and perhaps it needs this explanation: That just as in "Don Giovanni" there are certain Mozartian formulas which today seem stale and trite, so beyond doubt and peradventure mannerisms and formulas of Wagner will provoke yawns a century from now. That which is great and glorious will remain. Remember that "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro" still hold the stage, and they were written over a century ago.

It would be idle also to dilate on the fact that such concerts are flagrantly in variation of the expressed theories of Wagner. As Wagner himself violated nearly all his pet theories, what would be the use of spinning words about the enormity of this particular offence?

Let it be said, then, that there was a great audience, which gave long and loud manifestations of delight. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant, and Mr. Paur showed himself thoroughly in sympathy with the works of which he was interpreter.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Brilliant Wagner Programme --- Other Musical Events.

The patrons of the Symphony concert in Music Hall last evening thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Instead of endeavoring not to look bored over a long symphony, which nine-tenths of them could not understand, they were treated to a Wagner programme, composed of selections from the chief works of the great composer.

Mr. Paur had chosen wisely, and every one of the ten numbers was heartily applauded. The leader demonstrated that he was as much at home with the writings of the German masters as in the classic works of Beethoven, and a more pleasing interpretation of Wagner has seldom, if ever, been heard in this city. The orchestral numbers of Wagner are especially effective, and rendered by the large orchestra whose leader not only has his men in perfect control, but is thoroughly familiar with the compositions of his fellow countryman, the result could scarcely fail to be pleasing. The overtures to "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman," the introd uction to the third act of "Lohengrin" and the procession of the gods from "Rhine-Gold" were the best.

Anton Schott was the soloist and sang Walther's prize song from "The Meistersinger" and Seigmund's love song from "Der Walkure." In the latter Mr. Schott's voice sounded hard and metallic and failed to realize the full beauty of the number. The audience was by far the largest of the season.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the soloist will be Mr. Carson Thomson, the violinist.

[81]

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XXVII., NO. 20.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1895.

WAGNER HAD THE FLOOR.

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The concert in Music Hall last night by the Boston Symphony orchestra attracted one of the largest and most enthusiastically demonstrative audiences of the season. The programme was devoted wholly to Wagner, and the selections were given in chronological order, beginning with "Rienzi" and ending with "Die Gotterdammerung." It was as follows:

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Siegfried's passage to Brunhilde's rock, morning dawn, and Siegfried's trip up the Rhine, from "Twilight of the Gods".....(1876)

The soloist was M. Anton Schott. This was a rather large instalment of Wagner, to be sure, but the selections were made judiciously, and with as close an approach to variety in contrasts as was possible. Nevertheless it became very monotonous at last, owing to the similarity of the inevitable stormy climaxes, the unbroken sumptuousness of the tone color, and the constant iteration and reiteration of the same orchestral effects to the point of satiety. The vulgar circus overture to "Rienzi" was given with tremendous fire and effect. In fact, the playing of the orchestra through the whole concert was magnificent in its dashing and, at times, really exciting virtuosity. It was especially fine in the selection from "Tannhauser," and in that from "Lohengrin" the players reached a point of brilliancy, of precision and of fiery spirit that has never before had its parallel here.

Mr. Paur read all the selections in a manner that showed him to be thoroughly in sympathy with the composer, and his interpretations were masterly in the deeply intelligent conception that distinguished them. He conducted with a magnetism that swayed his orchestra and audience alike, and he stirred the latter so completely that on several occasions they applauded him wildly and recalled him again and again. There is nothing new to be said of the music. It has all been given here so frequently that it is quite familiar to the musical public, and all that can be said for or against it has been said until it would be superogatory to discuss it again at this late date.

Mr. Schott, who was cordially welcomed, sang the "Prize Song" and the "Love Song" in that manly and noble style, with that lofty and impressive feeling and with that convincing sincerity that have always characterized his performances. The singing of so much Wagner music may have played some havoc with his voice, but his artistic intelligence remains undimmed and it is still a genuine pleasure to listen to him. He was given hearty applause and recalled after each effort.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, "From the New World," Dvorak; Concerto for violin, in A minor, Goldmark; Symphonic Poem, Sonetana; overeture, "Leonore" No. 2, Beethoven. The soloist will be Mr. Cesar Thomson.

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That the program was very welcome to the symphony patrons was shown by the great size of the audience, and by unusually lavish applause. Such was the demand for tickets to the Friday afternoon rehearsal that the sale of admissions was necessarily stopped so long ago as last Monday.

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Not since Mr Paur's first appearance here has he been so enthusiastically applauded, and he well merited all the praise bestowed. No more exacting program could have been arranged, and the admirable results attained was gratifying evidence that the past high standard of the Symphony orchestra has not only been sustained, but has actually improved under Mr Paur's direction.

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The remarkable precision of the latter was notably shown in the exquisite performance of the long and beautiful passage in the selection from "Siegfried," where the first violins are wholly unaccompanied. So exact was the time and so perfect the pitch of each instrument, that it seemed to the ear as though a single violin of magnificent tone and volume was being played.

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At the next concert the celebrated Belgian violinist, Cesar Thompson, will be the soloist. It will be his first appearance in Boston and he will be heard with especial interest because of the sensation which his fellow countryman, Ysaye, has created here. The program will be as follows: Symphony No. 8 in E minor, "From the New World," Dvorak; concerto for violin in A minor, Op. 28, Goldmark; symphonic poem, Smetana; overture, "Lenore," No. 2, Beethoven.

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The concert was a trifling monotonous and a clear idea of Wagner's merits could not be drawn from it. Noise followed noise with nerve-wearing persistency, and the effect of this noise on the ear was to deaden it to any sound less than that of a whirlwind.

The orchestra performed its work with rare skill, and it is doubtful if Wagner ever had a finer body of interpreters, or a conductor of a finer fibre than Mr. Paur. The "Lohengrin" selection was conducted and played with exquisite skill, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. In fact, the large audience was more than usually liberal in indicating its approbation, and, in this sense, the Wagner programme was a veritable triumph.

Whether justice can be done to Wagner in selections is a question that would be interesting to discuss, and to represent them on the concert stage is to deprive them of two-thirds of their effect that Wagner intended, and for which he deliberately planned. His music was joined to poetry and painting; it was a triple-faced unity, and from this it would seem to follow that to produce its full effect, poetry of dialogue and a background of scenery are necessary. It is certain that, notwithstanding the brilliant interpretation, the music at last palled on the ear, and produced the curious illusion of being of one color throughout, until the hearer was in danger of confounding "Rienzi" with "Lohengrin," and Siegfried with Hans Sachs.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Anton Schott, who sung Walther's Prize song from the "Meistersinger" and Siegmund's Love Song from the "Valkyr." Mr. Schott was applauded with enthusiasm.

The programme for the next concert is Dvorak's symphony in E minor, No. 8. "From the New World," Goldmark's concerto for violin in A minor op. 28; Smetana's Symphonic Poem and Beethoven's overture "Lenore" No. 2. Mr. Cesar Thompson will be the soloist.

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The Assertion that His "School of the Future" is Already One of the Past is False—Three Selections Saturday Night Aroused Enthusiasm—Mr. Paur at His Best.

Every few weeks one reads in the columns of the ultra-classical reviewers that Wagner's music is dying out, that the taste for his works is on the wane, that the school of the future has already become the school of the past. Possibly, therefore, the tremendous audience which attended the Wagner concert of saturday, a concert which had not even the assistance of an especially great soloist, came to attend the funeral service. probably the reason that they all stayed to the very end was that they thought that the moribund school might expire in their presence, and undoubtedly the constant and enthusiastic applause was given simply to make its last moments pleasant. To speak seriously, Wagner's music was never more intelligently appreciated than in this decade; the public begin to understand that the so-called "Wagner school" is purely and simply Wagner himself; they begin to comprehend that the thunderbolts of Jove cannot be used by his successors, and while they now venture to disagree with one or the other of the theories which the master has enunciated, and even to use the blue pencil in cases where theory stood in the light of musical beauty, there is enough left to make a dozen masters immortal. Continuity, dramatic unity, the evolution of the music from the poem, intellectuality as represented in the leit-motif (its explanatory function is not unlike the use of the old Greek chorus, although much less clumsy), all these points are beacon lights on the path of musical progress. The programme was arranged in a sequential manner, so as to afford the auditor an outline sketch of the development of the composer's work, and this order of performance accentuated the fact that the musical public, and even the Wagnerians, are not led blindly by the views of Wagner himself. Let him discard all his earlier works if he will, the melodic power of the prayer from "Rienzi," the splendor of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" (without a single theory in it), or the dramatic fervor of the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" (and Wagner denounced a separate overture as artistically wrong), will carry any cultured audience to enthusiasm. The fact is that Wagner was a genius with or without his theories, sometimes in spite of them (as Hans Sachs was a genius even when following the pedantic rules of the Mastersingers), a genius even when following Auber and producing a "Rienzi." The overture to this opera, which began the programme, was finely played, and Mr. Paur was entirely in his element in working up the great climaxes of festivity and triumph.

The prelude to the third act of "Tannhaeuser" was less effective, for the brasses forced their tone to its detriment, although the woodwind and the violins played with much beauty and good shading. The "Flying Dutchman" overture was effective in every measure. Seldom can one hear the fury of the tempest, the bold sailor calls, the motif of the Flying Dutchman and the sweet theme of Senta (alluding to the salvation of the hero) so well intertwined. The beginning was especially full of dramatic force, for here Mr. Paur

Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,

in a glorious manner.

The popular success of the concert was reached in the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin." This shows a melodic Wagner (and Wagner, all his theories to the contrary notwithstanding, was a born melodist), and became a universal favorite in Europe years before its opera did. It was taken more rapidly than we are accustomed to hear it, but the violins were able to keep their swift figure without blur, and the trombones thundered forth their theme with appropriate power. It seemed as if the audience intended to force an encore here, and Mr. Paur was called again and again to respond to the long-continued plaudits, but wisely forbore from infringing upon the custom of the concerts.

A well-arranged set of selections from "Die Meistersinger" followed, beginning with the prelude to the third act, and introducing the attractive "Dance of the 'prentices." This latter is a perfect bit of mediaevalism and its piquant seven-barred phrases and its delicious subtheme are attractive even without the action of the stage. It is a great tribute to the power of Wagner that such music is able to make its effect, even when separated from its appropriate adjuncts, and it is an equally strong point, (and one less generally understood) that the libretto of this opera would be a valuable work of art, given by itself, without a note of the wonderful music.

How much of a historian Wagner was can best be studied from this opera, whether we approach it from the musical or dramatic side. In the music the great theme of the Mastersingers is an actual piece of contemporaneous song, and the Sachs chorus of Homage is founded on the style of the middle ages. In the play, the characters are mostly actual, the customs portrayed from a *Sitten-bild* more graphic and more exact than Scott's "Quentin Durward," Kingsley's "Hereward," Ebers' "Egyptian Princess," or Conan Doyle's "White Company." One may, however, doubt if Albrechtsberger would have approved of the counterpoint which ushers in the prelude, and it is difficult to bring out the many themes intact from the subsequent hurly-burly. The violins lost their infallibility just before the Prentice dance, but the muted trumpets stood out well in the final picture of the festival. Now came the soloist. To speak justly of Mr. Anton Schott's work in this concert is a task of some difficulty. He has done much in building up the Wagnerian opera among us, and one feels grateful for that, but the reviewer may only look upon the present, and the voice as used Saturday seemed explosive beyond all necessity. The Prize Song was given in a series of dynamite phrases and with a prominence of sibilants that suggested the sputtering fuses of the musical bombs. Nor was Siegmund's "Love Song" much better. It was taken at too quick a tempo; singers know so well how Wagner hated sentimentality that they often rush to the opposite extreme and hurry the tender theme. Mr. Schott's intonation, however, calls for commendation, for he sang quite true throughout the evening, and his own earnestness and enthusiasm were caught in some degree by the audience, for he received a host of recalls after each of his numbers.

The procession of the gods, from "Rheingold," was given in lofty style, and the tremendous faufare at its end was excellently done. "Waldesweben," from the opera "Siegfried," is one of the finest pictures of nature in the whole musical repertoire. It makes, however, inordinate demands upon the orchestra. Such a division of string parts, to picture the multitudinous life of the woods, exists in no other work, and when an orchestra of less than one hundred is thus divided there is likely to be thinness in some spots. The *glockenspiel* might have been surer, and the strings a trifle more delicate, but the tone-picture as a whole was adequately conveyed and the number successful. The end of the concert presented Richter's well-known arrangement of the last part of "Siegfried" and the first portion of "Gotterdaemmerung." There was good balance of parts in this, and most of the motives stood forth with reasonable clearness. At times an extreme of force was reached, but this was permissible in a number of this heroic character. One might find fault with the way in which the title of this work is done into English. "Siegfried's Trip Up the Rhine" is altogether too suggestive of Cook's tickets, of personally conducted tours, and of an excursion boat from Cologne to Wiesbaden. Louis C. Elson.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVII., NO. 20.

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The prelude to the third act of "Tannhaeuser" was less effective, for the brasses forced their tone to its detriment, although the woodwind and the violins played with much beauty and good shading. The "Flying Dutchman" overture was effective in every measure. Seldom can one hear the fury of the tempest, the bold sailor calls, the motif of the Flying Dutchman and the sweet theme of Senta (alluding to the salvation of the hero) so well intertwined. The beginning was especially full of dramatic force, for here Mr. Paur

Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,

in a glorious manner.

The popular success of the concert was reached in the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin." This shows a melodic Wagner (and Wagner, all his theories to the contrary notwithstanding, was a born melodist), and became a universal favorite in Europe years before its opera did. It was taken more rapidly than we are accustomed to hear it, but the violins were able to keep their swift figure without blur, and the trombones thundered forth their theme with appropriate power. It seemed as if the audience intended to force an encore here, and Mr. Paur was called again and again to respond to the long-continued plaudits, but wisely forbore from infringing upon the custom of the concerts.

A well-arranged set of selections from "Die Meistersinger" followed, beginning with the prelude to the third act, and introducing the attractive "Dance of the 'prentices." This latter is a perfect bit of mediaevalism and its piquant seven-barred phrases and its delicious subtheme are attractive even without the action of the stage. It is a great tribute to the power of Wagner that such music is able to make its effect, even when separated from its appropriate adjuncts, and it is an equally strong point, (and one less generally understood) that the libretto of this opera would be a valuable work of art, given by itself, without a note of the wonderful music.

How much of a historian Wagner was can best be studied from this opera, whether we approach it from the musical or dramatic side. In the music the great theme of the Mastersingers is an actual piece of contemporaneous song, and the Sachs chorus of Homage is founded on the style of the middle ages. In the play, the characters are mostly actual, the customs portrayed from a *sitten-bild* more graphic and more exact than Scott's "Quentin Durward," Kingsley's "Hereward," Ebers' "Egyptian Princess," or Conan Doyle's "White Company." One may, however, doubt if Albrechtsberger would have approved of the counterpoint which ushers in the prelude, and it is difficult to bring out the many themes intact from the subsequent hurly-burly. The violins lost their infallibility just before the Prentice dance, but the muted trumpets stood out well in the final picture of the festival. Now came the soloist. To speak justly of Mr. Anton Schott's work in this concert is a task of some difficulty. He has done much in building up the Wagnerian opera among us, and one feels grateful for that, but the reviewer may only look upon the present, and the voice as used Saturday seemed explosive beyond all necessity. The Prize Song was given in a series of dynamite phrases and with a prominence of sibilants that suggested the sputtering fuses of the musical bombs. Nor was Siegmund's "Love Song" much better. It was taken at too quick a tempo; singers know so well how Wagner hated sentimentality that they often rush to the opposite extreme and hurry the tender theme. Mr. Schott's intonation, however, calls for commendation, for he sang quite true throughout the evening, and his own earnestness and enthusiasm were caught in some degree by the audience, for he received a host of recalls after each of his numbers.

The procession of the gods, from "Rheingold," was given in lofty style, and the tremendous faufare at its end was excellently done. "Waldesweben," from the opera "Siegfried," is one of the finest pictures of nature in the whole musical repertoire. It makes, however, inordinate demands upon the orchestra. Such a division of string parts, to picture the multitudinous life of the woods, exists in no other work, and when an orchestra of less than one hundred is thus divided there is likely to be thinness in some spots. The *glockenspiel* might have been surer, and the strings a trifle more delicate, but the tone-picture as a whole was adequately conveyed and the number successful. The end of the concert presented Richter's well-known arrangement of the last part of "Siegfried" and the first portion of "Gotterdaemmerung." There was good balance of parts in this, and most of the motives stood forth with reasonable clearness. At times an extreme of force was reached, but this was permissible in a number of this heroic character. One might find fault with the way in which the title of this work is done into English. "Siegfried's Trip Up the Rhine" is altogether too suggestive of Cook's tickets, of personally conducted tours, and of an excursion boat from Cologne to Wiesbaden. LOUIS C. ELSON.

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[82]

FADED TEXT

The Music Trades.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1895.

Loeffler's Latest Work.

At the Eleventh Symphony Concert two works were heard for the first time: Dvorak's Carnival overture, and an unpublished Divertimento, in A minor for violin and orchestra, written by C. M. Loeffler, a member of the orchestra, who himself played the violin. This opus was exceedingly interesting and received with great favor. Both of these new productions were most welcome. Even if new works are not better than old ones, we want to hear and judge for ourselves. The other numbers were Grieg's Suite, Aus Holberg's Zeit, and Mozart's Symphony in D, No. One.

Mr. Loeffler has been a violin pupil of Leonard, Joachim, and Massart, and began his pubiic career in 1878, as a member of the orchestra of Prince Dervies, who lived alternately in Nice and Lugano. Having studied composition with Kiel, of Berlin, and Guiraud, of Paris, Mr. Loeffler took naturally to writing, and several of his pieces have been produced within five years, mostly in Boston: Les Leillees de l'Ukraine; Fantastic Cello Concerto; string sextet and quartet; violin sonata; songs with violin obligato.

We learn from the program that this Divertisemento was composed last summer, after his return from Europe. It is, in the best sense of the phrase, a virtuoso composition. It is also a study in tonal color, and makes no pretensions to strict form, which, indeed, would not be in keeping with the character of the work. The first movement, the preambulum, opening allegro, in A-minor, $\frac{3}{4}$, calls for these instruments: three flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, the usual strings, harp and kettle drums. The solo violin begins at once in loose and and flexible figuration against a pedal. It is as though one should extemporize, preparing for the coming theme; and yet the character of this apparent episode is the character of the movement, interrupted by melodic episodes of plaintive or forcible nature. There is a noteworthy passage of instrumentation in the episode molto tranquillo, where the harp and four violas in unison flow against the song of the solo violin which a horn sustains. The Eclogue is naturally in the character of a pastorale. No violins are used. There are three flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, an English horn, two horns, two trumpets, kettledrums, harp, and the usual strings, with the exception noted. The last movement, Carn eval des Morts, is a series of variations on the plainsong, Dies Iræ, Dies Illa. The theme is declaimed moderato, 4-2, and then treated after the fashion of passacaglia. The second verse of the plainsong is also used later. To the instruments mentioned in the first movement are now added the tuba and the cymbals. There is no formal cadenza; or the cadenza is rather a series of modulatory passages.

Said a celebrated wit of the strawberry: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless he never did"; and this saying came to mind in listening to the fourth Kneisel Concert, of that Quartet's tenth season. The novelty of the eve was a sonata for piano and cello, op. 1, by Hans Pfitzner, a young Frankfort composer. In the second movement, langsam, Mr. Schroeder's cello was as clear at a trumpet. The third movement, sehr schnell, runs from a sort of sleighbell ride into a spin-song, strongly suggestive of Wagner. It was so beautifully played that the audience was disposed to demand a repetition, and has really quite as much humor as the fourth movement, specially so marked. The piano part was admirably played by Arthur Whiting. The quartets were both old and both good. Haydn's in D, op. 54, No. 5, is as merry as a grig, and the finale leaps you into our old-time Sailor's Hornpipe. Beethoven's A minor, op. 132, has not been given here since about 1880, and is specially interesting because of its adagio in the Lydian mode, a thank giving for restored health, written only two years before the composer's death.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twelfth symphony concert last Saturday evening was wholly made up of selections from the works of Richard Wagner, and was as follows:

"Rienzi," Overture.....(1842).
"Tannhäuser," Introduction to Act III.....(1845).
"Der fliegende Holländer," Overture.....(1843).
"Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III.....(1850).
"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".....(1868).
a.) Prelude to Act III., Dance of Apprentices, and Procession of the Master Singers.
b.) Walther's Prize Song, Act III., Scene 5.
"Das Rheingold," Procession of the Gods and Lament of the Rhine-Daughters.....(1869).
"Die Walküre," Siegmund's Love Song, Act I., Scene 3.....(1870).
"Siegfried," Waldweben.....(1876).
"Siegfried," Siegfried's Passage to Brünhilde's Rock, and "Götterdämmerung," Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....(1876).
Mr. Anton Schott was the singer.

Who shall say the public do not like Wagner, after seeing last Saturday's audience? for, with all due civility to Mr. Schott, we think it was the programme, rather than he, that was the bait to catch so many fish! The programme was, in one sense, admirably selected; it gave a taste of every great stage work by Wagner, excepting "Tristan" and "Parsifal," and this, too, in chronological order, with one easily explicable exception. Save for the introduction to the third act of "Tannhäuser" (Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage), the selections were all familiar; and none the worse for that! About the character of one or two of the selections, and their fitness for figuring on a programme of one of our symphony concerts, there may be some question. Upon the whole, what separates the selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," made by Hans Richter, and those from "Das Rheingold," arranged by H. Zumpe, from ordinary operatic potpourris? It cannot be the dignity of the music itself; for only the maddest Wagner enthusiast would care to claim that the Wagner music-dramas stand on a higher plane of artistic dignity (to put it mildly) than Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or Beethoven's Fidelio;" and we all know what any rational conductor would say to putting "selections" from either of these operas on a first-class symphony concert programme. Or is it the character of the music? To be sure, most of the Wagner excerpts were purely orchestral selections, and so far fit for their place on the programme; but there was at least one passage in Richter's lot where voice-parts were omitted, and a long one in Zumpe's where the original voice parts were actually arranged for orchestral instruments—just as in any common potpourri. Moreover, this whole arrangement of Zumpe's is in the fullest sense of the term a "transcription," not a concatenated series of excerpts from the original score; it is a transcription for smaller orchestra, such as commonly finds a home in "popular concerts" only. Some of Wagner's most famous orchestral effects are absolutely lost in it. It does seem to us that this sort of thing is rather *infra dig.* for the Boston Symphony Orchestra at one of its regular concerts.

We have exceedingly little sympathy with the talk that is often made against presenting excerpts from Wagner's music dramas off the stage. When the music is given in its original shape, we find it just as acceptable concert music as we do excerpts—such as intermezzi, arias, duets, or ensemble-pieces—from operas by other composers. But it should be given in its original shape, and with the original scoring. We would not be over-nice in this last matter, either; there are some wind parts in the "Nibelungen" scores that can well be dispensed with: no living soul would know the difference through his ear alone. Then, as a merely practical matter, where should we find *six* good harps? The lack of a few harps, more or less, should not be a bar to our hearing Wagner! But there are other instruments which cannot be so well spared, some processes of instrumentation the effect of which cannot be got by any other process; and it is doubly hard to have such effects missed when the proper instruments are perfectly available. In one passage in the "Rheingold" selections, Wagner divides his strings into sixteen separate parts; and it so happens that the effect he gets from this subdivision cannot possibly be obtained with Zumpe's nine parts. We certainly have enough strings in our orchestra to play the original version! Again, Mr. Paur had (for once) eight horns in his orchestra last Saturday, four of the players being new to the orchestra. Now, without speculating upon what can be done with new players, could not the first quartet of horns—the regular players in our orchestra—have learnt to play the "Bayreuth" tubas, so that these important instruments need not have been omitted? The orchestra owns a complete set, and now that selections from the "Nibelungen" may have to be given at any time, ought not our horn-players to have regular practice on the Bayreuth tubas, just as it is well to have a clarinet-player who can play the alto-Saxophone? Remember that the tuba-parts in the "Nibelungen" are by no means difficult, and require no extraordinary technique; a fine horn-player who could not master the mechanism of these instruments in a month ought to be ashamed of himself.

But enough of this! The performance by the orchestra was almost without exception admirable, and the great music was played with finish, fire and grand effectiveness. Mr. Paur's readings were also unexceptionable. And the audience enjoyed the concert to the top of its bent. It was undoubtedly one of the high tides of the season in the estimation of a large majority of listeners.

Mr. Schott sang his two songs with splendid understanding of their meaning and character. The intellectual and emotional sides of a great artist were plainly there, and this is not a little. Unfortunately, Mr. Schott has that peculiar throaty emission of tone that is almost "academic" with many German tenors, who seem somehow to swallow their tone—as the cigarette smoker does his smoke—before giving it out. Not only does this peculiar school of tone formation result in a quality of sound distressing to the ear, but it gives the singer every facility for singing out of tune. That Mr. Schott sang often out of tune on Saturday evening is not to be denied; and whatever of novelty there may be in Wagner's music, it has not so utterly broken loose from all conventions as not to require to be sung in tune. Wagner's harmonies are often abstruse and exceedingly complicated, but false intonation plays the very deuce with them, just as it does with the harmonies of Adolph Adam or any other composer in the whole list.

The next programme is: Dvorák, Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World;" Goldmark, concerto for violin, in A minor, opus 28: Smetana, symphonic poem; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major, opus 72. Mr. Cesar Thomson will be the violinist.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1895.

The Symphony Concerts.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

May there not be a sincere word said regarding the Boston Symphony concerts, both this season and previously, without displaying a captious spirit of criticism or casting doubt upon the sincerity and ability of the business and artistic management of the greatest instrumental organization in America?

These concerts have been of wonderful educative value to this city, and they are this season of much greater value than ever before, chiefly by reason of the acute and illuminating talks by Mr. Louis Elson that preface them at Sayles Hall. But, while the music-lovers of Providence have progressed and are able to appreciate programmes of a higher order, it seems that the programme-maker of the orchestra is not aware of the fact, and continues to select pieces of a "popular" nature to a greater extent than is warranted by the degree of musical culture of his Providence audiences. It is also felt that, in the matter of solo artists, we are discriminated against, and I am inclined to believe that this charge is, in a measure, justified. Take the concert on Wednesday evening of last week for example. When the same programme was given in New York a week previous there were two soloists, Mme. Nordica and Herr Anton Schott. We were accorded only the famous old tenor, who may be said to have seen his best singing days, though still an artist entirely worthy of great roles and an interpreter of Wagner of deservedly high standing. This last concert is also the best example of the criticism that is urged with regard to the makeup of the programmes. When the course was first announced Providence patrons were promised a Wagner night. This, it seems to me, should have meant the devotion of one concert to the high purpose of exhibiting Wagner in the truest possible manner. Assuredly that cannot be done by giving several brilliant fragments of his works, however meritorious the fragments might be or however faultlessly they might be rendered by the orchestra. We do not get a true conception of Wagner in that way, as the Journal very justly pointed out in its notice of the concert on the following morning. The management of the orchestra treated Providence as New York was treated in this matter; but the management made a mistake in both cases. There is no musical organization in America that can interpret Wagner with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York cannot approach the standard of the Symphony. This splendid organization owed it to itself to give an expose of Wagner that should be entirely worthy of itself and as nearly worthy of Wagner as possible. Even conceding that the best policy required the exposition of Wagner by means of selections, there would still be grounds for questioning the programme as given here. The selections were the best known Wagner fragments, the most frequently given, those that might be said to have been already worn out, so far as their adaptability for use by the foremost musical organization in the country for the purpose of a notable Wagnerian concert is concerned.

The programme for the concert before the last, that of Dec. 19, was not the most flagrant example of the perverted judgment of whoever arranged them, as it gave us Beethoven's great Seventh Symphony, which is itself a feast sufficient for one evening, but the putting of Carl Baermann, an artist who needs no orchestral background, in competition with the resonant strength of the orchestra had the effect to vulgarize the orchestral work and belittle Baermann, whose delicate genius needs the most sympathetic background.

But I did not mean to enter into the general question of the composition of the Symphony programmes, although that field of observation is rich in opportunity. I merely wish to express here, in a fashion that may possibly attract the attention of Conductor Paur or Manager Ellis, the feeling that I know has been indulged by some of the orchestra's Providence patrons for two or three seasons. I do not suppose the Symphony people realize fully the truth that is so evident to us, namely, that the educative work of the orchestra in this city has been so effective and of such a high order that the public taste and capacity for appreciation has advanced far beyond the point at which the orchestra managers found it when they began to plan programmes for Providence. The teacher should have in mind his pupil's capacity for advancement, and should see to it that the text-book or oral lesson is keyed to a note constantly in advance of the pupil's achievement.

G. F.

Providence, Jan. 17, 1895.

HOME JOURNAL.

NEW YORK:
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

The Kneisel Concert.—The opening concert of the Kneisel Quartet on Friday last was a memorable event, and the playing was so unexceptionably fine that the hall will be found too small for the next of the series. The musical public owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kneisel and his companions. Such a treat has been seldom enjoyed. Beethoven's Quartet in A minor, an immortal composition that deserves all the enthusiasm it has created, was richly and reverently interpreted. There were two pretty movements of Cherubini in D minor that delighted, but of course in a less degree, and the concluding number was Dvorak's great quartet in F major, played so often last year. It is a great work, and repetition but adds to its popularity.

NY FIGARO

PUBLISHERS:

Sonnabend, den 19. Januar 1895.

Herausgeber: Leo von Raven.
Redakteur: Emil Jasper.

Providence, R. J., 17. Jan. '95.

Wenn Ihr Berichterstatter durch Abwesenheit von Berichten geglänzt hat, so ist dies nicht seine Schuld, sondern der nicht zu langen, aber doch glänzenden Reihe von Konzerten, welche bis jetzt in dieser Saison stattgefunden haben. Da nur Besprechungen der allerbesten Konzerte in den Rahmen eines Figaro-Berichtes passen, so beziehe ich mich nur auf die Messias-Aufführung des Arion-Clubs und die paar Symphonie-Konzerte des Boston Symphonie-Orchesters. Die Aufführung des Messias vom Arion-Club unter Leitung von Jules Jordan fand die größte Bewunderung bei unserem kritischen Publikum. Der Chor zeigte die vollgültigsten Beweise des ernsten, gründlichen Studiums, welches derselbe unter der sicheren Lehrmethode Jordan's erhält. Gegen allen bisherigen Usus hat auch das Boston Symphonie-Orchester in dieser Saison schon einige Novitäten gebracht, und ist es ein Vergnügen für uns zu konstatiren, daß Herr Paur in der Hinsicht etwas Rücksicht auf das hiesige Publikum genommen hat, denn wollte man in früheren Jahren etwas Neues hören, mußte man nach Boston wandern. Von Solisten, welche in diesen Konzerten auftreten, sind besonders der Franzose Plancon, der Pianist Carl Baermann und „unser" Anton Schott zu nennen, und besonders war es der letztere, welcher in dem großen Raume der Infantry Halle seine Stimme zu seltenem Glanze entfaltete. Das letzte Konzert war ein „Wagner Abend". Die mustergültigen Aufführungen dieses Orchesters ziehen nicht die vollen Häuser, wie sie es verdienen. — Diese Woche war die be—rühmte Lillian Russell hier und absolvirte ein Gastspiel im Prov. Opera House. Jeder ging um die viel-besprochene, viel-beschriebene und viel-geschiedene Diva zu sehen, wir glauben nicht, daß sehr viele aus musikalischem Interesse aus ins Theater gegangen sind. Da das Prov. Opera House jeden Abend ausverkauft war, so war der Zweck erfüllt und das ist wohl die Hauptsache des Managers.

Herm. Mueller.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

TICKET SPECULATORS A NUISANCE.

Manager Ellis of Music Hall Complains to the Police of Their Presence.

For some time it has been noticed by patrons of some of the theatres in the city, and by those who are accustomed to go to Music Hall, that about the doors and on the sidewalks in the neighborhood of the buildings for entertainment there have been a number of ticket speculators soliciting patronage from the passers-by. On Monday nights especially one sees boys near the theatre doors trying to sell "billboard" passes for a sum much less than the ordinary price of admission, and it has become a decided nuisance. At the stage-doors of some of the theatres it is customary for the doorkeeper to keep a little rattan stick to drive away the youngsters who are in the habit of loitering about to get a chance to act as "supe," but in the front of the house there seems to be no adequate means of keeping the idlers away, save by calling upon the police. In the case of Music Hall this has been done by Manager Ellis. Superintendent of Police Eldridge has been requested to detail a policeman to stop the nuisance, and it is probable that the patrons of the Friday-afternoon symphony rehearsals will be troubled no more by requests to purchase tickets. In most instances the speculators are persons who have stood in line for some special attraction in order to get a premium on a particularly good seat, but sometimes persons who have bought tickets to be used by themselves have been known to stand in the theatre or Music Hall lobby and solicit a purchase.

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The Music Trades.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1895.

Loeffler's Latest Work.

At the Eleventh Symphony Concert two works were heard for the first time: Dvorak's Carnival overture, and an unpublished Divertimento, in A minor for violin and orchestra, written by C. M. Loeffler, a member of the orchestra, who himself played the violin. This opus was exceedingly interesting and received with great favor. Both of these new productions were most welcome. Even if new works are not better than old ones, we want to hear and judge for ourselves. The other numbers were Grieg's Suite, Aus Holberg's Zeit, and Mozart's Symphony in D, No. One.

Mr. Loeffler has been a violin pupil of Leonard, Joachim, and Massart, and began his pubiic career in 1878, as a member of the orchestra of Prince Dervies, who lived alternately in Nice and Lugano. Having studied composition with Kiel, of Berlin, and Guiraud, of Paris, Mr. Loeffler took naturally to writing, and several of his pieces have been produced within five years, mostly in Boston: Les Leillees de l'Ukraine; Fantastic Cello Concerto; string sextet and quartet; violin sonata; songs with violin obligato.

We learn from the program that this Divertisemento was composed last summer, after his return from Europe. It is, in the best sense of the phrase, a virtuoso composition. It is also a study in tonal color, and makes no pretensions to strict form, which, indeed, would not be in keeping with the character of the work. The first movement, the preambulum, opening allegro, in A-minor, ¾, calls for these instruments: three flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, the usual strings, harp and kettle drums. The solo violin begins at once in loose and and flexible figuration against a pedal. It is as though one should extemporize, preparing for the coming theme; and yet the character of this apparent episode is the character of the movement, interrupted by melodic episodes of plaintive or forcible nature. There is a noteworthy passage of instrumentation in the episode molto tranquillo, where the harp and four violas in unison flow against the song of the solo violin which a horn sustains. The Eclogue is naturally in the character of a pastorale. No violins are used. There are three flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, an English horn, two horns, two trumpets, kettledrums, harp, and the usual strings, with the exception noted. The last movement, Carn eval des Morts, is a series of variations on the plainsong, Dies Iræ, Dies Illa. The theme is declaimed moderato, 4-2, and then treated after the fashion of passacaglia. The second verse of the plainsong is also used later. To the instruments mentioned in the first movement are now added the tuba and the cymbals. There is no formal cadenza; or the cadenza is rather a series of modulatory passages.

Said a celebrated wit of the strawberry: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless he never did"; and this saying came to mind in listening to the fourth Kneisel Concert, of that Quartet's tenth season. The novelty of the eve was a sonata for piano and cello, op. 1, by Hans Pfitzner, a young Frankfort composer. In the second movement, langsam, Mr. Schroeder's cello was as clear at a trumpet. The third movement, sehr schnell, runs from a sort of sleighbell ride into a spinsong, strongly suggestive of Wagner. It was so beautifully played that the audience was disposed to demand a repetition, and has really quite as much humor as the fourth movement, specially so marked. The piano part was admirably played by Arthur Whiting. The quartets were both old and both good. Haydn's in D, op. 54, No. 5, is as merry as a grig, and the finale leaps you into our old-time Sailor's Hornpipe. Beethoven's A minor, op. 132, has not been given here since about 1880, and is specially interesting because of its adagio in the Lydian mode, a thank giving for restored health, written only two years before the composer's death.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twelfth symphony concert last Saturday evening was wholly made up of selections from the works of Richard Wagner, and was as follows:

"Rienzi," Overture.....(1842).
"Tannhäuser," Introduction to Act III.....(1845).
"Der fliegende Holländer," Overture.....(1843).
"Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III.....(1850).
"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".....(1868).
a.) Prelude to Act III., Dance of Apprentices, and Procession of the Master Singers.
b.) Walther's Prize Song, Act III., Scene 5.
"Das Rheingold," Procession of the Gods and Lament of the Rhine-Daughters.....(1869).
"Die Walküre," Siegmund's Love Song, Act 1., Scene 3.....(1870).
"Siegfried," Waldweben.....(1876).
"Siegfried," Siegfried's Passage to Brünhilde's Rock, and "Götterdämmerung," Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....(1876).
Mr. Anton Schott was the singer.

Who shall say the public do not like Wagner, after seeing last Saturday's audience? for, with all due civility to Mr. Schott, we think it was the programme, rather than he, that was the bait to catch so many fish! The programme was, in one sense, admirably selected; it gave a taste of every great stage work by Wagner, excepting "Tristan" and "Parsifal," and this, too, in chronological order, with one easily explicable exception. Save for the introduction to the third act of "Tannhäuser" (Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage), the selections were all familiar; and none the worse for that! About the character of one or two of the selections, and their fitness for figuring on a programme of one of our symphony concerts, there may be some question. Upon the whole, what separates the selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," made by Hans Richter, and those from "Das Rheingold," arranged by H. Zumpe, from ordinary operatic potpourris? It cannot be the dignity of the music itself; for only the maddest Wagner enthusiast would care to claim that the Wagner music-dramas stand on a higher plane of artistic dignity (to put it mildly) than Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or Beethoven's Fidelio;" and we all know what any rational conductor would say to putting "selections" from either of these operas on a first-class symphony concert programme. Or is it the character of the music? To be sure, most of the Wagner excerpts were purely orchestral selections, and so far fit for their place on the programme; but there was at least one passage in Richter's lot where voice-parts were omitted, and a long one in Zumpe's where the original voice parts were actually arranged for orchestral instruments—just as in any common potpourri. Moreover, this whole arrangement of Zumpe's is in the fullest sense of the term a "transcription," not a concatenated series of excerpts from the original score; it is a transcription for smaller orchestra, such as commonly finds a home in "popular concerts" only. Some of Wagner's most famous orchestral effects are absolutely lost in it. It does seem to us that this sort of thing is rather *infra dig.* for the Boston Symphony Orchestra at one of its regular concerts.

We have exceedingly little sympathy with the talk that is often made against presenting excerpts from Wagner's music dramas off the stage. When the music is given in its original shape, we find it just as acceptable concert music as we do excerpts—such as intermezzi, arias, duets, or ensemble-pieces—from operas by other composers. But it should be given in its original shape, and with the original scoring. We would not be over-nice in this last matter, either; there are some wind parts in the "Nibelungen" scores that can well be dispensed with; no living soul would know the difference through his ear alone. Then, as a merely practical matter, where should we find *six* good harps? The lack of a few harps, more or less, should not be a bar to our hearing Wagner! But there are other instruments which cannot be so well spared, some processes of instrumentation the effect of which cannot be got by any other process; and it is doubly hard to have such effects missed when the proper instruments are perfectly available. In one passage in the "Rheingold" selections, Wagner divides his strings into sixteen separate parts; and it so happens that the effect he gets from this subdivision cannot possibly be obtained with Zumpe's nine parts. We certainly have enough strings in our orchestra to play the original version! Again, Mr. Paur had (for once) eight horns in his orchestra last Saturday, four of the players being new to the orchestra. Now, without speculating upon what can be done with new players, could not the first quartet of horns—the regular players in our orchestra—have learnt to play the "Bayreuth" tubas, so that these important instruments need not have been omitted? The orchestra owns a complete set, and now that selections from the "Nibelungen" may have to be given at any time, ought not our horn-players to have regular practice on the Bayreuth tubas, just as it is well to have a clarinet-player who can play the alto-Saxophone? Remember that the tuba-parts in the "Nibelungen" are by no means difficult, and require no extraordinary technique; a fine horn-player who could not master the mechanism of these instruments in a month ought to be ashamed of himself.

But enough of this! The performance by the orchestra was almost without exception admirable, and the great music was played with finish, fire and grand effectiveness. Mr. Paur's readings were also unexceptionable. And the audience enjoyed the concert to the top of its bent. It was undoubtedly one of the high tides of the season in the estimation of a large majority of listeners.

Mr. Schott sang his two songs with splendid understanding of their meaning and character. The intellectual and emotional sides of a great artist were plainly there, and this is not a little. Unfortunately, Mr. Schott has that peculiar throaty emission of tone that is almost "academic" with many German tenors, who seem somehow to swallow their tone—as the cigarette smoker does his smoke—before giving it out. Not only does this peculiar school of tone formation result in a quality of sound distressing to the ear, but it gives the singer every facility for singing out of tune. That Mr. Schott sang often out of tune on Saturday evening is not to be denied; and whatever of novelty there may be in Wagner's music, it has not so utterly broken loose from all conventions as not to require to be sung in tune. Wagner's harmonies are often abstruse and exceedingly complicated, but false intonation plays the very deuce with them, just as it does with the harmonies of Adolph Adam or any other composer in the whole list.

The next programme is: Dvorák, Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World;" Goldmark, concerto for violin, in A minor, opus 28: Smetana, symphonic poem; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major, opus 72. Mr. César Thomson will be the violinist.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1895.

The Symphony Concerts.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

May there not be a sincere word said regarding the Boston Symphony concerts, both this season and previously, without displaying a captious spirit of criticism or casting doubt upon the sincerity and ability of the business and artistic management of the greatest instrumental organization in America?

These concerts have been of wonderful educative value to this city, and they are this season of much greater value than ever before, chiefly by reason of the acute and illuminating talks by Mr. Louis Elson that preface them at Sayles Hall. But, while the music-lovers of Providence have progressed and are able to appreciate programmes of a higher order, it seems that the programme-maker of the orchestra is not aware of the fact, and continues to select pieces of a "popular" nature to a greater extent than is warranted by the degree of musical culture of his Providence audiences. It is also felt that, in the matter of solo artists, we are discriminated against, and I am inclined to believe that this charge is, in a measure, justified. Take the concert on Wednesday evening of last week for example. When the same programme was given in New York a week previous there were two soloists, Mme. Nordica and Herr Anton Schott. We were accorded only the famous old tenor, who may be said to have seen his best singing days, though still an artist entirely worthy of great roles and an interpreter of Wagner of deservedly high standing. This last concert is also the best example of the criticism that is urged with regard to the makeup of the programmes. When the course was first announced, Providence patrons were promised a Wagner night. This, it seems to me, should have meant the devotion of one concert to the high purpose of exhibiting Wagner in the truest possible manner. Assuredly that cannot be done by giving several brilliant fragments of his works, however meritorious the fragments might be or however faultlessly they might be rendered by the orchestra. We do not get a true conception of Wagner in that way, as the Journal very justly pointed out in its notice of the concert on the following morning. The management of the orchestra treated Providence as New York was treated in this matter; but the management made a mistake in both cases. There is no musical organization in America that can interpret Wagner with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York cannot approach the standard of the Symphony. This splendid organization owed it to itself to give an expose of Wagner that should be entirely worthy of itself and as nearly worthy of Wagner as possible. Even conceding that the best policy required the exposition of Wagner by means of selections, there would still be grounds for questioning the programme as given here. The selections were the best known Wagner fragments, the most frequently given, those that might be said to have been already worn out, so far as their adaptability for use by the foremost musical organization in the country for the purpose of a notable Wagnerian concert is concerned.

The programme for the concert before the last, that of Dec. 19, was not the most flagrant example of the perverted judgment of whoever arranged them, as it gave us Beethoven's great Seventh Symphony, which is itself a feast sufficient for one evening, but the putting of Carl Baermann, an artist who needs no orchestral background, in competition with the resonant strength of the orchestra had the effect to vulgarize the orchestral work and belittle Baermann, whose delicate genius needs the most sympathetic background.

But I did not mean to enter into the general question of the composition of the Symphony programmes, although that field of observation is rich in opportunity. I merely wish to express here, in a fashion that may possibly attract the attention of Conductor Paur or Manager Ellis, the feeling that I know has been indulged by some of the orchestra's Providence patrons for two or three seasons. I do not suppose the Symphony people realize fully the truth that is so evident to us, namely, that the educative work of the orchestra in this city has been so effective and of such a high order that the public taste and capacity for appreciation has advanced far beyond the point at which the orchestra managers found it when they began to plan programmes for Providence. The teacher should have in mind his pupil's capacity for advancement, and should see to it that the text-book or oral lesson is keyed to a note constantly in advance of the pupil's achievement.

G. F.

Providence, Jan. 17, 1895.

HOME JOURNAL.

NEW YORK:
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

The Kneisel Concert.—The opening concert of the Kneisel Quartet on Friday last was a memorable event, and the playing was so unexceptionably fine that the hall will be found too small for the next of the series. The musical public owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kneisel and his companions. Such a treat has been seldom enjoyed. Beethoven's Quartet in A minor, an immortal composition that deserves all the enthusiasm it has created, was richly and reverently interpreted. There were two pretty movements of Cherubini in D minor that delighted, but of course in a less degree, and the concluding number was Dvorak's great quartet in F major, played so often last year. It is a great work, and repetition but adds to its popularity.

NY-FIGARO.

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Providence, R. J., 17. Jan. '95.

Wenn Ihr Berichterstatter durch Abwesenheit von Berichten geglänzt hat, so ist dies nicht seine Schuld, sondern der nicht zu langen, aber doch glänzenden Reihe von Konzerten, welche bis jetzt in dieser Saison stattgefunden haben. Da nur Besprechungen der allerbesten Konzerte in den Rahmen eines Figaro-Berichtes passen, so beziehe ich mich nur auf die Messias-Aufführung des Arion-Clubs und die paar Symphonie-Konzerte des Boston Symphonie-Orchesters. Die Aufführung des Messias vom Arion-Club unter Leitung von Jules Jordan fand die größte Bewunderung bei unserem kritischen Publikum. Der Chor zeigte die vollgültigsten Beweise des ernsten, gründlichen Studiums, welches derselbe unter der sicheren Lehrmethode Jordan's erhält. Gegen allen bisherigen Usus hat auch das Boston Symphonie-Orchester in dieser Saison schon einige Novitäten gebracht, und ist es ein Vergnügen für uns zu konstatiren, daß Herr Paur in der Hinsicht etwas Rücksicht auf das hiesige Publikum genommen hat, denn wollte man in früheren Jahren etwas Neues hören, mußte man nach Boston wandern. Von Solisten, welche in diesen Konzerten auftreten, sind besonders der Franzose Plancon, der Pianist Carl Baermann und „unser" Anton Schott zu nennen, und besonders war es der letztere, welcher in dem großen Raume der Infantry Halle seine Stimme zu seltenem Glanze entfaltete. Das letzte Konzert war ein „Wagner Abend". Die mustergültigen Aufführungen dieses Orchesters ziehen nicht die vollen Häuser, wie sie es verdienen. — Diese Woche war die be—rühmte Lillian Russell hier und absolvirte ein Gastspiel im Prov. Opera House. Jeder ging um die viel-besprochene, viel-beschriebene und viel-geschiedene Diva zu sehen, wir glauben nicht, daß sehr viele aus musikalischem Interesse aus ins Theater gegangen sind. Da das Prov. Opera House jeden Abend ausverkauft war, so war der Zweck erfüllt und das ist wohl die Hauptsache des Managers.

Herm. Mueller.

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Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

TICKET SPECULATORS A NUISANCE.

Manager Ellis of Music Hall Complains to the Police of Their Presence.

For some time it has been noticed by patrons of some of the theatres in the city, and by those who are accustomed to go to Music Hall, that about the doors and on the sidewalks in the neighborhood of the buildings for entertainment there have been a number of ticket speculators soliciting patronage from the passers-by. On Monday nights especially one sees boys near the theatre doors trying to sell "billboard" passes for a sum much less than the ordinary price of admission, and it has become a decided nuisance. At the stage-doors of some of the theatres it is customary for the doorkeeper to keep a little rattan stick to drive away the youngsters who are in the habit of loitering about to get a chance to act as "supe," but in the front of the house there seems to be no adequate means of keeping the idlers away, save by calling upon the police. In the case of Music Hall this has been done by Manager Ellis. Superintendent of Police Eldridge has been requested to detail a policeman to stop the nuisance, and it is probable that the patrons of the Friday-afternoon symphony rehearsals will be troubled no more by requests to purchase tickets. In most instances the speculators are persons who have stood in line for some special attraction in order to get a premium on a particularly good seat, but sometimes persons who have bought tickets to be used by themselves have been known to stand in the theatre or Music Hall lobby and solicit a purchase.

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SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1895.

THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Cesar Thompson, Soloist, at Symphony Concert.

Cesar Thomson, the celebrated Belgian violinist, regarding whom much has of late been published, was the soloist at the 13th Symphony concert. He has been in America several months and has played in half a dozen cities, but his first appearance in Boston was at the Friday afternoon rehearsal.

He came to this country with the endorsement of the leading European critics, who appear to have been unanimous in declaring him one of the greatest violinists of the age. He is a native of Liege, where he received his early education. In later years he studied with Vieutemps and Wieniawski.

Mr Thomson did not receive a very enthusiastic greeting Friday afternoon, the proverbial coldness of Boston audiences to strangers was strikingly evident. Last night's audience was rather more cordial, but on neither occasion did the violinist receive the reception that his reputation demanded. After he had played the first movement of Goldmark's A minor concerto his great ability was recognized and there was considerable applause, but no enthusiasm.

The fact is, Mr Thomson appears here under great disadvantage, for it is impossible not to compare him with Ysaye, who has been so generally worshipped as the greatest of all violinists. Had Mr Thomson been the first to appear there is no doubt but that he would have created something of a sensation. As it is, his really marvelous playing will be listened to in a calmly critical mood, and because he may not be the equal in all respects of the accepted idol, will not be likely to receive due praise for the great merit every one will acknowledge he does possess.

Personal magnetism and showy effect are important factors in winnng favor from the average audience. Mr Thompson depends solely upon his art for success. His command of technque is simply marvelous, if possible it is superior to that of Ysaye. But he is very cold. His playing appeals to the intelligence rather than to the heart. In other words, one needs be an educated musician to fully appreciate his work.

Mr Thomson is always calm and reposeful. He performs the most remarkable technical exploits with such apparent ease that their real difficulty is not evident. He plays double octaves with rapidity and sureness that is simply amazing. His intonation is always absolutely correct, and he produces harmonics with exquisite effect. His bowing is firm and clean, graceful, but never showy. The tone is clear and beautiful, broad without being especially powerful, and in the lower register is delightfully warm. In short, Mr Thomson is a great artist. It matters not that there may be others who are greater, he is great enough to command attention, and his playing will well repay hearing.

His performance of the beautiful and exacting Goldmark concerto was intelligent at all times, and was not lacking in expression. His playing of the brilliant cadenza was one of the most marvelous exhibitions of technical dexterity ever witnessed in this city.

The orchestral numbers were Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Bedrich Smetana's symphonic poem "Sarka" and the No. 2 "Leonore" overture. The Dvorak symphony was reviewed at length in these columns when it was played a year ago, and further comment is unnecessary at this time. A second hearing of the work does not change the impression made by the first performance. It is a long and rather interesting work, but is no more suggestive of America than of any other country. There are other, many other, symphonies which would be listened to with much greater pleasure.

The poem "Sarka" by Smetana was heard here for the first time. It is an elaborate and pleasing piece of descriptive music, and was finely played by the orchestra. A splendid performance of the "Leonore" overture was given under Mr Paur's intelligent direction.

The program for the next concert will be as follows:

Mozart .....Overture, "Don Giovanni"
Lachner .....Suite in D major, Op 113
Mendelssohn .....
Symphony No. 4, in A major, "Italian"

The Dvorak symphony, on a second hearing, did not seem to justify its title any more than it did when it was first given here. It has many pleasing, many beautiful moments, but it is not a work of the first order, and its alleged themes founded on native folk tunes will not bear examination. The first movement has a decided Slavonic flavor, the slow movement is Scottish in its prevailing color, with a slight Scandinavian tint. The opening of the scherzo is Spanish in character, and its trio bears a very close resemblance to a German waltz, while the finale opens with a melody of an Irish cast, and before it is over breaks into something that is not wholly unsuggestive of an Irish jig. It was thoughtfully read by Mr. Paur and splendidly played by his orchestra; in fact, the work of the latter was up to its best standard through the whole concert.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Don Giovanni," Mozart; suite in D, op. 113, Lachner; "Italian," symphony, Mendelssohn. There will be no soloist. The orchestra will give a concert on Tuesday afternoon, at which Melba will appear. Every seat has been sold.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
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SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1895.

AUDIENCE HELD IN RAPTURE.

Cesar Thomson Charms All at the Symphony Concert.

Violinist Proves Himself an Artist in the Most Exacting Sense of the Word—Wonders of His Technique Bewildering—Complete Triumph Wins a Fury of Plaudits.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last night before a very large audience, the magnet, of course, being Mr. Cesar Thomson, who was the soloist of the evening. The programme was:

Symphony, "From the New World"....Dvorak
Concerto for violin and orchestra....Goldmark
Overture, "Leonora," No. 2.....Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "Sarka".....Smetana

Mr. Thomson's success was overwhelming. At a first glance there is little in him that indicates the master artist. His figure is short and he has a

CESAR THOMSON.

slight stoop in the shoulders, and as he came on the stage he seemed to shrink from the welcome that was accorded him. He scarcely looked at the audience, but turned toward the orchestra and bowed his acknowledgments in that direction. When he took his place it was then seen that he had a fine face, full of intelligence and striking in its mingled expression of sternness and of poetic suggestion. He stands firmly, almost rigidly, and never sways to the right or the left while he is playing, seeking no adventitious aid to intensify the effect of his work or to impress his audience. His performance of the concerto revealed an artist in the highest and most exacting sense of the word. His tone is large, pure and searching; his bowing is large and his style is equally chaste, noble and sympathetic. In point of technique he surpasses any violinist who has ever been heard here. In his art he is a veritable giant. Though a virtuoso of the most brilliant order, there is nothing of mere virtuosity in his playing, which is always tempered by fine discretion, broad dignity and profound artistic sincerity. It would be easy to deal in superlatives regarding his marvellously fluent octave playing, the astonishing ease and freedom of his "double-stopping," the purity and closeness of his double trilling and the really astounding brilliancy of his pyrotechnics generally, but it is more pleasing to dwell on his glorious tone, his classical style, always serious and at times almost ascetic, and the solidity and impressiveness of his playing. While he appeals irresistfoly to the wonder of his hearers he makes no less a demand on their intelligence. He plays without seeming effort and with an earnestness that imparts itself to his audience and holds it in rapt attention.

The Goldmark concerto is a long work, and though it is good music, and the solo part is admirably adapted to the instrument, it is somewhat dry; but it was read and played in a manner that kept his hearers steadily interested throughout, and at the close of the first movement there was an outburst of applause that emphasized as great and as fairly earned a success as was ever made by a great artist in Music Hall. His performance of the slow movement was very beautiful in the broad and majestic sentiment he accorded it, and in the finale the wonders of his technique were bewildering, notably in the immensely difficult cadenza, in which his bowing and his finger work were alike dazzling and exciting. He is unmistakably a unique artist, well balanced, intellectual, and never caried away by his emotions beyond the point of discretion. His powers are entitled to a closer consideration than can be given them in a hastily written criticism. Suffice it to repeat that he achieved a complete triumph; and at the end of the concerto he was applauded with a frenzy of enthusiasm, and was vigorously recalled and so often that he at last responded by playing a cadenza of his own, written for a Paganini fantasia, in which he gave a hurricane of octaves, tenths and of complicated double-stopping, the like of which was surely never heard here before. Again a fury of plaudits broke out, and he was compelled to come to the front again and again to bow his acknowledgments. Of the cordiality of his reception in Boston on his future appearances there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 27.

The Symphony Concert.

The thirteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Symphony No. 8, in E-minor.....Dvorak.
Concerto for Violin, A-minor, op. 28, Goldmark.
Symphonic Poem, "Sarka".....Smetana.
Overture, "Lenore," No. 2.....Beethoven.

In the not distant past so much has been written about the Dvorak "From the New World" symphony, that it is needless to renew old discussions. The work is good, solid and scholarly; the scoring is always strong, not infrequently ingeniously original, and what is said is well worth the saying. No more intrinsically valuable and beautiful work has been written in these later days. There is, however, and there can be nothing distinctly American in the symphony. Music is a universal language; but it is not universally read in the same way. It appeals differently to every individual; or, rather, every individual draws from it the elements that he can understand and assimilate. In reality, the assertion that music is a universal language simply means that everybody understands it, that is, understands it according to his education and capacity. This, again, simply means that the emotions that each individual extracts from the music are the emotions that he has put into the music. A competent musician has asserted of the adagio of Dr. Dvorak's symphony that it is "so suggestive of the loneliness of the immense prairies of the West." A Russian would use word "steppes" in place of "prairies," and an impressionable chamois hunter might find in the music the desolation of the summit of the Matterhorn. The feeling is first put into the music, and then extracted from it. The Dvorak symphony is fine artistic work, but the only really descriptive elements in it are those in its title, and this title might be changed to "From the Old World" without in the slightest affecting the musical elements of the work, although the hearer might dream of Siberia and polar bears as he now dreams of immense prairies, Indians and negroes. The title, by the way, is faultless, for it, and not the music, induces the mood the composer wishes us to feel. But any further word description is needless; he supplies the universal language; we must be allowed to interpret it according to our individual need and capacity.

Of Mr. Cesar Thompson, the soloist of the evening, it is impossible, after only hearing him once, to give a formal judgment, and what may be said must be taken as first impression to be confirmed or rejected in the future. One fact, however, does not need further confirmation. Mr. Thompson is a consummate master of technique; he masters difficulties with an almost contemptuous ease. His double stopping, chord and octave playing are startling surprises; he throws them off as placidly as a child throw off soap bubbles; his bowing is strong and free, and the tone he produces large, clear resonant and most exquisite in quality. All this is positive, but when higher artistic symptoms are sought for certainty is lost in doubt. Mr. Thompson seems to be an artist of taste rather than of feeling; he seems to have studied his art so closely that he has lost all faith in natural impulses. He has a reason for whatever he does, he has carefully argued it out and he can shield himself behind intellect and pure taste. He is always dignified, but he is lacking in spontaneity and in that power born of irresistible emotional impulse. The word 'cold' will not describe his playing, and yet the moon's beams contain more warmth, care. Elaborate thought, carefully reasoned out dynamic effects mark all his work; nothing is left to the inspiration of the moment; the effect intended is always the effect produced; the premises given all else follows with the logical exactness of a syllogism. This is the method followed by French actors, and to like or to dislike it is simply a matter of taste, of education. Mr. Cesar Thompson then is not an emotional player, he attracts attention through his rare skill, intellectual admiration reaches the point of wonder; what he does is of surpassing excellence; but the admiration aroused is cold, critical; we are never moved to that degree of enthusiasm wherein we forget the artist in the work done, wherein beauty hides skill, and emotional ecstasy raises feeling above thinking. Mr. Thompson is a rare artist, a rare solver of the most complex violin problems. The demonstration is faultless, the *quod erat demonstrandum* crushing in its sufficiency; but he is seemingly only a one-sided genius; his violin speaks in unimpeachable grammar, but it never reveals its soul. The marvels that are done are beyond praise, but the puzzle is why are they done at all.

The Smetana symphonic poem is programme music; it needs a descriptive preface to make it understood and an untroubled mind and strong imagination to find out what it means. Some of the audience present mistook it for Beethoven's "Lenore" overture, and consequently the work received more credit than it deserved. It tells of butchery and provokes weariness.

The programme for the next concert is Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni," Lachner's Suite in D-major, op. 113, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony.

The Kneisel Quartet.

The fifth Kneisel Quartet concert was given in Union Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was; Quartet in D-major, Borodine; Quartet in B-flat, major, op. 18, Beethoven; Quintet in D-minor, op. 38, H. W. Parker.

The Borodine quartet is a fascinating work; from start to finish the work holds the attention by its originality, freshness and large ideas. The first movement is delightful, both in subject and development; it is filled with melody, and, in its frank, broad treatment, has nothing in common with the over-labored refinements of modern mediocrity; it is broad, fine art throughout. The scherzo is attractive, but there is nothing of joy in its restlessness, and it leads, very naturally, to the slow movement, a most delicate and memory-haunting "notturno," overflowing with real tenderness and pathos, but always large and manly. The finale reflects the sadness of the previous movement; but the restfulness has vanished, the vivacity is that of a hashish victim; it is forced and nervous. The work is both intellectually and emotionally satisfying; there is pleasure and profit in studying its fine workmanship, delight in simply listening to its beauties.

The other novelty of the evening, Mr. Parker's quintet, has only an intellectual interest; what is said is of less importance than the manner of saying it. The workmanship is good and solid, but the ideas are weak, and, occasionally, trivial. The first movement is broadly treated, but the subject hints at commonplace; it seems to suggest, wrongly, of course, that the composes was indifferent as to what theme he selected, provided he could use it to show his technical knowledge. Then when a seemingly novel effect has been found, Mr. Parker harps on it to the point of weariness. The andante lento is attractive but not strong, and the composer seems to have reserved his invention for the finale, which is by far the best movement in the work. Skill in construction is everywhere evident, but it is in vain to look for even the smallest flash of inspiration. The quintet is careful studio work, admirable as far as it goes; but the pity is that it does not go farther.

The programme was finely played throughout. Mr. Kneisel [illegible] their ra[illegible]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 27, 1895.

A VARIETY OF CONCERTS—THE KNEISEL, THE APOLLO, THE SYMPHONY, YSAYE, ETC.

The fifth Kneisel programme, played on Monday evening in Union Hall, placed the ever welcome Beethoven quartette in B flat, opus 18, between two novelties, which were a quartette in D major by Borodine and a quintette (with a second 'cello) by H. W. Parker. All were performed to perfection, and Mr. Leo Schulz's 'cello slipped into its place in complete sympathy with the style and disposition of other instruments. The Borodine composition charmed at once by its openness of spirit and its frankness of statement. Melodious thoughts had come freely to the author's mind and he had given them out without pausing to do more than arrange them gracefully, genially and perspicuously, presenting them first for their own sakes and leaving academic formality of construction to take care of itself. Nor was the hearer ever reminded by strange figures, blunt contrasts, and unfamiliar rhythms that real Russian music was being played, which might not be recognized as such if some familiar label or trade mark were not impressed upon it. It was all music for the sake of music, and so it pleased and refreshed. Mr. Parker's quintette proved to contain good, sensible writing; but, as was said of that work of his which Mr. Whiting brought out with Mr. Adamowski, it seemed more a work of deliberation than of interior compulsion. It had well formed ideas put into proper and proportionate forms; but we could not exactly feel a purpose in it or regard it as other than a study in its particular class of composition— interesting, to be sure, but sometimes uncertain in drift and equipoise and sometimes apparently scarcely more than tentative. Indeed one occasionally thought that if Mr. Parker had been sure in his own mind that some passages would sound as they did, he would have altered them beforehand.

The features of the Thirteenth Symphony concert would undoubtedly be considered the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Cesar Thomson, who has been dividing public attention with Mr. Ysaye as a solo violinist. He is an elder man, thick set, and with a physiognomy which suggests Du Maurier's drawings of Svengali in "Trilby," although he has a far pleasanter and more reasonable face, with the expression upon it of a scholar and not of a cynic. It is a quiet, concentrated face, over which pass few changes; the beard is slightly grizzled, and the hair is thick, heavy and black. Altogether the man's appearance interests and his passionless devotion to his task commands a respectful attention wherewith will be soon blended a great admiration and much astonishment. For when they who understand something of the difficulties of violin technique hear and see him perform such feats as he executed in the last movement of the concerto which he had chosen, they realize that they have before them an executant who cannot at present be surpassed. Because he meets and conquers the most stupendous problems of execution as if he were playing a simple exercise. There is absolutely no trickery, no display to catch the eye and no intimation but that all is plain and easy and might be so for any virtuoso of approved proficiency. There is not much depth to his art, if it be fair to judge him by this one hearing, nor is there much resplendency. He does not lack animation, incisiveness, emphasis or decision, and he has often a tender and gentle tone. But it is as a philosopher and not as a poet that he renders his music, and the dramatic quality seems to be quite lacking in his style. Beautiful perfection of method and unstrained command of all complexities have their value and their influence, and Mr. Thomson will be accepted and heard gladly and appreciatively as an artist of peculiar and eminent power. He took for this occasion Goldmark's concerto in A minor, opus 28, of which the first movement is dull, labored and unfavorable for a soloist's debut; the second contains a genial sostenuto air and the third with its tremendous cadenza offers a chance for all the virtuosity which the player possesses, thus bringing in a sensation along with the conclusion.

The Symphony was Dvorak's "From the New World," a second hearing of which confirms our previous impression that this composition must be considered as only theoretically and not illustratively relevant to the life and character of America, and as typical conditions in historical development instead of suggestive of musical forms and ideas. The allegro hints at the barbaric freedom of untutored peoples in its rhythms and phrases, which are at least as Oriental as Western, and might be dropped consistently enough into a new "Lakme." The larghetto breathes the native peaceful of a primitive and unperturbed state. The scherzo is like the stirring up of irregular and vagrant forces, and the finale is an orderly confusion of diverse elements, characterized alternately by erratic excitement and prideful pomposity. The band played it all well; the wooden wind did wonders of grace and finish, and Mr. Paur actually conceded a pianissimo at the end of the larghetto.

A short symphonic poem by Smetana was the novelty of the night, and created a fairly favorable impression. It is supposed to depict an episode in a war between vengeful Amazons and guilty Man. He, in the form of a knight, is smitten with compassion for the fair and injured Sarka (whose name the music bears) and she in return summons her sister after he and his comrades have fallen asleep in bivouac, and remorselessly extirpate them.

Beethoven's second "Leonore" overture ended the concert. But although it was well played, it made comparatively little effect, for want of contrast with the heavy and engrossing music which had gone before. A light overture, preferably of the French school, would have been better and more encouraging.

For next Saturday are announced,—the overture to "Don Giovanni," a suite by Lachner and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony.

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1895.
THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Cesar Thompson, Soloist, at Symphony Concert.

Cesar Thomson, the celebrated Belgian violinist, regarding whom much has of late been published, was the soloist at the 13th Symphony concert. He has been in America several months and has played in half a dozen cities, but his first appearance in Boston was at the Friday afternoon rehearsal.

He came to this country with the endorsement of the leading European critics, who appear to have been unanimous in declaring him one of the greatest violinists of the age. He is a native of Liege, where he received his early education. In later years he studied with Vieutemps and Wieniawski.

Mr Thomson did not receive a very enthusiastic greeting Friday afternoon, the proverbial coldness of Boston audiences to strangers was strikingly evident. Last night's audience was rather more cordial, but on neither occasion did the violinist receive the reception that his reputation demanded. After he had played the first movement of Goldmark's A minor concerto his great ability was recognized and there was considerable applause, but no enthusiasm.

The fact is, Mr Thomson appears here under great disadvantage, for it is impossible not to compare him with Ysaye, who has been so generally worshipped as the greatest of all violinists. Had Mr Thomson been the first to appear there is no doubt but that he would have created something of a sensation. As it is, his really marvelous playing will be listened to in a calmly critical mood, and because he may not be the equal in all respects of the accepted idol, will not be likely to receive due praise for the great merit every one will acknowledge he does possess.

Personal magnetism and showy effect are important factors in winnng favor from the average audience. Mr Thompson depends solely upon his art for success. His command of technque is simply marvelous, if possible it is superior to that of Ysaye. But he is very cold. His playing appeals to the intelligence rather than to the heart. In other words, one needs be an educated musician to fully appreciate his work.

Mr Thomson is always calm and reposeful. He performs the most remarkable technical exploits with such apparent ease that their real difficulty is not evident. He plays double octaves with rapidity and sureness that is simply amazing. His intonation is always absolutely correct, and he produces harmonics with exquisite effect. His bowing is firm and clean, graceful, but never showy. The tone is clear and beautiful, broad without being especially powerful, and in the lower register is delightfully warm. In short, Mr Thomson is a great artist. It matters not that there may be others who are greater, he is great enough to command attention, and his playing will well repay hearing.

His performance of the beautiful and exacting Goldmark concerto was intelligent at all times, and was not lacking in expression. His playing of the brilliant cadenza was one of the most marvelous exhibitions of technical dexterity ever witnessed in this city.

The orchestral numbers were Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Bedrich Smetana's symphonic poem "Sarka" and the No. 2 "Leonore" overture. The Dvorak symphony was reviewed at length in these columns when it was played a year ago, and further comment is unnecessary at this time. A second hearing of the work does not change the impression made by the first performance. It is a long and rather interesting work, but is no more suggestive of America than of any other country. There are other, many other, symphonies which would be listened to with much greater pleasure.

The poem "Sarka" by Smetana was heard here for the first time. It is an elaborate and pleasing piece of descriptive music, and was finely played by the orchestra. A splendid performance of the "Leonore" overture was given under Mr Paur's intelligent direction.

The program for the next concert will be as follows:

Mozart .....Overture, "Don Giovanni"
Lachner .....Suite in D major, Op 113
Mendelssohn .....
Symphony No. 4, in A major, "Italian"

SUNDAY HERALD.
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VOL. XCVII., NO. 27.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1895.

AUDIENCE HELD IN RAPTURE.

Cesar Thomson Charms All at the Symphony Concert.

Violinist Proves Himself an Artist in the Most Exacting Sense of the Word—Wonders of His Technique Bewildering—Complete Triumph Wins a Fury of Plaudits.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last night before a very large audience, the magnet, of course, being Mr. Cesar Thomson, who was the soloist of the evening. The programme was:

Symphony, "From the New World"....Dvorak
Concerto for violin and orchestra....Goldmark
Overture, "Leonora," No. 2.....Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "Sarka".....Smetana

Mr. Thomson's success was overwhelming. At a first glance there is little in him that indicates the master artist. His figure is short and he has a

CESAR THOMSON.

slight stoop in the shoulders, and as he came on the stage he seemed to shrink from the welcome that was accorded him. He scarcely looked at the audience, but turned toward the orchestra and bowed his acknowledgments in that direction. When he took his place it was then seen that he had a fine face, full of intelligence and striking in its mingled expression of sternness and of poetic suggestion. He stands firmly, almost rigidly, and never sways to the right or the left while he is playing, seeking no adventitious aid to intensify the effect of his work or to impress his audience. His performance of the concerto revealed an artist in the highest and most exacting sense of the word. His tone is large, pure and searching; his bowing is large and his style is equally chaste, noble and sympathetic. In point of technique he surpasses any violinist who has ever been heard here. In his art he is a veritable giant. Though a virtuoso of the most brilliant order, there is nothing of mere virtuosity in his playing, which is always tempered by fine discretion, broad dignity and profound artistic sincerity. It would be easy to deal in superlatives regarding his marvellously fluent octave playing, the astonishing ease and freedom of his "double-stopping," the purity and closeness of his double trilling and the really astounding brilliancy of his pyrotechnics generally, but it is more pleasing to dwell on his glorious tone, his classical style, always serious and at times almost ascetic, and the solidity and impressiveness of his playing. While he appeals irresistfoly to the wonder of his hearers he makes no less a demand on their intelligence. He plays without seeming effort and with an earnestness that imparts itself to his audience and holds it in rapt attention.

The Goldmark concerto is a long work, and though it is good music, and the solo part is admirably adapted to the instrument, it is somewhat dry; but it was read and played in a manner that kept his hearers steadily interested throughout, and at the close of the first movement there was an outbust of applause that emphasized as great and as fairly earned a success as was ever made by a great artist in Music Hall. His performance of the slow movement was very beautiful in the broad and majestic sentiment he accorded it, and in the finale the wonders of his technique were bewildering, notably in the immensely difficult cadenza, in which his bowing and his finger work were alike dazzling and exciting. He is unmistakably a unique artist, well balanced, intellectual, and never carried away by his emotions beyond the point of discretion. His powers are entitled to a closer consideration than can be given them in a hastily written criticism. Suffice it to repeat that he achieved a complete triumph; and at the end of the concerto he was applauded with a frenzy of enthusiasm, and was vigorously recalled and so often that he at last responded by playing a cadenza of his own, written for a Paganini fantasia, in which he gave a hurricane of octaves, tenths and of complicated double-stopping, the like of which was surely never heard here before. Again a fury of plaudits broke out, and he was compelled to come to the front again and again to bow his acknowledgments. Of the cordiality of his reception in Boston on his future appearances there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.

The Dvorak symphony, on a second hearing, did not seem to justify its title any more than it did when it was first given here. It has many pleasing, many beautiful moments, but it is not a work of the first order, and its alleged themes founded on native folk tunes will not bear examination. The first movement has a decided Slavonic flavor, the slow movement is Scottish in its prevailing color, with a slight Scandinavian tint. The opening of the scherzo is Spanish in character, and its trio bears a very close resemblance to a German waltz, while the finale opens with a melody of an Irish cast, and before it is over breaks into something that is not wholly unsuggestive of an Irish jig. It was thoughtfully read by Mr. Paur and splendidly played by his orchestra; in fact, the work of the latter was up to its best standard through the whole concert.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Don Giovanni," Mozart; suite in D, op. 113, Lachner; "Italian," symphony, Mendelssohn. There will be no soloist. The orchestra will give a concert on Tuesday afternoon, at which Melba will appear. Every seat has been sold.

Gazette
BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 27.

The Symphony Concert.

The thirteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Symphony No. 8. in E-minor.....Dvorak.
Concerto for Violin, A-minor, op. 28, Goldmark.
Symphonic Poem, "Sarka".....Smetana.
Overture, "Lenore," No. 2.....Beethoven.

In the not distant past so much has been written about the Dvorak "From the New World" symphony, that it is needless to renew old discussions. The work is good, solid and scholarly; the scoring is always strong, not infrequently ingeniously original, and what is said is well worth the saying. No more intrinsically valuable and beautiful work has been written in these later days. There is, however, and there can be nothing distinctly American in the symphony. Music is a universal language; but it is not universally read in the same way. It appeals differently to every individual; or, rather, every individual draws from it the elements that he can understand and assimilate. In reality, the assertion that music is a universal language simply means that everybody understands it, that is, understands it according to his education and capacity. This, again, simply means that the emotions that each individual extracts from the music are the emotions that he has put into the music. A competent musician has asserted of the adagio of Dr. Dvorak's symphony that it is "so suggestive of the loneliness of the immense prairies of the West." A Russian would use word "steppes" in place of "prairies," and an impressionable chamois hunter might find in the music the desolation of the summit of the Matterhorn. The feeling is first put into the music, and then extracted from it. The Dvorak symphony is fine artistic work, but the only really descriptive elements in it are those in its title, and this title might be changed to "From the Old World" without in the slightest affecting the musical elements of the work, although the hearer might dream of Siberia and polar bears as he now dreams of immense prairies, Indians and negroes. The title, by the way, is faultless, for it, and not the music, induces the mood the composer wishes us to feel. But any further word description is needless; he supplies the universal language; we must be allowed to interpret it according to our individual need and capacity.

Of Mr. Cesar Thompson, the soloist of the evening, it is impossible, after only hearing him once, to give a formal judgment, and what may be said must be taken as first impression to be confirmed or rejected in the future. One fact, however, does not need further confirmation. Mr. Thompson is a consummate master of technique; he masters difficulties with an almost contemptuous ease. His double stopping, chord and octave playing are startling surprises; he throws them off as placidly as a child throw off soap bubbles; his bowing is strong and free, and the tone he produces large, clear resonant and most exquisite in quality. All this is positive, but when higher artistic symptoms are sought for certainty is lost in doubt. Mr. Thompson seems to be an artist of taste rather than of feeling; he seems to have studied his art so closely that he has lost all faith in natural impulses. He has a reason for whatever he does, he has carefully argued it out and he can shield himself behind intellect and pure taste. He is always dignified, but he is lacking in spontaneity and in that power born of irresistible emotional impulse. The word 'cold' will not describe his playing, and yet the moon's beams contain more warmth, care. Elaborate thought, carefully reasoned out dynamic effects mark all his work; nothing is left to the inspiration of the moment; the effect intended is always the effect produced; the premises given all else follows with the logical exactness of a syllogism. This is the method followed by French actors, and to like or to dislike it is simply a matter of taste, of education. Mr. Cesar Thompson then is not an emotional player, he attracts attention through his rare skill, intellectual admiration reaches the point of wonder; what he does is of surpassing excellence; but the admiration aroused is cold, critical; we are never moved to that degree of enthusiasm wherein we forget the artist in the work done, wherein beauty hides skill, and emotional ecstasy raises feeling above thinking. Mr. Thompson is a rare artist, a rare solver of the most complex violin problems. The demonstration is faultless, the *quod erat demonstrandum* crushing in its sufficiency; but he is seemingly only a one-sided genius; his violin speaks in unimpeachable grammar, but it never reveals its soul. The marvels that are done are beyond praise, but the puzzle is why are they done at all.

The Smetana symphonic poem is programme music; it needs a descriptive preface to make it understood and an untroubled mind and strong imagination to find out what it means. Some of the audience present mistook it for Beethoven's "Lenore" overture, and consequently the work received more credit than it deserved. It tells of butchery and provokes weariness.

The programme for the next concert is Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni," Lachner's Suite in D-major, op. 113, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony

The Kneisel Quartet.

The fifth Kneisel Quartet concert was given in Union Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was; Quartet in D-major, Borodine; Quartet in B-flat, major, op. 18, Beethoven; Quintet in D-minor, op. 38, H. W. Parker.

The Borodine quartet is a fascinating work; from start to finish the work holds the attention by its originality, freshness and large ideas. The first movement is delightful, both in subject and development; it is filled with melody, and, in its frank, broad treatment, has nothing in common with the over-labored refinements of modern mediocrity; it is broad, fine art throughout. The scherzo is attractive, but there is nothing of joy in its restlessness, and it leads, very naturally, to the slow movement, a most delicate and memory-haunting "notturno," overflowing with real tenderness and pathos, but always large and manly. The finale reflects the sadness of the previous movement; but the restfulness has vanished, the vivacity is that of a hashish victim; it is forced and nervous. The work is both intellectually and emotionally satisfying; there is pleasure and profit in studying its fine workmanship, delight in simply listening to its beauties.

The other novelty of the evening, Mr. Parker's quintet, has only an intellectual interest; what is said is of less importance than the manner of saying it. The workmanship is good and solid, but the ideas are weak, and, occasionally, trivial. The first movement is broadly treated, but the subject hints at commonplace; it seems to suggest, wrongly, of course, that the composes was indifferent as to what theme he selected, provided he could use it to show his technical knowledge. Then when a seemingly novel effect has been found, Mr. Parker harps on it to the point of weariness. The andante lento is attractive but not strong, and the composer seems to have reserved his invention for the finale, which is by far the best movement in the work. Skill in construction is everywhere evident, but it is in vain to look for even the smallest flash of inspiration. The quintet is careful studio work, admirable as far as it goes; but the pity is that it does not go farther.

The programme was finely played throughout. Mr. Kneisel [illegible] associates [illegible] their ra[illegible]

Boston Courier.
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Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1895.

CESAR THOMSON.

His First Appearance at a Symphony Concert.

A Violinist of Rare and Remarkable Qualities.

Enthusiasm Provoked by Nobility of the Performance.

The program of the 13th Symphony concert given last evening at Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95.....Dvorak
Concerto for violin in A minor, op 28....Goldmark
Overture, "Leonore," No. 2.....Beethoven
Symphonic Poem "Sarka".....Smetana

The feature of the concert was the apparition of César Thomson, who played for the first time in this city.

César Thomson, one of the most famous

CESAR THOMSON.

of violinists now living, was born in Liége, March 17, 1857. (Ysaye, by the way, was born in 1858). Mr. Thomson was first taught the violin by his father, and then he studied under Dupuis and Léonard. In 1873 he went to Italy as "Kammermusiker" to Prince Dervies, who lived in winter at Nice and in summer at Lugano. And it was in Italy and in 1877 that he took to himself a wife. Later he was concert master of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. At present he is first professor of the violin at the Liége Conservatory. He has played in the chief cities of Europe with overwhelming success. His first appearance in the United States was at New York in Carnegie Music Hall, Oct. 30, 1894.

Mr. Thomson has the face and the bearing of a man absorbed thoroughly in his art. At first there is the thought of the ascetic. A monk's costume would not be incongruous. But mind you, in this strange and fascinating appearance there is not the slightest taint of insincerity or affectation. The man is modesty itself. He is bold only in his art. When he plays, it is as though he stood alone. There is no thought of an audience which may applaud or be cold. Erect, almost immovable, he plays with incredible authority. There is in his performance no trick of the virtuoso in the evil meaning of the word. There is no tossing of long, disheveled hair. There is no swaying of the body as though the passion of the player could not be controlled. There is no sudden pose after a series of brilliant passages, no look at the audience, as much as to say, "There! What do you think of that?" Nor at the end of the finale is there a readiness to acknowledge the applause. The man answers the call, but with the dignity of the artist who allows himself to be disturbed in a musical meditation only because he will not be rude to those he has entranced.

Nor was there one thing last evening in appearance, performance or selection that was discordant with the idea of rarest sincerity. There are many virtuosi, excellent and admirable artists, whose temperament forbids such impeccable dignity. There are a few great violinists whose dignity forbids and never fascinates. I have never heard a virtuoso who produced such an effect on an audience as did Mr. Thomson last evening by the very means that would seem fatal to success. And his triumph is the greater and the more astounding.

For, first of all, the Goldmark concerto is not of itself music to thrill or delight an audience. It was first played at a symphony concert by Mr. Kneisel, Dec. 6, 1890. The impression then made remains today. It is an eminently serious composition that is interesting in episodes rather than as a complete and organic work. In it is no sensuous, heart-melting tune. In it is no combination of dazzling bravura with piquant, ear-tickling rhythm. It would be hard to name one element of popularity in the concerto. Now consider for a moment the amazing technique of Mr. Thomson, and the number of compositions in which he could at once astound the hearer. Yet he chose for his first appearance in this town the concerto by Goldmark.

These now are the impressions after one hearing. It is an age of technique. No violinist or pianist is supposed to have a right to appear on the stage unless his technique is fully developed. But the technique of Mr. Thomson seems superhuman. The most appalling difficulties, as in his cadenza suggested by Paganini and played as an answer to the storm of applause that followed his performance of the concerto—these incredible difficulties were to him as the simplest exercises. He is something more than a wizard, although in more superstitious times he might well have been regarded as in league with Satan, who was supposed to be partial to the fiddle and fiddlers. Never was this technique used to excite wonder. In fact, the modest man appeared almost to be ashamed of his prowess. The technique was only the means of [illegible] the wishes of the composer.

His authority was absolute, yet never forbidding, never arrogant. The music made by him was free from earthly dross. There was no sensuous strain, no voluptuous suggestion. There was the purity that I found the other day in that sonata for violin and piano by Franck. To some this purity might seem coldness, and they might not brook it. But there is a music that is apart from this world, that suggests nothing of sin or passion; it is the music that hints at spiritual life when there may be no thought or recollection of bodily joy or sorrow, and such serene and noble music came last evening from the violin of César Thomson.

Never was there a phrase unduly emphasized, or thrown to the audience as a tub to a whale. To the player the concerto was one long expression of aspirations such as might have strengthened the courage of a hermit sore beset by demons in alluring or grotesque shapes; for it is impossible to even now escape from the unearthly spell thrown over the hearers by the violinist. The cadenzas seemed—mirabile dictu—to be an integral part of the work, and even the episodic character of the concerto was for the moment forgotten.

Now these things must not be lost sight of: The comparatively ungrateful nature of the concerto itself; the sublime and unaffected unconsciousness of the violinist; the chasteness of his style; the purity of his tone, which, when warm, seemed warm only with a religious fervor; the apparent concealment of technical skill; the immovability of the player. And yet such was the nobility, the grandeur, the self-abnegation of the performance that the great audience, ready to recognize the beauty and the rarity of these attributes, paid him gladly a tribute that will be memorable in the history of Music Hall.

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The anthropological symphony of Dvorak seems like an omnium gatherum of the folk songs of all nations, rather than the one, complete, inevitable indentification of musical America. Viewed simply as music, it contains many delightful passages. The first two movements are the most satisfying; the scherzo and the finale seem somewhat monotonous, and long spun out on a second hearing.

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The program book announced that Goldmark was born May 18, 1832. As a matter of fact he was born in 1830.

Our old friend Friedrich Smetana figured on the title page of the program book as "Bedrich" Smetana. This is accuracy with a vengeance.

PHILIP HALE.

An extra popular matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Music Hall Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Mrs. Melba will be the soloist. The program will include Auber's "Fra Diavolo" overture, ballet music from Delibe's "Coppelia," entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," a scherzo (new) by Goldmark, Strauss's "Southern Roses" waltz, and the overture to "Mignon." Melba will sing an air from "The Huguenots," the mad scene from "Lucia," and "Se Saran Rose," by Arditi.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 27, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Cesar Thomson, violinist, was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening, his first appearance in this city. His selection was Karl Goldmark's concerto in A minor, an extremely difficult bit of music, but beautifully given by Mr. Thomson. Coming when the Ysaye furore is literally at its height, some comparison was unavoidable, but after the first movement, that was not to the detriment of the soloist of last night, nor could it be said that he wrested any of the well-earned laurels from M. Ysaye. There is a radical difference in the style of the two men. Mr. Thomson lacks, to some extent, Ysaye's force, his powerful tone and tone shading, but he makes up for it by wonderful brilliancy and accuracy of technique and sweetness of tone. After the first movement he seemed to warm to his task with every succeeding note, and as his beautiful work became appreciated by his hearers, they waxed more and more enthusiastic, and at the close of his selection recalled him again and again, until he responded with a brief selection, unaccompanied by the orchestra, and remarkable chiefly for the pearly staccato bowing. Mr. Thomson certainly played himself into great favor, and will be sure of a warm welcome upon his next appearance here.

After the concerto, Smetana's symphonic poem "Sarka" should have been played according to the programme, but M. Paur rose superior to the programme and played Beethoven's overture to Leonore, No. 2, which was down as the last number. When it was finished, the mystified audience hardly knew whether to sit still or get up and go home. Mr. Paur saw the difficulty and hastened to the rescue by starting the symphonic poem, the first time it has been given in Boston. It depicts an adventure of Sarka, the noblest of the mythical Bohemian Amazons, and some of the orchestral effects are almost as startling as the incidents of Sarka's story of love, betrayal, treachery and death.

The audience was unusually large, a double fringe of standing music lovers lining both sides and the rear of the hall.

Boston Journal.
TEN PAGES.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1895.

NO MORE TICKET SPECULATORS.

Superintendent of Police Eldridge has been requested to detail a policeman to stop the nuisance caused by the ticket speculators who line the sidewalks in front of Music Hall, and it is probable that the patrons of the Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsals will be troubled no more by requests to purchase tickets.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 25, 1895.

SPECULATORS UNDER A BAN.

Police Stop Hawkers of Symphony Rehearsal Tickets.

Hamilton place has been freed of the presence of ticket speculators by order of Superintendent of Police Eldridge.

The Music Hall management has been greatly annoyed during the past few weeks by the speculators who have dealt in Symphony rehearsal tickets.

The police order was issued at the request of Manager Ellis, and now a policeman is stationed at Music Hall to stop anyone who tries to sell tickets.

Manager Ellis, when seen by a Post reporter last evening, said: "There have been for some time past a large number of ticket speculators hanging around outside the doors of Music Hall on Fridays soliciting patrons to buy tickets at largely advanced prices.

"The speculators have taken advantage of the fact that the Friday rehearsals are open to students and others who cannot afford the usual rate at reduced prices. The admission and second balcony tickets are bought up in small lots by the ticket speculators early in the week, so that when Friday comes the reduced price tickets are all sold and many have to be turned away on this account.

"The speculators gather on Fridays outside of Music Hall and offer the tickets at a big advance to the students and others who have been turned away.

"Tickets that sell for 50 cents at the box office have been sold for $1 and even $1.50 by the ticket speculators. This scheme of the speculators has thwarted the real object of the management in reducing prices on Fridays, which was to give an opportunity to musical students to attend the performances."

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 28, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

APPEARANCE OF A NEW VIOLINIST.

Cesar Thomson a Remarkable Foil to Ysaye —Dvorak's American Symphony Becomes More Beautiful with Familiarity—Smetana's "Sarka" Has a Moral In It.

The concert of Saturday was memorable in many ways; it was of exceptional length, it presented a work in which Americans take particular interest, and it introduced a violinist who proved a remarkable foil to that other artist who has recently won such a success in Boston. Dvorak's American Symphony ("From the New World") began the programme. A second hearing of this work did not reveal any more marked national characteristics than the first, but the work becomes more beautiful with familiarity. That five-noted figure at the beginning is as good a portico to a classical work as the figure of eight notes with which Schumann began his B flat symphony.

The themes of the first movement present something of the plantation, but far more stress is laid upon development than melody, and the fragmentary character consequent upon this treatment destroys any local color. The result obtained is almost precisely like that achieved in Richard Strauss' "Italian Symphony," where, although the Neapolitan street song "Funiculi-Funicola" is the underlying theme, its treatment washes out all possible Italian flavor.

The Larghetto was beautifully played, and is certainly a masterly movement, yet its profound melancholy is by no means suggestive of the direct pathos of some of the plantation music. It is not unlike the brooding which Massé has given in some of the numbers of his "Paul and Virginia," and the music would suit better to Mauritius than to Mississippi. The delicious woodwind passages, the work on the muted violins and the pizzicato accompaniment on contrabasses were all to be commended, as was also the clarinette work in the first movement. Mr. Paur gave the shading of this with all possible refinement, and the pauses and ritenuto effects were perfectly executed.

The movement is, however, a trifle too long and would gain by condensation. The Scherzo begins with a distinct reminiscence of Beethoven's ninth symphony Scherzo, plunging at once into an octave figure of brusque rhythm. There is a Marshlike theme of some beauty as trio, and, after the conventional return of the Scherzo a Coda is added in which the horn has something to say. But one may well be disappointed that this Scherzo does not present national characteristics in a more direct manner. Here at least there was an opportunity to give the lilt of the breakdown, the rhythm of the "walk-'round," the twang of the banjo, as Dvorak himself did in the two pieces of chamber music which he founded on American melodies (and it may be said *en passant*, that the quintette and quartette which he evolved from Southern music are far more characteristic than this symphony), but the popular style, which might have given local color to the scherzo, was conspicuous by its absence. One might cite Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony as an example of how direct a national flavor may be given to a Scherzo, and venture to hope that Dvorak will yet take a similar view of the case and give us a Scherzo that shall be directly and unconditionally popular. He has proved, in the two compositions abovementioned, that he can do this without becoming in any way cheap or tawdry.

In the finale there is more of Wagner than of America. There are, to be sure, submerged fragments of "Yankee Doodle" and "Three Blind Mice" for those who can identify them, but there is a reminiscence of the "Tannhaeuser Overture" in the trombone theme against descending violin figures, and there is development to the very ends.

The performance of the work was a very worthy one, and Mr. Paur was called upon to bow his acknowledgments to the plaudits of the vast audience.

The *debut* of the violinist, Cesar Thomson, coming directly upon the heels of Ysaye's great successes, seemed to be at an unfortunate moment, for the public rarely accents two musical demigods at the same time. It is therefore gratifying to note that Thomsen's success was not a whit less pronounced than that of Ysaye. Mrs. Malaprop's comparisons would be particularly "odorous" in this instance, for there is little to compare, the two men supplement each other. It seems scarcely credible, yet it is true, that Thomson is technically the superior of Ysaye. He has not the infectious enthusiasm of the latter, but he can give the most astounding bits of bravura without turning a hair, and he gives a smooth and refined tone even in passages bristling with difficulties. It was not the best work which he chose for his first appearance, for Goldmark's violin concerto in A minor is very long and its difficulties do not impress themselves upon the auditor as in many a less ambitious work. Yet the artist carried it to entire success. Thomson must have the most phenomenal left hand in the world, for the most astounding skips, the most intricate double-stopping, the most rapid runs seemed as child's play to him. Yet he is not deficient in expression, as a noble performance of the Andante of this concerto proved. It has been rumored that Thomson has not yet won a great triumph in his American tour; this should not be the case, for no such technicist has yet appeared in our country upon the violin: if Ysaye is an approach to the Joachim of old, Thomson is certainly the Paganini of the present, and his performance of a cadenza of his own, as a response to an overwhelming encore at the close of the gypsy-like movement which closed the concerto, was the most wonderful exhibition of technical skill upon the violin that has yet been heard in Boston. Much as we dislike to see the encore nuisance creeping into the symphony concerts, we are glad that the audience was afforded a glimpse of the virtuoso in this short appendix. It was odd to find the two last numbers of the programme transposed in the order of their performance, nor is the practice to be commended; the musicians present may have recognized the transposition, but the rank and file probably took Beethoven's "Leonora Overture, No. 2," as Smetana's tone picture of revelry and murders; the trumpet-call of the governor undoubtedly became Sarka's signal to slay the Bohemians, and the pure joy of Florestan and Leonora may have meant the satisfaction of the murderers, to many of the auditors. A searching investigation into the line of thought awakened by the masquerading of Beethoven's overture as Smetana's "Sarka," and *vice versa*, might be a valuable contribution to musical psychology and the value of programme-music generally. Numbers must have "dilated with the wrong emotion."

The performance was a beautiful one, and one can heartily commend Mr. Paur's intelligent and brilliant reading, as well as the excellent work of the violins, the charming oboe work, and the well-shaded trumpet calls. The transposition of the numbers was probably made with a view of avoiding a boot-heel accompaniment to the overture, as it would have come at the end of a very long programme, but the fear was groundless, our audiences are becoming educated in these matters, thanks to so many good programmes, and very few left before the last notes of "Sarka."

Those who accepted the last number as the overture, must have been somewhat astounded at the rollicking revelry which took place about where the prison scene should have been, and the governor's signal as portrayed by trombone *fortissimo*, must have seemed rather ponderous. It will be seen that there was just enough resemblance in some points of the works to make their interchange easy on the part of those who accept analytical programmes as guide books.

Smetana's "Sarka" has the merit of being very concise. The march of the knights is a good bit of rhythmic writing, and was brilliantly played. One of the knights, a violin possibly, discovers an unfortunate clarinette tied to a tree; the clarinette shrieks and bemoans her sad fate, whereupon the knight unties her and all the strings fall into rapturous love. After this they all indulge in a wild dance (a fine bit of revelry and finely played), the piccolo setting a bad example by getting drunk, in which unfortunately all the rest follow. In trusting the clarinette the strings have leant upon a single reed, for when they were all asleep this unworthy instrument makes a long soliloquy in which she regrets that circumstances over which she has no control impel her to a very disagreeable task, and causes a horn to call her amazonian companions. These proceed to slaughter the strings with the approval of a very unscrupulous trombone. The moral is, put not your faith in clarinettes.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

[85]

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The thirteenth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Dvorák: Symphony, No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," opus 95.
Goldmark: Concerto for violin, in A minor, opus 28.
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Sárka." (First time.)
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, opus 72.
Mr. César Thomson was the violinist.

Dr. Dvorák's "American" symphony was worth while hearing again. The first performance last season left rather a vague impression on the mind, which this second hearing has made more definite. The work has moments of great beauty, of true poetic imaginativeness, and suggestive tone-painting. One cannot, however, help finding a good deal in it rather cheap-sounding, as if pushing sentiment too far in the direction of sentimentality. Like several things Dr. Dvorák has written of late years, the symphony shows traces of quick work and a certain lack of searching self-criticism; unity of style and individuality is not wanting, to be sure, but there are frequent moments in the work where the listener is at a loss to make out just what the composer is aiming at. Imaginativeness and picturesqueness play so prominent a part in it that one is insensibly led to form certain mental pictures for one's self while listening to it, pictures which are all too suddenly blurred or wiped out by what seem unaccountable freaks of the composer, passages to which the key seems wanting. This is, perhaps, one of the chief dangers of this sort of imaginative and suggestive writing; it leads one on to finding poetic and extra musical suggestions in the music in spite of one's self; and, being once thrown into this mood, one is unconsciously, or half-consciously, prone to look for such suggestions all through; the result is that an occasional passage which can be explained only on purely musical grounds seems disturbing and unintelligible because one can attribute no poetic meaning to it. Perhaps, also, in the last analysis, if the purely musical meaning of such passages were really perfectly clear, and their musical coherence with the rest plainly evident, their lack of suggestiveness would not be so uncomfortably felt. And here is where we find a want of due self-criticism and filing down on Dr. Dvorák's part; had he given his work somewhat more of clear musical coherency, we should gladly have accepted his poetical suggestions for what they were worth, and found the purely musical intelligibleness of his symphony a more than ample compensation for its frequent interuptions of the extra musical mental pictures it calls up before our imagination.

Smetana's "Sárka" (pronounced *Sharka*—indeed, the "noblest of the Amazons," its heroine, seems to have been a very man-eating shark) may be called a fair pendant to his "Vltava," another poem in the same cyclus, which was given last season. Smetana has a certain glibness in writing, a power of developing an idea smoothly and naturally, which contrasts agreeably with the more halting and laborious style of some of his contemporaries; he starts a subject, and the music seems to flow on easily by itself, as if in obedience to some interior impulse of its own. This is all welcome enough and takes the willing ear captive at once, especially as the idea itself is generally a pleasing one, and his orchestration is almost always clever, piquant and euphonious. Only his musical ideas, if pleasing, are seldom more than that; they are too often trivial, wanting both in musical nobility and emotional depth, and his facile, natural writing makes too much the impression of mere musical society gabble. In this "Sárka" he has narrated the blood-curdling old Czech legend with a certain brilliancy of tone-painting, but so much in the light vein of a professed society raconteur who airs his conversational graces in telling the story of some grewsome murder, that one finds no impressiveness in it. Somehow both this "Sárka" and the "Vltava" give one the impression that Smetana must have been singularly delightful in comic opera; he has the light, bright comic opera touch. But as serious music, to be taken seriously, these symphonic poems of his strike one as terribly flimsy.

It was good to hear the "Leonore" No. 2 again! How old and worn-out seems the point of view of Julius Rietz and others of his ilk, who used to say seriously that the No. 2 was to them really the greatest overture of the three! One feels far rather like listening to the late Otto Dresel, who once said, "Beethoven and old Bach always knew what they were about: whenever they took the trouble to remodel an earlier work, you may be sure that their second version was always the best." And still, if the No. 3 had never been written, what a stupendous work this No. 2 would have been! It is instructive to hear it and compare it with the later, and greater, version; but the instructiveness is accompanied with a solid artistic delight rare in such cases.

Throughout the concert the orchestra played admirably, with fire, vigor, beauty of *en semble* and finish.

Of Goldmark's violin concerto we can say little, what impression it made, as a composition, was so completely swallowed up by the impression made by Mr. Thomson who played it. This latter was so thoroughly unique, and as strong as it was singular. At first his playing seemed cold and nonchalant, even to the point of making one wonder whether he were showing himself in his true colors and whether he were not—as Eugen d'Albert often did on his first visit here—merely "playing off;" it seemed almost as if *il se fichait du public*, as if he were playing so many notes for so much pay. But this impression soon wore off, and gradually one began to feel the man's enormous earnestness. And, with his earnestness, one began to feel his immense power. Mr. Thomson strikes one as standing well-nigh alone among great performers of the present generation, at least among those we have heard here; the only one we should call his born brother in art is Eugen d'Albert, and even d'Albert goes less far than he in a certain direction. Call Thomson one-sided, if you will—and last Saturday he certainly showed only one side,—his one-sidedness is of a sort exceedingly unusual today.

The audience does not seem to exist for him; his self-concentration equals that of our own Ernst Perabo,—more can hardly be said! His whole air toward the public, his manner of accepting applause, shows not so much the modesty of a great artist as it does utter obliviousness of all save the main business in hand. One almost feels that he had quite as lief have the audience out of the way. And this buttoned-up manner of his is but a reflection of one of the most salient traits in his playing: Its complete lack of appealingness, its utter self-dependence, to put it strongly, its absolute uningratiatingness. Such things as charm, fascination, appealing tenderness, in short, all such genial means by which artists commonly invite their listeners' sympathy, seem quite unknown to him. He seems to come, not to win hearts, but to conquer and subdue. He plays like a master—in every sense of the word,—as much a master of his public as of his instrument and the music he plays; he works by sheer strength, and there is something grim in his strength. Mind you, we do not mean by this mere physical or intellectual force; far from it. It is force and depth of feeling, force of conviction, force of will; it has in it something of austerity, perhaps of pride even; for the man seems actually to disdain all arts of pleasing, no matter how musical and legitimate they may be. And he does not overate himself in this—his force is all-sufficient, it is completely subjugating. We will not say that this sort of artistic subjugation is entirely pleasant; never has a performer made us feel so small, so helpless under his sway. There is almost something demoniacal about it, something uncanny. And yet again, it is welcome, too, especially by contrast.

Of all great players we have ever heard Mr. Thomson seems the most uncompromisingly downright and straightforward; not a trick, not a single concession to the fashions of this or any age; the music, and nothing but the music, and let the audience be—somethinged. And how the man plays the music! how he holds it together with a grasp of iron, and makes a whole movement show itself as a stoutly built structure in which there is not a flaw! Such totality of conception and impression is well-nigh unparalleled. And then, such self-control! Let it not be imagined that, in saying all this, we would place the man on a pinnacle of mere cold impeccability; far from it. Impeccable he surely seems to be, his style is purity itself; but it is also infinitely more than that. His is the very largest, grandest sort of playing; if it do not take hold of you at first, the grip does come, and it takes hold very deep down indeed. When you give in, you give in all over. For one thing, it is rather a mystery to us why he chose to play the Goldmark concerto; what has this austere subduer of souls to do with the sensuous, luxurious sybarite of the "Sakuntala"? It was like Cato reciting Ovid's "*Ars amandi*" (pardon the anachronism!) And, upon the whole, it seems to us a mistake for great and world-famous players, when they make their first appearance with a fine orchestra to back them, to play any new concerto. What the public wants—and both naturally and legitimately—is to hear them in an undisputedly great work with which it is already familiar, to hear what they will do with the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Brahms concerto. It is the resident violinists whom we are tired of hearing in these things, and it is for them to lead us willingly into new fields. What we want of a great new man is to give us a new sensation in the old great things: then we can know what we have to deal with and can establish comparisons.

Of Mr. Thomson's accepting an encore, and his playing the unaccompanied bit of ground and lofty tumbling he did in response to it, we can only say that no artist, no matter how great, shows himself in a genial light when he knocks a symphony programme into a cocked hat. Mr. Paur, on the other hand, showed no little tact—the hour being late—in playing the "Leonore" overture immediately after Mr. Thomson's fireworks, so that the whole audience might get the real meat of the programme, and those who had a curiosity to hear the "Sárka" might stay on if so minded.

The next programme is: Mozart, overture to "Don Giovanni;" Lachner, suite No. 1, in D minor; Mendelssohn symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian").

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 30, 1895.

A Popular Matinee Given by the Symphony Orchestra and Mme. Melba in Music Hall.

For the first time in several years the Symphony Orchestra gave a popular matinee, and the announcement was sufficient to fill Music Hall yesterday afternoon. Mme. Melba was the soloist, and in the selection of the programme great tact was displayed. The orchestral numbers included the overture to "Fra Diavolo," the ballet music of Delibes's "Sylvia," the entre'act from "Gwendoline," Goldsmith's new scherzo, Strauss's "Southern Roses" waltz and the overture to "Mignon."

It was a positive treat, and thoroughly delighted the large audience. It is doubtful if the "Sylvia" music has ever been so artistically rendered, notably the waltz movement and the "Pizzicati." It was here that the taste and skill of Mr. Paur were displayed to a remarkable degree.

Mme. Melba's first number was an aria from "Les Huguenots," and for an encore she sang a little song, the accompaniment for which was played by Mr. Clayton Johns. Her rendering of the mad scene from "Lucia" was the most brilliant heard in Boston in many years, and was greatly enhanced by the marvellous flute obligato of Mr. Mole. Arditi's "Se Leran Rose" was the other number given by the soloist. It is to be hoped that Manager Ellis will see fit to give another similar matinee, as the present occasion conclusively showed the desire of the public.

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BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII. NO. 30.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1895.

Yesterday's Symphony Matinee at Music Hall—M. Ysaye's Farewell Recital.

Yesterday afternoon Music Hall contained an audience that filled every seat, every bit of available standing room, and all of the stage that was not occupied by the orchestra, the occasion being an "extra popular matinee" given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, with the assistance of Mme. Melba. The programme was:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Scene, "O vago suol" and "A questa voce," from "Les Huguenots"....Meyerbeer
Ballet music, "Sylvia".....Delibes
Mad scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Scherzo (first time).....Goldmark
Song, "Se Savan Rose".....Arditi
Waltz, "Southern Roses".....J. Strauss
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas

As will be seen, the selections were largely of the French school, and the programme was proportionately brilliant. The hackneyed overture to "Fra Diavolo," given with the original orchestration and read in accordance with the composer's directions, sounded delightfully fresh. It was given with splendid fire and effect, and with stirring spirit, the only "out" being the lack of clearness and dash in the trumpet solo at the begining of the allegro. The selections from "Sylvia" were beautifully read and played, especially "Les Chasseresses," and the wonderfully scored and fine "Cortege de Bacchus." The latter was as fine a performance as the orchestra has given this season, the tone color being brought out with superb effect. The "Gwendoline" entr'acte, which grows on acquaintance, was exquisitely rendered. The new Goldmark scherzo, is somewhat vague and unattractive on a first hearing, and appeared to be more interesting for its piquant and elaborate instrumentation, especially as the demands it makes on the wind instruments, than for anything else. It served to show the extraordinary virtuosity of the orchestra, especially in the exceptionally exacting difficulties of the closing climax. The lovely Strauss waltz was charmingly played, and with a grace of style and a warmth of color that were fascinating. Interpreted as this music was, a waltz is not such a demoralizing thing, musically considered, despite those who profess to look down on dance tunes as something outside the pale of high art.

Mme. Melba, who was received with immense cordiality on her first appearance, sang the selection from Meyerbeer with that skill, beauty of technique and finish of style, that she has shown to be inseparable from her performances. In the more fervid movement her perfection of technique was again emphasized, and though now and then there was an unlucky lapse from truth of intonation, the effect, as a whole, was masterly in point of execution. The audience applauded it with tremendous enthusiasm, and recalled her many times with the most stormy demonstrations of pleasure, until she at last responded with M. Clayton Johns' "I Love the World," in which she was accompanied by the composer. She was not, however, heard to special advantage in this song. She had been heard here in the mad scene from "Lucia" before, when she sang it better, but it was, nevertheless, a brilliant and beautiful effort, and roused her hearers to another frenzy of applause. She was called forward over and over again, until she repeated her wonderful cadenza by way of reply. M. Mole played the flute obligato with his now familiar elegance and fluency of technique, which, by the way, he displayed with still finer results by his really extraordinary performance of the fervid flute solo in the selection from "Les Huguenots." In the Arditi waltz song Mme. Melba once more stirred her audience to the wildest enthusiasm, and it would not be content until she repeated the number. The concert was an overwhelming success. The audience was strangly cold at the outset, but it soon warmed up, and applauded the orchestra and recalled Mr. Paur with great fervor. There was every encouragement for more of these concerts of popular music by the Symphony Orchestra.

Mme. Melba is to be the soloist at the Symphony rehearsal of Friday afternoon and at the concert of Saturday evening, on which occasions she will sing the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," and Handel's "Sweet Bird."

What an audience it was that greeted Mme. Melba! Was ever Music Hall quite so jammed, and was ever the fine flower of Boston so liberally represented as in this monster gathering? For once the expression "hanging on by the eyelids" received veritable ocular demonstration, for it is not believed another human being could have squeezed into the hall and found a roosting place. Does it not pay to give such a "popular" programme when our Symphony orchestra are the players and a great singer like Melba is the soloist? Of course it does! Mr. Paur beamed and applauded as enthusiastically as anybody in the house, and in return, when the Strauss waltz was played, Melba stood in the doorway, where she clapped her hands and kissed her finger tips to Boston's proud conductor when it was all over. Now classical fanatics know how a waltz can sound when it is read as Mr. Paur read "Southern Roses"; it was a revelation, a dream of melodious beauty.

Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30, 1895.

POPULAR "SYMPHONY" CONCERT.

A Delightful Program Charmingly Played by Boston's Famous Orchestra—Melba the Welcome Soloist.

The first popular concert this season by the Boston symphony orchestra was given in Music hall yesterday afternoon. It was, indeed, a popular concert, for the big hall was not nearly large enough to accommodate all who desired to attend.

Every seat and the full number of admission tickets had been sold several days before and the speculators lucky enough to obtain a bundle of tickets reaped rich harvests. A premium of $5 a seat is feported to have been paid in many instances.

It is not possible for the average mortal to understand why the management of the Symphony orchestra does not give more of these popular concerts. Several years ago there were half a dozen during the season, but since Mr Paur came here they have been exceedingly rare.

The financial success of a dozen such concerts as that of yesterday would be a certainty. The same people who delight in classical programs of the regular concerts would be overjoyed to occasionally hear a lighter class of music played in the superb manner possible only to an orchestra of such resources as the Symphony band. Then there is that immense number of music lovers who do not understand the classical symphony and who are honest enough to say so. They would all derive an immense amount of pleasure from listening to this orchestra's performance of melodious music. It would really be an act of charity for the management to give these concerts more frequently.

The program as played yesterday was as follows:

Overture, Fra Diavolo.....Auber
Aria from Les Huguenots.....Meyerbeer
Mme Melba
Ballet music, Sylvia.....Delibes
Mad scene from Lucia.....Donizetti
Mme Melba
(Flute Obligato, Mr Mole)
a Entr'acte from Gwendoline.....Chabrier
b Scherzo (new, first time).....Goldmark
Song, Se seran Rose.....Arditi
Mme Melba
Waltz, Southern Roses.....Joh Strauss
Overture, Mignon.....A Thomas

The singing of Mme Melba was naturally the most interesting feature of the concert, but there was no doubt about the instrumental numbers being heartily enjoyed, so enthusiastic and so spontaneous was the applause.

Mme Melba was in superb voice and sang with splendid spirit. She is rather slighter in figure than when she sang here last year in opera and seems to be enjoying the best of health. She was greeted with tumultuous applause, and there was an irresistible demand for an encore after each number.

Extended comment upon the work of a singer whose claim to the first position among all prime donni is so generally recognized, is quite unnecessary. The English language has no adjectives of praise which have not been used in her behalf. As a vocalist she stands alone. There are other singers whose voices may be warmer, who sing with more expression and who appeal more strongly to the heart, but none can compare with her in command of vocal technique.

She sang the grand and exacting aria from "Les Huguenots" magnificently, and for an encore gave a little song by Mr Clayton Johns, the piano accompaniment being played by the composer himself. In the flute song from "Lucia" she repeated former successes. And what more can be said? She has given this wonderful exhibition of vocal pyrotechnics many times here, and each time fairly electrified her audience. She sang it twice yesterday.

Mr Mole played the flute obligato exquisitely and well deserved the share of applause bestowed upon him. The florid waltz song by Arditi gave Mme Melba some excellent opportunities for dazzling the audience by the brilliancy of her technique, and she availed herself of them most effectively.

With one exception, all the instrumental selections were splendidly played under Mr Paur's direction. The exception was the Strauss waltz which was read by the conductor in a most original manner. So strongly did Mr Paur press his own individuality into the performance that there was no suggestion of Strauss left. This waltz is a dance, and it is surprising that Mr Paur should have tried to make it appear as anything else.

The Goldmark scherzo was heard for the first time and received much favor. It is a bright and interesting work. The ballet music was exquisitely played and a superb performance was given the beautiful "Mignon" overture.

The welcome announcement was made after yesterday's concert that manager Ellis had arranged to have Mme Melba sing at next Friday afternoon's rehearsal and Saturday night's concert by the Symphony orchestra.

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Journal.

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The great audience, pleased as it was with the "Pizzicati" of Delibes, came to hear Melba, and it was rewarded richly. Perhaps she was not as complete a mistress of her art as on former occasions, for in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" she has sung with more crystalline purity; and yet what a pleasure it was to hear her. Her greatest triumph was in the waltz by Arditti, which she repeated in answer to an imperious demand. Mr. Molé played the flute obbligato in the "Mad Scene" with surpassing skill. Melba was blithe, debonaire, a feast to the eye, as well as to the ear. And as ever she was good-natured; so thoroughly good-natured that she sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns.

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Melba will sing at the Symphony Rehearsal and Concert of this week Handel's "Sweet Bird" (by request) and the "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Hamlet."

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The Official Paper of the State.
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Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Mme. Melba, gave an extra concert in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, the programme being as follows:

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Meyerbeer: Aria from "Les Huguenots."
Mme. Melba.
Delibes: Ballet-music from "Sylvia."
Donizetti: Mad-scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor."
Mme. Melba.
(Flute obbligato by Mr. Molé.)
Chabrier: Entr'acte from "Gwendoline."
Goldmark: Scherzo (first time).
Arditi: Waltz-song, "*Se seran rose.*"
Mme. Melba.
Johann Strauss: Waltz, "Southern Roses."
Thomas: Overture to "Mignon."

We have been waiting—rather hopelessly, if the truth be told—for some time for the Symphony Orchestra to give a concert of light music. At last it has come, as an "extra." Auber's "Fra Diavolo" overture, Ambroise Thomas's overture to "Mignon," the Delibes ballet music, and the Strauss waltz are things which no orchestra under the sun need consider *infra dig.* Each of these things is admirable of its kind and its kind is both musically and historically interesting and artistically worthy. One experience yesterday afternoon was not particularly encouraging, especially as it went to confirm previous experiences of the sort; this was the comparative apathy of the audience in face of the Strauss waltz. To be sure, Mme. Melba's wonderful singing of Arditi's waltz-song coming immediately before it may have taken a good deal of the wind out of Strauss's sails; but, to hear what some people say of the general public craving for Strauss waltzes, one would hardly have thought that even Mme. Melba could blanket one of them. Another "extenuating circumstance" may be that Strauss's waltzes do not make quite their characteristic effect when played by an orchestra so largely equipped with strings. Strauss's individual, and exceedingly clever and effective, scoring is calculated for a smaller orchestra, for one in which the united wood-wind and horns forms a pretty exact dynamic counterpoise to the strings, not for a regular symphony orchestra, in which the strings are, as a body, stronger than the wind (leaving out the heavy brass). Just as a Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Brahms symphony fails in producing its proper effect, if the wood-wind and horns outweigh the strings, so does a Strauss waltz equally fail, if the strings outweigh the lighter wind instruments; each loses its characteristic coloring and aroma. But, even making allowance for these points, it is surprising how coolly our public has on more than one occasion taken the Strauss waltzes, for which it seems so to thirst. At the summer popular concerts the first few measures of a familiar waltz are greeted with rapturous hand-clapping, but the applause at the end is cool and perfunctory as possible. Yesterday afternoon poor Strauss came in for no real enthusiasm one way or another. Is it that the public's eye for waltzes is somewhat larger than its stomach? It certainly looks like it. The orchestra played admirably all through the concert; with nicety of ensemble and shading, and with contagious fire and brilliancy.

Mme. Melba was, of course, the bait that caught all those fish that crammed the hall to overflowing. Well, her singing made it all worth while. She was in her best voice and mood, she had touched the orchestra's tender point at rehearsal—think, for instance, of a symphony orchestra at undress rehearsal, stopping short after an opera singer's cadenza to applaud it to the echo—and she and the band mutually egged each other on to do their very best. It was one of those occasions when every one is in touch. If Mme. Melba's singing of the air from the "Huguenots" was beautiful in its finished perfection, her singing of that old, old—but none the less beautiful—mad-scene in "Lucia" beggared all description. For once Mr. Molé could shake hands on level ground with a cantatrice—she could do all he could, and with just as impeccable intonation. That astonishing double cadenza was no race between voice and flute; even in the Leibnitzian "*harmonia prestabilita*" no finer exactness of coincidence between two forces could be imagined. And in Arditi's waltz the prima donna renewed her triumphs. The whole concert was delightful.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.
Mittwoch, 30 Januar 1895

Boston Symphonies Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1895.

The program of the thirteenth Symphony Concert, given in Music Hall last evening, was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, E minor, "From the New World".....Dvorák
Concerto for violin, A minor.....Goldmark
Overture "Leonore" (No. 2).....Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "Sarka".....Smetana

Mr. César Thomson made his first appearance in Boston, and his success was overwhelming.

He played the Goldmark concerto, first produced at a Symphony concert by Mr. Kneisel December 6, 1890—a serious work, interesting in episodes rather than as a complete and organic whole. There is no sensuous, heart-melting tune in it. There is no dashing, blinding brilliancy. Indeed it is almost without an element of popularity.

Thomson seems like a self-inspecting, self-absorbed ascetic. I should not be surprised to hear that Satan had buffeted him, had promised him the technic of technics in exchange for his soul. For this man might fitly, so far as appearance goes, don the monk's garb.

The man is modesty himself. He is bold only in his art. He seems to apologize for his skill. Far from his thought is an audience that may applaud or chill the air. He stands as though he were alone, or as though he played for invisible auditors. No tossing, no swaying, no defiant tossing of carefully dishevelled hair, no moment of inspiration, no pose, just before the applauds should come in.

Musicians who have heard Thomson in Europe and in New York say that he rose last night to unimagined heights. Surely never have I heard such sustained, sublime, unearthly cantabile as in the andante of the concerto.

As for his technic, you know what he can do. Yet he is not merely the wizard, the man of the eighteenth century in league with Satan.

His tone is free from earthly dross. Its nobility is that of a man who has put aside the thought of sex; not from fear, not from fanaticism, not from indifference, but because the pure spirit is more to him than the wormy body. The music that came from his fiddle was without suggestion of passion; it was the music that hints at a life where there will be no thought or recollection of bodily joy or sorrow, or grotesque and tragic bodily desire.

The concerto is in itself comparatively ungrateful; the unconsciousness of the violinist was Olympian; the chasteness of style was virginal; there was an almost anxious concealment of amazing technical skill; the player was immovable. Yet such was the public appreciation of the nobility, the grandeur, the self-abnegation of the performance that the great audience paid him a tribute never to be forgotten by one who heard the applause, saw the illuminated faces and witnessed the shyness of the violinist, who seemed as though one disturbed in profound musical contemplation.

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fifth Kneisel Quartet concert, given in Union Hall the evening of the 21st, was as follows: Quartet in D major, Borodine (first time); quartet in B flat major, op. 18, Beethoven; quintet in D minor, op. 38, H. W. Parker (MS., first time). The club was assisted by Mr. Schulz, 'cellist. This quartet, the second, by Borodine, is a posthumous work. Rimsky-Korsakoff and other friends found and examined it, together with "Prince Igor," the fragments of the third Symphony, some romances. Alfred Habets says that it is not likely Borodine would have allowed the publication of the romances. "Prince Igor" was finished by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff; two movements of the third symphony were orchestrated by Glazounoff; the finale of "Mlada," an opera ballet, was orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The quartet, dedicated to Borodine's wife, who did not long survive him, seems to have been let alone. Still it seems to me that Borodine could not have been content with the finale as it now exists. For it is far inferior to the other movements. The first, an allegro moderato but alla breva, is a masterpiece. It is melodious from beginning to end, firmly knit, logical, but not sternly logical, without padding, a constant delight. As an instance of mavellously beautiful effects gained by simple means see the treatment of the pedal of fifteen or sixteen measures toward the very end. The scherzo does not fall below. Its chief theme is a species of perpetuum mobile, and there is a contrasting movement not unlike an old fashioned German slow waltz. Strange and cruelly tender is the chant of the 'cello in the "Notturno" a song repeated immediately by the first violin. In spite of my great respect for the Kneisel Quartet, I do not think that this "Notturno" received full justice in the performance. The duskiness, the perfume, the Verlainesque "mots si specieux, tout bas," I missed these; there was the publicity and the noon-light of Boston Common, with people waiting for street cars. And in all this quartet there is no trace of the howling, leaping and sweating peasants so dear to the radical Russian and used freely in scherzo or finale.

Mr. Parker's quintet contains much that is tuneful, much that is strong. But it did not leave the impression of a thoroughly coherent, finely developed work. There was too frequently straining without result, as well as the thought of the orchestra without effect gained thereby.

Boston Journal.

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Song, "Se Seran Rose".....Arditti
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Waltz, "Southern Roses".....Joh. Strauss
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas

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Thomas: Overture to "Mignon."

We have been waiting—rather hopelessly, if the truth be told—for some time for the Symphony Orchestra to give a concert of light music. At last it has come, as an "extra." Auber's "Fra Diavolo" overture, Ambroise Thomas's overture to "Mignon," the Delibes ballet music, and the Strauss waltz are things which no orchestra under the sun need consider *infra dig.* Each of these things is admirable of its kind and its kind is both musically and historically interesting and artistically worthy. One experience yesterday afternoon was not particularly encouraging, especially as it went to confirm previous experiences of the sort; this was the comparative apathy of the audience in face of the Strauss waltz. To be sure, Mme. Melba's wonderful singing of Arditi's waltz-song coming immediately before it may have taken a good deal of the wind out of Strauss's sails; but, to hear what some people say of the general public craving for Strauss waltzes, one would hardly have thought that even Mme. Melba could blanket one of them. Another "extenuating circumstance" may be that Strauss's waltzes do not make quite their characteristic effect when played by an orchestra so largely equipped with strings. Strauss's individual, and exceedingly clever and effective, scoring is calculated for a smaller orchestra, for one in which the united wood-wind and horns forms a pretty exact dynamic counterpoise to the strings, not for a regular symphony orchestra, in which the strings are, as a body, stronger than the wind (leaving out the heavy brass). Just as a Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Brahms symphony fails in producing its proper effect, if the wood-wind and horns outweigh the strings, so does a Strauss waltz equally fail, if the strings outweigh the lighter wind instruments; each loses its characteristic coloring and aroma. But, even making allowance for these points, it is surprising how coolly our public has on more than one occasion taken the Strauss waltzes, for which it seems so to thirst. At the summer popular concerts the first few measures of a familiar waltz are greeted with rapturous hand-clapping, but the applause at the end is cool and perfunctory as possible. Yesterday afternoon poor Strauss came in for no real enthusiasm one way or another. Is it that the public's eye for waltzes is somewhat larger than its stomach? It certainly looks like it. The orchestra played admirably all through the concert; with nicety of ensemble and shading, and with contagious fire and brilliancy.

Mme. Melba was, of course, the bait that caught all those fish that crammed the hall to overflowing. Well, her singing made it all worth while. She was in her best voice and mood, she had touched the orchestra's tender point at rehearsal—think, for instance, of a symphony orchestra at undress rehearsal, stopping short after an opera singer's cadenza to applaud it to the echo—and she and the band mutually egged each other on to do their very best. It was one of those occasions when every one is in touch. If Mme. Melba's singing of the air from the "Huguenots" was beautiful in its finished perfection, her singing of that old, old—but none the less beautiful—mad-scene in "Lucia" beggared all description. For once Mr. Molé could shake hands on level ground with a cantatrice—she could do all he could, and with just as impeccable intonation. That astonishing double cadenza was no race between voice and flute; even in the Leibnitzian "*harmonia prestabilita*" no finer exactness of coincidence between two forces could be imagined. And in Arditi's waltz the prima donna renewed her triumphs. The whole concert was delightful.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Mittwoch, 30 Januar 1895

Boston Symphonies Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1895.

The program of the thirteenth Symphony Concert, given in Music Hall last evening, was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, E minor, "From the New World".....Dvorák
Concerto for violin, A minor.....Goldmark
Overture "Leonore" (No. 2).....Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "Sarka".....Smetana

Mr. César Thomson made his first appearance in Boston, and his success was overwhelming.

He played the Goldmark concerto, first produced at a Symphony concert by Mr. Kneisel December 6, 1890—a serious work, interesting in episodes rather than as a complete and organic whole. There is no sensuous, heart-melting tune in it. There is no dashing, blinding brilliancy. Indeed it is almost without an element of popularity.

Thomson seems like a self-inspecting, self-absorbed ascetic. I should not be surprised to hear that Satan had buffeted him, had promised him the technic of technics in exchange for his soul. For this man might fitly, so far as appearance goes, don the monk's garb.

The man is modesty himself. He is bold only in his art. He seems to apologize for his skill. Far from his thought is an audience that may applaud or chill the air. He stands as though he were alone, or as though he played for invisible auditors. No tossing, no swaying, no defiant tossing of carefully dishevelled hair, no moment of inspiration, no pose, just before the applauds should come in.

Musicians who have heard Thomson in Europe and in New York say that he rose last night to unimagined heights. Surely never have I heard such sustained, sublime, unearthly cantabile as in the andante of the concerto.

As for his technic, you know what he can do. Yet he is not merely the wizard, the man of the eighteenth century in league with Satan.

His tone is free from earthly dross. Its nobility is that of a man who has put aside the thought of sex; not from fear, not from fanaticism, not from indifference, but because the pure spirit is more to him than the wormy body. The music that came from his fiddle was without suggestion of passion; it was the music that hints at a life where there will be no thought or recollection of bodily joy or sorrow, or grotesque and tragic bodily desire.

The concerto is in itself comparatively ungrateful; the unconsciousness of the violinist was Olympian; the chasteness of style was virginal; there was an almost anxious concealment of amazing technical skill; the player was immovable. Yet such was the public appreciation of the nobility, the grandeur, the self-abnegation of the performance that the great audience paid him a tribute never to be forgotten by one who heard the applause, saw the illuminated faces and witnessed the shyness of the violinist, who seemed as though one disturbed in profound musical contemplation.

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fifth Kneisel Quartet concert, given in Union Hall the evening of the 21st, was as follows: Quartet in D major, Borodine (first time); quartet in B flat major, op. 18, Beethoven; quintet in D minor, op. 38, H. W. Parker (MS., first time). The club was assisted by Mr. Schulz, 'cellist. This quartet, the second, by Borodine, is a posthumous work. Rimsky-Korsakoff and other friends found and examined it, together with "Prince Igor," the fragments of the third Symphony, some romances. Alfred Habets says that it is not likely Borodine would have allowed the publication of the romances. "Prince Igor" was finished by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff; two movements of the third symphony were orchestrated by Glazounoff; the finale of "Mlada," an opera ballet, was orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The quartet, dedicated to Borodine's wife, who did not long survive him, seems to have been let alone. Still it seems to me that Borodine could not have been content with the finale as it now exists. For it is far inferior to the other movements. The first, an allegro moderato but alla breva, is a masterpiece. It is melodious from beginning to end, firmly knit, logical, but not sternly logical, without padding, a constant delight. As an instance of mavellously beautiful effects gained by simple means see the treatment of the pedal of fifteen or sixteen measures toward the very end. The scherzo does not fall below. Its chief theme is a species of perpetuum mobile, and there is a contrasting movement not unlike an old fashioned German slow waltz. Strange and cruelly tender is the chant of the 'cello in the "Notturno" a song repeated immediately by the first violin. In spite of my great respect for the Kneisel Quartet, I do not think that this "Notturno" received full justice in the performance. The duskiness, the perfume, the Verlainesque "mots si specieux, tout bas," I missed these; there was the publicity and the noon-light of Boston Common, with people waiting for street cars. And in all this quartet there is no trace of the howling, leaping and sweating peasants so dear to the radical Russian and used freely in scherzo or finale.

Mr. Parker's quintet contains much that is tuneful, much that is strong. But it did not leave the impression of a thoroughly coherent, finely developed work. There was too frequently straining without result, as well as the thought of the orchestra without effect gained thereby.

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Boston Transcript

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

"RUSH" TICKETS AT THE SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the Transcript: I wish to make an appeal for better management in Music Hall through the columns of your paper. Early on Monday last an admission ticket to the Symphony rehearsal was purchased by a young musician, a lady, small and delicate; and at twelve o'clock on Friday she took her place quietly in the lobby to await the opening of the doors. This seems a great waste of time, but at present is the only way to obtain a seat. When the doors were finally opened the crowd in their mad, unreasoning haste swept the young lady off her feet, throwing her violently against the door and pinning her there so she was unable to get through, until her cape was torn from her shoulders and she had been severely bruised. This I witnessed, and I wish to say that there are several ways of preventing a repetition of such a scene. One is to adopt the method of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, and have policemen stationed in the lobby to keep the people in file in the order of their coming, and to prevent all crushing at the door. Another and still better way is to have the number of the seats on the tickets, and thus reserve them. This could be done without increase in price, and first come, first served. If one of the managers of Music Hall would buy a "rush" ticket for one of these matinée concerts he would see that some change in arrangement was needed at once. These tickets are sold at a low price to place them, presumably, within the reach of all music-lovers, who cannot afford high-priced tickets, but there are few people who have the time to stand so long in line before the concerts begin, to say nothing of the fatigue and heat, and when, after the mad rush, a seat is found the finder is unfitted to enjoy a concert. In all other cities, even those of France and Germany, where the tickets are sold for a franc and a mark, the seats are all reserved, and the purchaser of a ticket knows that there is a seat for him when he goes to claim it. Can there not be a different arrangement from the present one here?

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

HOME JOURNAL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

BOSTON'S PRIDE in her Symphony Orchestra has been justified this season, and never more fully than at Tuesday's matinee. From the overture, "Fra Diavolo," at the beginning, to "Mignon" at the close, the selections were rendered with that skill and perfection for which the artists are noted. The courtesies between Mr. Paur and Mme. Melba proved that professionals can appreciate each other's efforts. Mr. Paur's evident delight and enthusiastic applause when Mme. Melba sang, had its equivalent in her clapping and the kisses sent from her finger-tips when the Strauss Waltz was played.

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Mme. Melba's appearance had been eagerly awaited by the audience, and she was accorded an enthusiastic reception. She was in excellent voice, and sang as a first selection "O vago suol," and "A questa voce," from Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." Her perfection of technique and the sweet quality of her voice won most tremendous applause from her delighted audience, who recalled her again and again, and was finally rewarded with M. Clayton Johns' "I love the world," in which Mme. Melba was accompanied by the composer.

....

Although she has been heard to better advantage in the mad scene from "Lucia," yet it was well received and encored most heartily, while the waltz song, "Se Savan Rose," aroused the wildest enthusiasm and had to be repeated. Her appearance was a complete triumph and her reception a perfect ovation. The "divine Melba" has once more taken Boston by storm. A large audience will undoubtedly enjoy this evening's performance.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 34.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1895.

MELBA WAS IN HER ELEMENT.

Heard at Her Very Best at the Symphony Concert.

Her Singing in the Scene from "Hamlet" Delightful Beyond Description—Handel Air, "Sweet Bird," Sung with Utmost Perfection—The Orchestra Does Fine Work.

The programme for last night's concert in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was:

Overture, "Don Juan".....Mozart
Air, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
Suite in D, op. 113.....Lachner
Prelude, Variations and March.....Fugue
Ophelia's Mad Scene, "Hamlet"...A. Thomas
Symphony, "Italian".....Mendelssohn

Mme. Melba was the soloist. Every seat in the auditorium was occupied, and on the floor all the standing room was crowded. The concert was exceptionally enjoyable, after one had become accustomed to the marrow-chilling gusts of cold air that came through the swinging doors and the open transoms over them. However, comparative comfort could be obtained by those familiar with Music Hall drafts, and who retained their overcoats and turned up the collars thereof, although their heads could not be protected from the winter wind that frolicked through the corridors and made its way through the transoms.

The playing of the orchestra throughout was steadily fine. The Mozart overture was read by Mr. Paur in a masterly manner and was played very beautifully. It might be reasonably believed that the work was well known to a Symphony concert audience, but such was evidently not the case, for the programme book gave four pages of minute description, even telling of the time-honored story of the overture being composed in great haste the night before the performance, and scored for the strings and wood wind, a feat that was utterly impossible, as may be proved by any rapid copyist who attempts merely to write out the score in the time named. The Lachiner suite is a work of solid worth, and deserves a more frequent hearing than it obtains. The prelude is impressively dignified, the variations, 24 in number, of which only half were selected for performance on this occasion, are noble in style and remarkable in the fertility of invention in regard to variety of treatment, melodical and instrumental, that distinguishes them, and the fugue is large and vigorous, and may rank among the best productions in its kind that have been written since the great era of fugue passed away. The suite was splendidly read and performed. The graceful and always delightful symphony could not have had more sympathetic treatment or be given with more satisfying results than attended its interpretation by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Of Mme. Melba's singing it would be difficult to say anything new in the way of praise. It was of exquisite beauty of both execution and of style throughout. The Handel air was sung with the utmost perfection of technique and with a grace and refinement of phrasing and of expression that were fascinating in effect, and Mr. Mole's performance of the florid flute obligato was scarcely less beautiful. The performance roused the audience to a great pitch of enthusiasm, which was not appeased until Mme. Melba had been recalled five times. It was, however, in the scene from "Hamlet" that she was heard at her best. Here she was in her element. The music is frivolous enough, and is so conventionally operatic that it scarcely deserves a place on a Symphony concert programme, and, moreover, it is quite unmeaning without the scenic surroundings for which it was written and the stage action that should accompany it. This, however, in nowise detracts from the beauty of Mme. Melba's singing, which was delightful beyond description, and well merited the storms of applause that rewarded it and the many recalls, and the handsome floral tribute that she received.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The next concert is to be given Feb. 16, and the programme is: Overture, "The Maid of Orleans," by Strube (first time); concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; serenade (without violins), Brahms, and overture in the Italian style, Schubert. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is to be the soloist.

That Mme. Melba is a reigning favorite in Boston was clearly enough demonstrated Tuesday afternoon when not a seat anywhere in Music Hall, even on the steps each side of the stage, was vacant, and there were rows upon rows of men and women standing. The prima donna was in the best of spirits, overflowing with amiability and graciousness, and to our mind she never looked better in her life. Her French high necked bodice, the body of glittering steel and black network, and the sleeves of white lace and chiffon, with the black satin skirt, was immensely chic, dainty and becoming. The black toque, covered with jet, was just suited to her costume. She brought a loose bunch of pink roses in her hand as she came on to the stage, which gave a delicious bit of color to her toilet. Great clusters and baskets of superb roses were handed to her after her first song. A few of the many in the immense audience were: Mr. Montgomery Sears, who brought a number of ladies with him; Mrs. Henry C. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Amory, Mrs. Robert C. Hooper, Sr., Mr. Frank Zerrahn, Miss Elsie Perkins, Mrs. Apthorp, who had with her Mr. Russell Sullivan; Mr. Arthur Beebe, Miss Elizabeth Brooks, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stackpole, Miss Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs. George [illegible] when she sang one of his own songs for an encore), Mr. John D. Williams and his brother, Mr. Samuel Williams, Mrs. Thacher Loring and her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hecht, and Miss Hecht, Mrs. Paur, Mr. Arthur Austin, Mrs. H. M. Tickpor and Mrs. R. M. Field.

There was a perfect crush at the rehearsal Friday afternoon to hear Melba sing again. The admission tickets were all sold early in the week, and hundreds of women stood outside the hall doors in hopes of catching a glimpse of the prima donna as she passed in and out from her carriage. Mme. Melba wore a large flaring brimmed black hat with her pale blue and white lace gown and she looked very charming. Her recalls were so numerous she gayly exclaimed as she returned for the last time to the artist's room, quite breathless with running back and forth! "How can people ever say Boston audiences are cold, and at a rehearsal, too. I think they are the best in the world." Everybody seemed to be in the great audience, the C. P. Curtises, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Amory, Mrs. Henry C. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooper, the Henry L. Higginsons, Mr. Frank Zerrahn, Mrs. James Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Mr. Hugh Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Harry Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Luce, Mrs. Fenollosa and hundreds more were there.

Melba received no more beautiful flowers last week at the Music Hall than the superb design which was handed to her last night after the concert. It was the fac simile of her own crest, artistically arranged by Galvin. It was made of violets, with a border of lilies of the valley, with the letter "M" in yellow primroses. It was sent her by Manager Charles A. Ellis and Mr. B. F. Keith.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1895.

The Fourteenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall—The First Appearance of Melba at These Concerts.

The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro il Penseroso ed il Moderato".....Handel
Suite No. 1, in D minor, op. 113.....Lachner
Ophelie's mad scene, from "Hamlet".....Thomas
Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian").... Mendelssohn

The overture to "Don Giovanni" is not an effective concert number. Nor is it such a noble approach to the opera itself as is "The Magic Flute" overture to that strange medley of masonry, sublimity, buffoonery and nonsense called by some the first German opera. And yet a great deal of rubbish has been written about the meaning of this prelude to the musical story of "Don Giovanni." The first theme of the allegro has been taken as a description of the rake; a descending scale represents "the army of outraged husbands, fathers and brothers," etc., etc. It is not likely that Mozart had any such ideas in his head. An overture was necessary for the performance; and he wrote it hurriedly.

There were once three brothers named Lachner; Franz, Ignaz and Vinzenz. They had a sepbrother, Theodor. All these Lachners wrote music of respectability and varying worth. Franz died in 1890 (Jan. 20), although the compiler of the program book kept this secret locked in his breast; at least he did not print it. Vinzenz died in 1893. A heroic figure was Franz, fighting the battle against all those following the banner of Wagner. He, too, wrote operas; there are at least four; and who remembers them? He was also given to writing suites, and certainly the one played last night will preserve for him for many years respectful remembrance. It is good, honest music. There is nothing in it, perhaps, to warm the cockles or to cause one to swing the hat and leap into the air, but there are noble passages in the praeludium, and abundance of natural, flowing, delightful counterpoint in the variations. The fugue is extremely well made; but, pardon, oh ultra-conservatives, it is not altogether free from the reproach of dryness. Mr. Paur omitted the second movement of the suite and several of the variations. There was a time when such a suite would have been played in full. There will be a time when movements from symphonies—even Beethoven's—will represent to the musical public the symphonies themselves. Last evening the first movement of the Italian symphony seemed long, although it was read with painstaking care and played with spirit by the orchestra.

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It may seem ungracious to say that the mad scene from "Hamlet" has no place in a concert-hall, especially as it was sung extremely well by that delightful singer, Melba. But at least one half of the effect is lost, when the scene is taken from the operatic stage. The decorations, the dancing peasants, the sight of the wandering, distracted Ophelia—these all accentuate or as some would say, excuse the music. That mad heroines always indulge in bravura is an old reproach against opera; but opera is an absurdity the moment a man or woman on the stage begins to sing. The opera may be by Bellini or Wagner; the absurdity is the same. I confess that if I were obliged to listen six nights out of the week to either "Sweet Bird" or Ophelia's mad scene, I would choose gladly the latter; for the tune of Handel belongs emphatically to another day and another generation although the art of a singer may clothe the skeleton of formalism in radiant beauty.

Still even in this old air Handel in the larghetto appeals to musicians and music lovers of all time. Melba sang each selection with surpassing art. In the "Sweet Bird" she was in friendly rivalry with Mr. Molé's flute, and he, too, deserves a place in pleasurable recollection. After all, it would be a delight to hear Melba sing scales, arpeggios, or merely sustain a tone. Such singers seldom visit us in these days. Let us not be finikin, let us not be foolishly hypocritical. Let us rejoice in her beautiful voice and supreme vocal art. Stormy as was the applause last evening, it was every bit deserved. I said last season that they who complained of Melba's "coldness" complained without reason. Surely last evening there was warmth, there was pathos in the voice of Ophelia.

PHILIP HALE.

American Art Journal.

OFFICES, 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1895.

The fifth Kneisel concert included two novelties, and one favorite. The latter was Beethoven's quartet in B flat, the last of the six numbers comprised in op. 18. Novelty number one was a quartet in D, by Borodin, a Russian composer who died eight years ago. It is modern in tone, and yet richly classic in structure, reminding you of some full blown flower—a dahlia, perchance. The third movement, a nocturne, is a departure from older sequence, and was so smoothly played as to make you think of wind instruments rather than strings. The other novelty was by a resident composer, H. W. Parker, director at Trinity,—a quintet in D minor, op. 38, with a long allegro; a solemn andante lento; an allegro so melodramatic in its opening that you look instinctively for a robber with his dirk emerging from the cave of staccato; but this is soon forgotten in the beauty which follows; and lastly comes the Finale, ben marcato. The concert was extremely interesting, and, brightened by the presence of leading musicians, including Ysaye and Stavenhagen, the latter staying over purposely to attend. In the last number Leo Schultz played the second cello.

A Southern kinswoman, with me at the thirteenth Symphony Concert, discovered genuine plantation melody in the last half of Dvorak's New World Symphony, though not in the first. In the closing Allegro con fuoco you say to yourself, Walpurgis Night! A negro voudoo, perhaps. For the first time Boston heard the third of the six symphonic poems composing Smetana's My Country. Sarka may be "the noblest of the Bohemian amazons," but she is a blood-thirsty young woman all the same, recalling the Bible story of Judith and Holofernes; though the music is but dimly suggestive of her direful tale. It was pleasant to hear Beethoven's second Leonora overture so soon after the more famous third. Cesar Thomson's violin was warmly welcomed in Goldmark's Concerto, op. 28. He is a noble player, though not superabounding in magnetism, and may well be elated with his Boston reception. To fill an interim of a week at the Boston, the hodge podge, invented by Gus Heene, called Rush City based upon the impossible happenings in an Oklahoma settlement, ingeniously tumbled to pieces in a cyclone. Who the mischief could ever have thought up such a medley of odds and ends; tiresome yet gay, everybody doing the unexpected, and doing it well.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1895.

MELBA THE SOLOIST.

Symphony Audience Greets Her With Great Enthusiasm.

The announcement that Mme. Melba was to be the soloist at the Symphony concert last night, was sufficient to draw even a larger audience than the week before.

Her first selection was the lovely Handel aria, "Sweet Bird," which has been heard here several times this season, and had Melba sung it later in the evening, she would doubtless have achieved better results. Her intonation was not always true, and while her execution was at times remarkably clean cut, at other points it was by no means so, which, therefore, brought the difficult portions of the aria into strong contrast. In her passages with the flute her trills were rather indefinite, and it suggested that she was attempting to trill on a third, without entire success. Most of these faults were noticeable in the earlier part of the aria, but toward the close her voice increased in strength and volume and was much truer. Later, however, when she sang the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," she was at her very best. All the previous defects had disappeared, and she gave a rendition which will long be remembered, as she gave to her high notes an absolute purity, which brought her at the close a perfect storm of applause, not to mention a number of elegant floral tributes. She was recalled some seven or eight times, and finally gestured to the audience that she had nothing more for them. A special word of praise is due Mr. Mole, who played the flute obligato in the Handel aria in exquisite fashion, and whom Melba warmly grasped by the hand at the close, and brought him forward to acknowledge with her the applause.

The rest of the programme included the overture to "Don Giovanni," the beautiful Lachner suite, with its charming variations in the third movement, ending with the spirited and popular march; and the Mendelssohn Italian symphony, with its catchy and bright fourth movement, the Saltariblo.

There will be no concert next week. The soloist for the week following will be Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, and the overture to Strube's "Jungfrau von Orleans" will be played for the first time.

[88]

Boston Transcript

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

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HOME JOURNAL

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Heard at Her Very Best at the Symphony Concert.

Her Singing in the Scene from "Hamlet" Delightful Beyond Description—Handel Air, "Sweet Bird," Sung with Utmost Perfection—The Orchestra Does Fine Work.

The programme for last night's concert in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was:

Overture, "Don Juan".....Mozart
Air, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
Suite in D, op. 113.....Lachner
Prelude, Variations and March.....Fugue
Ophelia's Mad Scene, "Hamlet"....A. Thomas
Symphony, "Italian".....Mendelssohn

Mme. Melba was the soloist. Every seat in the auditorium was occupied, and on the floor all the standing room was crowded. The concert was exceptionally enjoyable, after one had become accustomed to the marrow-chilling gusts of cold air that came through the swinging doors and the open transoms over them. However, comparative comfort could be obtained by those familiar with Music Hall drafts, and who retained their overcoats and turned up the collars thereof, although their heads could not be protected from the winter wind that frolicked through the corridors and made its way through the transoms.

The playing of the orchestra throughout was steadily fine. The Mozart overture was read by Mr. Paur in a masterly manner and was played very beautifully. It might be reasonably believed that the work was well known to a Symphony concert audience, but such was evidently not the case, for the programme book gave four pages of minute description, even telling of the time-honored story of the overture being composed in great haste the night before the performance, and scored for the strings and wood wind, a feat that was utterly impossible, as may be proved by any rapid copyist who attempts merely to write out the score in the time named. The Lachiner suite is a work of solid worth, and deserves a more frequent hearing than it obtains. The prelude is impressively dignified, the variations, 24 in number, of which only half were selected for performance on this occasion, are noble in style and remarkable in the fertility of invention in regard to variety of treatment, melodical and instrumental, that distinguishes them, and the fugue is large and vigorous, and may rank among the best productions in its kind that have been written since the great era of fugue passed away. The suite was splendidly read and performed. The graceful and always delightful symphony could not have had more sympathetic treatment or be given with more satisfying results than attended its interpretation by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Of Mme. Melba's singing it would be difficult to say anything new in the way of praise. It was of exquisite beauty of both execution and of style throughout. The Handel air was sung with the utmost perfection of technique and with a grace and refinement of phrasing and of expression that were fascinating in effect, and Mr. Mole's performance of the florid flute obligato was scarcely less beautiful. The performance roused the audience to a great pitch of enthusiasm, which was not appeased until Mme. Melba had been recalled five times. It was, however, in the scene from "Hamlet" that she was heard at her best. Here she was in her element. The music is frivolous enough, and is so conventionally operatic that it scarcely deserves a place on a Symphony concert programme, and, moreover, it is quite unmeaning without the scenic surroundings for which it was written and the stage action that should accompany it. This, however, in nowise detracts from the beauty of Mme. Melba's singing, which was delightful beyond description, and well merited the storms of applause that rewarded it and the many recalls, and the handsome floral tribute that she received.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The next concert is to be given Feb. 16, and the programme is: Overture, "The Maid of Orleans," by Strube (first time); concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; serenade (without violins), Brahms, and overture in the Italian style, Schubert. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is to be the soloist.

That Mme. Melba is a reigning favorite in Boston was clearly enough demonstrated Tuesday afternoon when not a seat anywhere in Music Hall, even on the steps each side of the stage, was vacant, and there were rows upon rows of men and women standing. The prima donna was in the best of spirits, overflowing with amiability and graciousness, and to our mind she never looked better in her life. Her French high necked bodice, the body of glittering steel and black network, and the sleeves of white lace and chiffon, with the black satin skirt, was immensely chic, dainty and becoming. The black toque, covered with jet, was just suited to her costume. She brought a loose bunch of pink roses in her hand as she came on to the stage, which gave a delicious bit of color to her toilet. Great clusters and baskets of superb roses were handed to her after her first song. A few of the many in the immense audience were: Mr. Montgomery Sears, who brought a number of ladies with him; Mrs. Henry C. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Amory, Mrs. Robert C. Hooper, Sr., Mr. Frank Zerrahn, Miss Elsie Perkins, Mrs. Apthorp, who had with her Mr. Russell Sullivan; Mr. Arthur Beebe, Miss Elizabeth Brooks, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stackpole, Miss Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, Mr. Clayton Johns (who played the accompaniment for Mme. Melba when she sang one of his own songs for an encore), Mr. John D. Williams and his brother, Mr. Samuel Williams, Mrs. Thacher Loring and her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hecht, and Miss Hecht, Mrs. Paur, Mr. Arthur Austin, Mrs. H. M. Ticknor and Mrs. R. M. Field.

There was a perfect crush at the rehearsal Friday afternoon to hear Melba sing again. The admission tickets were all sold early in the week, and hundreds of women stood outside the hall doors in hopes of catching a glimpse of the prima donna as she passed in and out from her carriage. Mme. Melba wore a large flaring brimmed black hat with her pale blue and white lace gown and she looked very charming. Her recalls were so numerous she gayly exclaimed as she returned for the last time to the artist's room, quite breathless with running back and forth: "How can people ever say Boston audiences are cold, and at a rehearsal, too. I think they are the best in the world." Everybody seemed to be in the great audience, the C. P. Curtises, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Amory, Mrs. Henry C. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooper, the Henry L. Higginsons, Mr. Frank Zerrahn, Mrs. James Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Mr. Hugh Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Harry Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Luce, Mrs. Fenollosa and hundreds more were there.

Melba received no more beautiful flowers last week at the Music Hall than the superb design which was handed to her last night after the concert. It was the fac simile of her own crest, artistically arranged by Galvin. It was made of violets, with a border of lilies of the valley, with the letter "M" in yellow primroses. It was sent her by Manager Charles A. Ellis and Mr. B. F. Keith.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1895.

The Fourteenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall—The First Appearance of Melba at These Concerts.

The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro il Penseroso ed il Moderato".....Handel
Suite No. 1, in D minor, op. 113.....Lachner
Ophelie's mad scene, from "Hamlet".....Thomas
Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian").... Mendelssohn

The overture to "Don Giovanni" is not an effective concert number. Nor is it such a noble approach to the opera itself as is "The Magic Flute" overture to that strange medley of masonry, sublimity, buffoonery and nonsense called by some the first German opera. And yet a great deal of rubbish has been written about the meaning of this prelude to the musical story of "Don Giovanni." The first theme of the allegro has been taken as a description of the rake; a descending scale represents "the army of outraged husbands, fathers and brothers," etc., etc. It is not likely that Mozart had any such ideas in his head. An overture was necessary for the performance; and he wrote it hurriedly.

There were once three brothers named Lachner; Franz, Ignaz and Vinzenz. They had a sepbrother, Theodor. All these Lachners wrote music of respectability and varying worth. Franz died in 1890 (Jan. 20), although the compiler of the program book kept this secret locked in his breast; at least he did not print it. Vinzenz died in 1893. A heroic figure was Franz, fighting the battle against all those following the banner of Wagner. He, too, wrote operas; there are at least four; and who remembers them? He was also given to writing suites, and certainly the one played last night will preserve for him for many years respectful remembrance. It is good, honest music. There is nothing in it, perhaps, to warm the cockles or to cause one to swing the hat and leap into the air, but there are noble passages in the praeludium, and abundance of natural, flowing, delightful counterpoint in the variations. The fugue is extremely well made; but, pardon, oh ultra-conservatives, it is not altogether free from the reproach of dryness. Mr. Paur omitted the second movement of the suite and several of the variations. There was a time when such a suite would have been played in full. There will be a time when movements from symphonies—even Beethoven's—will represent to the musical public the symphonies themselves. Last evening the first movement of the Italian symphony seemed long, although it was read with painstaking care and played with spirit by the orchestra.

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It may seem ungracious to say that the mad scene from "Hamlet" has no place in a concert-hall, especially as it was sung extremely well by that delightful singer, Melba. But at least one half of the effect is lost, when the scene is taken from the operatic stage. The decorations, the dancing peasants, the sight of the wandering, distracted Ophelia—these all accentuate or as some would say, excuse the music. That mad heroines always indulge in bravura is an old reproach against opera; but opera is an absurdity the moment a man or woman on the stage begins to sing. The opera may be by Bellini or Wagner; the absurdity is the same. I confess that if I were obliged to listen six nights out of the week to either "Sweet Bird" or Ophelia's mad scene, I would choose gladly the latter; for the tune of Handel belongs emphatically to another day and another generation although the art of a singer may clothe the skeleton of formalism in radiant beauty.

Still even in this old air Handel in the larghetto appeals to musicians and music lovers of all time. Melba sang each selection with surpassing art. In the "Sweet Bird" she was in friendly rivalry with Mr. Molé's flute, and he, too, deserves a place in pleasurable recollection. After all, it would be a delight to hear Melba sing scales, arpeggios, or merely sustain a tone. Such singers seldom visit us in these days. Let us not be finikin, let us not be foolishly hypocritical. Let us rejoice in her beautiful voice and supreme vocal art. Stormy as was the applause last evening, it was every bit deserved. I said last season that they who complained of Melba's "coldness" complained without reason. Surely last evening there was warmth, there was pathos in the voice of Ophelia.

PHILIP HALE.

American Art Journal.

OFFICES, 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1895.

The fifth Kneisel concert included two novelties, and one favorite. The latter was Beethoven's quartet in B flat, the last of the six numbers comprised in op. 18. Novelty number one was a quartet in D, by Borodin, a Russian composer who died eight years ago. It is modern in tone, and yet richly classic in structure, reminding you of some full blown flower—a dahlia, perchance. The third movement, a nocturne, is a departure from older sequence, and was so smoothly played as to make you think of wind instruments rather than strings. The other novelty was by a resident composer, H. W. Parker, director at Trinity,—a quintet in D minor, op. 38, with a long allegro; a solemn andante lento; an allegro so melodramatic in its opening that you look instinctively for a robber with his dirk emerging from the cave of staccato; but this is soon forgotten in the beauty which follows; and lastly comes the Finale, ben marcato. The concert was extremely interesting, and, brightened by the presence of leading musicians, including Ysaye and Stavenhagen, the latter staying over purposely to attend. In the last number Leo Schultz played the second cello.

A Southern kinswoman, with me at the thirteenth Symphony Concert, discovered genuine plantation melody in the last half of Dvorak's New World Symphony, though not in the first. In the closing Allegro con fuoco you say to yourself, Walpurgis Night! A negro voudoo, perhaps. For the first time Boston heard the third of the six symphonic poems composing Smetana's My Country. Sarka may be "the noblest of the Bohemian amazons," but she is a blood-thirsty young woman all the same, recalling the Bible story of Judith and Holofernes; though the music is but dimly suggestive of her direful tale. It was pleasant to hear Beethoven's second Leonora overture so soon after the more famous third. Cesar Thomson's violin was warmly welcomed in Goldmark's Concerto, op. 28. He is a noble player, though not superabounding in magnetism, and may well be elated with his Boston reception. To fill an interim of a week at the Boston, the hodge podge, invented by Gus Heene, called Rush City based upon the impossible happenings in an Oklahoma settlement, ingeniously tumbled to pieces in a cyclone. Who the mischief could ever have thought up such a medley of odds and ends; tiresome yet gay, everybody doing the unexpected, and doing it well.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1895.

MELBA THE SOLOIST.

Symphony Audience Greets Her With Great Enthusiasm.

The announcement that Mme. Melba was to be the soloist at the Symphony concert last night, was sufficient to draw even a larger audience than the week before.

Her first selection was the lovely Handel aria, "Sweet Bird," which has been heard here several times this season, and had Melba sung it later in the evening, she would doubtless have achieved better results. Her intonation was not always true, and while her execution was at times remarkably clean cut, at other points it was by no means so, which, therefore, brought the difficult portions of the aria into strong contrast. In her passages with the flute her trills were rather indefinite, and it suggested that she was attempting to trill on a third, without entire success. Most of these faults were noticeable in the earlier part of the aria, but toward the close her voice increased in strength and volume and was much truer. Later, however, when she sang the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," she was at her very best. All the previous defects had disappeared, and she gave a rendition which will long be remembered, as she gave to her high notes an absolute purity, which brought her at the close a perfect storm of applause, not to mention a number of elegant floral tributes. She was recalled some seven or eight times, and finally gestured to the audience that she had nothing more for them. A special word of praise is due Mr. Mole, who played the flute obligato in the Handel aria in exquisite fashion, and whom Melba warmly grasped by the hand at the close, and brought him forward to acknowledge with her the applause.

The rest of the programme included the overture to "Don Giovanni," the beautiful Lachner suite, with its charming variations in the third movement, ending with the spirited and popular march; and the Mendelssohn Italian symphony, with its catchy and bright fourth movement, the Saltariblo.

There will be no concert next week. The soloist for the week following will be Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, and the overture to Strube's "Jungfrau von Orleans" will be played for the first time.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3.

Symphony Orchestra Matinee.

An extra popular matinee was given by the Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, with Mme. Melba as soloist. The programme was:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber.
Aria, from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer.
Ballet music, "Sylvia".....Delibes.
Mad Scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti.
Entr'acte, from "Gwendoline".....Chabrier.
Scherzo (new, first time).....Goldmark.
Song "Se Seran Rose".....Arditi.
Waltz, "Southern Roses".....Joh. Strauss.
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas.

An admirable programme and faultlessly interpreted from beginning to end. The "Fra Diavolo" overture was charming; an old friend returning after a long absence, but with no evidence of antiquity, brilliant, fiery and dashing as in the old days, and receiving the finest and most sympathetic treatment under Mr. Paur's direction. The always delightful "Sylvia" ballet music was another triumph in the way of interpretation; it was perfect, to the smallest shade of meaning, polished to brilliancy, of exquisite delicacy in the "slow waltz" and the "Pizzicati," while even Mr. Paur and his orchestra never gave finer work than in the vigorous and richly-colored reading of the "Bacchus Procession." It won the heartiest and most deserved applause.

The Chabrier entr'acte reveals additional beauties by repetition; it is full of beauty and doubtless all perplexity would vanish were it heard in its proper place. The Goldmark "Scherzo" seems to be a misnomer, for it has none of the characteristics of the scherzo, properly so called; and, what is more, it is doubtful if Goldmark could do himself justice in this species of work. His imagination is not noticeable for lightness, gayety and airy grace; his genius is not stimulated by laughing gas, but by the opium pipe; he is not from Greece, but from the East, and when his muse is not dreaming under a palm tree, it is stimulated into activity by the burning of frankincense, and by the spicy odors wafted from the garden of Hafiz. Technically considered, the scherzo is a fine piece of work, but it leaves the hero cold and indifferent. As to the Strauss waltz, it was most pleasant to hear, and it would have been faultless had a little more swing and dash been given to it. It was finely read, but, for an undiscoverable reason, a portion of its subtle, nerve-thrilling essence had vanished, and the hearer forced himself to believe that he was under a spell to dance to it. When a Strauss waltz does not spontaneously arouse this feeling, the fault is not in the composer.

Of course, Mme. Melba was the particular attraction, and her mere appearance stirred the large audience into enthusiasm; but the delight she gave more than justified the anticipation. Her beautiful voice is under the guidance of a faultless method, and the music lover is sure to be rewarded with something more than mere technical excellence, vocal fireworks, lighted and exploded for their own sake. In the mad scene from "Lucia," Mme. Melba aroused the old enthusiasm. It was singing with a meaning in it; singing with warmth, passion, fine art and understanding. Her singing of the Arditi waltz song was equally satisfying, and she was compelled to repeat it in answer to the imperious enthusiasm of the audience. As another encore, Mme. Melba sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns, and sang it without effect, and yet Mme. Melba is a great artist! This fact alone is sufficient to demonstrate the rare good-nature of the singer, and it should stimulate Mr. Clayton Johns to write a better song than that which Mme. Melba vainly attempted to immortalize. Mr. Molé's flute playing in the selection from the "Huguenots," and the obligato accompaniment to the "Lucia" scene were of the finest art quality, flawless in technique and rarely beautiful in tone and in feeling. It is to be hoped that more "extra popular" matinees will be given.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the concert given last night in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony orchestra:

Overture "Don Giovanni".....Mozart.
Aria "Sweet Bird".....Handel.
Suite in D major op 113.....Lachner.
Mad Scene from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas.
Symphony No. 4.....Mendelssohn.

As will be seen there are no novelties in the programme, and yet the sitting and standing room of Music Hall was tested to its full capacity. The particular attraction of the evening was Mme. Melba; and it was curious to note how much deeper was the interest in the living artist, than in the works of the dead composers. The Mozart overture was simply a preparation for a special feast; the Lachner Suite a resting place for exhausted enthusiasm, and the Mendelssohn symphony as much tonic medicine to prepare the audience for facing the open air.

Hero or heroine worship is a marked characteristic of the music-lover, and in the majority of cases the worship of hero or heroine is confounded with the worship of music; the eyes not infrequently being used instead of the ears, curiosity taking the place of understanding. Carlyle would have found consolation in this fact, but from an art view-point it is somewhat discouraging. But then the love of abstract beauty of abstract art is the source of a musical Nile many have sought for and few found, and so the unfortunate majority are compelled to set up some stock or stone as a reminder, and vigorously worship it while waiting for a development of the imagination, which happy event is prophesied to occur *ad Graecas kalendas*. Handel in the meanwhile being confounded with his interpreter, and music with the visual impressions aroused by a pretty or ugly face and a fashionable evening robe.

Let it be hastily added, however, that Mme. Melba is an art idol worthy of the adoration she wins, she arises like an electric-charged, guiding and warning lighthouse in the fog-covered ocean of mediocrity. It immeasurably adds to her chances of art immortality that she is not a victim of technique; that this same technique has not crushed out her warmth, her understanding and her feelings, and congealed all her merits into a cold frozen trill. This is not entirely a figure of rhetoric; for example it would not be difficult to find singers who believe and practically illustrate the belief that Handel's "Sweet Bird" is a formal exercise in scale passages culminating in a flute-supported trill; a cold, dreary study for the development of the vocal chords and the burial of artistic feeling. Mme. Melba remembers that she is an artist as well as a singer, and yielding to the influence of the fiery composer, she treats us to something more valuable than a vocal iceberg. In the mad scene from "Hamlet" she reached a still higher point of excellence, rare technical skill was not wanting, but it was held sternly to its function as a means and not as the end. There were warmth, intensity of feeling, delicate contrasts, clear understanding and full expression. The skill was admirable, but it was used to intensify the emotion, and not displayed as a thing apart. The distinction cannot be too frequently or too strongly insisted on in an era of decadence wherein technique is assuming an importance that its inherent art worth will not warrant. Technique is all-important, but art exists in spite of it: it is the servant of art, and when it assumes the part of master, when it pretends that it is art, its folly should be unmasked. Mme. Melba's singing aroused a tempest of applause; she was recalled again and again, especially after the "Hamlet" selection, in which the great artist reached her highest point of excellence, an excellence that few have reached, and fewer still surpassed.

The programme for the next concert, which is to be given on Feb. 16, is: Overture, "Maid of Orleans," Strube; Concerto in G-minor for pianoforte, Saint-Saëns; Brahm's Serenade, without violins, and Schubert's Overture, Series 2, No. 5. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 3, 1895.

Mme Melba, Soloist at the Symphony Concert.

There was the usual large attendance at the symphony concert last evening. Mme Melba was again the soloist, and she received a demonstratively cordial greeting. It was the third time that she had sung with this orchestra during the week, but her reappearance many more times would be most welcome.

She is unquestionably the foremost prima donna of the day, and the opportunity of hearing her in concert has been eagerly taken advantage of by many people whose means would not permit them to attend her performances in grand opera.

The program last evening was as follows:

Overture to Don Giovanni,
Wolfgang Amadens Mozart
Scena, Sweet Bird that Shun'st the Noise of Folly, from L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato ....George Frederic Handel
(Flute obligato by Mr Charles Mole)
Suite No. 1, in D minor, op 113 .Franz Lachner
Ophelie's mad scene (act 4, scene 2), from Hamlet .....Ambrose Thomas
Symphony No. 4, in A major (Italian), op 90 .....Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid Mme Melba is to state the fact that the oftener she is heard he greater is the pleasure derived from her singing. She was in superb voice last evening, and sang the beautiful Handel aria with exquisite effect. Her purity of tone, delicacy of phrasing, sentiment in expression and grace of execution were indescribably charming.

The brilliant scene and ballad from the opera "Hamlet" was also sung magnificently. It was given with more dramatic expression than generally characterizes the singing of this artist. Especially brilliant was her interpretation of the florid passages at the end of the ballad. The audience fairly rose to her in its enthusiasm after this number, and recalled the singer again and again.

The orchestral numbers were splendidly played, under Mr Paur's intelligent direction. The overture of Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," was given a fine performance, and proved a very welcome selection. The Lachner suite was also listened to with much pleasure. The first movement is not particularly interesting, but the third, with its score of brilliant variations and its exquisite march, is an uncommonly entertaining writing. The playing of the violins was exceptionably good, in the long and exacting fugue of the last movement. The performance of the Mendelssohn symphony was generally praiseworthy, but certain passages, notably in the dance movement, have been given with better effect by Mr Paur's predecessors.

The orchestra will leave Boston this evening for a February itinerary, in the following cities: Philadelphia, Monday; Washington, Tuesday; Baltimore, Wednesday; New York, Thursday; Brooklyn, Friday and Saturday.

The program for the rehearsal and concert, Feb 15 and 16, will be as follows:

Overture, Jungfrau von Orleans .....Strube
(First time)
Concerto for pianoforte in G minor .Saint-Saens
Serenade (without violins) .....Brahms
Overture in Italian style, series 2, No 5 Schubert
Soloist, Mrs H H A Beach

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Samstag, 2. Februar 1895.

Boston Symphonie-Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1895.

THE WEEK'S GROUP OF CONCERTS—MME. MELBA, THE SYMPHONY, ETC.

The promise of hearing Melba sing from the "Huguenots," "Lucia" and the concert-waltzes of Arditi drew an enormous audience to Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The promise was bettered in fulfilment, for the peerless vocalist doubled the number of her appearances by adding to the first song Mr. Clayton Johns's popular "I Love and the World is Mine," and by repeating the cadenza to Lucia's mad scene and the "Se saran Rose." She was in perfect voice and spirits, held the orchestra in complete accord with her, and sang as became herself, who is now probably the first and best of living vocalists. The concert in which she was the central figure was an extra of the Symphony series, the full band under Mr. Paur took part, and the audience included hundreds of the regular Friday and Saturday attendants. A delightfully gay, spirited and picturesque reading of the "Fra Diavolo" overture—not sounding much as it used to do when Tom Comer's little handful played it in the Museum!—began the afternoon, and an excellent performance of Thomas's "Mignon" overture ended it, while between these were placed the "Sylvia" ballet music, some light French things of the time, and a Strauss waltz, which came with all its lightness and swing from under Mr. Paur's baton, but wanted something of the gentle compulsion which an enlarged wooden wind force might have given it. The audience proved by its close attention that it enjoyed every number, but it reserved its plaudits for Mme. Melba, not forgetting however to award a generous and well merited share to Mr. Mole for his participation in the intricate graces of the two opera scenes.

Of the three orchestral numbers set down for the fourteenth Symphony programme neither was new, and two were familiar acquaintances long years ago. Of these two one was Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture, which, however well suited it is to its place as prologue to the opera, and however symmetrical and reasonable in construction, does not begin a concert with much cheer in fact or in promise. The men played it well enough, but without particular grace or distinction. The other was Mendelssohn's "Italian" overture, which was put at the other end of the programme. It began rather perfunctorily and heavily, and the andante moved none too sympathetically; but the saltarello in the last movement waked up the orchestra and Mr. Paur incited them to so much speed and sonority that he obtained the exciting effect with which he apparently seeks always to end his concerts. The other number was the first suite of Lachner—that in D minor, opus 113. From this were retrenched the second or minuet movement, and about one half of the more than twenty variations which make up the third movement. It would have been about as well if the fourth movement had been spared also. Not that it has no vigor and volume enough to follow the bright, keen and almost fascinating march (with a flavor of the "Rakoczy" in it) which ends the previous movement so enliveningly; but that the orchestra came almost to loggerheads in the figure with which it opens, a variance of about half a beat between two or three of the parts producing an ugly jolting uncertainty in the progression, which it took the conductor some time to straighten out. The first movement, however, was played with potent spirit and variations, particularly those into which one or another instrument entered as a soloist, were read with discrimination and diversity of color.

The effect of these instrumental numbers was illuminated and freshened by the exquisite vocalism of Mme. Melba, who sang the ever interesting "Sweet Bird" of Handel and the mad scene of Ophelia from the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas. It is a pure joy to hear such music when it falls so naturally into the singer's voice and into such accord with her disposition that there is no suggestion of calculation or effort in the placing and floating of the tone and no sense of laborious training and mechanical study in the phrasing. The perfect ease and simple fluency of Mme. Melba's method and style delight the connoisseur as much as the finished and genial qualities of her voice captivate the uncritical but still discerning among her audience. But for a certain occasional thinness in the vowel E, due, possibly, to her much exercise in the French language, her tones might all pass as perfect in formation; albeit she sometimes shows a disposition to sharpen by a trifle the pitch of an already high note. She was again, as on Tuesday, in exact company with M. Mole's flute, and her rendering of the Ophelia music, if not impassioned, had certainly more feeling than we have found in some other singers when they have been praised for their warmth of tone and sentiment.

Next week will pass without a concert, but in the succeeding week this programme will be played: Overture, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans;" Strube, being the novelty of the programme; Saint-Saens G minor pianoforte concerto, with Mrs. Beach as the soloist; a Serenade, without violins, by Brahms, and Schubert's overture, "in Italian style," series 2, No. 5.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Freitag, 1. Februar 1895.

Boston Symphonie-Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

[89]

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3.

Symphony Orchestra Matinee.

An extra popular matinee was given by the Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, with Mme. Melba as soloist. The programme was:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber.
Aria, from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer.
Ballet music, "Sylvia".....Delibes.
Mad Scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti.
Entr'acte, from "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Scherzo (new, first time).....Goldmark.
Song "Se Seran Rose".....Arditi.
Waltz, "Southern Roses".....Joh. Strauss.
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas.

An admirable programme and faultlessly interpreted from beginning to end. The "Fra Diavolo" overture was charming; an old friend returning after a long absence, but with no evidence of antiquity, brilliant, fiery and dashing as in the old days, and receiving the finest and most sympathetic treatment under Mr. Paur's direction. The always delightful "Sylvia" ballet music was another triumph in the way of interpretation; it was perfect, to the smallest shade of meaning, polished to brilliancy, of exquisite delicacy in the "slow waltz" and the "Pizzicati," while even Mr. Paur and his orchestra never gave finer work than in the vigorous and richly-colored reading of the "Bacchus Procession." It won the heartiest and most deserved applause.

The Chabrier entr'acte reveals additional beauties by repetition; it is full of beauty and doubtless all perplexity would vanish were it heard in its proper place. The Goldmark "Scherzo" seems to be a misnomer, for it has none of the characteristics of the scherzo, properly so called; and, what is more, it is doubtful if Goldmark could do himself justice in this species of work. His imagination is not noticeable for lightness, gayety and airy grace; his genius is not stimulated by laughing gas, but by the opium pipe; he is not from Greece, but from the East, and when his muse is not dreaming under a palm tree, it is stimulated into activity by the burning of frankincense, and by the spicy odors wafted from the garden of Hafiz. Technically considered, the scherzo is a fine piece of work, but it leaves the hero cold and indifferent. As to the Strauss waltz, it was most pleasant to hear, and it would have been faultless had a little more swing and dash been given to it. It was finely read, but, for an undiscoverable reason, a portion of its subtle, nerve-thrilling essence had vanished, and the hearer forced himself to believe that he was under a spell to dance to it. When a Strauss waltz does not spontaneously arouse this feeling, the fault is not in the composer.

Of course, Mme. Melba was the particular attraction, and her mere appearance stirred the large audience into enthusiasm; but the delight she gave more than justified the anticipation. Her beautiful voice is under the guidance of a faultless method, and the music lover is sure to be rewarded with something more than mere technical excellence, vocal fireworks, lighted and exploded for their own sake. In the mad scene from "Lucia," Mme. Melba aroused the old enthusiasm. It was singing with a meaning in it; singing with warmth, passion, fine art and understanding. Her singing of the Arditi waltz song was equally satisfying, and she was compelled to repeat it in answer to the imperious enthusiasm of the audience. As another encore, Mme. Melba sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns, and sang it without effect, and yet Mme. Melba is a great artist! This fact alone is sufficient to demonstrate the rare good-nature of the singer, and it should stimulate Mr. Clayton Johns to write a better song than that which Mme. Melba vainly attempted to immortalize. Mr. Molé's flute playing in the selection from the "Huguenots," and the obligato accompaniment to the "Lucia" scene were of the finest art quality, flawless in technique and rarely beautiful in tone and in feeling. It is to be hoped that more "extra popular" matinees will be given.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the concert given last night in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony orchestra:

Overture "Don Giovanni".....Mozart.
Aria "Sweet Bird".....Handel.
Suite in D major op 113.....Lachner.
Mad Scene from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas.
Symphony No. 8.....Mendelssohn.

As will be seen there are no novelties in the programme, and yet the sitting and standing room of Music Hall was tested to its full capacity. The particular attraction of the evening was Mme. Melba; and it was curious to note how much deeper was the interest in the living artist, than in the works of the dead composers. The Mozart overture was simply a preparation for a special feast; the Lachner Suite a resting place for exhausted enthusiasm, and the Mendelssohn symphony so much tonic medicine to prepare the audience for facing the open air.

Hero or heroine worship is a marked characteristic of the music-lover, and in the majority of cases the worship of hero or heroine is confounded with the worship of music; the eyes not infrequently being used instead of the ears, curiosity taking the place of understanding. Carlyle would have found consolation in this fact, but from an art view-point it is somewhat discouraging. But then the love of abstract beauty of abstract art is the source of a musical Nile many have sought for and few found, and so the unfortunate majority are compelled to set up some stock or stone as a reminder, and vigorously worship it while waiting for a development of the imagination, which happy event is prophesied to occur *ad Graecas kalendas*. Handel in the meanwhile being confounded with his interpreter, and music with the visual impressions aroused by a pretty or ugly face and a fashionable evening robe.

Let it be hastily added, however, that Mme. Melba is an art idol worthy of the adoration she wins, she arises like an electric-charged, guiding and warning lighthouse in the fog-covered ocean of mediocrity. It immeasurably adds to her chances of art immortality that she is not a victim of technique; that this same technique has not crushed out her warmth, her understanding and her feelings, and congealed all her merits into a cold frozen trill. This is not entirely a figure of rhetoric; for example it would not be difficult to find singers who believe and practically illustrate the belief that Handel's "Sweet Bird" is a formal exercise in scale passages culminating in a flute-supported trill; a cold, dreary study for the development of the vocal chords and the burial of artistic feeling. Mme. Melba remembers that she is an artist as well as a singer, and yielding to the influence of the fiery composer, she treats us to something more valuable than a vocal iceberg. In the mad scene from "Hamlet" she reached a still higher point of excellence, rare technical skill was not wanting, but it was held sternly to its function as a means and not as the end. There were warmth, intensity of feeling, delicate contrasts, clear understanding and full expression. The skill was admirable, but it was used to intensify the emotion, and not displayed as a thing apart. The distinction cannot be too frequently or too strongly insisted on in an era of decadence wherein technique is assuming an importance that its inherent art worth will not warrant. Technique is all-important, but art exists in spite of it: it is the servant of art, and when it assumes the part of master, when it pretends that it *is* art, its folly should be unmasked. Mme. Melba's singing aroused a tempest of applause; she was recalled again and again, especially after the "Hamlet" selection, in which the great artist reached her highest point of excellence, an excellence that few have reached, and fewer still surpassed.

The programme for the next concert, which is to be given on Feb. 16, is: Overture, "Maid of Orleans," Strube; Concerto in G minor for pianoforte, Saint-Saëns; Brahm's Serenade, without violins, and Schubert's Overture, Series 2, No. 5. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 3, 1895.

Mme Melba, Soloist at the Symphony Concert.

There was the usual large attendance at the symphony concert last evening. Mme Melba was again the soloist, and she received a demonstratively cordial greeting. It was the third time that she had sung with this orchestra during the week, but her reappearance many more times would be most welcome.

She is unquestionably the foremost prima donna of the day, and the opportunity of hearing her in concert has been eagerly taken advantage of by many people whose means would not permit them to attend her performances in grand opera.

The program last evening was as follows:

Overture to Don Giovanni, Wolfgang Amadens Mozart
Scena, Sweet Bird that Shun'st the Noise of Folly, from L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato ....George Frederic Handel
(Flute obligato by Mr Charles Mole)
Suite No. 1, in D minor, op 113 .Franz Lachner
Ophelie's mad scene (act 4, scene 2), from Hamlet .....Ambrose Thomas
Symphony No. 4, in A major (Italian), op 90 .....Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid Mme Melba is to state the fact that the oftener she is heard he greater is the pleasure derived from her singing. She was in superb voice last evening, and sang the beautiful Handel aria with exquisite effect. Her purity of tone, delicacy of phrasing, sentiment in expression and grace of execution were indescribably charming.

The brilliant scene and ballad from the opera "Hamlet" was also sung magnificently. It was given with more dramatic expression than generally characterizes the singing of this artist. Especially brilliant was her interpretation of the florid passages at the end of the ballad. The audience fairly rose to her in its enthusiasm after this number, and recalled the singer again and again.

The orchestral numbers were splendidly played, under Mr Paur's intelligent direction. The overture of Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," was given a fine performance, and proved a very welcome selection. The Lachner suite was also listened to with much pleasure. The first movement is not particularly interesting, but the third, with its score of brilliant variations and its exquisite march, is an uncommonly entertaining writing. The playing of the violins was exceptionably good, in the long and exacting fugue of the last movement. The performance of the Mendelssohn symphony was generally praiseworthy, but certain passages, notably in the dance movement, have been given with better effect by Mr Paur's predecessors.

The orchestra will leave Boston this evening for a February itinerary, in the following cities: Philadelphia, Monday; Washington, Tuesday; Baltimore, Wednesday; New York, Thursday; Brooklyn, Friday and Saturday.

The program for the rehearsal and concert, Feb 15 and 16, will be as follows:

Overture, Jungfrau von Orleans .....Strube
(First time)
Concerto for pianoforte in G minor .Saint-Saens
Serenade (without violins) .....Brahms
Overture in Italian style, series 2, No 5 Schubert

Soloist, Mrs H H A Beach

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Samstag, 2. Februar 1895.

Boston Symphonie-Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1895.

THE WEEK'S GROUP OF CONCERTS—MME. MELBA, THE SYMPHONY, ETC.

The promise of hearing Melba sing from the "Huguenots," "Lucia" and the concert-waltzes of Arditi drew an enormous audience to Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The promise was bettered in fufilment, for the peerless vocalist doubled the number of her appearances by adding to the first song Mr. Clayton Johns's popular "I Love and the World is Mine," and by repeating the cadenza to Lucia's mad scene and the "Se saran Rose." She was in perfect voice and spirits, held the orchestra in complete accord with her, and sang as became herself, who is now probably the first and best of living vocalists. The concert in which she was the central figure was an extra of the Symphony series, the full band under Mr. Paur took part, and the audience included hundreds of the regular Friday and Saturday attendants. A delightfully gay, spirited and picturesque reading of the "Fra Diavolo" overture—not sounding much as it used to do when Tom Comer's little handful played it in the Museum!—began the afternoon, and an excellent performance of Thomas's "Mignon" overture ended it, while between these were placed the "Sylvia" ballet music, some light French things of the time, and a Strauss waltz, which came with all its lightness and swing from under Mr. Paur's baton, but wanted something of the gentle compulsion which an enlarged wooden wind force might have given it. The audience proved by its close attention that it enjoyed every number, but it reserved its plaudits for Mme. Melba, not forgetting however to award a generous and well merited share to Mr. Mole for his participation in the intricate graces of the two opera scenes.

Of the three orchestral numbers set down for the fourteenth Symphony programme neither was new, and two were familiar acquaintances long years ago. Of these two one was Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture, which, however well suited it is to its place as prologue to the opera, and however symmetrical and reasonable in construction, does not begin a concert with much cheer in fact or in promise. The men played it well enough, but without particular grace or distinction. The other was Mendelssohn's "Italian" overture, which was put at the other end of the programme. It began rather perfunctorily and heavily, and the andante moved none too sympathetically; but the saltarello in the last movement waked up the orchestra and Mr. Paur incited them to so much speed and sonority that he obtained the exciting effect with which he apparently seeks always to end his concerts. The other number was the first suite of Lachner—that in D minor, opus 113. From this were retrenched the second or minuet movement, and about one half of the more than twenty variations which make up the third movement. It would have been about as well if the fourth movement had been spared also. Not that it has no vigor and volume enough to follow the bright, keen and almost fascinating march (with a flavor of the "Rakoczy" in it) which ends the previous movement so enliveningly; but that the orchestra came almost to loggerheads in the figure with which it opens, a variance of about half a beat between two or three of the parts producing an ugly jolting uncertainty in the progression, which it took the conductor some time to straighten out. The first movement, however, was played with potent spirit and variations, particularly those into which one or another instrument entered as a soloist, were read with discrimination and diversity of color.

The effect of these instrumental numbers was illuminated and freshened by the exquisite vocalism of Mme. Melba, who sang the ever interesting "Sweet Bird" of Handel and the mad scene of Ophelia from the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas. It is a pure joy to hear such music when it falls so naturally into the singer's voice and into such accord with her disposition that there is no suggestion of calculation or effort in the placing and floating of the tone and no sense of laborious training and mechanical study in the phrasing. The perfect ease and simple fluency of Mme. Melba's method and style delight the connoisseur as much as the finished and genial qualities of her voice captivate the uncritical but still discerning among her audience. But for a certain occasional thinness in the vowel E, due, possibly, to her much exercise in the French language, her tones might all pass as perfect in formation; albeit she sometimes shows a disposition to sharpen by a trifle the pitch of an already high note. She was again, as on Tuesday, in exact company with M. Mole's flute, and her rendering of the Ophelia music, if not impassioned, had certainly more feeling than we have found in some other singers when they have been praised for their warmth of tone and sentiment.

Next week will pass without a concert, but in the succeeding week this programme will be played: Overture, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans;" Strube, being the novelty of the programme; Saint-Saens G minor pianoforte concerto, with Mrs. Beach as the soloist; a Serenade, without violins, by Brahms, and Schubert's overture, "in Italian style," series 2, No. 5.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Freitag, 1. Februar 1895.

Boston Symphonie-Orchester. Unter Mitwirkung der Sängerin Miß Lillian Blauvalt wird am nächsten Montage das berühmte Boston Symphonie-Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur sein viertes Orchester in dieser Saison geben. Tickets für dasselbe sind bereits jetzt bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str., zu haben. Zum Vortrag gelangen Dvoraks neue Symphonie „Aus der Neuen Welt", Arie aus „Cid" von Massenet, Suite in D moll von Lachner, Arie aus Haydn's „Schöpfung" und Arie aus „Die verkaufte Braut" von Smetana.

[89]

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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 4, 1895

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Field Night in Music Hall Caused by Mme. Melba's Appearance.

It was a field night on Saturday at Music Hall, and such an audience has rarely gathered, even at the symphony concerts. Undoubtedly it was Melba who caused the unwonted throng, but it was a most hopeful sign to note that it was not the singer alone, for there was no exodus after her singing was concluded, but standees and all remained to the very end of the symphony which followed her last number. If any proof were needed that Boston is advancing musically it could be found in this significant fact: and to this may be added the statement that the instrumental number which achieved the greatest popular success *was a fugue!*

The programme began with the Don Juan overture, which received a perfect performance. The clear-cut sonata-movement form which Mo art employed in his overtures never seems to interfere with a dramatic representation of emotions, and such works as the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute," or this present overture, ought always to stand as lessons to those young composers who think that they cannot express romance and emotion without first upsetting musical form. The work was technically difficult in Mozart's day; it is an easy task for the orchestra of the present.

The incomparable Melba followed this number. The greeting she received was courteous but not enthusiastic, for it was a symphony audience, not ready to bubble over at the outset, as is the case at the popular "miscellaneous" concert. Her opening aria was Handel's "Sweet Bird." Of all the numerous birds in the musical poultry yard, this is one of the best. Of course all these birds have flute accompaniment, and all possess a certain conventionality of floriture, but as this served to display the very best points of Mme. Melba's wonderful vocal technique, no one was disposed to carp at the artificiality of the musical construction. A year ago this sentence was printed in these columns,—"Not in this generation has better vocalization been heard than that which Melba conquered her audience at the matinee on Saturday. One can compare her only with Patti in her prime." The opinion can be reiterated today. The *timbre* of the voice is still as pure and delicate, the true *voix blanche*, the staccato effects are still as clear and crisp as the most exacting critic could wish, and the ease with which the passages in highest register are taken is phenomenal. In one point, however, a slight deterioration was noticeable, the trill, although rapid and flexible enough, was not true in intonation. This was brought the more into prominence because the flute *obligato* set the model which the voice imitated, and the flatting was marked. The aria, which has the conventional repetition of its whole first part at the close (how patient our forefathers were in the matter of "Da Capo"!) was ended by Melba with a D *in alt* which was pure as crystal, and evinced not the slightest effort. That Melba is the greatest *coloratur* singer of the world today is scarcely a matter of doubt. At the end of the aria the enthusiasm burst forth in a torrent. Recall followed recall and the ovation was deserved. Mr. Molé, who played the flute *obligato*, also deserved a share in the triumph. The number which Melba sang later in the concert was equally successful. It was the mad-scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." Mental alienation on the operatic stage is always attended with much vocal exibility. The symptoms are the same in the cases of Linda di Chamounix, Lucia di Lammermoor, Dinorah, and all the rest. When the disease sets in the prognosis may be given as follows: The hair will become loose and flow down the back; register very high, with a strong tendency to staccato; the patient will probably relapse into trilling every few minutes, and these attacks will leave the voice beating at over 700 notes to the minute; chromatics may supervene, and the case will probably culminate in great popular enthusiasm and floral tributes. All of these symptoms, except the flowing hair, were present in the attack of mania of Saturday, with the addition, as this was a case of French insanity, of strong reminiscences of "Io son Titania" from "Mignon." The number is frightfully unequal; at times there is a good degree of dramatic intensity, and a well-developed orchestral treatment, and at others the border-line of abject triviality is crossed. One does not enjoy a Frenchman's version of Shakespeare either upon the dramatic or operatic stage, and this setting is by that Thomas who turned the "Tempest" into a ballet, and caused Ferdinand and Miranda to dance all their love-scenes.

The introduction of a Swedish folk-song into the Danish subject was doubtless held to be good local coloring by Thomas, but he would have done better to have introduced the actual Shakesperian music into Ophelia's mad-scene, since it is still in existence, well-authenticated, and sung by Miss Terry whenever she appears in the character. Mme. Melba was at her best in this number, her trill was truer, her chromatic passages wonderful, her enunciation a model of clearness, and there was a breadth and power that one does not often get from a *coloratur* singer. The enthusiasm at the close knew no bounds and there were seven or eight recalls, but the rule against encores remained unbroken.

The orchestral numbers were not altogether eclipsed by this abnormal excitement. The excellent performance of the instrumental numbers was adequately recognized and Mr. Paur was forced to acknowledge the popular applause more than once. The suite in D minor by Lachner was a conspicuous success. Franz Lachner was the suite maker of modern times; in this field of orchestral work he had no rival, and this particular one in D minor is one of the strongest compositions in suite form which the world possesses. One may thank Mr. Paur, not only for bringing Franz Lachner upon the symphony programme of today, but for a performance that revealed all his solid worth. The execution of the Praeludium promised much, and the promise was well kept. The variations had many points of excellence, all the departments of the orchestra winning new laurels, especially the first violin and the clarinette. The counterpoint was clear in construction and equally clear in performance.

The March which followed is a blood relation of the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony, at least in its first phrase, and it was given with a heartiness and swing

popular response was emphatic. But the fugue was the great success of this work. What an attractive subject and what a showy countersubject it has! It reminds in its melodic construction of the subject which Bach used in his fugue in E flat (No. 1, second book of the "Well-tempered Clavichord") that fugue which so inspired Mozart that he took the fugato of his "Magic Flute" overture from it; not that Lachner's work follows the notes of the Bach number, but it has the melodic character, the moderate length, the general style of this subject. There has not been such orchestral fugue-playing in Boston for years as in this number; it was the perfection of balance and clearness, and everything up to the majesty of the coda was performed as if it had been upon a solo instrument. And to hear a vast audience growing enthusiastic over a fugue was almost to doubt one's senses.

For once the symphony came last on the programme. The Italian symphony by Mendelssohn would have been considered a very great work if he had not composed the Scotch. Clear shape, excellent development (especially of a most simple three-noted figure) and fine orchestration, are the merits of the first movement, but the second outweighs it because of its melodic directness. The chief theme of this slow movement is the perfection of a viola theme, for the viola is the instrument which best portrays brooding melancholy or pensive sadness, and these elements are in almost every measure here. Per contra the scherzo falls decidedly below the scherzo of the Scotch symphony, but its trio (there is no trio to the Scotch scherzo) is most beautiful; here the horns played better than we have heard them this season, and carried the movement to great success.

The final Saltarello was given with a delicacy and grace which Mr. Paur has not always received sufficient credit for. The violins deserve especial mention for the dainty manner in which they gave their rapid triplets, and the skipping character which forms so essential an element in the Saltarello was omnipresent. And thus ended one of the great musical successes of the present season.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE MUSICAL NEWS
A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS
VOL. I. NUMBER 5.
February, 1895.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1895.—The past month has been one of unusual activity in local musical circles. The most important event was the third of a series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, January 9. It was advertised as a Wagnerian Feast, and truly it was—twelve numbers, the entire program, of the Bayreuth master's compositions. It was a daring thing to do, but it was done, and done successfully, which fact is a high commentary on the musical culture of Washington. Metzerott's Hall was packed with the elite of the city, and the attention and appreciation would have put to blush an entire audience of masters. The soloists on this occasion were Frl. Elsa Kutschera and Herr Anton Schott. It was Frl. Kutschera's first appearance in Washington, and the impression her powerful, full voiced soprano made was highly complimentary. Herr Schott is an old favorite here and never fails of an ovation whenever he appears. His rendition of Walther's Preislied from "Die Meistersinger" was magnificent; his masterful Wagnerian tenor voice was exhibited in wonderful brilliancy.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Overture to "Don Giovanni."
Handel: Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato."
Lachner: Three movements from Suite No. 1, in D minor, opus 113.
Thomas: Ophélie's Mad-Scene from "Hamlet."
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian"), opus 90.

Mme. Melba was the singer.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture is a work one does not often hear at concerts; and when one does hear it one wonders why it is so seldom played. To be sure, the overture, in its original form, ends out of the principal key, and with a half-cadence, at that—to connect it with the first number of the opera; and the faked-up ending in D major, written by we know not whom, which is usually played at concerts is trivial and unworthy of the rest of the work as possible. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why conductors fight so shy of the overture for concert purposes. It seems to us, however, that this objection is rather a trivial one nowadays. We are now so accustomed to things beginning in one key and ending in another that we could well tolerate this unacademic proceeding in a man like Mozart; why not give the overture in its true shape, soft final half-cadence and all? It would sound admirably well, and we should not lose that master-stroke, the sudden plunge of all the strings and wood-wind upon C-natural, against the resounding D's of the brass and kettle-drums, which is cut out in the present concert version. And, if the conductor's conscience should prick him too savagely for letting a piece begin in D minor and end in F major, he might salve the wound by letting the next number on the programme begin in F major. In truth, this overture is a masterpiece that one cannot afford to slight; it is a work of the finest genius throughout, and it were well to hear it oftener than we have for the last twenty years or so. It was admirably played last Saturday, with due delicacy, fire, and brilliancy. That little "laughing" of the first violins in the first theme requires, to be sure, the bowing of an Ysaÿe or a Thomson to do it full justice; but our excellent first violins did it better than one hears it done nine times out of ten. The alternation between *legato* and *staccato* might have been more strongly marked, but it was perceptible, as it was.

One wonders a little at Mr. Paur's making the selections he did from Lachner's once popular suite. The Praeludium and the closing fugue are the purest *Kapellmeistermusik*, and are dead as a door nail today; if we are to listen to purely contrapuntal writing, let it be by some great master who lived in a contrapuntal age, and wrote contrapuntally as he breathed—because he could not help it. What attempts men like Lachner made to keep the fugue form alive are really but so many nails in its coffin. Of all elements in music, ungarnished respectability is the most tiresome. In the Variations, on the other hand, there is much that is exceedingly beautiful; at some points in them the composer rises almost to the point of genius, and the March, too, is lively and pleasant to hear. Mr. Paur cut the Variations heroically, omitting also more than half of the March, together with the whole of the Trio. We should be sorry to see these Variations drop wholly out of the repertory; but we think it would be far better to give them as a number by themselves, with fewer cuts and with the March entire. The suite was excellently well played.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony is an old friend, whom one delights to meet and greet. Only in the slow movement do we find an occasional dull moment and a touch of the less genial side of Mendelssohn; but how beautifully and refreshingly that second theme comes in after the mournful crooning of the "Pilgrims' March." And, by the way, does the designation "Pilgrims' March," which used to be current, come from Mendelssohn himself or from some other poetically inclined person—suggested perhaps by the "Marche des Pélerins" in Berlioz's "Harold"? Then the Trio of the Minuet, with its interlocking horns and bassoons, is a stroke of genius like few. The symphony was admirably played and produced a superb impression. With works like these Mendelssohn can not die for good and all.

Mme. Melba was in splendid voice and fairly outdid herself. Both in Handel's "Sweet Bird," where she and Mr. Molé vied together in agility, beauty of tone and purity of intonation, and in the mad scene from Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," her singing was perfection itself and something more besides. What a peculiar piece of work that mad scene is, by the way! As a piece of literary and musical composition, it may long seek its fellow. It is by no means devoid of beauty, only one is tormented with the puzzling doubt, which was really the maddest of the lot poor Ophélie or M. Thomas or MM. Barbier & Carré? But about Mme. Melba's singing there is no doubt at all; it was superb at every point, the singing of a great artist.

Baltimore Life
BALTIMORE, MD., FEBRUARY 2, 1895

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 4, 1895

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Field Night in Music Hall Caused by Mme. Melba's Appearance.

It was a field night on Saturday at Music Hall, and such an audience has rarely gathered, even at the symphony concerts. Undoubtedly it was Melba who caused the unwonted throng, but it was a most hopeful sign to note that it was not the singer alone, for there was no exodus after her singing was concluded, but standees and all remained to the very end of the symphony which followed her last number. If any proof were needed that Boston is advancing musically it could be found in this significant fact: and to this may be added the statement that the instrumental number which achieved the greatest popular success *was a fugue!*

The programme began with the Don Juan overture, which received a perfect performance. The clear-cut sonata-movement form which Mo art employed in his overtures never seems to interfere with a dramatic representation of emotions, and such works as the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute," or this present overture, ought always to stand as lessons to those young composers who think that they cannot express romance and emotion without first upsetting musical form. The work was technically difficult in Mozart's day; it is an easy task for the orchestra of the present.

The incomparable Melba followed this number. The greeting she received was courteous but not enthusiastic, for it was a symphony audience, not ready to b bole over at the outset, as is the case at the popular "miscellaneous" concert Her opening aria was Handel's "Sweet Bird." Of all the numerous birds in the musical poultry yard, this is one of the est. Of course all these birds have flute accompaniment, and all possess a certain conventionality of florriture, but as this served to display the very best points of Mme. Melba's wonderful vocal technique, no one was disposed to carp at the artificiality of the musical construction. A year ago this sentence was printed in these columns,—"Not in this generation has better vocalization been heard than that which Melba conquered her audience at the matinee on Saturday. One can compare her only with Patti in her prime." The opinion can be reiterated today. The *timbre* of the voice is still as pure and delicate, the true *voix blanche*, the staccato effects are still as clear and crisp as the most exacting critic could wish, and the ease with which the passages in highest register are taken is phenomenal. In one point, however, a slight deterioration was noticeable, the trill, although rapid and flexible enough, was not true in intonation. This was brought the more into prominence because the flute *obbligato* set the model which the voice imitated, and the flatting was marked. The aria, which has the conventional repetition of its whole first part at the close (how patient our forefathers were in the matter of "Da Capo"!) was ended by Melba with a D *in alt* which was pure as crystal, and evinced not the slightest effort. That Melba is the greatest *coloratur* singer of the world today is scarcely a matter of doubt. At the end of the aria the enthusiasm burst forth in a torrent. Recall followed recall and the ovation was deserved. Mr. Molé, who played the flute *obbligato*, also deserved a share in the triumph. The number which Melba sang later in the concert was equally successful. It was the mad-scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." Mental alienation on the operatic stage is always attended with much vocal exibility. The symptoms are the same in the cases of Linda di Chamounix, Lucia di Lammermoor, Dinorah, and all the rest. When the disease sets in the prognosis may be given as follows: The hair will become loose and flow down the back; register very high, with a strong tendency to staccato; the patient will probably relapse into trilling every few minutes, and these attacks will leave the voice beating at over 300 notes to the minute; chromatics may supervene, and the case will probably culminate in great popular enthusiasm and floral tributes. All of these symptoms, except the flowing hair, were present in the attack of mania of Saturday, with the addition, as this was a case of French insanity, of strong reminiscences of "Io son Titania" from "Mignon." The number is frightfully unequal; at times there is a good degree of dramatic intensity, and a well-developed orchestral treatment, and at others the border-line of abject triviality is crossed. One does not enjoy a Frenchman's version of Shakespeare either upon the dramatic or operatic stage, and this setting is by that Thomas who tur ed the "Tempest" into a ballet, and caused Ferdinand and Miranda to dance all their love-scenes.

The introduction of a Swedish folk-song into the Danish subject was doubtless held to be good local coloring by Thomas, but he would have done better to have introduced the actual Shakesperian music into Ophelia's mad-scene, since it is still in existence, well-authenticated, and sung by Miss Terry whenever she appears in the character. Mme. Melba was at her best in this number, her trill was truer, her chromatic passages wonderful, her enunciation a model of clearness, and there was a breadth and power that one does not often get from a *coloratur* singer. The enthusiasm at the close knew no bounds and there were seven or eight recalls, but the rule against encores remained unbroken.

The orchestral numbers were not altogether eclipsed by this abnormal excitement. The excellent performance of the instrumental numbers was adequately recognized and Mr. Paur was forced to acknowledge the popular applause more than once. The suite in D minor by Lachner was a conspicuous success. Franz Lachner was the suite maker of modern times; in this field of orchestral work he had no rival, and this particular one in D minor is one of the strongest compositions in suite form which the world possesses. One may thank Mr. Paur, not only for bringing Franz Lachner upon the symphony programme of today, but for a performance that revealed all his solid worth. The execution of the Praeludium promised much, and the promise was well kept. The variations had many points of excellence, all the departments of the orchestra winning new laurels, especially the first violin and the clarinette. The counterpoint was clear in construction and equally clear in performance.

The March which followed is a blood relation of the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony, at least in its first phrase, and it was given with a heartiness and swing that carried every auditor along and the popular recognition was emphatic. But the fugue was the great success of this work. What an attractive subject and what a showy countersub ect it has!! It reminds in its melodic construction of the subject which Bach used in his fugue in E flat (No. 7, second book of the "Well-tempered Clavichord") that fugue which so inspired Mozart that he took the fugato of his "Magic Flute" overture from it; not that Lachner's work follows the notes of the Bach number, but it has the me odic character, the moderate length, the general style of t is subject. There has not been such orchestral fugue-playing in Boston for years as in this number; it was the perfection of balance and clearness, and everything up to the majesty of the coda was per ormed as if it had been upon a solo instrument. And to hear a vast audience growing enthusiastic over a fugue was almost to doubt one's senses.

For once the symphony came last on the programme. The Italian symphony by Mendelssohn would have been considered a very great work if he had not composed the Scotch. Clear shape, excellent development (especially of a most simple three-noted figure) and fine orchestration, are the merits of the first movement, but the second outweighs it because of its melodic directness. The chief theme of this slow movement is the perfection of a viola theme, for the viola is the i strument which best portrays brooding melancholy or pensive sadness, and these elements are in almost every measure he e. Per contra the scherzo falls decidedly below the scherzo of the Scotch symphony, but its trio (there is no trio to the Scotch scherzo) is most beautiful; here the horns played better than we have heard them this season, and carried the movement to great success.

The final Saltarello was given with a delicacy and grace which Mr. Paur has not always received sufficient cred t for. The violins deserve especial mention for the dainty manner in which they gave their rapid triplets, and the skipping c aracter which forms so essential an element in the Saltarello was omnipresent. And thus ended one of the great musical successes of the present season.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE MUSICAL NEWS
A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.
VOL. I. NUMBER 5.
February, 1895.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1895.—The past month has been one of unusual activity in local musical circles. The most important event was the third of a series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, January 9. It was advertised as a Wagnerian Feast, and truly it was—twelve numbers, the entire program, of the Bayreuth master's compositions. It was a daring thing to do, but it was done, and done successfully, which fact is a high commentary on the musical culture of Washington. Metzerott's Hall was packed with the elite of the city, and the attention and appreciation would have put to blush an entire audience of masters. The soloists on this occasion were Frl. Elsa Kutschera and Herr Anton Schott. It was Frl. Kutschera's first appearance in Washington, and the impression her powerful, full voiced soprano made was highly complimentary. Herr Schott is an old favorite here and never fails of an ovation whenever he appears. His rendition of Walther's Preislied from "Die Meistersinger" was magnificent; his masterful Wagnerian tenor voice was exhibited in wonderful brilliancy.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Overture to "Don Giovanni."
Handel: Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato."
Lachner: Three movements from Suite No. 1, in D minor, opus 113.
Thomas: Ophélie's Mad-Scene from "Hamlet."
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian"), opus 90.

Mme. Melba was the singer.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture is a work one does not often hear at concerts; and when one does hear it one wonders why it is so seldom played. To be sure, the overture, in its original form, ends out of the principal key, and with a half-cadence, at that—to connect it with the first number of the opera; and the faked-up ending in D major, written by we know not whom, which is usually played at concerts is trivial and unworthy of the rest of the work as possible. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why conductors fight so shy of the overture for concert purposes. It seems to us, however, that this objection is rather a trivial one nowadays. We are now so accustomed to things beginning in one key and ending in another that we could well tolerate this unacademic proceeding in a man like Mozart; why not give the overture in its true shape, soft final half-cadence and all? It would sound admirably well, and we should not lose that master-stroke, the sudden plunge of all the strings and wood-wind upon C-natural, against the resounding D's of the brass and kettle-drums, which is cut out in the present concert version. And, if the conductor's conscience should prick him too savagely for letting a piece begin in D minor and end in F major, he might salve the wound by letting the next number on the programme begin in F major. In truth, this overture is a masterpiece that one cannot afford to slight; it is a work of the finest genius throughout, and it were well to hear it oftener than we have for the last twenty years or so. It was admirably played last Saturday, with due delicacy, fire, and brilliancy. That little "laughing" of the first violins in the first theme requires, to be sure, the bowing of an Ysaÿe or a Thomson to do it full justice; but our excellent first violins did it better than one hears it done nine times out of ten. The alternation between *legato* and *staccato* might have been more strongly marked, but it was perceptible, as it was.

One wonders a little at Mr. Paur's making the selections he did from Lachner's once popular suite. The Praeludium and the closing fugue are the purest *Kapellmeistermusik*, and are dead as a door nail today; if we are to listen to purely contrapuntal writing, let it be by some great master who lived in a contrapuntal age, and wrote contrapuntally as he breathed—because he could not help it. What attempts men like Lachner made to keep the fugue form alive are really but so many nails in its coffin. Of all elements in music, ungarnished respectability is the most tiresome. In the Variations, on the other hand, there is much that is exceedingly beautiful; at some points in them the composer rises almost to the point of genius, and the March, too, is lively and pleasant to hear. Mr. Paur cut the Variations heroically, omitting also more than half of the March, together with the whole of the Trio. We should be sorry to see these Variations drop wholly out of the repertory; but we think it would be far better to give them as a number by themselves, with fewer cuts and with the March entire. The suite was excellently well played.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony is an old friend, whom one delights to meet and greet. Only in the slow movement do we find an occasional dull moment and a touch of the less genial side of Mendelssohn; but how beautifully and refreshingly that second theme comes in after the mournful crooning of the "Pilgrims' March." And, by the way, does the designation "Pilgrims' March," which used to be current, come from Mendelssohn himself or from some other poetically inclined person—suggested perhaps by the "Marche des Pélerins" in Berlioz's "Harold"? Then the Trio of the Minuet, with its interlocking horns and bassoons, is a stroke of genius like few. The symphony was admirably played and produced a superb impression. With works like these Mendelssohn can not die for good and all.

Mme. Melba was in splendid voice and fairly outdid herself. Both in Handel's "Sweet Bird," where she and Mr. Molé vied together in agility, beauty of tone and purity of intonation, and in the mad scene from Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," her singing was perfection itself and something more besides. What a peculiar piece of work that mad scene is, by the way! As a piece of literary and musical composition, it may long seek its fellow. It is by no means devoid of beauty, only one is tormented with the puzzling doubt, which was really the maddest of the lot poor Ophélie or M. Thomas or MM. Barbier & Carré? But about Mme. Melba's singing there is no doubt at all; it was superb at every point, the singing of a great artist.

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...ESS.—TUESDAY

...UARY 5, 1895

...STON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

...vorak's Symphony from the Folk Song of the New World.

The fourth concert of the Boston Sym... Orchestra last night at the ...demy of Music followed in excellence ...se which have been already heard ...e.

The programme was an interesting one ...nd ingeniously constructed, resembling a wreath in which the exotic Slavonic dominated the beginning, re-echoed at the end, and was held together and supported in the middle by the strict fugal German form of the Lachner suite, lightened and varied by Handel's eternally beautiful "With Verdure Clad" and the fine aria from Massenet's "Cid."

The novelty and the piece of the evening around which the others were grouped was Dvorak's Symphony No. 8 in E Minor, "From the New World," which he has composed since he arrived in this country, and in which he seeks to express a national American music. With the comprehension of genius, he has sought and found his inspiration in the only, primeval, world music this country has, touching in its depths the foundation of all music, to expression of the emotions. The master has blended the airs together in such ...utiful modern form that no one is ...e to recognize a special air, ...t the feeling remains of all the airs in ...e. The larghetto was particularly ...essing and held the audience spellbound with the delicate pathos of certain movements. Miss Blauvelt, who has had all her training at the Conservatory in New York, gave great satisfaction with her numbers and was recalled five or six times as an assurance of the pleasure she had given. Her voice is of sweet, fine quality, and it led the orchestra in quite a remarkable way in some strains of the Massenet aria. She has an overplus of tremolo, which amounts at times to a shiver, in her sustained notes, but in passages where her voice was forced to pass more rapidly it was clear and bell-like, showing that this defect of her otherwise fine training could be removed.

Mr. Paur has established himself in Philadelphia as a successful leader and programme-maker, to judge from the applause which greeted him at the beginning and end of the concert.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Delightful Program at the Academy Last Night.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last night was one of the most delightful of the season. The program included Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Lachner's suite in D minor, and Smetana's overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut" for orchestra, and Massenet's aria "Pleurez mes yeux," from "Le Cid," and "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," sung by Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.

The Dvorak symphony grows on one by repetition. The production last night with a larger orchestra, and one admirably adapted to its style, served to confirm what was said in these columns on the occasion of its first production here last fall. While strictly symphonic in general outlines, the introduction at times of irrelevant themes for bizarre effect weakens the unity of the composition. It is, however, replete with musical beauty, and though the themes are largely superficial, they are worked out in excellent style, and in spite of the florid character of much of it there is much that is substantial, and it is likely to be a permanent addition to works of its class. Negro melodies and Indian dances are scarcely themes for a symphony which should characterize the best presentation of the Western world, but the symphony is not intended to be fundamental in its descriptions, and as far as is goes, it is quite satisfactory.

The Lachner suite grew in interest from the start, the march being spirited and the fugue a masterly piece of work. It is some years since this work, so varied in its scope, has been produced here, and its former popularity seems entirely justified. The overture was played with spirit.

Mme. Blauvelt was in excellent voice and received deserved applause. The aria from "The Creation" was sung unusually well.

The Times

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The leading feature at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music was Dvorak's symphony in E minor, "From the New World," which has already been heard here this season, but which it was interesting to hear again. The rehearing does not materially change the opinion already expressed of it, that it contains some very beautiful music, written with large knowledge and bright invention, though it neither gains nor loses in interest or value from the title or from Dr. Dvorak's labored explanation of it. The themes are avowedly and obviously suggested from what we recognize as "plantation melodies," but their treatment in the symphony, except where it is intentionally "descriptive," bears no relation to anything characteristic either of the plantation or of America. It is at least as much Bohemian as American. And so thought to be. The character of a composition is not determined by its themes, but by the artistic personality of the composer, and it is not as American or as Bohemian that we are to consider this symphony, but as music. It was admirably played, and Mr. Paur made the most ...of its varied effects. A suite by Lachner ...overture by Smetana, who was the master ...Dvorak, were included in the programme. ...Miss Blauvelt sang the familiar aria from ..."Cid" and the perenniel "With Verdure

...ruary ...

The Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music.

The so-called "American Symphony" of the brilliant, but erratic, Antoun Dvorak was the principal feature of the programme presented last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This was the second performance of this much-discussed work in Philadelphia, and, although the interpretation of Leader Paur was in a measure an improvement upon that of Seidl, it cannot be said that the composition improves to any great degree upon further acquaintance. In fact, the second hearing caused its defects to be more obtrusive than they were in the first, although it cannot be denied that the Symphony possesses many real beauties, that it is brilliantly arranged in many passages, while the "Scherzo" is in Dvorak's happiest and most effective vein. That he has sufficiently idealized the plantation melody to make his effort a noteworthy one may be regarded as a fact; but to offer the symphony, in its entirety, as a fitting embodiment of that which is characteristically American in music must surely open Dvorak to the charge of being considered somewhat audacious. But the interpretation, and not the symphony itself, was under consideration last night, and the orchestra certainly played with rare spirit, precision and effect. It was an instrumental treat. The intricate scoring presented no difficulties which were not overcome, while all the peculiar Dvorak "colorings" were given in a manner that would surely have won the approval of the composer himself if he had been present. The soloist of the evening was that charming singer, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, whose unusually sweet and admirably-trained voice was heard to great advantage in a selection from "Le Cid," and in "With Verdure Clad," from Hadyn's "Creation." Miss Blauvelt sings with uncommon accuracy and with rare expression. Both her numbers were enthusiastically applauded. The orchestra gave great delight by a particularly effective performance of Lachner's suite in D minor, and the concert closed with the exuberant musical fireworks of the Smetana overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut."

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

The Symphony orchestra, assisted by Mrs. Melba, gave a popular matinée on the 29th ult, in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Aria from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
Mrs. Melba.
Ballet Music, "Sylvia".....Delibes
Mad scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti
Mrs. Melba.
(Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.)
Entr'acte from "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Scherzo (new, first time).....Goldmark
Song, "Se seran Rose".....Arditi
Mrs. Melba.
Waltz, "Southern Roses".....Joh. Strauss
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomes

There was a great audience that listened with comparative coolness to the orchestral selections, although they were for the most part finely played, and waxed enthusiastic over Melba. Even popular, unpretentious concerts are considered severely by some of our alleged music lovers. Witness the case of the Boston "Advertiser," whose reviewer, in Mr. Elson's absence, rebuked sternly the "flippancy" of poor Delibe's "Sylvia." "O unfortunate, O sudden and unexpected ill; what contrarious accident, what squinteyed starre is it that hath robbed this Gentleman of his wonted mirth? and not of that alone, but of it (which is worse) his wits?"

Perhaps you do not care for the overture to "Fra Diavolo." But it brings back to me agreeable recollections of the opera, of dashing bandits, of Zerlinas that have ravished the vision by undressing as they thought themselves alone. Was it not that ineffable prig, Mendelssohn, who objected to dear, charming Zerlina's song, "Oui, c'es demain"? Alas, I have not seen "Fra Diavolo" for a dozen years, when your old friend, Gudehus, played the "Marquis bandit" in Dresden. Even now I hear him in the quintet in the first act, where he exults in the presence of "la charmante Milady."

Would that they gave now those operas grave and gay that delighted famous men and our fathers that begot us. But the circumstances attending should be fit. "Don Giovanni" should be played in a theatre no larger than our Park, with a small orchestra, and you so near the stage, my dear Mrs. Porphyry, that you feel the magnetic influence of the rake-helly Don and sigh because Mr. Porphyry is bald and given to long stories about commercial projects. Nothing is more dreary, more desolate, more sleep-compelling than a respectable performance of this opera by Mozart in a vast room.

Do you remember how Thackeray once wrote about music in "The Newcomes"? Articles have been strung together about "Browning and Music" and "Walt Whitman and Music." There is a formidable book, "Ruskin on Music" which suggests Ruskin sitting on the great majority of music; how would "I Pagliacci" or "Mala Vita" hit him? Thackeray describes young Ridley, a sickly lad of eighteen, listening in a little room, to a little old woman playing under a gas lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

As she plays "Don Juan" Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and "Masetto" after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens, and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness and pleasure. Piano, pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement; but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like "Cinderella" for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street * * * . It is Fancy street—Poetry street—Imagination street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage; where long processions pass, and venerable hermits with long beards bless the kneeling people; where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberts, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles and bassoons! Fire, guns! Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing, thou ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream colored charger "Massaniello" prances in, and "Fra Diavolo" leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand, and "Sir Huon of Bordeaux" sails up to the quay with the "Sultan's daughter of Babylon."

I suppose our friend Mr. Howells would call this all poor stuff and shake his head.

The scherzo by Goldmark was not played perhaps with the conviction that is the result of indefatigable rehearsal, and yet the impression made was that the piece was not altogether worthy of such rehearsal. Certainly the scherzo seemed a rather cumbrous machine. The suite from "Sylvia" was played superbly. The waltz by Strauss was without the peculiar Straussian pulse.

Melba was heard to best advantage in the waltz by Arditi, although in portions of the scene from "Lucia" she displayed brilliantly her voice and art. After the air from "The Huguenots," the air of "Marguerite de Valois," which was comparatively ineffective, she was applauded loudly, and she sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns, of Boston, Mass.

Why did she sing this song by Mr. Johns? Several reasons are given. Some say that one night in Paris she awoke suddenly from sound sleep and, striking the headboard with clenched fist, cried aloud, "My fame is not complete until I sing a song by Mr. Johns in Boston." I find it difficult to believe this rumor. Nor am I wholly persuaded to share the opinion of those who say that Melba is so infatuated with the song itself that she proposes to introduce it in "Semiramide."

If she does thus enlarge that terrible opera, I hope she will practice the song diligently so that she can make an effect with it. Others say that as Mr. Adamowski is to Melba, so is Mr. Johns to Mr. Adamowski; hence the singing of the song. But I suppose the simple explanation is this: Mr. Adamowski probably said, "Johns is a nice fellow and he writes songs. It would please him beyond measure if you sang one of them." And Melba in her infinite good nature sang one. But oh delightful singer, woman that makest credible to the people of these degenerate days the tales told of Italian singers of the golden age, the inhabitants of Boston and suburban towns did not crowd Music Hall to hear you sing that artless ditty!

* * *

The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
"Sweet Bird".....Händel
Mrs. Melba.
Suite No. 1, D minor.....Lachner
"Ophelia's" mad scene, "Hamlet".....Thomas
Mrs. Melba.
Symphony No. 4, A major.....Mendelssohn

So far as the orchestral numbers were concerned the concert was comparatively dull. The overture to "Don Giovanni" is an ineffective concert number, and the "Italian" symphony provokes only moderate rapture. Mr. Paur omitted the second movement of Lachner's suite and several of the variations. The other variations were played brilliantly enough, but there was roughness at the beginning of the fugue. A masterly piece of work this same fugue, and a good deal of a bore. Yet one cannot but respect the contrapuntal facility of the composer and his grave and serious purpose.

Melba was in excellent voice and her performance deserved the uproarious applause as well as the apparently innumerable recalls that followed. I prefer the madness of Lucia to that of Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius and the Lady Anne, the poor girl "fished out of the sluice," as Jules Laforgue has it. Without the landscape and the dancing peasants the music of Thomas seems cold and insincere.

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Melba sang in Boston last week with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall and drew one of the largest houses of the season, long before the beginning of the concert the "standing room only" sign being displayed. Melba has received a number of offers to appear in concerts all over the country, but her previous engagements prevent her from accepting any. The great prima donna will sail for Europe at the close of the opera season. She has made arrangements to appear in London with the Sir Augustus Harris Opera Company early in May.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1895

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

Dvorak's Symphony from the Folk Song of the New World.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Academy of Music followed in excellence those which have been already heard here.

The programme was an interesting one and ingeniously constructed, resembling a wreath in which the exotic Slavonic dominated the beginning, re-echoed at the end, and was held together and supported in the middle by the strict fugal German form of the Lachner suite, lightened and varied by Handel's eternally beautiful "With Verdure Clad" and the fine aria from Massenet's "Cid."

The novelty and the piece of the evening around which the others were grouped was Dvorak's Symphony No. 8 in E Minor, "From the New World," which he has composed since he arrived in this country, and in which he seeks to express a national American music. With the comprehension of genius, he has sought and found his inspiration in the only, primeval, world music this country has, touching in its depths the foundation of all music, to expression of the emotions. The master has blended the airs together in such skillful modern form that no one is able to recognize a special air, but the feeling remains of all the airs in one. The larghetto was particularly pleasing and held the audience spellbound with the delicate pathos of certain movements. Miss Blauvelt, who has had all her training at the Conservatory in New York, gave great satisfaction with her numbers and was recalled five or six times as an assurance of the pleasure she had given. Her voice is of sweet, fine quality, and it led the orchestra in quite a remarkable way in some strains of the Massenet aria. She has an overplus of tremolo, which amounts at times to a shiver, in her sustained notes, but in passages where her voice was forced to pass more rapidly it was clear and bell-like, showing that this defect of her otherwise fine training could be removed.

Mr. Pauer has established himself in Philadelphia as a successful leader and programme-maker, to judge from the applause which greeted him at the beginning and end of the concert.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Delightful Program at the Academy Last Night.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last night was one of the most delightful of the season. The program included Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Lachner's suite in D minor, and Smetana's overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut" for orchestra, and Massenet's aria "Pleurez mes yeux," from "Le Cid," and "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," sung by Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.

The Dvorak symphony grows on one by repetition. The production last night with a larger orchestra, and one admirably adapted to its style, served to confirm what was said in these columns on the occasion of its first prduction here last fall. While strictly symphonic in general outlines, the introduction at times of irrelevant themes for bizarre effect weakens the unity of the composition. It is, however, replete with musical beauty, and though the themes are largely superficial, they are worked out in excellent style, and in spite of the florid character of much of it there is much that is substantial, and it is likely to be a permanent addition to works of its class. Negro melodies and Indian dances are scarcely themes for a symphony which should characterize the best presentation of the Western world, but the symphony is not intended to be fundamental in its descriptions, and as far as is goes, it is quite satisfactory.

The Lachner suite grew in interest from the start, the march being spirited and the fugue a masterly piece of work. It is some years since this work, so varied in its scope, has been produced here, and its former popularity seems entirely justified. The overture was played with spirit.

Mme. Blauvelt was in excellent voice and received deserved applause. The aria from "The Creation" was sung unusually well.

The Times

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The leading feature at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music was Dvorak's symphony in E minor, "From the New World," which has already been heard here this season, but which it was interesting to hear again. The rehearing does not materially change the opinion already expressed of it, that it contains some very beautiful music, written with large knowledge and bright invention, though it neither gains nor loses in interest or value from the title or from Dr. Dvorak's labored explanation of it. The themes are avowedly and obviously imitated from what we recognize as "plantation melodies," but their treatment in the symphony, except where it is intentionally "descriptive," bears no relation to anything characteristic either of the plantation or of America. It is at least as much Bohemian as American. And so it ought to be. The character of a composition is not determined by its themes, but by the artistic personality of the composer, and it is not as American or as Bohemian that we are to consider this symphony, but as music. It was admirably played, and Mr. Paur made the most possible of its varied effects. A suite by Lachner and an overture by Smetana, who was the master of Dvorak, were included in the programme, and Miss Blauvelt sang the familiar aria from "Le Cid" and the perenniel "With Verdure

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THE RECORD.

Philadelphia, February 5, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music.

The so-called "American Symphony" of the brilliant, but erratic, Antonin Dvorak was the principal feature of the programme presented last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This was the second performance of this much-discussed work in Philadelphia, and, although the interpretation of Leader Paur was in a measure an improvement upon that of Seidl, it cannot be said that the composition improves to any great degree upon further acquaintance. In fact, the second hearing caused its defects to be more obtrusive than they were in the first, although it cannot be denied that the Symphony possesses many real beauties, that it is brilliantly arranged in many passages, while the "Scherzo" is in Dvorak's happiest and most effective vein. That he has sufficiently idealized the plantation melody to make his effort a noteworthy one may be regarded as a fact; but to offer the symphony, in its entirety, as a fitting embodiment of that which is characteristically American in music must surely open Dvorak to the charge of being considered somewhat audacious. But the interpretation, and not the symphony itself, was under consideration last night, and the orchestra certainly played with rare spirit, precision and effect. It was an instrumental treat. The intricate scoring presented no difficulties which were not overcome, while all the peculiar Dvorak "colorings" were given in a manner that would surely have won the approval of the composer himself if he had been present. The soloist of the evening was that charming singer, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, whose unusually sweet and admirably-trained voice was heard to great advantage in a selection from "Le Cid," and in "With Verdure Clad," from Hadyn's "Creation." Miss Blauvelt sings with uncommon accuracy and with rare expression. Both her numbers were enthusiastically applauded. The orchestra gave great delight by a particularly effective performance of Lachner's suite in D minor, and the concert closed with the exuberant musical fireworks of the Smetana overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut."

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

The Symphony orchestra, assisted by Mrs. Melba, gave a popular matinée on the 29th ult, in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo"..... Auber
Aria from "Les Huguenots"..... Meyerbeer
Mrs. Melba.
Ballet Music, "Sylvia"..... Delibes
Mad scene from "Lucia"..... Donizetti
Mrs. Melba.
(Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.)
Entr'acte from "Gwendoline"..... Chabrier
Scherzo (new, first time)..... Goldmark
Song, "Se seran Rose"..... Arditi
Mrs. Melba.
Waltz, "Southern Roses"..... Joh. Strauss
Overture, "Mignon"..... Thomes

There was a great audience that listened with comparative coolness to the orchestral selections, although they were for the most part finely played, and waxed enthusiastic over Melba. Even popular, unpretentious concerts are considered severely by some of our alleged music lovers. Witness the case of the Boston "Advertiser," whose reviewer, in Mr. Elson's absence, rebuked sternly the "flippancy" of poor Delibe's "Sylvia." "O unfortunate, O sudden and unexpected ill; what contrarious accident, what squinteyd starre is it that hath robbed this Gentleman of his wonted mirth? and not of that alone, but of it (which is worse) his wits?"

Perhaps you do not care for the overture to "Fra Diavolo." But it brings back to me agreeable recollections of the opera, of dashing bandits, of Zerlinas that have ravished the vision by undressing as they thought themselves alone. Was it not that ineffable prig, Mendelssohn, who objected to dear, charming Zerlina's song, "Oui, c'es demain"? Alas, I have not seen "Fra Diavolo" for a dozen years, when your old friend, Gudehus, played the "Marquis bandit" in Dresden. Even now I hear him in the quintet in the first act, where he exults in the presence of "la charmante Milady."

Would that they gave now those operas grave and gay that delighted famous men and our fathers that begot us. But the circumstances attending should be fit. "Don Giovanni" should be played in a theatre no larger than our Park, with a small orchestra, and you so near the stage, my dear Mrs. Porphyry, that you feel the magnetic influence of the rake-helly Don and sigh because Mr. Porphyry is bald and given to long stories about commercial projects. Nothing is more dreary, more desolate, more sleep-compelling than a respectable performance of this opera by Mozart in a vast room.

Do you remember how Thackeray once wrote about music in "The Newcomes"? Articles have been strung together about "Browning and Music" and "Walt Whitman and Music." There is a formidable book, "Ruskin on Music" which suggests Ruskin sitting on the great majority of music; how would "I Pagliacci" or "Mala Vita" hit him? Thackeray describes young Ridley, a sickly lad of eighteen, listening in a little room, to a little old woman playing under a gas lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

As she plays "Don Juan" Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and "Masetto" after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens, and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness and pleasure. Piano, pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement; but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like "Cinderella" for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street * * * . It is Fancy street—Poetry street—Imagination street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage; where long processions pass, and venerable hermits with long beards bless the kneeling people; where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberts, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles and bassoons! Fire, guns! Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing, thou ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream colored charger "Massaniello" prances in, and "Fra Diavolo" leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand, and "Sir Huon of Bordeaux" sails up to the quay with the "Sultan's daughter of Babylon."

I suppose our friend Mr. Howells would call this all poor stuff and shake his head.

The scherzo by Goldmark was not played perhaps with the conviction that is the result of indefatigable rehearsal, and yet the impression made was that the piece was not altogether worthy of such rehearsal. Certainly the scherzo seemed a rather cumbrous machine. The suite from "Sylvia" was played superbly. The waltz by Strauss was without the peculiar Straussian pulse.

Melba was heard to best advantage in the waltz by Arditi, although in portions of the scene from "Lucia" she displayed brilliantly her voice and art. After the air from "The Huguenots," the air of "Marguerite de Valois," which was comparatively ineffective, she was applauded loudly, and she sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns, of Boston, Mass.

Why did she sing this song by Mr. Johns? Several reasons are given. Some say that one night in Paris she awoke suddenly from sound sleep and, striking the headboard with clenched fist, cried aloud, "My fame is not complete until I sing a song by Mr. Johns in Boston." I find it difficult to believe this rumor. Nor am I wholly persuaded to share the opinion of those who say that Melba is so infatuated with the song itself that she proposes to introduce it in "Semiramide."

If she does thus enlarge that terrible opera, I hope she will practice the song diligently so that she can make an effect with it. Others say that as Mr. Adamowski is to Melba, so is Mr. Johns to Mr. Adamowski; hence the singing of the song. But I suppose the simple explanation is this: Mr. Adamowski probably said, "Johns is a nice fellow and he writes songs. It would please him beyond measure if you sang one of them." And Melba in her infinite good nature sang one. But oh delightful singer, woman that makest credible to the people of these degenerate days the tales told of Italian singers of the golden age, the inhabitants of Boston and suburban towns did not crowd Music Hall to hear you sing that artless ditty!

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The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Don Giovanni"..... Mozart
"Sweet Bird"..... Händel
Mrs. Melba.
Suite No. 1, D minor..... Lachner
"Ophelia's" mad scene, "Hamlet"..... Thomas
Mrs. Melba.
Symphony No. 4, A major..... Mendelssohn

So far as the orchestral numbers were concerned the concert was comparatively dull. The overture to "Don Giovanni" is an ineffective concert number, and the "Italian" symphony provokes only moderate rapture. Mr. Paur omitted the second movement of Lachner's suite and several of the variations. The other variations were played brilliantly enough, but there was roughness at the beginning of the fugue. A masterly piece of work this same fugue, and a good deal of a bore. Yet one cannot but respect the contrapuntal facility of the composer and his grave and serious purpose.

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place at the Academy of Music to-night. The so called rehearsal, or matinee performance, of the programme occurred yesterday, and was heard by too few people, though the biting weather, the stoppage of traffic and the continuance of the railroad strike doubtless had something to do with the lack of attendance. A fine programme was offered, and it was splendidly given, for after all there is no such orchestra in the world as this one, and no such lack of appreciation of it in any city as in Brooklyn. It was mostly music that had been heard before, and some of it recently. Three of the important numbers were played and sung here within the present season. The longest was the "New World" symphony of Dvorak. Without casting the slightest discredit on Mr. Seidl, who has played it twice, it is manifest that an orchestra half as large again as his, and in constant practice under one leader will give a better technical performance than he could. There is a volume of tone in this band, a smoothness of the strings, a richness and pliancy that can only be obtained by numbers and by constant training under a single leadership. Mr. Paur in his reading of this interesting and beautiful symphony does not differ in any radical way from Mr. Seidl, who indeed may have come closer to the author's meaning, since he has the advantage of association with Dr. Dvorak, and if the work was more winning or impressive than it was before it may be placed to the credit of the band. Mr. Paur's reading is on the whole more dramatic, and his effects are more pronounced. It is unnecessary and it would be vain to specify the differences in detail. Every leader who is a leader—for the fact implies personality—must infuse something of himself into his work not matter how faithfully he tries to interpret a piece. These tokens of the personal element are usually slight. A violin passage is accented here; the 'cellos are made to play a passage legato there; a certain run is accelerated; a movement is taken at a slightly different tempo; the cornets are liberated or restrained in a single note. Yesterday the only conspicuous variant on the Seidl reading was in the license enjoyed by the drummer. The intrinsic worth of this symphony grows on rehearing, but its American character does not develop to any marked degree. If one likes, he may fancy that there is an echo of negro melody in the first adagio and that a Sioux war dance may have suggested the dominant motive in the scherzo. For our own sake we could wish that anything so fine had come out of America as the plaintive song of the English horn in the larghetto—a division of the symphony that one would be justified in braving zero weather to hear. The concluding allegro, with its hint of "Yankee Doodle," and its Donnybrook fair circumstance—for how could this symphony be American if it had not a smack of Irish in it?—ended the work with a lifting and enjoying rattle.

Part of an orchestral suite by Lachner may be said to be the introduction of that writer to a Brooklyn audience. It opens with a kind of perpetuum mobile for strings which is enlivening, has no little of the spirit and even suggests the form of Bach. The freshness and youth of it are delightful. The set of variations might become terrible if Mr. Paur did not, in mercy, cut out most of them. Variations are nearly obsolete, anyhow, except in the Wagner operas. As there are no less than twenty-three variations in Lachner's suite, it follows that there would be a good deal of suffering if they were all played. The variations lead into a march that is remarkably like the one in Spohr's "Consecration of Sound." After that comes a fugue which it is hard to believe could be played by any other orchestra as it was played by this one yesterday. It was as impetuous and irresistible as the rush of a locomotive, and in it the drill of the strings was demonstrated to a wonderful degree. Smetana's jolly overture to "The Sold Bride" was the closing piece, and that, too, was played with wonderful speed and spirit. It is a fresh note of personality and grateful if only for that reason.

One of the violoncello players had a solo. It was Leo Schulz, who sits beside Mr. Schroeder, the recognized leader of the 'cello choir. He is a young man who appears to take life and art seriously, who plays intellectually and, to a less degree, emotionally. He had the Schumann 'cello concerto, which a small man in art would be sure to make dry and uninteresting, but which Mr. Schulz rendered with a readiness and command that made it an almost fervid utterance. He is no sentimentalist, but he has a sympathetic understanding of the meaning of every phrase and interprets it correctly. At first his tone was a trifle impure, perhaps through nervousness, but the effect of this soon passed and he soon gained authority and a nervous force that carried the piece to a brilliant finish. It was pleasing to see that the members of the orchestra are free from the jealousy that is too often charged against musicians and that everybody knows to be indulged by singers. Instead of glaring at him with hate and envy as he went to his place on the platform and sneeringly criticising his performance behind their hands, the musicians gave him an unanimous "ratta" and applauded him as sincerely when he had finished.

The other soloist was Carlotta Desvignes, who is practically a new comer, and who made her surprise the more agreeable for that reason. She has a rather low soprano that is not as yet quite even in all registers, though it is of agreeable quality, in spite of a slight dryness of the extreme lower notes and a hint of shrillness in the extreme upper ones. She dangerously forces her voice now and then in the access of artistic emotion, for she has that useful and admirable gift. She feels the music that she sings, and intends that her hearers shall feel it, too. Her vocal scope is wide, her training has been good, albeit she must guard against further encouragement of the vibrato, and the natural quality of her voice is rich and musical. As she is young it is in order to congratulate her on a future, as well as on a present. Her numbers yesterday were the "Weep, weep, my eyes!" What an injunction! from Massenet's "Cid" and the more musical and enjoyable air from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah." The concert as a whole was artistic, varied and delightful. It is hoped that an audience worthy of the city will hear it this evening.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1895.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Fourth Concert of the Season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening in the presence of an audience that must have been composed of enthusiastic admirers of the organization, for no others would have gone out last night. The programme embraced the services of two soloists, one of whom was wholly unnecessary. The list of compositions comprised Beethoven's eighth symphony, which has been much in evidence of late, the air "Ruddier Than a Cherry," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea"; C. M. Loeffler's "Fantastic Concerto," for violin and orchestra; the "Madamina" song of Leporello from "Don Giovanni," and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

The performance of the eighth symphony was of the kind that neither gods nor men tolerate. It was a dismal and disheartening exhibition of mediocrity, and it made one wonder why so many men should come all the way from Boston in such weather to play so stupidly. But it is necessary to remember that Emil Paur was conducting, and that accounts for a good deal. If the Boston Symphony Orchestra continues to improve under this conductor as it has been doing, it will, in the course of time, play almost as well as Mr. Seidl's Sunday evening concert orchestra. It may be added that Mr. Paur's reading of the eighth symphony took the allegretto scherzando slowly and the tempo di menuetto fast. And it should be said further that in his reading of the Dvorak "Carnival" overture he atoned for many shortcomings. The work was given with spirit, color, and intelligence in the treatment of its details.

Mr. Watkin Mills, basso, sang "Ruddier Than a Cherry" in a square-cut, staccato style that reminded the hearer of a xylophone solo. Why this gentleman selected "Madamina" for his second number he alone knows. It was a celebrated Frenchman who said, "Audacity! Audacity! Always audacity!" But not even audacity could make Mr. W. Mills successful with that aria on the stage that recently held Edouard de Reszke. Mr. Mills is an Englishman, and is excessively popular in his own country. Steamers sail for Liverpool and Southampton several times each week, and the rates of passage are reasonable.

Mr. Loeffler has well named his concerto for 'cello and orchestra "fantastic." It is a rhapsody, an impromptu for orchestra, with 'cello accompaniment, an instrumental landscape with the figure—or, as Carlyle might put it, the eidolon—of a 'cello in the centre, or a color scheme, with 'cello priming; but it is not a concerto. It has no form. It has no thematic development. It is an impressionist picture in tones. It is splendidly scored, and it has warmth, body, elan, spirit. But is is inchoate. It is not without fascination, but it is the fascination of a disembodied spirit. Mr. Loeffler has no business to introduce Maeterlinckism into music. Perhaps he was playing a huge joke on us. Anyhow, he gave Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the solo 'cellist of the orchestra, an opportunity to exhibit his beautiful tone and fine technic. Maybe that is all we poor Gothamites have a right to expect from the Bostonians.

The Sun.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave last evening the fourth concert of this season in the Metropolitan. Its programme was by no means either an elaborate or an ambitious one. It was neither heavy, nor light, nor long, since at least the audience was dismissed before half past 9 o'clock, but it was certainly broad, for it embraced a wide range of composers of the most varied degrees of talent and the widest differences in thought. First came Beethoven's crystal-bright Eighth Symphony, that wonderful hour of purest sunshine in the darkest days of the deaf master. The orchestra played it with a quaint grace and daintiness that suited its delicate phrases admirably. These phrases are the expression of the cheerfulness which can only come to a soul that has suffered deeply—the calm, timid, humble joy of one who has been so crushed and frightened by sorrow that he scarcely dares to trust himself either to hope or to rejoice.

Haendel was represented on the programme by the air from "Acis and Galatea," sung by Mr. Watkin Mills, "O Ruddier than the Cherry," and Mozart by the *Leporello* air from "Don Giovanni," also given by Mr. Mills. This last, though an excellent choice in many regards, was somewhat dwarfed and at a disadvantage from the inevitable comparison felt between this cold concert rendering and Edouard de Reszke's unctuous acting version. We are quite willing to accord Mr. Mills all due credit for a generally satisfactory performance in tone and in taste, but after all his singing of the air was in contrast to what we have lately heard in opera, that of a young pupil as against a great and mature master. Mr. Mills sang the Handel air with remarkable precision and really most admirably. There was but a small audience present in the Metropolitan and it was of a cold temper; nevertheless it accorded Mr. Mills the largest share of its expressed approval.

Of real interest was found Mr. C. M. Loeffler's "Fantastic Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra" played with consummate skill and a fine musicianly reserve by Mr. Alwin Schroeder. The concerto affords one of the best possible opportunities for the display of brilliant playing, for it is full of difficulties. But better than that, it is charming as music and most attractive and varied both in form and orchestration. It is in manuscript, like all of Mr. Loeffler's compositions, since up to the present he has published nothing.

A sextet of his was performed last year by Kneisel in one of his quartet evenings. Last year a composition for violin and orchestra was done with much éclat in Boston and will probably be heard here next season. Mr. Loeffler shows a freedom in instrumentation and a cleverness in invention that are most creditable. His concerto was thoroughly enjoyed by all listeners. The concert closed with Dvorak's brilliant "Carnival Overture." These show the man of genius, as all his writing does.

The Washington Post

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra is one attraction that can always overcome the effect of the weather whatever it is, consequently Metzerott Hall was well filled last evening in spite of the cold. The programme of the fourth concert, while not so varied as others of the season, embraced four noble numbers of great interest and introduced a piano soloist who, although a Washingtonian, was before this season comparatively unknown in this city. But after her performance last evening Mrs. Ernest Lent will no longer be a pianist without honor in her own land. On the contrary, she will be ranked among our foremost artistes.

The first composer on the programme was that king of classicists, Beethoven, but he was represented by his seldom played symphony No. 8, in F major, which exhibits his genius in a light quite different from the accepted idea. It was not the ponderous, somber Beethoven, the John Milton of music, who wrote this spirited, almost rollicking symphony; at least he was in the mood for "L'Allegro" rather than "Penseroso." It is quaint, melodious, and humorous—the master musician in sportive mood playing on the sunny crests of those waves of harmony he knew so well how to create, but never sinking into the gloomy depths between. The rendition of the orchestra was worthy the composition and in keeping with its spirit.

The second number was Rubenstein's splendid concerto No. 4, in D minor, for piano and orchestra. This has always been considered one of the most trying tests of what in sportive phraseology would be termed the staying powers of a pianist, and the idea of a woman's attempting it was somewhat startling at first. At the last Philharmonic Club concert Mrs. Lent gave proof of her remarkable strength in the great "Rhapsodie Hongroise" of Liszt, but las evening she surpassed herself and surprised herself. Her technique is unexceptional and her tone-producing power shone even in contrast with the great orchestra. The concerto in itself is a striking and beautiful composition. After a brief orchestral prelude the piano presents the theme, which is accentuated at intervals by the strings and wood wind in counter phrases. Then the orchestra carries the theme, while the pianist fairly embroiders it with variations—runs, trills, and cadenzas in broken time. There is considerable variety in the three movements, and the whole works up to a splendid climax, which, with the difficult work gone before, tests the full powers of a pianist. But Mrs. Lent came through it triumphantly and was liberally rewarded with flowers and applause..

The third number, Franz Lachner's suite No. 1, in D minor, was a rather old-fashioned composition, and, aside from its lively prelude and spirited march, was principally of interest as a study in counterpart. But it formed a strong contrast to Dvorak's brilliant "Carnival" overture, which was played for the first time in Washington, and won great applause. It is full of rich coloring, dramatic and descriptive, echoing the laughter of the merry-makers and anon the plaintive strains of the pipes and harp—altogether a vivid and inspiriting tone picture of the carnival in some Italian city. It formed a fitting conclusion to the programme and sent the auditors out into the night with bounding pulse to brave the cold.

New-York Daily Tribune

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra could measure last evening the high esteem in which it is held by the musical people of this city from the size of the audience that gathered to hear its fourth concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. That so many of its friends braved the storm and submitted to the inconveniences of interrupted traffic was a compliment not to be lightly weighed; the more that the programme in itself was not one that could attract by reason of its novelty. Both Beethoven's eighth symphony and Dvorák's Carnival overture had been heard here lately, and Mr. Paur's reading of the symphony could scarcely arouse to enthusiasm. It suffered from the anxious overelaboration, the artificiality of phrasing to which the Boston conductor seems to be becoming more and more addicted. The Dvorák overture, on the contrary, was read and played with a splendid spirit and a pulsating energy that could scarcely be surpassed.

The noteworthy feature of the concert was a new concerto for 'cello, by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, one of the distinguished first violins of the orchestra. Previous compositions of his that have been heard here, especially his lovely sextet played by the Kneisel Quartet, have proved him to be a musician of original and delicate fancy and high technical attainment; and while the concerto did not reveal itself as the equal of the best he has done, it has nevertheless many qualities of extraordinary interest. Chief among these is the richness and power of its orchestration; indeed, it is in the general effect of its color and its significance in the depiction of moods that it shines, rather than in the pregnancy and logical development of its themes. Mr. Loeffler has absolved himself, perhaps, from too much responsibility in this respect by the title "fantastic" that he has affixed to his composition. The solo part is a grateful one for the performer, and exploits as well as any concerto can be expected to exploit technical proficiency upon an instrument that lends itself the least of any to such proceedings. It was played by Mr. Schroeder with the power and brilliancy and absolute certainty that his hearers have learned to expect of him. He and Mr. Loeffler were several times compelled to bow their acknowledgments of the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon both the performer and the composition.

Mr. Watkin Mills also contributed two bass airs: "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and Leporello's "Madamina" song from "Don Giovanni." He has a rich and flexible bass voice and sings in a manly and musical, if somewhat dry, style. It would be interesting to know why he elected to brave comparisons by giving the aria from "Don Giovanni" from the very stage where it has been several times heard this winter from the greatest of Leporellos, and with the dramatic surroundings which can alone give it its proper effect.

Baltimore American

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Last But One of the Series of Concerts Delightfully Given.

The last but one of the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening at the Music Hall. As usual, a large and fashionable audience was in attendance, and enjoyed a delightful evening. The program was well arranged and very interesting. Dvordak's symphony, "From the New World," opened last night's program, and it was delightfully played. Mr. Paur is so thoroughly en rapport with Dvorak and infuses so much of his personal enthusiasm into his orchestra, that the symphony was given with a delightful warmth. The opening movement—adagio and allegro molto, in E minor—was given with delicate appreciation of light and shade. This movement is beautiful, and would immortalize Dvorak if this were his only composition. The charming larghetto, in D flat major, was enthusiastically received, and it merited the applause. If it can be said that the orchestra excelled itself, it was in this movement. The scherzo and trio and allegro were given with unexpected dash and verve.

At the close of the symphony Mr. Paur was compelled to bow in response to the loudly-expressed delight of the audience. Dvorak has used the native melodies with magnificent effect, and one fairly tingles with hope and patriotic fervor.

The G minor violin concerto is the best-known of Bruch's works for this instrument, and was a most effective medium for Mr. Adamowski's skill. It has been a long time since Baltimoreans have heard this clever violinist in solo at these concerts, and he was welcomed with enthusiasm. He is still the same delightful artist, and played the beautiful concerto with fine tone and considerable virtuosity, and was honored with a recall.

The second "Lenore" overture of Beethoven received a careful, forceful reading, and was followed by Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale." This number was probably the most successful on the program with the audience, who were delighted with its charming piquancy. It is Saint-Saens in every note, full of daintiness and charm. The concert closed with a brilliant performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Beethoven, Mozart, Handel and Dvorak figured on the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, yet it was Loeffler's music (a cello concerto) which many people had come to hear.

Think of it!

Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Dvorak and—Loeffler.

Who is Loeffler?

Echo answered Who, until a tall, blond and embarrassed young man rose from the ranks of the orchestra and timidly bowed his acknowledgment of much applause.

A violinist, then, and, well—decidedly not without talent. He calls it a fantastic concerto, this cello composition of his. A good title, too, because it is in a sense rather formless. But there is music in what he says, particularly in the first half—the cadenza later on is really hideous—and the young man is uncannily precocious in his knowledge of orchestration. Loeffler sounded decidedly more imposing after Mr. Schroeder had spoken for him than it did before the concert.

I did not like the eighth symphony as read by Mr. Paur. Strange, arbitrary tempi, and yet an old fashioned, tiresome interpretation, and technically far from good, the bass being most obstreperous and trying to the ear.

Mr. Watkin Mills in an archaic aria, by Handel, and a Leporello song, revealed himself as one of those singers who voice seem too high and too low for everything they attempt. A rather ligneous style, too, is not calculated to make one forget his vocal limitations.

Dvorak's Carnival overture, a magnificent tone painting, full of life and rhythmic splendor, should be oftener heard.

It was decidedly the most stirring feature of a rather listless entertainment.

THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1895.

"FROM THE NEW WORLD."

Dvorak's Symphony Performed by the Boston Orchestra.

Dvorak's new symphony, "From the New World," was the leading number at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Music Hall.

The symphony was heard in Baltimore earlier in the present season, when it was performed by the Seidl Orchestra, but it was given in some respects, a better rendering, chiefly as regards finish and smoothness. The rich harmonies and massive symphonic treatment, resting on quaint negro melodies and rhythms, were strongly emphasized by the vigorous performance under Emil Paur's direction.

Other orchestral numbers were Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," symphonic poem by Saint-Saens, and the overture, "Carnaval Romain," by Berlioz.

Timotheo Adamowski, one of the finest violinists of the orchestra and leader of the Adamowski Quartette, was the soloist and played Bruch's G minor concerto for violin. Adamowski is very popular in Baltimore and he was warmly applauded. He has a pure and exquisite tone and a style that, while not remarkable for depth or force, is refined and thoroughly musical.

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...NDAY HERALD
...EBRUARY 10.

...ueer Ideas Aired in Symphony Programme Books.

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMMES.

The programme books of the Boston Symphony concerts are becoming more and more incomprehensible. Their compiler seems to be inspired by a resolve to make them anything and everything but what they should be. Much space has been given in them of late to a local teacher of singing, who, under the guise of reminiscences, contrives to set forth a series of the most ingenuous puffs of himself. As a business move on the part of the singing teacher in question, it is a brilliant idea; but as it is dull reading, and of no interest whatever to the symphony audiences in general, it is not easy to understand why it should take up so many pages in the programmes, unless, indeed, to provide material for those advertisers who wish their advertisements to stand next to reading matter.

The most remarkable contributions in these books, however, are the excerpts, to which are signed a variety of names, which, judging by the ear-marks of the excerpts themselves, are merely pseudonyms of the compiler. One of these, by an imaginary Diogenes Cavafiaschetto, sets forth on its career of inanity thus: "Forms are everything, and yet nothing. They are the outside of something. But there never was an outside without an inside; neither was there ever an inside without an outside." After drivelling along at this rate for a few lines, the Diogenes in disguise propounds this weighty reflection: "To be sure, there are some recognizable forms with no more in them than there is outside; the quasi-sphere of a child's balloon, for instance, which only a nursery maid's credulity believes to be filled with a different gas from that we breathe." As a masterly exemplification of a non sequitur, this is worthy a whole forest of laurels, but what does it all mean and why such twaddle in symphony programme books? There cannot possibly be as much inside a child's balloon as there is outside it. In fact, nothing, even the famous Heidelberg tun can be made to hold as much as there is outside it. The lesser cannot contain the greater. As for there never being an inside without an outside, and never an outside without an inside, what will the compiler say to the polyp which, on being turned inside out, accommodates itself to the new order of things, and continues to live in ease and comfort, and as if unconscious that its inside had become its outside and its outside its inside? And why inform an audience "that a visible and tangible sphere is not necessarily hollow—that is filled with aeriform matter—neither is the symphonic form unavoidably without solid contents?" What are the "solid contents" of a symphonic form, as contrasted with the "aeriform matter" in a hollow sphere? To paraphrase a line of Dryden's the compiler "Bungles as he writes, for want of thought."

Presently Diogenes changes to Fungolfactor Scriblerus and asks: "Tell me, now, honestly; can you recognize a negro whom you have seen only once? can you tell one Japanese or Chinaman from another?" Of course it depends very much on circumstances; if one negro is tall and another one is short; if one Chinaman is lean and another one is fat; if one Japanese is aggressively bandy-legged and another one is not, and so on, there will be no difficulty in recognizing that the one is not the other. If, on the other hand, the resemblances are so close that no distinction can be made between them, there will be some trouble in regard to recognition under the circumstances stated. But why propound these conundrums in a programme book, unless with mirthful intent; and if mirth be intended, why not make that purpose clear?

Then Fungolfactor gives way to Montgomery Bullycarp as Diogenes made place for Fungolfactor, and Montgomery, after expressing his belief that "the time may come when the musical dragonman may find it to his best advantage to earn his living by being paid to move on," he retires in favor of John Smith, who chronicles fatuously the following typical bit of programme wit: "Philenus: 'I'm dead tired of solid music once a week, week in and week out, all the season through!' Malvoglio: 'Ah! but think how tired of it the poor devils who play it must be!'" Now, if instead of "music" in the first phrase we substitute "silliness," and in the second phrase "read" for "play," a far more pointed truth would apply to the programme books as at present conducted.

Since the season opened, the "illustrious" compiler has been fascinated by the thought of cavorting through the pages of the programme in disguise, and he has masqueraded under the aliases, Giovanni Cieloscopo, Hans Schwartemag and Jean Guillepin, in addition to those already given, and invariably as the parent of exasperatingly frequent stupidities. There is a fable by Aesop that points out the danger of assuming a disguise without maintaining a discreet vocal silence. It is true that the programme books are a gratuity, that one is not obliged to read them, and that it is somewhat ungrateful to look a gift horse—or a gift mule, or a gift ass, for that matter—in the mouth. Still there is no reason why they should not be well edited, why the selections should not be wisely made, nor why the quality of the reading matter should not, as the rule, be kept up to instead of below the intelligence of the cultivated audiences for whose information or entertainment they are supposed to be prepared. Even in matters of fact, there are repeated blunders in regard to names and dates, and the faults of omission are almost as serious as are the faults of commission. In any case, let us have no more of autobiographical puffery, and the callous inanities of Fungolfactor, Bullycarp, Cavafiaschetto & Co.

Have you ever seen the rush of the ...ent ticket holders at a Symphony re...sal? It is always a tear, but there are ...days when some great artist is to be ... soloist, that human nature outdoes ... at Music Hall. Last Friday was ...ng, as there was to be no con... Saturday night, but the week be... fore the exhibition transcended anything that has been experienced by that well worn temple of music. Why the place did not fall to pieces under this attack of hundreds of men and women bound to reach that upper balcony was simply good fortune, if not a compliment to the original builders. By 11:30 A. M. entrances to both doors were packed to the street, and there these ardent patrons and students of the divine art remained until Mr. Comee gave the signal for the doors to be opened. As the crowd was close to them the backward pressure must have dislocated a few ribs, but that seemed no hindrance to the agility of the legs which bore the mass helter-skelter, pang, bang, up the stairways, laughing, screaming and dropping programmes and overshoes as it went. A charge of cavalry was nothing to the noise, and certainly it speaks well for the physical condition of this portion of our inhabitants that no one fell in a fit, or had heart failure after arriving at the top of those long flights. It is through Mr. Higginson's generous determination to give the music students here a chance to improve themselves that this "rush" system is permitted. If the public chooses to show its usual seeking-to-get-there-first spirit by standing for hours and thus madly running for seats, it is neither the business of Music Hall managers to prevent them, nor of Mr. Higginson to make it any more easy than he has done at a great loss to his own pocket to furnish "reserved" places in the second balcony at the rehearsals. Twenty-five cents to hear Melba sing is well worth a day's waiting and devil-seek-the-hindmost climb at the end of it.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1895.

When, on a snowy weekday afternoon, three thousand people, men and women together, crowd Music Hall to repletion, occupying every coign of sitting and standing room, there must be some strong magnet. In this case it was Melba. To be sure the Symphony orchestra was there, with a round of light selection played with little heart, yet very delightful to hear—the Fra Diavolo and Mignon overtures, the Sylvia ballet music, the entr'acte from Chabrier's Gwendoline, a Strauss Waltz, and a new Goldmark Scherzo for the first time; but people came to hear Melba.

She sang thrice, or really six times, repeating entire Arditi's Rose Waltz, and also the cadenza from the Lucia mad scene; and after the Huguenot aria she did a graceful thing in giving for an encore "I love, and the world is mine" by Clayton Johns, with its composer at the piano, whom she compelled to receive his share of the applause; though it must be acknowledged that we have heard this song better sung by artists of less celebrity. A wonderful singer though, striking high notes without the apparent quiver of a nerve, and soaring so powerfully through florid passages, and with such distinct brilliancy, that you are in doubt whether you are hearing Melba, or the flute or violin background. The variety in her tones, even with the self-same notes, is equally remarkable. Why will women continue the ugly practice of singing with their hats on?

Her name also drew an unwonted crowd to the fourteenth Symphony Concerts the same week, when the program otherwise was not remarkable.

Baltimore Life.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BALTIMORE, MD., FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

The fourth concert, season '94-'5, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at new Music Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The program was a most excellent one and included the following numbers: Symphony from the "New World," by Dvorak; Concerto for violin, in G minor, by Bruch; Overture, "Lenore" No. 2, by Beethoven; Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d,Omphale," by Saint Saens; Overture, "Carnival Romaine," by Berloiz. Mr. T. Adamowski was the soloist and his numbers were warmly applauded. The fifth and last concert this season takes place, Wednesday evening, March 13.

The first Piano Recital in this city by Mme. Emil Paur, wife of the distinguished director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took place at Sutro Hall on last Tuesday afternoon, and was attended by many music-lovers of our city. The program included selections from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and other famous composers and the skill in which they were interpreted by Mme. Paur showed that she is a thorough artist.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Fourth Concert Last Evening.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave its fourth concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, when the leading feature on the programme was Dvorak's beautiful symphony in E minor, op. 95, somewhat fantastically entitled "From the New World." This fine composition was first played here by the New York Symphony Orchestra a few weeks ago, and a second hearing does not suggest any abatement of the enthusiastic warmth with which it was then commented upon. It is lovely music, imaginative and melodious, full of poetry and passion, glowing with color, suffused with feeling and throbbing in every part with a heartfelt and comunicative emotion. The larghetto in particular is a dream of delight, as exquisite a poem, as charming a picture in sound, as the pastoral symphony of Beethoven, which, however, is much less subjective, or as that mysteriously fascinating andante cantabile of Tschaikowsky, which was played in the Academy at Miss Bundy's concert the other day. The symphony was sympathetically interpreted under Mr. Paur's direction, but it may be questioned whether the pianissimo of the slow movement was not a little overdone. The music seems intended to suggest the hush of a summer evening, when many sounds combine to make a silence, and only the song of the bird is distinctly audible. It was therefore right for Mr. Paur to keep the accompaniments down, and let the reed obligato dominate the scheme, but there were moments when it was necessary to strain the attention to hear the orchestra at all. That was carrying refinement too far. The other orchestral numbers were Lachner's interesting suite in D minor and a very strong and stirring overture by Smetana. Miss Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist. Her voice, though sweet, is very pale and small, and her manner essentially undramatic, so that her delivery of the "Pleurez, mes yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," was less than satisfying, but she sang Haydn's old aria "With Verdure Clad" very nicely indeed, with refinement, good taste, correct expression and facile execution. She was much applauded, much more so indedd than the orchestra itself, which may or may not be thought to speak well for the appreciative judgment of the audience. The fifth and last of these concerts will take place on March 11.

PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILADELPHIA,

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FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

If the detection of flaws be one of the functions of musical criticism, then to review a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is by no means an easy task, for whatever the listeners may think of a certain number on a particular programme, there is never any doubt as to the admirable playing of the men under Mr. Paur's direction. There may occasionally arise some question depending entirely on the individual taste or opinion of the most musicianly inclined members of the audience, but, be that as it may, one can always depend on a thoroughly artistic treatment of whatever the orchestra may undertake. In past seasons the work of the participants was brought to a state of actual over-refinement by the daintily constituted Nikisch, who often seemed afraid to countenance an allowably picturesque or striking effect, but Mr. Paur is happily free from this negative fault, and his forces are all the more subject to praise in consequence.

Thus it happens that in noticing last evening's Boston Symphony concert in the Academy of Music, given under the usual auspices of a very large house, little or nothing could be said of the execution of the programme itself that would not be uninteresting repetition. Constant commendation would degenerate into monotony. It is only just, however, to mention the really exquisite presentation of Dr. Dvorak's No. 8 E minor symphony, "From the New World," a work which was exploited in this city last autumn by the Seidl Orchestra. It certainly grows in charm on a rehearing—this is more than could be said in behalf of every modern symphony—and the beauty of its adagio and the fanciful, elusive-like qualities of the larghetto, not to speak of the other movements, made a fine impression. As has before been poiated out, the composition is a little vague in so far as the so-called themes from negro plantation music are concerned, but, whether it be called "From the New World" or "From the Old World," it is one of the most melodic and welcome of Dr. Dvorak's contributions.

The remaining instrumental numbers comprised three movements from Lachner's No. 1 suite (D minor) and Smetana's "Die Ver Kaufte Braut" overture. The latter was so dashingly characteristic of Czech verve, and had such a barbaric effectiveness that it closed the concert with considerable éclat. The soloist was Miss Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano, who had every reason to be pleased with the warmth of her reception. She imparted unusual finish and attractiveness to an aria from Massenet's "Cid" (Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux."), and was no less enthusiastically applauded for her singing of the lovely "With Verdure Clad."

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SUNDAY HERALD
FEBRUARY 10.

Queer Ideas Aired in Symphony Programme Books.

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMMES.

The programme books of the Boston Symphony concerts are becoming more and more incomprehensible. Their compiler seems to be inspired by a resolve to make them anything and everything but what they should be. Much space has been given in them of late to a local teacher of singing, who, under the guise of reminiscences, contrives to set forth a series of the most ingenuous puffs of himself. As a business move on the part of the singing teacher in question, it is a brilliant idea; but as it is dull reading, and of no interest whatever to the symphony audiences in general, it is not easy to understand why it should take up so many pages in the programmes, unless, indeed, to provide material for those advertisers who wish their advertisements to stand next to reading matter.

The most remarkable contributions in these books, however, are the excerpts, to which are signed a variety of names, which, judging by the ear-marks of the excerpts themselves, are merely pseudonyms of the compiler. One of these, by an imaginary Diogenes Gavaflaschetto, sets forth on its career of inanity thus: "Forms are everything, and yet nothing. They are the outside of something. But there never was an outside without an inside; neither was there ever an inside without an outside." After drivelling along at this rate for a few lines, the Diogenes in disguise propounds this weighty reflection: "To be sure, there are some recognizable forms with no more in them than there is outside; the quasi-sphere of a child's balloon, for instance, which only a nursery maid's credulity believes to be filled with a different gas from that we breathe." As a masterly exemplification of a non sequitur, this is worthy a whole forest of laurels, but what does it all mean and why such twaddle in symphony programme books? There cannot possibly be as much inside a child's balloon as there is outside it. In fact, nothing, even the famous Heidelberg tun can be made to hold as much as there is outside it. The lesser cannot contain the greater. As for there never being an inside without an outside, and never an outside without an inside, what will the compiler say to the polyp which, on being turned inside out, accommodates itself to the new order of things, and continues to live in ease and comfort, and as if unconscious that its inside had become its outside and its outside its inside? And why inform an audience "that a visible and tangible sphere is not necessarily hollow—that is filled with aeriform matter—neither is the symphonic form unavoidably without solid contents?" What are the "solid contents" of a symphonic form, as contrasted with the "aeriform matter" in a hollow sphere? To paraphrase a line of Dryden's the compiler "Bungles as he writes, for want of thought."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1895.

When, on a snowy weekday afternoon, three thousand people, men and women together, crowd Music Hall to repletion, occupying every coign of sitting and standing room, there must be some strong magnet. In this case it was Melba. To be sure the Symphony orchestra was there, with a round of light selection played with little heart, yet very delightful to hear—the Fra Diavolo and Mignon overtures, the Sylvia ballet music, the entr'acte from Chabrier's Gwendoline, a Strauss Waltz, and a new Goldmark Scherzo for the first time; but people came to hear Melba.

She sang thrice, or really six times, repeating entire Arditi's Rose Waltz, and also the cadenza from the Lucia mad scene; and after the Huguenot aria she did a graceful thing in giving for an encore "I love, and the world is mine" by Clayton Johns, with its composer at the piano, whom she compelled to receive his share of the applause; though it must be acknowledged that we have heard this song better sung by artists of less celebrity. A wonderful singer though, striking high notes without the apparent quiver of a nerve, and soaring so powerfully through florid passages, and with such distinct brilliancy, that you are in doubt whether you are hearing Melba, or the flute or violin background. The variety in her tones, even with the self-same notes, is equally remarkable. Why will women continue the ugly practice of singing with their hats on?

Her name also drew an unwonted crowd to the fourteenth Symphony Concerts the same week, when the program otherwise was not remarkable.

Baltimore Life.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BALTIMORE, MD., FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

The fourth concert, season '94-'5, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at new Music Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The program was a most excellent one and included the following numbers: Symphony from the "New World," by Dvorak; Concerto for violin, in G minor, by Bruch; Overture, "Lenore" No. 2, by Beethoven; Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d,Omphale," by Saint Saens; Overture, "Carnival Romaine," by Berloiz. Mr, T. Adamowski was the soloist and his numbers were warmly applauded. The fifth and last concert this season takes place, Wednesday evening, March 13.

The first Piano Recital in this city by Mme. Emil Paur, wife of the distinguished director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took place at Sutro Hall on last Tuesday afternoon, and was attended by many music-lovers of our city. The program included selections from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and other famous composers and the skill in which they were interpreted by Mme. Paur showed that she is a thorough artist.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Fourth Concert Last Evening.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave its fourth concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, when the leading feature on the programme was Dvorak's beautiful symphony in E minor, op. 95, somewhat fantastically entitled "From the New World." This fine composition was first played here by the New York Symphony Orchestra a few weeks ago, and a second hearing does not suggest any abatement of the enthusiastic warmth with which it was then commented upon. It is lovely music, imaginative and melodious, full of poetry and passion, glowing with color, suffused with feeling and throbbing in every part with a heartfelt and comunicative emotion. The larghetto in particular is a dream of delight, as exquisite a poem, as charming a picture in sound, as the pastoral symphony of Beethoven, which, however, is much less subjective, or as that mysteriously fascinating andante cantabile of Tschaikowsky, which was played in the Academy at Miss Bundy's concert the other day. The symphony was sympathetically interpreted under Mr. Paur's direction, but it may be questioned whether the pianissimo of the slow movement was not a little overdone. The music seems intended to suggest the hush of a summer evening, when many sounds combine to make a silence, and only the song of the bird is distinctly audible. It was therefore right for Mr. Paur to keep the accompaniments down, and let the reed obligato dominate the scheme, but there were moments when it was necessary to strain the attention to hear the orchestra at all. That was carrying refinement too far. The other orchestral numbers were Lachner's interesting suite in D minor and a very strong and stirring overture by Smetana. Miss Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist. Her voice, though sweet, is very pale and small, and her manner essentially undramatic, so that her delivery of the "Pleurez, mes yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," was less than satisfying, but she sang Haydn's old aria "With Verdure Clad" very nicely indeed, with refinement, good taste, correct expression and facile execution. She was much applauded, much more so indedd than the orchestra itself, which may or may not be thought to speak well for the appreciative judgment of the audience. The fifth and last of these concerts will take place on March 11.

PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA,

[illegible]ck of the [illegible]ller, Phe[illegible]yor's [illegible]n th[illegible] FEBRUARY 5, 1895.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

If the detection of flaws be one of the functions of musical criticism, then to review a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is by no means an easy task, for whatever the listeners may think of a certain number on a particular programme, there is never any doubt as to the admirable playing of the men under Mr. Paur's direction. There may occasionally arise some question depending entirely on the individual taste or opinion of the most musicianly inclined members of the audience, but, be that as it may, one can always depend on a thoroughly artistic treatment of whatever the orchestra may undertake. In past seasons the work of the participants was brought to a state of actual over-refinement by the daintily constituted Nikisch, who often seemed afraid to countenance an allowably picturesque or striking effect, but Mr. Paur is happily free from this negative fault, and his forces are all the more subject to praise in consequence.

Thus it happens that in noticing last evening's Boston Symphony concert in the Academy of Music, given under the usual auspices of a very large house, little or nothing could be said of the execution of the programme itself that would not be uninteresting repetition. Constant commendation would degenerate into monotony. It is only just, however, to mention the really exquisite presentation of Dr. Dvorak's No. 8 E minor symphony, "From the New World," a work which was exploited in this city last autumn by the Seidl Orchestra. It certainly grows in charm on a rehearing—this is more than could be said in behalf of every modern symphony—and the beauty of its adagio and the fanciful, elusive-like qualities of the larghetto, not to speak of the other movements, made a fine impression. As has before been pointed out, the composition is a little vague in so far as the so-called themes from negro plantation music are concerned, but, whether it be called "From the New World" or "From the Old World," it is one of the most melodic and welcome of Dr. Dvorak's contributions.

The remaining instrumental numbers comprised three movements from Lachner's No. 1 suite (D minor) and Smetana's "Die Ver Kaufte Braut" overture. The latter was so dashingly characteristic of Czech verve, and had such a barbaric effectiveness that it closed the concert with considerable éclat. The soloist was Miss Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano, who had every reason to be pleased with the warmth of her reception. She imparted unusual finish and attractiveness to an aria from Massenet's "Cid" (Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux"), and was no less enthusiastically applauded for her singing of the lovely "With Verdure Clad."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13,

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played to rather poor houses on Friday afternoon and Saturday night. It is humiliating that such an orchestra should not be able to gather better houses when Mr. Seidl with one not as large by twenty or thirty men, and not so well drilled, fills the house to the top gallery. The strike and the cold weather had a bad effect, no doubt, on the concerts of the Boston orchestra, but that is no explanation of the neglect the orchestra has suffered here since it succeeded Thomas. It is a wonder that Mr. Ellis has not thought of some scheme to increase the popularity of his band, such as experienced theatrical managers resort to. He could give away town lots in Florida or Nebraska, he could serve ice cream between the numbers, he could have Marshall P. Wilder come out and speak pieces and tell stories, he could give stereopticon illustrations of what the public ought to imagine while listening to Wager, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns or any other descriptive writer, and he could play music that would be understood by everybody—such things as Mr. Innes' "Trip to the World's Fair," and Professor Peterschen's "Torchlight Parade Before Election," or "The Forge in the Forest," which is very popular in the theatres, because a real anvil is used and paper is burned in a joint of stovepipe to show that the forge is going before the blacksmith engages in morning prayer—of course there must be a prayer, and there is one even in Innes' pictures of a trip to Chicago, the musicians of his band being the ones who are represented as engaging in it!

Mr. Paur gave us a really beautiful performance of Dvorák's "From the New World" symphony. It was the third performance of the work in Brooklyn and by long odds the best. It had more vigor than even the Seidl interpretation, and, though you might not think it or Mr. Paur, it had more emotion. A rehearing of it brings new convictions of its permanence, but it is still hard to see in what respects it differs from Dvorák's work that was done under home influences. The negro and Indian themes, if we can accept them as such, might be mere accidents, like the accident that made Schumann use "Oh, Susanna, Comin' Down the Hill" as the motive for the scherzo in his Third symphony. That is the most American thing in European music, though it was not intended to be American, of course. The Lachner suite, with a charitable omission of about fifteen of the twenty-three variations and the "Bartered Bride" overture were played with an abounding spirit.

Miss Carlotta Desvignes, a young and very earnest woman, in criticisable clothing and dramatic manner, sang the "Weep, weep, my eyes," from Massenet's "The Cid," and an air from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." There are so many feeble and ugly things in the Massenet piece that Saint-Saën's showed most fair after it. Miss Desvignes has a musical voice that she forces, curiously, into unmusical effects at times, but the foundation is good, and, as she seems a young woman of understanding and energy, she will make her way through the world, I'll warrant.

The other soloist was Mr. Leo Schulz. This young man is familiar to all patrons of the orchestra, because he sits in the front rank of the 'cellists, beside Mr. Schroeder, and is always very solemn. He suggests a mixture of Henry Irving and a German parish priest. He is an industrious and conscientious performer on the 'cello, and in the Schumann 'cello concerto he was a grateful relief from the usual exhibitive and flamboyant artist who thinks more of his virtuosity than he does of his music, and more of his audience than of his art. An occasional dryness of tone and lack of smoothness was perhaps to be expected in a style that had so much energy and command in it. While he was playing I noticed that his forehead had grown up to the top of his head, and, strange as it may seem, every 'cello player in the band had a forehead of the same kind. Notice it when it comes here again. The influence of 'cello playing on hair is something that the capillary specialists of the future will do well to consider. The next appearances of the orchestra are set down for March 15 and 16.

On Saturday afternoon the Kneisel Quartet gave another concert in Wissner Hall, which was quietly delightful and which drew out a good audience. Sgambati's quartet in D flat major, Beethoven's quartet in G major and Edward Schuett's quartet for violin, viola, 'cello and piano were the numbers. The Schuett piece was new. It was light and pure in its intention, unsensational but musicianly in form and was expressively performed with the aid of Mr. Arthur Whiting, who is a pianist of no exceeding brilliancy but of a faithfulness and readiness that are worth more in the long run. At the next concert Mrs. Rive-King will be the soloist, and the quartet will also make an appearance in the Institute concert course.

And, speaking of pianists, Mrs. Paur gave her second recital in Historical Hall on Thursday. Her audience was rather unexpectedly large, and it listened to her with respect, but she never stirred it, and her readings were marked by a cold correctness and lack of emotion. She does a good educational work, no doubt, especially among girl students, who seem to form a goodly part of her audiences, for she is a safe, conservative player, and would commit no artistic fault, but as time goes on it becomes evident that she will never set the East River on fire—while it is so full of ice.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR offered us rather a light musical bill of fare at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last Thursday night in the Metropolitan Opera House. This was the program:

Symphony, No. 8, in F major, op. 93.....Beethoven
Aria, "O ruddier than the cherry," from "Acis and Galatea".....Händel
Fantastic Concerto for violoncello and orchestra (MS.)..C. M. Loeffler
Allegro, D major.
Adagio, B flat major.
Allegro, D major.
Theme Russe: Poco allegretto, D major.
Presto, D major (first time).
Leporello's song from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorák

The novelty of the evening proved a delightful one. We have several times referred to Mr. Loeffler's marked ability and the very modern trend of his music. While in no sense experimental, this concerto, or more properly suite, gives one the impression of a haphazard impromptu in form and color, although, as in Claude Monet, the color scheme dominates. It is an impressionistic work, but the composer's delicate faculty of selection has enabled him to disengage his motives so that in the luminous haze of his orchestration we are able to define and detach their linked meanings. The concerto is not interrupted by eloquent pauses, it is not organic, it can hardly be called symphonic. Fantasy it is crowded with, as a Hoffman word picture, and the solo part is not selfish or dominating. There is a touch of the South in the first allegro, and the poco allegretto is Slavonic. At times Mr. Loeffler's manipulation of masses suggests Tschaikowsky. He too is fond of melting turquoise and the fire in the opal. The variant of the Theme Russe was masterly; the adagio heartfelt. We heartily congratulate this modest young man and hope that New York will have the pleasure of hearing him play his concertante for violin and orchestra. The part for the solo instrument in this concerto is difficult and not always thankful. The cadenza bristles like a hedge fence. The work is the most significant since Victor Herbert's 'cello concerto, which, let it be said without reservation, ranks easily with Saint-Saëns and Lalo's concertos for the same instrument.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder played the solo with complete mastery of its emotional and mechanical content. It was genuinely legitimate 'cello playing and he fairly won the applause that followed. The composer, too, had to bow his acknowledgments.

The Beethoven symphony was clearly played, without any deviation from traditional tempi. The excerpt from Dr. Dvorák's triple overture was brilliantly read by Mr. Paur. Mr. Watkin Mills, an English basso, who has earned much distinction abroad, made a hit with the Händel aria, which he sang with finish, his enunciation being excellent. The Mozart air was not so satisfactory for it needs the mise en scène of the operatic stage. Mr. Mills was warmly applauded, and this is the simple history of a very nice and brief concert on a very stormy evening in February.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its second concert of this last series on Friday evening in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The première of "Samson et Delila" at the Metropolitan enticed away a host of eclectics. The weather was also bad, yet a fair attendance assembled notwithstanding, and was nobly rewarded by a performance of superlative merit. The program was composed of Haydn's D major quartet, op. 64, No. 5; Mozart's quartet in C major and the Beethoven quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2. The sunny, limpid gaiety of Haydn made an apt opening for a night of chill snow and bitter blasts. The quartet threw themselves into it with gusto, and gave the menuetto and vivace in particular with a spirit and glow that sent the blood sparkling through the veins. Mr. Kneisel distinguished himself in the vivace. But then they all distinguished themselves; and in so perfect an ensemble it is almost mistaken to make exceptions. The andante cantabile of the Mozart number was a marvel of purity and sentiment. The program worked through a crescendo of epochs and the spirit of the quartet expanded in accordance until Beethoven received his usual scholarly and sonorous treatment at their hands. It was a fine concert—the acme of enjoyment for chamber music lovers. The next and final concert will take place at this same hall on Friday evening, March 15.

BOSTON HERALD.
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VOL. XCVII., NO. 44.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1895

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA STORY.

Of Herr Paur, Julie Wyman and a Grand Piano.

Within Fifteen Minutes of Concert Time and the Piano, Where?—A Combination of Circumstances and Chance—No Monotony in the Tour—The Home Excitement.

It is in the days when the Symphony orchestra is a-journeying that it makes anecdotes to be stored up as history of the organization by those who take more interest in the accidents and humorous incidents in which the body of musicians figure than they do in the artistic achievements.

If the historian of the orchestra travelled with it when it went on a tour he could write up very many amusing things about the individual members of his pet musical body which would make very diverting reading for the Symphony orchestra girl—who is a feature of Boston life not to be overlooked by any one who wants to know "Boston as she is"—but he could also secure some very good anecdotes which show in what a tender light the management look on the orchestra, and in what an indulgent manner its conductor is viewed, as if, indeed, he were a superior being, who must have the moon if he asked for it, and at least be made to believe that he has it, or is to have it.

When the orchestra is "at home" it is almost impossible for the unexpected to happen. The vigilant lookout matches for its constant watchfulness the discipline in the tower down in the Union station. But when the orchestra is a-journeying—well, that is another story.

It takes the tact of a diplomat to keep every one happy, and with his dignity preserved, and it takes the nerve of a bridge jumper to meet on call the demands or desires of the conductor without letting him see even a hair turn in evidence of his having set a hard task.

Not one of the thousands of people who listen to the orchestra when it is on tour ever guesses of the discipline and the watchfulness required to secure that smoothness and apparent repose in orchestra and men. The things that happen and are concealed from the audience would fill a book. Here is one which all symphony orchestra patrons will appreciate.

It was at Philadelphia, not long ago, and Mrs. Julia Wyman was the soloist. It had been decided that to save the singer the trouble of coming over to Boston to rehearse she should meet them in Philadelphia and run over her songs with the orchestra in the half-hour before the doors were thrown open, the musicians being called for that purpose at 7 o'clock.

The orchestra is very popular in Philadelphia, and the sale of rush seats is always about like that here when Melba or Ysaye are the soloists. It is the custom to open the doors at 7:30 o'clock to admit the rushers. It is the habit of Fred Comee, the assistant manager of the orchestra, to saunter over to the hall at about 7:25 o'clock, see that everything is all right—that the hall is there, the lights and heat in place—and then order the doors open.

On this evening, with the fact that the house was to be tremendous, aiding a good dinner to digest, he pursued his usual habit. He found a great crowd outside. The officer in charge said to him: "You must open these doors at once, the crowd is blocking the street." "All right," was Comee's reply, "just let me see that everything is serene."

He went into the hall. There he found Paur bathed in perspiration, Mrs. Wyman nearly in hysterics, and the orchestra with a general air of demoralization. The orchestra parts of Mrs. Wyman's songs were so bad that they could not be used. "I must have a piano," was the conductor's demand.

It is the etiquette of the manager never to contradict the conductor—just before a concert. So Comee smiled reassuringly, just as if he had been asked for the time. Indeed, he put his hand into his pocket as if about to say, "Have a piano with me," but he only replied, "All right, Mr. Paur."

Calmness cleared the air. The orchestra filed off the stage to the artist's room, Mrs. Wyman went to wipe her eyes—and probably to powder her nose—and the assistant manager ordered the doors open, as if all was right, and then he started on a run for the hotel to find Ellis. He was just dressing. "Paur wants a piano," exclaimed Comee, explaining about the orchestral parts.

Nothing phases Ellis. His immaculate shirt front never even crackled, and not a hair came out of place. "All right," was his only reply, as he got into his coat.

It was then 7:40 o'clock. The concert began at 8. In the natural course of the programme, at 8:15 Mrs. Wyman would be on the stage, and there must be a piano or she would have to sing unaccompanied. Everything was closed up. There was no piano in the building [illegible]

At quarter before 8 Comee and Ellis were back in the hall, allowing Mr. Paur to infer, from their manner, that the piano was right at their heels, and explaining to the man who makes their announcements from the stage, when there were any to be made, that he was to go out after the overture and announce that as the orchestral parts to Mrs. Wyman's songs had not arrived, the singer would appear after, instead of before, the symphony, and sing with a piano accompaniment.

Just opposite the hall there was a club, and some one about the hall knew that the club had bought a new piano, which had just been put in. They rushed over there. There were two men in the club, both equally willing to lend the piano, but both equally without authority to do any such thing. That settled that.

They jumped into a cab, with the piano, for all they could see, a hundred miles away, and Mrs. Wyman's song coming nearer and nearer. They told the driver to go like mad to Steinway's, hoping to find some one there. The Jehu started, at a great pace, in the wrong direction, but they even felt it would be a loss of time to stop him and turn him about, and just at that moment behold there was another piano ware room. It was lighted up. In the doorway stood one of the firm, and—on a dray in front of the building was a grand piano, which half a dozen men were just preparing to move into the shop.

In a flash they tumbled out of the cab, and rushed up to the piano man, and almost sooner than it takes to tell it that piano, which had just come in from out of town, was turned about and headed for the hall.

The overture was within two minutes of its finale, when 10 men lugged the big wooden music box into the corridor, and, at the conclusion, it was quietly put on to the platform, wheeled into place, and Mrs. Wyman, accompanied by Zach, came on in her proper place in the programme, sung her songs, and no one in the audience knew what a rush at fate the managers had taken, or how near the programme had been to being upset.

It is true that the piano was shockingly out of tune, but Mr. Paur had what he asked for, a piano, as easily, so far as he could see, as if he had wanted the evening paper. He had not stipulated for a "good" piano, or one in tune, he had just asked for a plain piano, and he got it.

It is incidents of this sort that relieve the travelling of the Symphony orchestra of monotony, and prevent its managers from taking on a superabundance of flesh.

The same result is effected in town by the exactions of the audience, and that mad rush on Friday afternoons, a feature of the Symphony concerts that would leave the rehearsal quite barren of excitement, if the attempt to put a stop to it was successful.

If any one wants to study human nature he ought just to take Mr. Comee's place there when the assistant manager cheerfully helps out the door tender at that perilous point at the foot of the first flight of stairs, some pleasant afternoon when a great soloist is here. The women who wait there two hours know what they are waiting for—it's the sublime chance of having the best seat in the upper balcony at admission price. They know what a rush it is, and some of them get just as mad every week, but luckily there is an hour of rest up there before the concert begins, and those who get seats have recovered their tempers long before the orchestra comes in.

If you ask any one concerned with the management of the Symphony concerts what they think of the advisability of reserving those seats up there he will laugh and assure you that that would make the patrons of the rush seats just as mad as hornets. There are only 466 seats up there, and double that number of rushers have an equal chance of getting one of those seats, and that hope does not die as long as there is an empty seat; but 400 people would be as mad as March hares, however mad that may be, if they were told "seats are all sold." They like the risk and the tricks they do to circumvent one another, and the trained skill which some girls, who have occupied those rush seats for years, acquire, is well worth study.

They want fair play, however, and they make it very nasty for those who play false. For example, there was a man in the orchestra who had a very clever way of saving a seat for one of his family. He used to go in the artists' entrance and go up in the balcony and sit down, having told his daughter or wife, or whoever it was who came, just where to find him, and then when she arrived he would give up the seat. This worked beautifully until some one who always rushed for the seats near him began to suspect that this first arrival did not rush up the stairway with the rest of the crowd, and found out who he was and complained of him. This is only one of several tricks of that sort, but they never go long undetected.

The woman who gets the good seat is usually the girl who does not lose her temper or her wind, who looks on the rush as unpleasant but necessary, a few moments' discomfort for a much desired reward. She has but one idea—to get through the crowd, dash up the two flights of stairs, find a seat, and rest until she gets over the scramble, and she is usually calm and happy by the time the concert begins. She wastes no time scolding other people. Indeed, she does not bother about them, looking on it as a fair fight, but no favor.

The woman who usually gets hurt and gets left is the bad tempered one, who is not used to the rush. She usually begins by trying to shake the door keeper in her anger, and in endeavoring to stem the stampede to her gait she gets left, gets wraps torn off, and while she is wasting her breath and getting palpitation by trying to run up stairs and scold all the time, all the seats are taken, and then she wastes more breath going down stairs to complain to the helpless manager.

The Symphony scrambler—and she has came to stay, in spite of scolders, scoffers, and angry people—who gets along best is she of happy disposition, who accepts things without trying to improve them, makes the best of established conditions, and even takes her turn at standing with a cheerful complacency, simply saying, "Well, it's a good deal for the money if I have to stand," and she enjoys herself.

She is the same girl that you will see standing two weeks from now, in that long line of admission ticket holders at the door of our improvised opera house [illegible] Huntington avenue, waiting for the doors to open, and who, even after two or three hours of waiting in the street will be able to lean over from her good vantage ground up aloft, and applaud with a vigor that seems to have grown with her waiting. She has a keenness of enjoyment which those in the fashionable seats below may well envy her, for it cannot be purchased like a seat coupon by the season ticket holders. It is indeed the compensation of those who make some sacrifices to secure their pleasures.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach as Soloist Given a Most Cordial Reception.

With a single exception, the Symphony concert of last night was as classical as anyone might desire, even though that one form, the symphony itself, was missing from the programme. As it was, the concert was made up of a couple of overtures, a concerto for piano, a Brahms serenade, a fragmentary bit from Beethoven's music to "Egmont," and a march.

Really the most important number of the evening was the overture to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," composed by Gustav Strube, a member of the orchestra. The overture has, in its orchestration, much that is very ambitious, and only in a few places is there any trace of the novice. It opens with a pretty pastoral melody, with a soft blending of muted violins, violas and horns, following which come the flutes, oboes and clarinets, in charming passages oft repeated. As the overture progresses its strength is intensified until some strongly dramatic passages are brought boldly to the front. The overture is founded on a simple theme, which constantly recurs in new and novel forms. The composition was well received, and a further hearing will be awaited with interest of this modest composer, whom Conductor Paur insisted should come forward and bow his acknowledgments.

Mrs. Beach's playing in Saint-Saens's concerto in G minor was delightful. From the first note, she played with firmness, decision and real enthusiasm. The concerto has three movements, the second of which is a graceful scherzo, and which the soloist read in beautiful style, rousing her audience to considerable enthusiasm. At the close of the concerto Mrs. Beach was given several recalls, and was the recipient of several floral offerings.

The Brahms serenade for small orchestra was referred to on the programme as "without violins," but if the second violins were missing, the first were very much in evidence. The programme also forgot to state that this was the first time it was played at these concerts. It is a very dignified composition, and follows the sonata form quite closely in its fine movements, the second of which is a scherzo, lively and playful. Following this came a curious juxtaposition, in the shape of Clarchen's death, from Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," and the Turkish march from the "Ruins of Athens," by the same composer. The first is very short, and painfully mournful. However, it was most intelligently read by Mr. Paur's musicians. The Turkish march, with its bizarre effects, has been heard here before, and is thoroughly martial and full of fire. The Schubert overture in D major, although new, had a bad place on the programme, coming at the end. It is especially free from intricate development, and is tuneful in a large degree. The concert next week contains no novelties, and is made up of compositions by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1895.

The Fifteenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall—First Production of Gustav Strube's Overture, "The Maid of Orleans."

This was the program of the Symphony concert last evening, under Mr. Paur's direction:

Overture to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," in F major (MS.), first time.....Strube
Concerto for piano No. 2, in G minor..Saint-Saens
Serenade for small orchestra (without violins) in A major, Op. 16.....Brahms
(a) Clarchen's death, from "Edgmont."
(b) Turkish march, from "The Ruins of Athens."
Beethoven
Overture in the Italian style in D major, first time.....Schubert

The program-book gives this information concerning Mr. Strube: "Gustav Strube was born at Ballenstedt, a little town in Anhalt, not far from Halberstadt, on March 3, 1867, and is still living in Boston. His father was town musician in his native place, and it was from him that he got his first musical instruction. Afterward Strube studied four years at the Conservatorium in Leipzig; the violin under Adolf Brodsky, the pianoforte under Alois Keckendorf, and composition under Karl Reinecke and Salomon Jadassohn. After leaving the institution, he went to Mannheim, where he was engaged as teacher at the Conservatory. In 1891 he came to the United States, and has been since then one of the first violins in the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

The story of the neurotic, hysterical Maid of Orleans has appealed to many makers of music. There are 15 operas that bear her name, and among the composers of them are Verdi, Tschaikowsky and Balfe. There are ballets, pantomimes, cantatas, and a piano sonata. There is Moszkowsky's symphonic poem; there are Thadewaldt's "Symphonische Illustrationen." Gounod and Godard wrote music for French tragedies of which the Maid was the heroine. Much music has been written for Schiller's play. The music at the first production in Berlin (1801) was by B. A. Weber. Among the composers of more modern incidental music are Leopold Damrosch (1857), Bruch (1859), and Södermann.

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Mr. Strube's overture is fresh and interesting. It is pictorial without vulgarity or sensationalism. With the title given and a knowledge of Schiller's tragedy, the hearer is reminded by the music of scenes in a romantic life. The pastoral episode, the call to arms, the fierce conflict, the figure of the maid, her death; these are all defined clearly, and often ingeniously. There is respect for form throughout as becomes a pupil of Salomon Jadassohn, yet this respect does not strangle the fancy. There are many skillful strokes that it would be a pleasure to describe; noticeable, for instance, is the modulation with its instrumental dress that ushers in the reappearance of the second theme (clarinet) of the allegro. The closing measures should be rescored. As the final chord now stands, the effect is one of vague unpleasantness.

Mr. Strube may well plume himself on his success. This overture is creditable to him, and the audience evidently liked it.

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The serenade of Brahms is for the most part a dull and dreary thing. Some may claim that the absence of violins may bring about the melancholy result, and quote knowingly the one-act opera of Méhul ("Uthal"), in which the composer substituted violas for violins in order to gain color. (This opera, by the way, was revived this season in Munich, where it was voted a bore.) But the monotony in this serenade is one of thought rather than dress. Then the first movement and the adagio are so spun out; they are longer than a Russian night or novel. Let us commit blasphemy and be done with it; the serenade is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit.

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The peculiar charm of Mrs. Beach as a pianist was not felt in her performance of the concerto by Saint-Saëns. The work demands a player of greater authority, breadth and passion. In the first movement her technique was not flawless, and the rhythm was not always sharply marked. 'Twas in the scherzo that she appeared at her best; here her touch was appropriately crisp, and her performance fluent and clear. Yet, in the scherzo the piano chords that introduce the brilliant strain for the 'celios should have been declaimed with greater brilliancy and dash. This concerto is a man's concerto, and the man must have temperament as well as elegance and fluency.

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The other pieces on the program do not call for comment.

Mr. Apthorp, the compiler of the program book, says on page 590: "The real facts are, however, that, although florid figural ornamentation is very characteristic of Turkish melody, any so strongly marked and snappy rhythm as that of this march is quite foreign to Turkish music; and, as for the big drum and cymbals, the Turks never used them at all. The cymbals are essentially an Hebrew instrument."

Other writers, and they are men of authority, do not agree with Mr. Apthorp. It is true that the Turks had little or no music before the time of Amurath IV., and the conquest of Bagdad, 1638. The Turks then learned about music from the Persians. Before the introduction of European music into Turkey, the Turkish military bands used both drums and cymbals. They used little drums, and a drum three feet long called the "daul," which was beaten on one end by a big stick, on the other by a little stick. The band varied with the rank of the officer in command. A pacha of three tails was allowed two pair of cymbals. (See Kastner's "Manuel General de Musique Militaire," Paris, 1848, pp. 146, 147.)

Nor are the cymbals "essentially an Hebrew instrument." The Hebrews did not receive the cymbals from the Egyptians, but from the Assyrians, who delighted in all manner of musical noises.

PHILIP HALE.

The Musical Courier of the 13th published this entertaining sketch of that excellent 'cellist and musician, Mr. Schulz of the Symphony Orchestra. The occasion was the last concert of the Boston orchestra in Brooklyn: "The other soloist was Mr. Leo Schulz. This young man is familiar to all patrons of the orchestra, because he sits in the front rank of the 'cellists, beside Mr. Schroeder, and is always very solemn. He suggests a mixture of Henry Irving and a German parish priest. He is an industrious and conscientious performer on the 'cello, and in the Schumann 'cello concerto he was a grateful relief from the usual exhibitive and flamboyant artist who thinks more of his virtuosity than he does of his music, and more of his audience than of his art. An occasional dryness of tone and lack of smoothness was perhaps to be expected in a style that had so much energy and command in it. While he was playing I noticed that his forehead had grown up to the top of his head, and, strange as it may seem, every 'cello player in the band had a forehead of the same kind. Notice it when it comes here again. The influence of 'cello playing on hair is something that the capillary specialists of the future will do well to consider."

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Herald.
SUNDAY, FEB. 17, 1895.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

Repertory of the First Week of the Grand Opera Season.

Last Week of "Dr Syntax"—Concerts Tonight—Coming Events.

The program of the Symphony orchestra concert, last night, presented unusual attractions. There were two pieces played for the first time by the orchestra in Boston, and Mrs Beach was soloist of the occasion.

The concert began with Gustav Strube's "Overture to Shiller's Maid of Orleans, in F major." Herr Staube is a very accomplished musician, who plays one of the first violins in the Symphony orchestra, and his composition proved one of sustained and dignified merit. The main body of the overture is redolent with delicate phrasing and the themes are expressive and melodious. It is somewhat elaborate in its development, but the ending is highly dramatic and extremely effective. It afforded the orchestra opportunities for excellent work, and the reading of it elucidates the best features of the composition, which was received by the audience with prolonged applause.

Mrs Beach played Camille Saint Saens concerto for pianoforte in G major, accompanied by the orchestra. In the first part she displayed great skill in the execution and remarkable appreciation of the spirit of the composition. The sudden transitions from extremely rapid figures to slow tempos was performed by her with great force and she interpreted the theme with considerable delicacy and charm.

The second movement afforded great scope, both for the orchestra's excellent work and Mrs Beach's skill on the pianoforte. The dainty theme did not suffer at her nimble playing, and in its development, where she alternates with the orchestra, she displayed remarkable techneque.

The brilliant passage work of the third movement, executed by a wonderful rushing over the scale, the recalling of the first and second themes, and the elucidation of the melody was performed by Mrs Beach with striking effect. She was enthusiastically applauded and recalled by the appreciative audience.

Brahms is always a favorite at the symphony concerts, and his "Serenade for Small Orchestra," which was played last night was thoroughly enjoyable. Mr Paue's interpretation elicited the most delicate and the strongest features of the piece, and the orchestra's work was brilliant, effective and strikingly impressive. The grace with which the fourth movement was given and the charm with which the fifth movement was rendered threw in relief all the rhythm and fascinating theme of the composition.

"Clarchen's Death" and "The Turkish March," by Beethoven, followed by Franz Schubert's "Overture in the Italian Style," concluded the concert.

This overture which was played last night for the first time in Boston is in Italian style because it has no second movement. The whole overture is based on the development of one melody. The themes are simple, but the development of the second theme in F major is somewhat elaborate. The third part is very much like the first, only the second theme is in B flat major. It affords scope for brilliant work for the violins and the wind instruments, and the orchestra availed itself of the opportunity.

The next rehearsal will be given Thursday afternoon instead of Friday. The program for this and the Saturday evening concert will be as follows: Concerto grosso, Handel; symphony No. 12, in B flat, Haydn; overture, "Entfuhrung aus dem Serail," Mozart; overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; Centennial March, Wagner.

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The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, in Music Hall, was:

Overture to Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," op. 8 (MS. first time).....Strube
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, op. 22.....Saint-Saens
Serenade for small orchestra, in A major, op. 16.....Brahms
Clarchen's Death, from "Egmont," op. 84.....Beethoven
Marcia alla Turca, from "Die Ruinen von Athen," op. 113.....Beethoven
Overture in the Italian style, in D major.....Schubert

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the soloist. Mr. Strube's overture was a genuine and a pleasurable surprise. The composer is a young man, not yet 30 years of age, and is one of the first violins in the Symphony orchestra. The overture is manifestly an attempt to paint the more striking moments of Schiller's tragedy, and may perhaps be classed as programme music; but the work is perfectly clear as music, pure and simple, and would be listened to with unbroken interest, and present no obstacle to a perfect understanding of it as such, if it were presented as a concert overture and without any other title. Though in the extreme modern school, as far as harmonic and orchestral treatment is concerned, it is quite regular in form. The themes are strong, well chosen and artistically contrasted, the second subject, delivered by the clarinet, being of extreme melodic beauty and tender grace of sentiment. The overture is pervaded by a fine and healthy vigor, has an independent individuality and a marked originality, is strong in dramatic feeling and impressive in power. The instrumentation is rich and clear, and shows a thorough knowledge of the resources of modern orchestration. The instruments are used with a perfect acquaintance with their respective distinguishing qualities, and always with a keen musicianly discretion. There is no overcrowding of the score, and even in the stormiest moments of the work the effect is never blurred. There are many charming and brilliant passages for the wood wind, and the brass is used in a masterly manner. In the "working out" there is some very clever contrapuntal treatment of the leading themes. The overture is brimful of talent of the best order, and is abundant in high promise. It was thoughtfully read by Mr. Paur, to whom, by the way, it is dedicated, and was splendidly played. At the close there was a spontaneous outburst of applause, and the young composer was recalled twice from his place in the orchestra to come forward and bow his acknowledgments, a compliment that was wholly deserved.

The Brahms Serenade, in five movements, has some charming moments in the opening movement, and the brief scherzo is bright, but for the rest the work is indescribably dull and dreary. It may be freely conceded that it is well made music, but it is labored in style, diffuse, abstruse and barren of anything that appeals successfully or pleasingly to the emotions. As a serenade it is better calculated to inspire sleep than to keep one awake. Despite the admirable manner in which it was interpreted and played, it fell flat.

Mrs. Beach, who was received with great cordiality, performed the familiar Saint-Saens concerto. The work made exactions on her physical powers which were not fully met in the opening movement, and to which she responded with still less success in the finale. In the more fiery moments of the latter she was least happy, and was at times barely audible. In the scherzo, however, she was heard with delightful results. This was played with a fine and delicate grace of technique and a keenly artistic sympathy with the spirit of the music. Here Mrs. Beach was heard at her very best in regard to both style and execution. The applause that followed her performance was very enthusiastic, and she was obliged to respond to three vigorous recalls, in each of which she was presented with some handsome masses of flowers.

It was announced on the programmes that the Schubert Italian overture was given for the first time at these concerts on this occasion. The statement was erroneous, for the work was played during the season of 1883-84, under Mr. Henschel.

The selections for the next concert are: Concerto Grosso, Handel; Symphony No. 12, B-flat, Hayden; Overture, "The Escape from the Seraglio," Mozart; Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; "Centennial March," Wagner. The public rehearsal will be held on Thursday, Friday being a holiday.

Gazette
BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 17.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night the fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall. The following is the programme:

Overture, "Maid of Orleans" (M. S.).....Gustave Strube
Concerto for Pianoforte, G-minor, No. 2.....Saint Saëns
Serenade, A-major, op. 15.....Brahms
Claercheins Death, "Egmont" } .....Beethoven
Turkish March, "Ruins of Athens" }
Overture in the Italian style.....Schubert

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. H. Beach and high prise is due her for her interpretation of the Saint-Saëns concerto. In the first place Mrs. Beach is an artist by instinct and as a consequence no work falls below the high art level in her hands. Then her naturally sound taste has been reinforced by the most intelligent study, and though it may happen now and then, that one may not agree with her interpretation, it is impossible to doubt her intelligence. Technically there is nothing to find fault with. Mrs. Beach's skill is fully equal to all the demands made upon it, her educated fingers are capable of expressing all shades of meaning, with all shades of power, and if the high grade of excellence is not always maintained, it is due to the lack of physical endurance, and not the lack of skill. The first movement of the concerto was played with feeling and brilliancy, here and elsewhere the rapid passages were played with clearness and rare equality of touch. The second movement was given with dainty grace and refinement of expression, and with a fine appreciation of its airy gayety. The technical work was of the best. The third movement was artistically interpreted but was somewhat lacking in dash and in brilliancy, the spirited work of the orchestra the more strongly emphasizing these defects, which were due not to lack of taste but to lack of power and physical endurance. The taste was faultless, the technical work admirable, and the enthusiastic applause well merited.

The overture by Mr. G. Strube, of the Symphony Orchestra is an excellently imagined work; it is dramatic and somewhat spasmodic, but it is worked out in the true artistic spirit, with talent supported by knowledge. It is suave, majestic and fiery by turns, and yet it is lacking in artistic self-reserve, all that has been thought and imagined has been elaborately set down, and there is no suggestion of that reserved power which distinguishes genius as opposed to talent. The work is strong, notwithstanding, and with a tender vein of poetical fancy running through it. It is so excellent in quality that it arouses a curiosity to hear the other works of the composer.

The Brahms serenade is in the master's genial mood. The first movement is particularly fascinating, with at times a dainty delicacy that seems foreign to the large and impatient touch of this master. Does the scherzo hint that Brahms is occasionally human enough to be trivial? The work was played with fine effect, the elaborate third movement being especially noteworthy for the clearness and unerring skill with which it was interpreted.

The programme for the next concert includes Handel's Concerto Grosso; Haydn's Symphony, No. 12; Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio;" Beethoven's Overture, "Dedication of the House;" and Wagner's Centennial March.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 18, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

"THE MAID OF ORLEANS," BY GUSTAV STRUBE.

A Composition of More Than Ordinary Merit—Mrs. Beach, as Pianist, Confirms the Promise of Her Earlier Work—A Mixture of Schools and Styles in the Programme.

The concert of Saturday presented the greatest mixture of schools and styles of composition that could be gathered upon a programme of moderate length, and it may be doubted whether even a musical gourmand could digest all of the courses. The opening number was an overture by a young member of our orchestra, and unless all signs fail, the best composer within its ranks. The overture to "The Maid of Orleans," by Gustav Strube, is a composition of more than ordinary merit. Although it leans too heavily in the Wagnerian direction of strong dramatic effect and free polyphony, there is a good degree of symmetry in its themes and their treatment, and the orchestral colors are laid on with a firm hand. It is of course military from the very first, and the horn call in the first measures of the introduction gives intimation of what the auditor is to expect. It must be remembered that Schiller's picture of the Maid of Orleans (which this work represents) swerves as far from historical fidelity on the one side as Shakespeare's does on the other; in this presentation of the subject we have the Maid triumphant at the last, dying in the moment of victory, saving by her heroism the French king and army, and uttering as last blissful thought, the words,—

"Hinauf—Hinauf—die Erde flieht zu-
rueck—
Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die
Freude."

Therefore the apotheosis of the finale is well justified by the poet. The pastoral touches, which Mr. Strube has given in excellent scoring, are in good contrast with the military themes and their treatment, and the melancholy theme of the introduction might well be the farewell which Johanna takes of her peaceful fields in the early scenes of the tragedy. In some of these pastoral touches one finds a slight flavor of "Waldweben" from Wagner's "Siegfried." Trumpets, trombones, piccolo, and even tambour militaire one finds in full measure in the warlike scenes, and the boldest of contrasts, particularly the sudden drop from a sforzando *tutti* into a delicate solo. The return of themes at the close is not clear, at all events at a single hearing, since thematic development seems to extend to the very coda. Summing up this work one can say that the composer has good musical ideas, much ability in scoring, and decided dramatic instinct, but a trifle less of "Sound and Fury," a clarified style, would be an added advantage. The public gave much applause and the composer was twice obliged to bow his acknowledgments.

Then came St. Saens' G minor concerto with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach at the piano. It is a pleasure to state that the pianist who gave such great promise in her childhood has not retrograded. In the first movement her shading ran to extremes and there seemed to be but few gradations between *forte* and *piano*, but some of this fault must be placed upon the composer rather than upon the executant, and the ensemble was generally excellent. Mrs. Beach made a great success in the second movement, a dainty Scherzando, in which her crisp, demi-staccato style suited the composition admirably, and the scale-work was as clear as crystal. The orchestra deserves credit too, for such a perfect ensemble, such balance against the soloist, and such delicacy of shading can seldom be heard.

In the final Saltarello there was also some commendable playing both by soloist and orchestra. The difficult chord skips were made with absolute surety, and there was some fine octave work in the solo part. Several recalls and a large floral tribute rewarded the artist at the conclusion of the concerto. Now followed Brahms' Serenade, Op. 16, the one without violins. The ablest critics abroad go into raptures about this work, but it is not one which will ever become very popular; it is remarkably chaste in style, has much beauty of themes and excellent development, but it is and remains "musicians' music," and there is a certain phlegmatic reserve about it which would scarcely seem to lead to enthusiasm.

It represents both the young and the mature Brahms (just as the "Faust" overture is representative of two epochs in Wagner's development), for although written in Bonn in 1860, it was retired by the composer and finally issued in a revised form in Vienna in 1875. The discarding of the violins was not a new idea; about a hundred years ago Napoleon Bonaparte consulted Mehul on the possibility of writing an opera without violins, and the result was "Uthal," in which nothing higher than the viola appears in the string orchestra. Brahms himself made a more legitimate use of this same device in the funeral march of his greatest work, the German Requiem, for the viola is the instrument which best pictures brooding sorrow, or melancholy (the English horn gives the same effect in the wind-tones), and here the prominence of this instrument was well chosen. But in this Serenade the absence of violins gives a too continuous solemnity; one feels as Gretry did at the performance of "Uthal" when he cried out, "I would give a thousand francs for one violin tone!"

Yet one must thank Mr. Paur for presenting this work and for giving it so well. If one were to be guided only by public appreciation at such highly educational concerts, one might give an endless round of Auber, "Tabasco" marches, or "Pizzicati" of Delibes; such a composition, of world-wide fame, must needs be heard, whether it is entirely relished or not, and we are not sure but that the public might not "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The first movement was very beautiful in its serious calm, an effect which Brahms more than any other composer manages to impart to his allegro forms. Here the bassoons did some praiseworthy work. The *Scherzi* are, and it was probably the knowledge of this shortcoming which led to his eventually superseding the Scherzo with the Intermezzo. The Adagio is one of the strong movements and is a fine picture of gentle melancholy; by itself it would probably charm more than in the Serenade, for it paints gray upon gray in its present position. The final Rondo was also interesting and masterly, although a plaintive countertheme forbade a complete estcape from sad solemnity. There was some excellent flute-playing in the marchlike ending, and the oboes did artistic service in almost every movement, for they are made especially prominent by Brahms in this work.

Now (for a change!) came a melancholy tone-picture, the portrayal of Claerchen's death, by Beethoven. One does not weep copiously over Goethe's heroine, for after reading Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," one feels as skeptical about her as Betsy Prig about Mrs Harris. The number was excellently performed, however, and the stationary tone (organ-point) upon the horn reminded of a similar effect upon the same instrument in the trio of the scherzo of the seventh symphony. After adding this tinge of black to the various shades of gray that had preceded, there came Oriental revelry in the shape of Beethoven's "Turkish March," which is about as genuine as our confectioner's Turkish fig paste, but, authenticity aside, is an attractive rhythm to tap one's feet to, and which naturally evoked more applause than the whole of Brahms' serenade.

The final number of this sedate programme landed the auditor in the borderland between humor and puerility. One can understand the fact that some critics held Schubert's "Overture in Italian Style," in D, to be a parody of the lightness of Rossini, for some of the themes are dressed out in an amount of fluting that goes beyond legitimate costume. Flute and oboe and oboe and flute interchanged in tunes that had a simpering simplicity, that sounded exasperating after all the dark dignity of sorrow that had gone before; it was as if one had endeavored to enliven a funeral with a comic recitation. But it was excellently played, and served to show that Mr. Paur can win his successes in widely differing schools, he has a versatility which has not yet received due acknowledgment. And so the musical banquet which had begun with roast beef ended with a thin soup, but nobody went away hungry.

Louis C. Elson.

[96]

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, FEB. 17, 1895.

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Concerto for Pianoforte, G-minor, No. 2....Saint Saëns
Serenade, A-major, op. 15.....Brahms
Claercheins Death, "Egmont" } .....Beethoven
Turkish March, "Ruins of Athens" }
Overture in the Italian style.....Schubert

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. H. Beach and high prise is due her for her interpretation of the Saint-Saëns concerto. In the first place Mrs. Beach is an artist by instinct and as a consequence no work falls below the high art level in her hands. Then her naturally sound taste has been reinforced by the most intelligent study, and though it may happen now and then, that one may not agree with her interpretation, it is impossible to doubt her intelligence. Technically there is nothing to find fault with. Mrs. Beach's skill is fully equal to all the demands made upon it, her educated fingers are capable of expressing all shades of meaning, with all shades of power, and if the high grade of excellence is not always maintained, it is due to the lack of physical endurance, and not the lack of skill. The first movement of the concerto was played with feeling and brilliancy, here and elsewhere the rapid passages were played with clearness and rare equality of touch. The second movement was given with dainty grace and refinement of expression, and with a fine appreciation of its airy gayety. The technical work was of the best. The third movement was artistically interpreted but was somewhat lacking in dash and in brilliancy, the spirited work of the orchestra the more strongly emphasizing these defects, which were due not to lack of taste but to lack of power and physical endurance. The taste was faultless, the technical work admirable, and the enthusiastic applause well merited.

The overture by Mr. G. Strube, of the Symphony Orchestra is an excellently imagined work; it is dramatic and somewhat spasmodic, but it is worked out in the true artistic spirit, with talent supported by knowledge. It is suave, majestic and fiery by turns, and yet it is lacking in artistic self-reserve, all that has been thought and imagined has been elaborately set down, and there is no suggestion of that reserved power which distinguishes genius as opposed to talent. The work is strong, notwithstanding, and with a tender vein of poetical fancy running through it. It is so excellent in quality that it arouses a curiosity to hear the other works of the composer.

The Brahms serenade is in the master's genial mood. The first movement is particularly fascinating, with at times a dainty delicacy that seems foreign to the large and impatient touch of this master. Does the scherzo hint that Brahms is occasionally human enough to be trivial? The work was played with fine effect, the elaborate third movement being especially noteworthy for the clearness and unerring skill with which it was interpreted.

The programme for the next concert includes Handel's Concerto Grosso; Haydn's Symphony, No. 12; Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio;" Beethoven's Overture, "Dedication of the House;" and Wagner's Centennial March.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 18, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

"THE MAID OF ORLEANS," BY GUSTAV STRUBE.

A Composition of More Than Ordinary Merit—Mrs. Beach, as Pianist, Confirms the Promise of Her Earlier Work—A Mixture of Schools and Styles in the Programme.

The concert of Saturday presented the greatest mixture of schools and styles of composition that could be gathered upon a programme of moderate length, and it may be doubted whether even a musical gourmand could digest all of the courses. The opening number was an overture by a young member of our orchestra, and unless all signs fail, the best composer within its ranks. The overture to "The Maid of Orleans," by Gustav Strube, is a composition of more than ordinary merit. Although it leans too heavily in the Wagnerian direction of strong dramatic effect and free polyphony, there is a good degree of symmetry in its themes and their treatment, and the orchestral colors are laid on with a firm hand. It is of course military from the very first, and the horn call in the first measures of the introduction gives intimation of what the auditor is to expect. It must be remembered that Schiller's picture of the Maid of Orleans (which this work represents) swerves as far from historical fidelity on the one side as Shakespeare's does on the other; in this presentation of the subject we have the Maid triumphant at the last, dying in the moment of victory, saving by her heroism the French king and army, and uttering as last blissful thought, the words,—

"Hinauf—Hinauf—die Erde flieht zurueck—
Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die Freude."

Therefore the apotheosis of the finale is well justified by the poet. The pastoral touches, which Mr. Strube has given in excellent scoring, are in good contrast with the military themes and their treatment, and the melancholy theme of the introduction might well be the farewell which Johanna takes of her peaceful fields in the early scenes of the tragedy. In some of these pastoral touches one finds a slight flavor of "Waldweben" from Wagner's "Siegfried." Trumpets, trombones, piccolo, and even tambour militaire one finds in full measure in the warlike scenes, and the boldest of contrasts, particularly the sudden drop from a sforzando *tutti* into a delicate solo. The return of themes at the close is not clear, at all events at a single hearing, since thematic development seems to extend to the very coda. Summing up this work one can say that the composer has good musical ideas, much ability in scoring, and decided dramatic instinct, but a trifle less of "Sound and Fury," a clarified style, would be an added advantage. The public gave much applause and the composer was twice obliged to bow his acknowledgments.

Then came St. Saens' G minor concerto with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach at the piano. It is a pleasure to state that the pianist who gave such great promise in her childhood has not retrograded. In the first movement her shading ran to extremes and there seemed to be but few gradations between *forte* and *piano*, but some of this fault must be placed upon the composer rather than upon the executant, and the ensemble was generally excellent. Mrs. Beach made a great success in the second movement, a dainty Scherzando, in which her crisp, demi-staccato style suited the composition admirably, and the scale-work was as clear as crystal. The orchestra deserves credit too, for such a perfect ensemble, such balance against the soloist, and such delicacy of shading can seldom be heard.

In the final Saltarello there was also some commendable playing both by soloist and orchestra. The difficult chord skips were made with absolute surety, and there was some fine octave work in the solo part. Several recalls and a large floral tribute rewarded the artist at the conclusion of the concerto. Now followed Brahms' Serenade, Op. 16, the one without violins. The ablest critics abroad go into raptures about this work, but it is not one which will ever become very popular; it is remarkably chaste in style, has much beauty of themes and excellent development, but it is and remains "musicians' music," and there is a certain phlegmatic reserve about it which would scarcely seem to lead to enthusiasm.

It represents both the young and the mature Brahms (just as the "Faust" overture is representative of two epochs in Wagner's development), for although written in Bonn in 1860, it was retired by the composer and finally issued in a revised form in Vienna in 1875. The discarding of the violins was not a new idea: about a hundred years ago Napoleon Bonaparte consulted Mehul on the possibility of writing an opera without violins, and the result was "Uthal," in which nothing higher than the viola appears in the string orchestra. Brahms himself made a more legitimate use of this same device in the funeral march of his greatest work, the German Requiem, for the viola is the instrument which best pictures brooding sorrow, or melancholy (the English horn gives the same effect in the wind-tones), and here the prominence of this instrument was well chosen. But in this Serenade the absence of violins gives a too continuous solemnity: one feels as Gretry did at the performance of "Uthal" when he cried out, "I would give a thousand francs for one violin tone!"

Yet one must thank Mr. Paur for presenting this work and for giving it so well. If one were to be guided only by public appreciation at such highly educational concerts, one might give an endless round of Auber, "Tabasco" marches, or "Pizzicati" of Delibes; such a composition, of world-wide fame, must needs be heard, whether it is entirely relished or not, and we are not sure but that the public might not "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The first movement was very beautiful in its serious calm, an effect which Brahms more than any other composer manages to impart to his allegro forms. Here the bassoons did some praiseworthy work. The *Scherzi* are, and it was probably the knowledge of this shortcoming which led to his eventually superseding the Scherzo with the Intermezzo. The Adagio is one of the strong movements and is a fine picture of gentle melancholy; by itself it would probably charm more than in the Serenade, for it paints gray upon gray in its present position. The final Rondo was also interesting and masterly, although a plaintive countertheme forbade a complete escape from sad solemnity. There was some excellent flute-playing in the marchlike ending, and the oboes did artistic service in almost every movement, for they are made especially prominent by Brahms in this work.

Now (for a change!) came a melancholy tone-picture, the portrayal of Claerchen's death, by Beethoven. One does not weep copiously over Goethe's heroine, for after reading Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," one feels as skeptical about her as Betsy Prig about Mrs Harris. The number was excellently performed, however, and the stationary tone (organ-point) upon the horn reminded of a similar effect upon the same instrument in the trio of the scherzo of the seventh symphony. After adding this tinge of black to the various shades of gray that had preceded, there came Oriental revelry in the shape of Beethoven's "Turkish March," which is about as genuine as our confectioner's Turkish fig paste, but, authenticity aside, is an attractive rhythm to tap one's feet to, and which naturally evoked more applause than the whole of Brahms' serenade.

The final number of this sedate programme landed the auditor in the borderland between humor and puerility. One can understand the fact that some critics held Schubert's "Overture in Italian Style," in D, to be a parody of the lightness of Rossini, for some of the themes are dressed out in an amount of fluting that goes beyond legitimate costume. Flute and oboe and oboe and flute interchanged in tunes that had a simpering simplicity, that sounded exasperating after all the dark dignity of sorrow that had gone before; it was as if one had endeavored to enliven a funeral with a comic recitation. But it was excellently played, and served to show that Mr. Paur can with his successes in widely differing schools, he has a versatility which has not yet received due acknowledgment.

And so the musical banquet which had begun with roast beef ended with a thin soup, but nobody went away hungry.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

[96]

...Transcript
...DAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

...Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Gustav Strube: Overture to Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," opus 8 (MS.) (First time.)

Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22.

Brahms: Serenade for Small Orchestra, in A major, opus 16.

Beethoven: a) Clärchens Tod, from "Egmont," opus 84.
b) Marcia alla Turca, from "Die Ruinen von Athen, opus 113.

Schubert: Overture in the Italian Style, in D major. (First time.)

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the pianist.

With the "Jungfrau von Orleans" overture Mr. Strube, for four years one of the first violins in the Symphony Orchestra, made his first bow here as a composer. He was educated in the Leipzig school, being a pupil of Reinecke and Jadassohn; but in this overture he makes a step well out of the circle of his school influences. The overture is essentially a modern work, in feeling, style, and aim; there is not a little of "storm and stress" in it, not a little of physical violence even. But, even at the first hearing, one gets the impression that the young composer knows remarkably well whither he is going and walks his chosen path with very firm step. There are many moments of genuine beauty in the work, some few of real power. Now and then a rather over-naïf turn in the harmony, a melodic phrase not wholly above the commonplace, may strike the ear; but, as a whole, the overture shows true force of feeling, coherency of expression, and a sense for musical beauty. In a word, it shows real talent. In the matter of orchestration, Mr. Strube seems already just on the verge of mastership. The score is full of experiments which remind one of things one has seen in the scores of many an older hand; things one has found to look very tempting on the written or printed page, but which sound very much like anything else you please; the difference with these experiments of Mr. Strube's is, however, that they always sound well, individual, and seem really worth while. Indeed, the scoring of this overture has a certain individual aroma almost throughout; it is not the scoring *du premier venu* who has studied the art to good purpose. That the overture is a work to stand we will not say; but it is a good earnest of the talent of a young man from whom not a little may be expected.

The performance of Brahms's serenade was a fiasco from beginning to end. Seldom have we seen an audience so bored, and, we will add, legitimately bored. We were bored ourselves, if you come to that. And this was all the more annoying because the work is essentially beautiful and ought, by rights, to bore nobody. This serenade for small orchestra (without violins) is really a magnified piece of chamber music; the wind instruments occupy the foreground nearly throughout, the mass of violas, 'celli and double basses seldom rising above the level of an accompaniment. To put the thing upon an orchestral basis is to do it great wrong: in a large hall the absence of the violins soon becomes well-nigh intolerable; the orchestra has no cutting edge. And this was made all the worse by Mr. Paur's incomprehensibly more than doubling the ranks of the violas; there were twenty-one of them last Saturday evening—where the instruments came from, Heaven knows! It was like putting a double-wide mourning-edge upon the work. Let almost anyone who found the serenade dull and tedious on Saturday only hear it given, say in Bumstead Hall, with a normal mass of strings, and we think he will find pretty bright sunlight where all was November darkness before. And then, too, to give this serenade immediately after the immensely brilliant and telling orchestration of the Saint-Saëns concerto! It was like Mendelssohn's bringing out one of Schumann's symphonies in Leipzig immediately after Rossini's overture to "Guillaume Tell."

From this point the programme became more and more incomprehensible. What has "Clärchens Tod," that exquisite little violet of homely pathos, to do all by itself on a symphony programme? And then to follow it up with the Turkish March! It was almost a desecration; all one could think of was a miniature parody of a military funeral: sober sadness up to the grave, and rollicking jollity all the way home! The Schubert overture, too, was a mistake. It is a work to play through at a rehearsal, perhaps before a dozen or so of invited guests, and then lay aside; to parade it at a concert is to do the composer an injustice. All those ill-combined little scraps of themes which Schubert afterwards used to infinitely better purpose in other works seem pathetically comic here:—the phrase from "Rosamunde" in the introduction, and that terrible little hint in the coda at the glorious *stretto* of the first movement of the C major symphony. Of course there are movements of charm in the piece, it would not be Schubert's otherwise; but it is one of those works which the composer himself is the first to wish forgotten.

Saint-Saëns's G minor concerto still well maintains its place in the front rank of modern pianoforte concertos. Mrs. Beach played it very beautifully indeed: with an effectiveness that went far to pardon a certain feminine excessiveness in the employment of means. Few persons, for instance, can believe in the enormously slow tempo she took in the contrapuntal introduction to the first movement; it passed all rational bounds. And yet, in a certain sense, it paid: her playing of just this movement was particularly fine and impressive, finished down to the smallest details, yet well subordinating every detail to the total impression. She carries the movement through with conspicuous strength and coherency, with infinite artistic *savoir faire*; all that can be said on the other side is that one feels that the movement can be made to tell just as strongly with a less lavish outlay of means. Mrs. Beach's playing of the second movement was capital at every point. The third movement she takes at a far more moderate pace than the composer does: with gratifying results as far as clearness goes, but to the loss of a good deal of the effect. To hear Saint-Saëns himself play this movement is, as the Germans say, "to lose sight and hearing!" But, even at her slower tempo, there was no lack of real vim and vigor of accent. Upon the whole, we think Mrs. Beach has never done anything quite so fine yet as her playing of this concerto. She was rightfully recalled after the close.

The next programme is: Handel, concerto grosso in G minor; Haydn, symphony No. 12 (B. & H.), in B-flat major; Mozart, overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail;" Beethoven, overture to "Die Weihe des Hauses;" Wagner, Centennial March. The public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, February 21, Friday being a holiday.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, 1895.

There were good things, considered individually, on the fifteenth Symphony programme, but the general effect of the concert was monotonous and dull.

The one real beauty of the occasion was Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's performance of Saint-Saens's second, or G minor, pianoforte concerto. She could hardly have chosen anything better calculated to show her development in the one particular in which her playing has hitherto seemed limited and restricted. To those who did not know the natural modesty and instinctive reserve which, united to her refined taste, have operated to hold her back from anything like display or abandon, her playing must sometimes have appeared so quiet in its emphasis and color as to come pretty near to being phlegmatic—certainly it was passionless. But in this bright, fanciful, merry and almost sportive work, Mrs. Beach advanced into a new manner, and her rendering—large, firm and strong in the unsustained introduction—was elsewhere light, dainty, lively, spirited and almost coquettish in its touch and turn. Nor were the broader and warmer passages confined or cold. Therefore the whole concerto had an appropriately animated, cheery, gay and entertaining presentation. Mrs. Beach's tone was always pure and sweet and the more difficult technicalities—for Saint Saens never forgets to give his player's virtuosity a chance—were clear and commanding in her execution.

The concert began with a new "Maid of Orleans" overture by Mr. Gustave Strube, who sits in the fifth row of the first violins and has a certain pleasant reputation as player, teacher and composer. In the programme-book was one of those descriptions which fall into the "letter which killeth" category and ignore the spirit which giveth life. It told grimly how the music looks on paper, but it gave no clew as to what traits in the life of Joan of Arc or what episodes in her career had vitalized the author's thought to the point of composition. The overture might be roughly described as contrasting passages of etherial mildness against others of almost unmitigated ferocity, concluded by a brief strain of aspirant piety. Therefore it may be assumed that Mr. Strube intended to suggest in due sequence Joan's dreamy loneliness in De Quincey's "deep pastoral solitudes," the rumors of wars, the still almost unbroken quietude, the rush and crush of battle, the horror of fate and the placidity of death. If the performance was consistent with the author's ideas—and the reading which we heard on Friday afternoon seemed rather hitch-y, uncertain in attack and over-noisy in the combative portions,—his notions are better than his command of the means of their expression. The roaring fortissimi of all the brass, the rattle of three snare drums and the unrestrained demonstrativeness of kettle-drums and cymbals too often overcame even the most vigorous exertions of the rest of the band and pushed vehemence too nearly into noise. The overture has tunefulness and solid harmony; but it is excessive at times, and there are oddities of figure and of progression which give more shock than satisfaction in their sudden apparition. Yet the work shows thought and ability and gives encouraging promise.

The rest of the programme (for the concerto was the second number) went on without distinction, without enthusiasm and almost without interest. Its third number was that Serenade of Brahms for which the orchestra is compressed and tranquillized by the elimination of the violins. This makes a quaint and generally genial combination; but before the five movements are all done one feels as if this serenade would have exercised rather a soporific than an awakening influence. It is very melodious and gentle throughout, and one can be grateful to Brahms for having at any rate made no display of learning (although his art and skill are traceable throughout) and for having allowed sentiment to carry it over intellect.

Next Mr. Paur put, as a continuation of the still small voicings, Beethoven's "Death of Clarchen," from "Egmont," and followed this with the familiar "Turkish March." As this brought at last a bit of life and sparkle, it would have been well to stop the concert there. But no; another overture must needs be added—one of the two which Schubert wrote "in the Italian style." By that may be understood a short work with a calm slow tune to begin with and a neat fast one to wind up with, both supported on simple accompaniments and ending with a few mildly assertive measures. This was set down as a novelty, but people did not appear to care much about it, although they admitted its tuneful prettiness and fluency.

The orchestra generally played thoughtfully and discriminatingly, Mr. Strube was called out and complimented, and the programme-book—apparently under the delusion that the ingenious self-puffery of its editor's admired music teacher is one of those good things of which one cannot have too much—actually reprinted the very pages of egotism which were published and criticised a week ago!

The programme for next Saturday night is an extraordinary one. It stands thus in the announcement: Handel's "Concerto Grosso;" Haydn's twelfth symphony in B flat; two overtures—Mozart's "Entfuhrung aus dem Serail" and Beethoven's "Dedication of the House;" Wagner's "Centennial" march. Isn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

Sixth in the Series at Union Hall—A Fine Performance.

The sixth in the current series of concerts by the Kneisel quartet took place in Union Hall last night. The programme was:

Quartet, D minor (op. posth.).....Schubert
Quintet (first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Septet (for strings and wind).....Beethoven

In the quintet Mr. William Craft assisted, and in the septet Mr. Leon Portean, clarinet, Mr. Albert Hacke Barthy, horn, Mr. Herman Litke, bassoon, and Mr. Emil Golde, contrabasso. There was a very large audience in attendance and it was exceptionally appreciative and enthusiastic in its applause through the concert. The Schubert quartet was exquisitely performed and in a spirit wholly in sympathy with the music. The work is long drawn out, especially in the first movement, which narrowly escapes becoming tiresome in spite of its beauty. The andante, with its strong suggestion of the allegretto con moto of Beethoven's symphony in A, was charmingly read and won a hearty round of applause; and the finale was given with fine vigor and variety of tone color. The quartet seems to have been written while the composer was strongly under the influence of Beethoven, for in the last movement that composer is again recalled by its principal subject, which bears a close resemblance to that of the finale of the Kreutzer Sonata.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet, which is in one movement, and is arranged for the unusual combination, three violins, a viola and a 'cello, is a work of equal force and originality. One may always expect something unconventional and piquant from Mr. Loeffler, and these qualities are prominent in this composition. It begins in a calm vein, with a theme that is almost pastoral in its quietness, but it speedily takes a more fiery and romantic turn, and revels in rhythmical and melodic eccentricities, while its interest is steadily sustained. In common with all the music by the composer that has been heard here, it has a striking individuality that is quite his own. He is notably felicitous in his skill in finding new combinations, and there are many exceedingly ingenious and effective passages, in which the tone color produced is as novel as it is impressive. The work is complicated, but is smoothly and clearly written, and it never loses its hold on the attention. There is a particularly fine moment after the "working out," where the violin and 'cello begin an impassioned conversation, and though the quintet is in the most advanced modern spirit, it shows no signs of labor, but has all the effect of spontaneity in conception and treatment. On the other hand, its design is not quite discoverable on a single hearing.

There appear to be too many episodes that are not well joined to the main design, and the result is somewhat fragmentary, suggesting at times a rhapsodic improvisation. A better acquaintance with a work that is so original and so far out of the beaten track would probably remove this impression. Be that as it may, the quintet is a masterly bit of musicianship, and well sustains the reputation that Mr. Loeffler has deservedly won by his fine 'cello concerto and his brilliant and unique divertissements for the violin. It was played con amore, and was applauded with great fervor, the artist being recalled, and the composer, who was seated in the hall, being compelled to rise in his place and bow his acknowledgments. The familiar Beethoven sextet was splendidly read and played, the warm, smooth and lovely tone of Mr. Portean being heard with fascinating results in the slow movement. It is possibly something very like heresy to write it, much more to believe it, but this work, despite its wealth of graceful melody and delightful effects, seems to have become thoroughly enveloped in an atmosphere of old fashion, and to have become almost quaint. It is a good old fashion, unquestionably, but it is depressing, nevertheless, to associate this especial phase of it with anything bearing the name of Beethoven. The seventh concert will take place Monday, March 18.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1895.

Kneisel Quartet.

A Boston musical audience seldom shows as much enthusiasm as was exhibited at the Kneisel quartet concert last night in Union hall. The concert was a specially attractive one and the audience even larger than usual.

There were only three numbers on the program, but every one of the three was interesting. First came the splendid Schubert quartet in D minor, which is superb at all times and was never played better, it is safe to say, than it was last night. The andante movement was perfect and the presto almost as good. The audience was so much pleased with the performance that Messrs Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroder were twice recalled.

The next number was played last night for the first time. It was the long-expected quintet by Mr Loeffler for three violins, viola and cello. Mr William Krafft of the Symphony orchestra played the third violin part.

Mr Loeffler was unfortunate in having his quintet heard immediately after the beautiful Schubert composition, but the audience was prepared to listen with favor and did so. Although there is but one movement to the quintet it contains material enough for a much longer composition, in fact the most severe criticism is that it contains too much material. Still it is well worth a hearing. The performers were recalled, and Mr Loeffler, who was in the audience, bowed his acknowledgments for the applause.

The Beethoven septet for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, cello and double bass completed the program. The players were Messrs Kneisel, Svecenski, Pourtau, Hackebarth, Litke, Schroeder and Golde. It is enough to say that the performance was all that could be desired.

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The Official Paper of the State.

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1895.

The Kneisel Quartette Concert.

It is a misnomer to entitle the Kneisel concert, given in Union Hall last night, a "quartette" concert, for the organization grew from a quartette in the first number to a quintette in the second and a septette in the final work. It was, however, a red-letter occasion altogether, for Beethoven's Septette has never had so perfect a performance in this city.

It is not the most attractive work in the world to the present writer, for it belongs to Beethoven's first period, and the composer has not thrown off the Haydn style wholly in its measures, but it is brimful of difficulties, and to hear it played without blemish is the event of a lifetime.

Beethoven seems to have vented all his spleen on the horn in this work, and the rapid passages for this instrument in the trio of the minuet are almost impossible; yet Mr. Hackebarth played them clearly, and there was not a palpable slip in the horn part from beginning to end. The clarinette is also given much prominence all through the work, and Mr. Pourtau won new laurels by his clear playing. This artist has a purity of tone and a delicacy of shading that ranks him with the greatest in this field.

The contrabass is given much of the florid work which Beethoven afterwards continued in the fourth and fifth symphonies. Its pizzicato in the finale is also impressive. In all these points Mr. Golde was sure and effective.

The bassoon is not so prominent as the instruments above named, yet in the *adagio cantabile* it does some important work, and Mr. Lipke gave a smoother tone than is usual on this awkward instrument. Beethoven generally uses the bassoon when he is in a jesting mood, but there are no bassoon jokes in this work as there are in the sixth and eighth symphonies. Of course the strings played well, and it was a pleasure to find Mr. Kneisel's tone on that magnificent violin that he has acquired, broad enough to balance against the augmented forces. And now, since the Beethoven septette has been so well conquered, by all means let us have the Hummel septette, which is not inferior to it.

Next to this great performance, the interest centred in a new quintette by Mr. C. M. Loeffler. It was in a single movement, and was peculiar both in its shape and in the combination used—three violins against viola and violoncello. It seemed to outline three movements, or rather, after a beautiful intermezzo there came a partial recapitulation of themes, but in its strong contrasts and in its somewhat continuous development, it suggested the sonata(?) and symphonic vein of Liszt and Schumann. There was a thoroughly Slavonic flavor to some of the themes, and more than one Russian folk-dance was indicated.

Mr. Loeffler is at his best in such chamber-music, for he leads his voices easily and he develops his themes interestingly. A beautiful use of pastoral organpoint is made towards the latter part of the work, and the interest is sustained throughout.

The concert began with Schubert's D minor quartette. The first movement was not especially well played, but the andante, with its reminiscences of Schubert's own "Der Tod und das Maedchen," and its beautiful variations, was finely given, and the finale went with exceptional spirit. Continuous enthusiasm marked the public appreciation of the concert.

Boston Journal.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

Mr. Loeffler's Quintet Produced at a Kneisel Quartet Concert—The Second and Last Recital of Mrs. Elene Eaton.

The program of the sixth Kneisel Concert included Schubert's D minor quartet (op. posth); C. M. Loeffler's Quintet in one movement for 3 violins, viola and 'cello (MS. First time); and Beethoven's Septet. The club was assisted in the quintet by Mr. Krafft; in the septet by Messrs. Pourtau, Hackebarth, Litke, and Golde.

The rigid conservative might say of Mr. Loeffler's new composition, "Why quintet, when there is only one movement?" but such criticism would be carping and false. A quintet is a composition for five instruments or for five voices, accompanied or unaccompanied; it may be in 13 movements or in one movement. The very fact that there is but one movement is a welcome relief in these days when so many music-makers flog unwilling Pegasus to plod his weary way through four; and compel him to trot in sonata form, to walk seriously, to be skittish, and finally to galop.

If you ask what this piece by Mr. Loeffler means, the answer is, "The meaning is what you find in it."

Mr. Loeffler is a musician of fine fancy and exquisite taste. He has a highly developed sense of tonal color, and he chooses unexpected and original nuances. His music is never purely decorative. Neither is it program-music in the common acceptation of the phrase. Dearer to him is the form of expression than the thought itself. Not that his music is without substantial thought—far from it; but his hatred of the conventional terms, the "I take my pen in hand" and "Yours truly," is as marked as that of Chopin for a matter-of-fact modulation or a commonplace cadence.

The set rules and ordinances fret Mr. Loeffler. It is as though he said, "Nearly everything has been done in formal fashion. Music, today, when it is absolute, must give, first of all, impressions of tonal color." And in this strange and fascinating quintet it is not so much the opening with its masterly simplicity, not so much the wild, sad theme that suggests Russia—indeed, it may be a memory of a folk-song, for all I know—as it is the delightfully fresh and original treatment. Progressions that when analyzed might seem hair-raising, as arranged for the instruments give the ear a new pleasure. There is a sense of foreign tonality that hints to the hearer the future possibilities of music.

Is this quintet vague, a panorama of singularly colored episodes? Some may so regard it, and yet find in it delight. To me it is much more. It is music that takes one away from the routine of life, the petty cares and annoyances, the shiftings, the deceits. The melancholy of the strains is not pessimistic. There is no dismal attempt at dismal profundity. The hearer for a time is in a new world; he thinks new thoughts; he forgets players and surroundings. In a word Mr. Loeffler has composed music.

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The performance was admirable, and those assisting gave genuine assistance. To hear Beethoven's Septet played by such artists causes one to forget the purely academic nature of portions of the work. The time will come—may it come soon!—when only the second movement [illegible] serve in concert halls, the majority of [illegible] quartet of Schubert.

[97]

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Gustav Strube: Overture to Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," opus 8 (MS.) (First time.)

Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22.

Brahms: Serenade for Small Orchestra, in A major, opus 16.

Beethoven: a) Clärchens Tod, from "Egmont," opus 84.
b) Marcia alla Turca, from "Die Ruinen von Athen, opus 113.

Schubert: Overture in the Italian Style, in D major. (First time.)

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the pianist.

With the "Jungfrau von Orleans" overture Mr. Strube, for four years one of the first violins in the Symphony Orchestra, made his first bow here as a composer. He was educated in the Leipzig school, being a pupil of Reinecke and Jadassohn; but in this overture he makes a step well out of the circle of his school influences. The overture is essentially a modern work, in feeling, style, and aim; there is not a little of "storm and stress" in it, not a little of physical violence even. But, even at the first hearing, one gets the impression that the young composer knows remarkably well whither he is going and walks his chosen path with very firm step. There are many moments of genuine beauty in the work, some few of real power. Now and then a rather over-naïf turn in the harmony, a melodic phrase not wholly above the commonplace, may strike the ear; but, as a whole, the overture shows true force of feeling, coherency of expression, and a sense for musical beauty. In a word, it shows real talent. In the matter of orchestration, Mr. Strube seems already just on the verge of mastership. The score is full of experiments which remind one of things one has seen in the scores of many an older hand; things one has found to look very tempting on the written or printed page, but which sound very much like anything else you please; the difference with these experiments of Mr. Strube's is, however, that they always sound well, individual, and seem really worth while. Indeed, the scoring of this overture has a certain individual aroma almost throughout; it is not the scoring *du premier venu* who has studied the art to good purpose. That the overture is a work to stand we will not say; but it is a good earnest of the talent of a young man from whom not a little may be expected.

The performance of Brahms's serenade was a fiasco from beginning to end. Seldom have we seen an audience so bored, and, we will add, legitimately bored. We were bored ourselves, if you come to that. And this was all the more annoying because the work is essentially beautiful and ought, by rights, to bore nobody. This serenade for small orchestra (without violins) is really a magnified piece of chamber music; the wind instruments occupy the foreground nearly throughout, the mass of violas, 'cellis and double basses seldom rising above the level of an accompaniment. To put the thing upon an orchestral basis is to do it great wrong; in a large hall the absence of the violins soon becomes well-nigh intolerable; the orchestra has no cutting edge. And this was made all the worse by Mr. Paur's incomprehensibly more than doubling the ranks of the violas; there were twenty-one of them last Saturday evening—where the instruments came from, Heaven knows! It was like putting a double-wide mourning-edge upon the work. Let almost anyone who found the serenade dull and tedious on Saturday only hear it given, say in Bumstead Hall, with a normal mass of strings, and we think he will find pretty bright sunlight where all was November darkness before. And then, too, to give this serenade immediately after the immensely brilliant and telling orchestration of the Saint-Saens concerto! It was like Mendelssohn's bringing out one of Schumann's symphonies in Leipzig immediately after Rossini's overture to "Guillaume Tell."

From this point the programme became more and more incomprehensible. What has "Clärchens Tod," that exquisite little violet of homely pathos, to do all by itself on a symphony programme? And then to follow it up with the Turkish March! It was almost a desecration; all one could think of was a minature parody of a military funeral: sober sadness up to the grave, and rollicking jollity all the way home! The Schubert overture, too, was a mistake. It is a work to play through at a rehearsal, perhaps before a dozen or so of invited guests, and then lay aside; to parade it at a concert is to do the composer an injustice. All those ill-combined little scraps of themes which Schubert afterwards used to infinitely better purpose in other works seem pathetically comic here:—the phrase from "Rosamunde" in the introduction, and that terrible little hint in the coda at the glorious *stretto* of the first movement of the C major symphony. Of course there are movements of charm in the piece, it would not be Schubert's otherwise; but it is one of those works which the composer himself is the first to wish forgotten.

Saint-Saëns's G minor concerto still well maintains its place in the front rank of modern pianoforte concertos. Mrs. Beach played it very beautifully indeed; with an effectiveness that went far to pardon a certain feminine excessiveness in the employment of means. Few persons, for instance, can believe in the enormously slow tempo she took in the contrapuntal introduction to the first movement; it passed all rational bounds. And yet, in a certain sense, it paid; her playing of just this movement was particularly fine and impressive, finished down to the smallest details, yet well subordinating every detail to the total impression. She carries the movement through with conspicuous strength and coherency, with infinite artistic *savoir faire*; all that can be said on the other side is that one feels that the movement can be made to tell just as strongly with a less lavish outlay of means. Mrs. Beach's playing of the second movement was capital at every point. The third movement she takes at a far more moderate pace than the composer does: with gratifying results as far as clearness goes, but to the loss of a good deal of the effect. To hear Saint-Saëns himself play this movement is, as the Germans say, "to lose sight and hearing!" But, even at her slower tempo, there was no lack of real vim and vigor of accent. Upon the whole, we think Mrs. Beach has never done anything quite so fine yet as her playing of this concerto. She was repeatedly recalled after the close.

The next programme is: Handel, concerto grosso in G minor; Haydn, symphony No. 12 (B. & H.), in B-flat major; Mozart, overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail;" Beethoven, overture to "Die Weihe des Hauses;" Wagner, Centennial March. The public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, February 21, Friday being a holiday.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, 1895.

There were good things, considered individually, on the fifteenth Symphony programme, but the general effect of the concert was monotonous and dull.

The one real beauty of the occasion was Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's performance of Saint-Saens's second, or G minor, pianoforte concerto. She could hardly have chosen anything better calculated to show her development in the one particular in which her playing has hitherto seemed limited and restricted. To those who did not know the natural modesty and instinctive reserve which, united to her refined taste, have operated to hold her back from anything like display or abandon, her playing must sometimes have appeared so quiet in its emphasis and color as to come pretty near to being phlegmatic—certainly it was passionless. But in this bright, fanciful, merry and almost sportive work, Mrs. Beach advanced into a new manner, and her rendering—large, firm and strong in the unsustained introduction—was elsewhere light, dainty, lively, spirited and almost coquettish in its touch and turn. Nor were the broader and warmer passages confined or cold. Therefore the whole concerto had an appropriately animated, cheery, gay and entertaining presentation. Mrs. Beach's tone was always pure and sweet and the more difficult technicalities—for Saint Saens never forgets to give his player's virtuosity a chance—were clear and commanding in her execution.

The concert began with a new "Maid of Orleans" overture by Mr. Gustave Strube, who sits in the fifth row of the first violins and has a certain pleasant reputation as player, teacher and composer. In the programme-book was one of those descriptions which fall into the "letter which killeth" category and ignore the spirit which giveth life. It told grimly how the music looks on paper, but it gave no clew as to what traits in the life of Joan of Arc or what episodes in her career had vitalized the author's thought to the point of composition. The overture might be roughly described as contrasting passages of etherial mildness against others of almost unmitigated ferocity, concluded by a brief strain of aspirant piety. Therefore it may be assumed that Mr. Strube intended to suggest in due sequence Joan's dreamy loneliness in De Quincey's "deep pastoral solitudes," the rumors of wars, the still almost unbroken quietude, the rush and crush of battle, the horror of fate and the placidity of death. If the performance was consistent with the author's ideas—and the reading which we heard on Friday afternoon seemed rather hitch-y, uncertain in attack and over-noisy in the combative portions,—his notions are better than his command of the means of their expression. The roaring fortissimi of all the brass, the rattle of three snare drums and the unrestrained demonstrativeness of kettle-drums and cymbals too often overcame even the most vigorous exertions of the rest of the band and pushed vehemence too nearly into noise. The overture has tunefulness and solid harmony; but it is excessive at times, and there are oddities of figure and of progression which give more shock than satisfaction in their sudden apparition. Yet the work shows thought and ability and gives encouraging promise.

The rest of the programme (for the concerto was the second number) went on without distinction, without enthusiasm and almost without interest. Its third number was that Serenade of Brahms for which the orchestra is compressed and tranquillized by the elimination of the violins. This makes a quaint and generally genial combination; but before the five movements are all done one feels as if this serenade would have exercised rather a soporific than an awakening influence. It is very melodious and gentle throughout, and one can be grateful to Brahms for having at any rate made no display of learning (although his art and skill are traceable throughout) and for having allowed sentiment to carry it over intellect.

Next Mr. Paur put, as a continuation of the still small voicings, Beethoven's "Death of Clarchen," from "Egmont," and followed this with the familiar "Turkish March." As this brought at last a bit of life and sparkle, it would have been well to stop the concert there. But no, another overture must needs be added—one of the two which Schubert wrote "in the Italian style." By that may be understood a short work with a calm slow tune to begin with and a neat fast one to wind up with, both supported on simple accompaniments and ending with a few mildly assertive measures. This was set down as a novelty, but people did not appear to care much about it, although they admitted its tuneful prettiness and fluency.

The orchestra generally played thoughtfully and discriminatingly, Mr. Strube was called out and complimented, and the programme-book--apparently under the delusion that the ingenious self-puffery of its editor's admired music teacher is one of those good things of which one cannot have too much—actually reprinted the very pages of egotism which were published and criticised a week ago!

The programme for next Saturday night is an extraordinary one. It stands thus in the announcement: Handel's "Concerto Grosso;" Haydn's twelfth symphony in B flat; two overtures—Mozart's "Entfuhrung aus dem Serail" and Beethoven's "Dedication of the House;" Wagner's "Centennial" march. Isn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

BOSTON HERALD.

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VOL. XCVII., NO. 50.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

Sixth in the Series at Union Hall—A Fine Performance.

The sixth in the current series of concerts by the Kneisel quartet took place in Union Hall last night. The programme was:

Quartet, D minor (op. posth.).....Schubert
Quintet (first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Septet (for strings and wind).....Beethoven

In the quintet Mr. William Craft assisted, and in the septet Mr. Leon Portean, clarinet, Mr. Albert Hacke Barthy, horn, Mr. Herman Litke, bassoon, and Mr. Emil Golde, contrabasso. There was a very large audience in attendance and it was exceptionally appreciative and enthusiastic in its applause through the concert. The Schubert quartet was exquisitely performed and in a spirit wholly in sympathy with the music. The work is long drawn out, especially in the first movement, which narrowly escapes becoming tiresome in spite of its beauty. The andante, with its strong suggestion of the allegretto con moto of Beethoven's symphony in A, was charmingly read and won a hearty round of applause; and the finale was given with fine vigor and variety of tone color. The quartet seems to have been written while the composer was strongly under the influence of Beethoven, for in the last movement that composer is again recalled by its principal subject, which bears a close resemblance to that of the finale of the Kreutzer Sonata.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet, which is in one movement, and is arranged for the unusual combination, three violins, a viola and a 'cello, is a work of equal force and originality. One may always expect something unconventional and piquant from Mr. Loeffler, and these qualities are prominent in this composition. It begins in a calm vein, with a theme that is almost pastoral in its quietness, but it speedily takes a more fiery and romantic turn, and revels in rhythmical and melodic eccentricities, while its interest is steadily sustained. In common with all the music by the composer that has been heard here, it has a striking individuality that is quite his own. He is notably felicitous in his skill in finding new combinations, and there are many exceedingly ingenious and effective passages, in which the tone color produced is as novel as it is impressive. The work is complicated, but is smoothly and clearly written, and it never loses its hold on the attention. There is a particularly fine moment after the "working out," where the violin and 'cello begin an impassioned conversation, and though the quintet is in the most advanced modern spirit, it shows no signs of labor, but has all the effect of spontaneity in conception and treatment. On the other hand, its design is not quite discoverable on a single hearing.

There appear to be too many episodes that are not well joined to the main design, and the result is somewhat fragmentary, suggesting at times a rhapsodic improvisation. A better acquaintance with a work that is so original and so far out of the beaten track would probably remove this impression. Be that as it may, the quintet is a masterly bit of musicianship, and well sustains the reputation that Mr. Loeffler has deservedly won by his fine 'cello concerto and his brilliant and unique divertissements for the violin. It was played con amore, and was applauded with great fervor, the artist being recalled, and the composer, who was seated in the hall, being compelled to rise in his place and bow his acknowledgments. The familiar Beethoven sextet was splendidly read and played, the warm, smooth and lovely tone of Mr. Portean being heard with fascinating results in the slow movement. It is possibly something very like heresy to write it, much more to believe it, but this work, despite its wealth of graceful melody and delightful effects, seems to have become thoroughly enveloped in an atmosphere of old fashion, and to have become almost quaint. It is a good old fashion, unquestionably, but it is depressing, nevertheless, to associate this especial phase of it with anything bearing the name of Beethoven. The seventh concert will take place Monday, March 18.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1895.

Kneisel Quartet.

A Boston musical audience seldom shows as much enthusiasm as was exhibited at the Kneisel quartet concert last night in Union hall. The concert was a specially attractive one and the audience even larger than usual.

There were only three numbers on the program, but every one of the three was interesting. First came the splendid Schubert quartet in D minor, which is superb at all times and was never played better, it is safe to say, than it was last night. The andante movement was perfect and the presto almost as good. The audience was so much pleased with the performance that Messrs Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroder were twice recalled.

The next number was played last night for the first time. It was the long-expected quintet by Mr Loeffler for three violins, viola and cello. Mr William Krafft of the Symphony orchestra played the third violin part.

Mr Loeffler was unfortunate in having his quintet heard immediately after the beautiful Schubert composition, but the audience was prepared to listen with favor and did so. Although there is but one movement to the quintet it contains material enough for a much longer composition, in fact the most severe criticism is that it contains too much material. Still it is well worth a hearing. The performers were recalled, and Mr Loeffler, who was in the audience, bowed his acknowledgments for the applause.

The Beethoven septet for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, cello and double bass completed the program. The players were Messrs Kneisel, Svecenski, Pourtau, Hackebarth, Litke, Schroeder and Golde. It is enough to say that the performance was all that could be desired.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

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TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1895.

The Kneisel Quartette Concert.

It is a misnomer to entitle the Kneisel concert, given in Union Hall last night, a "quartette" concert, for the organization grew from a quartette in the first number to a quintette in the second and a septette in the final work. It was, however, a red-letter occasion altogether, for Beethoven's Septette has never had so perfect a performance in this city.

It is not the most attractive work in the world to the present writer, for it belongs to Beethoven's first period, and the composer has not thrown off the Haydn style wholly in its measures, but it is brimful of difficulties, and to hear it played without blemish is the event of a lifetime.

Beethoven seems to have vented all his spleen on the horn in this work, and the rapid passages for this instrument in the trio of the minuet are almost impossible; yet Mr. Hackebarth played them clearly, and there was not a palpable slip in the horn part from beginning to end. The clarinette is also given much prominence all through the work, and Mr. Pourtau won new laurels by his clear playing. This artist has a purity of tone and a delicacy of shading that ranks him with the greatest in this field.

The contrabass is given much of the florid work which Beethoven afterwards continued in the fourth and fifth symphonies. Its pizzicato in the finale is also impressive. In all these points Mr. Golde was sure and effective.

The bassoon is not so prominent as the instruments above named, yet in the *adagio cantabile* it does some important work, and Mr. Lipke gave a smoother tone than is usual on this awkward instrument. Beethoven generally uses the bassoon when he is in a jesting mood, but there are no bassoon jokes in this work as there are in the sixth and eighth symphonies. Of course the strings played well, and it was a pleasure to find Mr. Kneisel's tone on that magnificent violin that he has acquired, broad enough to balance against the augmented forces. And now, since the Beethoven septette has been so well conquered, by all means let us have the Hummel septette, which is not inferior to it.

Next to this great performance, the interest centred in a new quintette by Mr. C. M. Loeffler. It was in a single movement, and was peculiar both in its shape and in the combination used—three violins against viola and violoncello. It seemed to outline three movements, or rather, after a beautiful intermezzo there came a partial recapitulation of themes, but in its strong contrasts and in its somewhat continuous development, it suggested the sonata(?) and symphonic vein of Liszt and Schumann. There was a thoroughly Slavonic flavor to some of the themes, and more than one Russian folk-dance was indicated.

Mr. Loeffler is at his best in such chamber-music, for he leads his voices easily and he develops his themes interestingly. A beautiful use of pastoral organpoint is made towards the latter part of the work, and the interest is sustained throughout.

The concert began with Schubert's D minor quartette. The first movement was not especially well played, but the andante, with its reminiscences of Schubert's own "Der Tod und das Maedchen," and its beautiful variations, was finely given, and the finale went with exceptional spirit. Continuous enthusiasm marked the public appreciation of the concert.

Boston Journal.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

Mr. Loeffler's Quintet Produced at a Kneisel Quartet Concert—The Second and Last Recital of Mrs. Elene Eaton.

The program of the sixth Kneisel Concert included Schubert's D minor quartet (op. posth); C. M. Loeffler's Quintet in one movement for 3 violins, viola and 'cello (MS. First time); and Beethoven's Septet. The club was assisted in the quintet by Mr. Krafft; in the septet by Messrs. Pourtau, Hackebarth, Litke, and Golde.

The rigid conservative might say of Mr. Loeffler's new composition, "Why quintet, when there is only one movement?" but such criticism would be carping and false. A quintet is a composition for five instruments or for five voices, accompanied or unaccompanied; it may be in 13 movements or in one movement. The very fact that there is but one movement is a welcome relief in these days when so many music-makers flog unwilling Pegasus to plod his weary way through four; and compel him to trot in sonata form, to walk seriously, to be skittish, and finally to galop.

If you ask what this piece by Mr. Loeffler means, the answer is, "The meaning is what you find in it."

Mr. Loeffler is a musician of fine fancy and exquisite taste. He has a highly developed sense of tonal color, and he chooses unexpected and original nuances. His music is never purely decorative. Neither is it program-music in the common acceptation of the phrase. Dearer to him is the form of expression than the thought itself. Not that his music is without substantial thought—far from it; but his hatred of the conventional terms, the "I take my pen in hand" and "Yours truly," is as marked as that of Chopin for a matter-of-fact modulation or a commonplace cadence.

The set rules and ordinances fret Mr. Loeffler. It is as though he said, "Nearly everything has been done in formal fashion. Music, today, when it is absolute, must give, first of all, impressions of tonal color." And in this strange and fascinating quintet it is not so much the opening with its masterly simplicity, not so much the wild, sad theme that suggests Russia—indeed, it may be a memory of a folk-song, for all I know—as it is the delightfully fresh and original treatment. Progressions that when analyzed might seem hair-raising, as arranged for the instruments give the ear a new pleasure. There is a sense of foreign tonality that hints to the hearer the future possibilities of music.

Is this quintet vague, a panorama of singularly colored episodes? Some may so regard it, and yet find in it delight. To me it is much more. It is music that takes one away from the routine of life, the petty cares and annoyances, the shiftings, the deceits. The melancholy of the strains is not pessimistic. There is no dismal attempt at dismal profundity. The hearer for a time is in a new world; he thinks new thoughts; he forgets players and surroundings. In a word Mr. Loeffler has composed music.

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The performance was admirable, and those assisting gave genuine assistance. To hear Beethoven's Septet played by such artists causes one to forget the purely academic nature of portions of the work. The time will come—may it come soon—when only the second movement will preserve in concert halls the memory of the D minor quartet of Schubert.

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INCOMPLETE

...Democratic Paper
...NEW ENGLAND.

...TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1895.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

At Union Hall last evening the Kneisel Quartet gave its sixth concert before an audience of the usual size and brilliance. The programme was one of the best that has been offered, and perhaps of particular interest because of a quintet by C. M. Loeffler for three violins, viola and 'cello, one of the movements being played for the first time.

The composition is of more than ordinary merit and was received with enthusiasm, in which the later movement shared. Beethoven's septet was magnificently rendered, and much praise is due to the artists for their work. The assisting artists were Krofft, Pourtan, Hackeburth, Litke and Golde. The next concert will be on Monday, March 18.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. William Krafft, Mr. Léon Pourtau, Mr. Albert Hackebarth, Mr. Herman Litke, and Mr. Emil Golde, gave the sixth concert of this, its tenth season in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows:

Schubert: Quartet in D minor (posthumous).
C. M. Loeffler: Quintet in one movement, for three violins, viola, and 'cello (MS.). (First time.)
Beethoven: Septet for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, 'cello and double bass, in E-flat major, opus 20.

The Schubert quartet was splendidly played, the Finale going with especial perfection of ensemble and vigor of accent.

That it would take much more than a single hearing to give one any adequate understanding of Mr. Loeffler's new quintet was evident enough, long before the movement was over. For one thing, one could almost have sworn to its authorship, even had it been kept a secret, as is the custom at first performances in France. The work is ear-marked "Loeffler" on every page; there can be no manner of doubt about its individuality. This was the first definite impression we got from it; the second and last was that it was, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of string-writing, as such, that we had ever heard. In the matter of ear-delighting euphony, in the way the composer has made all his five instruments sound their very sweetest and best, individually and collectively, the work seems almost unparalleled. It well-nigh passed belief that such a variety of exquisite tone-color could be drawn from five stringed instruments. The plan of writing for three violins and one viola (instead of two violins and two violas) is new, as far as we know; it has much to say for itself *à priori*, and Mr. Loeffler has certainly made it pay unspeakably well. What other impression we got from the work was exceedingly vague, even a little bewildering. Mr. Loeffler's well-known liking for exotic turns of melody and unusual effects of modal harmony shows itself here as plainly as ever; only we were constantly in doubt as to the true *animus* of the thing. Some of those old modal progressions may affect one in very different ways: either by a certain solemn impressiveness, or again by mere quaintness and oddness. In the same way, those curious Slavic turns of melody may seem extremely racy and expressive, or merely queer and verging on the comic, according to circumstances. And we own that we were constantly in doubt as to the composer's point of view: was he pouring out his whole soul, as in parts of the sextet, or was he revelling in some clever, *geistreich* musical *jeu d'esprit*? Was the work true poetry, or only the perfection of *vers de société*? We could not tell. Every time we tried to put salt upon the bird's tail, it wagged its tail out of the way. Only, of one thing we were tolerably sure: there was really *something* there which escaped us; the work seemed to have some real meaning, though precisely what it was we could by no means make out. Music that is merely superficial and trivial makes a very different first impression. Moreover, we could not help the feeling that the composer himself knew perfectly well what he was saying, and really had something to say. Let us hear the movement again and again, and then we may have something to say about it, too. It was played to perfection.

How many years is it since Beethoven's septet has been played here in public? It seems a good many. Mr. Kneisel's plan of giving only four movements strikes us as admirable. The work contains the regular four movements of the fully developed sonata form, and the two intercalated movements, lovely though they be, always seemed to us to detract from the total impression, both by loosening the form and by making the work too long. The only question in our mind is just which movements it is best to choose. About the first *Allegro*, the *Adagio cantabile*, and the final *Presto* there can be no doubt; they must stand. It seems equally plain that the *Andante con Variazioni* should go. Remains to be considered what shall stand as the third movement; shall it be the *Tempo di Menuetto*, or the Scherzo: *Allegro molto vivace*? Mr. Kneisel chose the former; but we must say we should have preferred the latter. Delightful as the Minuet is, we think the Scherzo more piquant, racy, and better fitted for the place. To be sure, it necessitates the clarinet-player's shifting to the little E-flat clarinet; but that is a minor matter. Still the Minuet is beautiful music, and fits well into the four-movement sonata scheme; only we had rather miss it than miss the Scherzo. But what an admirable work of genius this sextet is! It has as much life in it now as it had fifty years ago. It was superbly played. Mr. Pourtau outdid himself in beauty of tone and perfect grace of phrasing; and, if we mention him specially, it is because the clarinet has the most prominent single part in the work. But all the others did admirably, and the great composition was shown forth in all its wondrous beauty. It was an hour to be long remembered.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1895.

THE program of the fifteenth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Overture to Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans, op. 3.....Strube
(MS., first time.)
Concerto for piano, No. 2, in G minor, op. 22.....Saint-Saëns
Serenade for small orchestra, in A major, op. 16.....Brahms
Clärchen's Death, from Egmont, op. 84 .....Beethoven
Marcia alla Turca, from Die Ruinen von Athen, op. 113
Overture in the Italian style, in D major.....Schubert

The program book gave this information about Mr. Strube:

Gustav Strube was born at Ballenstedt, a little town in Anhalt, not far from Halberstadt, on March 3, 1867, and is still living in Boston. His father was town musician in his native place, and it was from him that he got his first musical instruction. Afterward Strube studied four years at the Conservatorium in Leipsic: the violin under Adolf Brodsky, the piano under Alois Keckendorf, and composition under Karl Reinecke and Salomon Jadassohn. After leaving the institution, he went to Mannheim, where he was engaged as teacher at the Conservatory. In 1891 he came to the United States, and has been since then one of the first violins in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Strube's overture is entitled The Maid of Orleans. How many musical crimes have been committed in thy name, oh, maid of mystic visions and fiery death!

There are the operas: Das Mädchen von Orleans, Volckert, Vienna, 1817; Johanna d'Arc, Hoven (pseudonym of von Püttlingen), Vienna, 1840; Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Langert, Coburg, 1860; Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Reznicek, Prague, 1887; Jeanne d'Arc à Orleans, Kreutzer, Paris, 1790; also by Carafa, Paris, 1821; Jeanne d'Arc, Beaulieu, Paris, 1853; also by Duprez, Paris, 1865, and Mermet, Paris, 1876; Giovanna d'Arco, Andreozzi, 1789; also by Vacca, Venice, 1827; Pacini, Milan, 1830, and by Verdi, Milan, 1845; Joan of Arc, Balfe, London, 1837. Tschaikowsky wrote a Russian opera on this same subject, produced in St. Petersburg, 1881.

There are these ballets: Joan of Arc, Reeve, London, 1798; Giovanni d'Arco, by Brambilla, Lichtenthal and Vigano, Milan, 1821: Johanna d'Arc, by Von Gallenberg, Vienna, 1821.

Widor wrote the music for a pantomime, Jeanne d'Arc, produced in Paris, 1890.

Gounod wrote the music for Barbier's tragedy, Jeanne d'Arc, Paris, 1873.

Godard wrote the music for Faber's tragedy, Jeanne d'Arc, Paris, 1891.

There are cantatas: Joan d'Arc, by Lee, Hamburg, 1860; Joan of Arc, Gaul, Birmingham, 1887.

Sterndale Bennett wrote a piano sonata entitled The Maid of Orleans.

Then there is Moszkowski's Symphonic poem, Johanna d'Arc, produced in Berlin in 1877. There are the Symphonische Illustrationen to Schiller's tragedy, Jungfrau von Orleans, by Thadewaldt, produced in Dresden, 1886.

Schiller's tragedy has been supplied with incidental music by B. A. Weber, Berlin, 1801 (the first performance of the tragedy); Destouches, Weimar, 1803; G. A. Schneider, Berlin, 1825; Max Seifriz (first in complete form in Stuttgart, 1872); Leopold Damrosch, Weimar, 1857; Max Bruch, Cologne, 1859, and Södermann.

Overtures by Karl Wagner about 1820, Darmstadt; Moscheles, London, 1835; J. Klein, Cologne, 1843–4; Pierson, Leipsic, 1870.

Coronation marches by H. Geisler, Mair, von Oertzen.

The scene Lebt wohl, ihr Berge, by Zumsteeg, Reichardt, Bornhardt, von Wickede. The monologue Die Waffen ruhn, by Schulz, Reichardt and Andreas Romberg.

Ouf!

* * *

The overture of Mr. Strube is pictorial; and yet he shows respect for form. Given the title and a knowledge of Schiller's tragedy and the hearer can recognize easily the pastoral maidenhood, the foreign invasion, the shock of arms, the exalted maid—to-day she would be regarded as a neurotic, an hysterical who might easily be a pyromaniac or a kleptomaniac—the death according to Schiller. Mr. Strube's music is for the most part fresh and interesting. He is never pedantic for pedantry's sake, and the work shows considerable imagination. It is perhaps a little diffuse, and the last measures might be re-scored with advantage. The work, dedicated to Mr. Paur, was well received by the audience.

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The other numbers of the concert do not demand attention. The serenade by Brahms tried the endurance of the confirmed Brahmsites; to the unregenerate it was an unmitigated bore. The concerto by Saint-Säens is a work beyond the graceful flight of Mrs. Blach. The concert as a whole was dull.

But look at the program of last week Saturday: Händel, Concerto Grosso; Haydn, symphony No. 12, in B flat; Mozart, overture, Entführung aus dem Serail; Beethoven, overture, Dedication of the House; Wagner, Centennial March. Come, come, Mr. Paur, this will never do! Even the people of Leipsic fare better.

[98]

...DAY, FEB. ...1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. Cesar Thomson Met with a Warm Reception Last Evening.

There was a large attendance last night at the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the extra auditors being drawn out by the announcement of Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso, as the soloist for the occasion. Mr. Thomson's tour in this country has been a series of uninterrupted musical triumphs. Though possessed of a towering reputation abroad, he came here—so far, at least, as the general public was concerned—comparatively unheralded and unknown. Hhe has won his way entirely on his artistic merits, without the aid of any clap-trap in the way of advertising or romance—invested personality, and in face of a strong

M. CESAR THOMSON.

rival attraction in the person of his fellow-artist and countryman, Ysaye. There has been absolutely no attempt at discussion or dissection of his abilities, so complete has been the recognition of his marvellous mastery of that king of solo instruments, the violin. So that it was quite to be expected that the regular symphony audience would be largely increased last night, and the only wonder is that a vacant seat was to be found in Infantry Hall.

The programme was an interesting one, and, though somewhat longer than the average, was of such pleasant variety and contrast and so thoroughly well performed that the enjoyment of the listeners was sustained to the very end. The numbers were as follows:

Symphony in G major, No. 13....Josef Haydn
1. Adagio (G major).
Allegro (G major).
2. Largo (D major).
3. Menuetto: Allegretto (G major).
Trio (G major).
4. Finale: Allegro con spirato (G major).
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Concerto for violin, in A minor, op. 28.....
.....Karl Goldmark
1. Allegro moderato (A minor).
2. Air: Andante (G major).
3. Moderato (A minor).
Allegretto (A minor).
"L'Arlesienne," orchestral suite, No. 1....
.....Georges Bizet
1. Prelude: Allegro deciso; tempo di marcia (C minor).
Andante molto (A-flat major).
Un peu moins lent (C major).
2. Minuetto: Allegro giocoso (E-flat major).
3. Adagietto: Adagio (F major).
4. Carillon: Allegretto moderato (E major).
Overture, "The Roman Carnival," in A major, op. 9.....Hector Berlioz

The symphony by Haydn, which opened the concert, is full of freshness, vigor and tunefulness, like all the works of that great master. He was not only the creator of the orchestral symphony—or rather the adapter of the sonata form to symphonic requirements—but also by far the most voluminous composer of that class of works who has ever lived. One cannot help wondering if there is not something well worth the hearing among the 150 symphonies he is said to have composed (it is certain that the number exceeds 120) aside from the dozen or so that are commonly found on our concert programmes. For none of the great composers excel him in the evenly good quality of his work. Whatever he wrote was, if not of greatest scope or deepest meaning, at least never trivial; his fount of melody never ran dry, and his mastery of musical form and his skill in instrumentation were of the highest order. The symphony played last night is a fair, though by no means the best, example of his style, and, like many others, betrays his fondness for the string orchestra, upon which the weight of the work is put. As for its performance, it was unexceptionable, save that it may be said that Mr. Paur's fondness for extreme dynamic effects does not fit in with Haydn's music so well as with that of the modern school. A brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture followed, after which came forward to play the man whom the musical contingent had honored by turning out for once in full force.

Goldmark's A-minor concerto, which Mr. Thomson selected for his number, cannot be said to rank with the greatest half dozen concertos for the violin, either for its general musical worth or for pleasing opportunities afforded the virtuoso. It is difficult enough, without doubt; it calls for abounding technic, but even the tours de force are not of a sort to impress the listener with the relieved sense of mighty obstacles safely and skillfully surmounted. The second movement is by far the best, with its fine contrast of broadly flowing cantilena and lively melody; here, too, the orchestration does not so often tend to submerge the solo violin as in the first and the final movements. Mr. Thomson revealed himself at once as a complete master of his instrument. Rumors preceded him to this country that although he was undeniably a player of astounding technical ability, he lacked something of the warmth and grace that belong to a truly great artist. It is hard to see where any such criticism would hold. If one allows himself to be influenced by the personal appearance of the man, his quiet demeanor and utter lack of all "staginess," that impassive face ever hovering over the violin some such idea might be suggested. But a closer attention to the marvellous things he is doing with the instrument tell another story. Not only is there absolute accuracy and flawless purity in every tone, but a nicety of expression, a subtlety of nuance and a wealth of meaning that call for as great admiration as the quiet ease with which he surmounts every technical difficulty. Mr. Thompson is, in every sense of the word, a great artist, and, as those who have heard him play extended programmes know, at home in all schools. He was most enthusiastically received, and forced to bow his acknowledgements repeatedly at the close of the concerto.

The remaining numbers of the programme were charming in themselves and delightfully played by the orchestra, which was certainly on its mettle last evening. The final concert for this season takes place on the evening of

...WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1895.

THAT NEW MUSIC HALL.

Its Stockholders Meet in Bumstead Hall and Decide to Let Matters Remain as They Are for the Present—Officers Elected.

An extremely small proportion of the stockholders of the new Boston Music Hall attended the annual meeting at noon today in Bumstead Hall, and the rows of empty chairs seemed to indicate that the interest with which the project was inaugurated had largely died away. After Colonel Henry L. Higginson, the president of the company, had called the meeting to order, the record of the last meeting and the report of the treasurer were read by Charles E. Cotting, the clerk and treasurer of the corporation. His statement of the finances of the company has already been published. In reply to the questions asked about various items by Charles P. Curtis, Mr. Cotting gave, by means of the treasurer's books, a detailed statement of how the various expenses were incurred. Among the items mentioned by him were $2000 paid to McKim, Mead & White, the architects, as a commission, and $2600 paid to T. Dennie Boardman for securing subscriptions.

The report of the subscription committee was read by Edward W. Hooper. He stated that of 406 subscribers 385 had paid all that was asked of them by the committee; 363 persons had paid in $207,450, of which $200,000 had been issued in stock and the balance of $7450 deposited in the Merchants' National Bank. One person who had subscribed $10,000 had paid nothing as yet, although it was stated that a payment was to be made shortly. Another person, who had subscribed $2500, was dead, and his heirs were only willing to pay $1000. A third person, who had subscribed $1000, refused to make any payment, on the ground that the old Music Hall had not been taken for the purposes of the transit commission, and that therefore the need of a new hall was not pressing. In all twenty-one persons had failed to pay anything on account of their subscriptions, and some of these declined to do so for the reason assigned by the $1000 subscriber already mentioned. Mr. Hooper suggested that the directors were uncertain how to act with regard to these recalcitrant subscribers. Mr. Curtis moved that the directors should be instructed to follow the advice of counsel in regard to these unpaid subscriptions, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Hooper then said that an expression of views as to the future course to be taken by the company was desirable. There were three courses that could be followed: One was to go ahead and build the new hall; but this was open to serious objection so long as the old hall remained standing. It was probable that a new hall, under such conditions, would not clear even its running expenses. Another course was to wind up the affairs of the corporation as speedily as possible. The third course was to allow matters to remain in the same position that they were in now.

Colonel Higginson said that at the time the ground for a new Music Hall was bought, it was felt that such a purchase was necessary, as the outlook was that, unless such a step were taken Boston would be without any hall. Tremont Temple had been burned; and in the opinion of those best calculated to know about the matter, the old Music Hall was soon to be taken to make way for an elevated railroad. The site secured for the new Music Hall was an excellent one; the property was valuable and was increasing in value; there had already been a slight increase, and the prospect was that there would be a much greater increase, enough to pay a fair interest on the investment if it ever became desirable to sell the land. He was, therefore, in favor of allowing the project to remain as it was at the present time. Mr. Curtis and others present concurred in this view of the matter, and the election of officers was then proceeded with and resulted as follows: Treasurer and clerk, Charles E. Cotting; directors, Henry L. Higginson, Edward W. Hooper, Henry F. Sears, William S. Bigelow and Charles E. Cotting.

INCOMPLETE

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1895.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

At Union Hall last evening the Kneisel Quartet gave its sixth concert before an audience of the usual size and brilliance.

The programme was one of the best that has been offered, and perhaps of particular interest because of a quintet by C. M. Loeffler for three violins, viola and 'cello, one of the movements being played for the first time.

The composition is of more than ordinary merit and was received with enthusiasm, in which the later movement shared. Beethoven's septet was magnificently rendered, and much praise is due to the artists for their work. The assisting artists were Krofft, Pourtan, Hackebarth, Litke and Golde. The next concert will be on Monday, March 18.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1895.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. William Krafft, Mr. Léon Pourtau, Mr. Albert Hackebarth, Mr. Herman Litke, and Mr. Emil Golde, gave the sixth concert of this, its tenth season in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows:

Schubert: Quartet in D minor (posthumous).
C. M. Loeffler: Quintet (in one movement, for three violins, viola, and 'cello (MS.). (First time.)
Beethoven: Septet for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, 'cello and double bass, in E-flat major, opus 20.

The Schubert quartet was splendidly played, the Finale going with especial perfection of ensemble and vigor of accent.

That it would take much more than a single hearing to give one any adequate understanding of Mr. Loeffler's new quintet was evident enough, long before the movement was over. For one thing, one could almost have sworn to its authorship, even had it been kept a secret, as is the custom at first performances in France. The work is ear-marked "Loeffler" on every page; there can be no manner of doubt about its individuality. This was the first definite impression we got from it; the second and last was that it was, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of string-writing, as such, that we had ever heard. In the matter of ear-delighting euphony, in the way the composer has made all his five instruments sound their very sweetest and best, individually and collectively, the work seems almost unparalleled. It well-nigh passed belief that such a variety of exquisite tone-color could be drawn from five stringed instruments. The plan of writing for three violins and one viola (instead of two violins and two violas) is new, as far as we know; it has much to say for itself *à priori*, and Mr. Loeffler has certainly made it pay unspeakably well. What other impression we got from the work was exceedingly vague, even a little bewildering. Mr. Loeffler's well-known liking for exotic turns of melody and unusual effects of modal harmony shows itself here as plainly as ever; only we were constantly in doubt as to the true *animus* of the thing. Some of those old modal progressions may affect one in very different ways: either by a certain solemn impressiveness, or again by mere quaintness and oddness. In the same way, those curious Slavic turns of melody may seem extremely racy and expressive, or merely queer and verging on the comic, according to circumstances. And we own that we were constantly in doubt as to the composer's point of view: was he pouring out his whole soul, as in parts of the sextet, or was he revelling in some clever, *geistreich* musical *jeu d'esprit?* Was the work true poetry, or only the perfection of *vers de société?* We could not tell. Every time we tried to put salt upon the bird's tail, it wagged its tail out of the way. Only, of one thing we were tolerably sure: there was really *something* there which escaped us; the work seemed to have some real meaning, though precisely what it was we could by no means make out. Music that is merely superficial and trivial makes a very different first impression. Moreover, we could not help the feeling that the composer himself knew perfectly well what he was saying, and really had something to say. Let us hear the movement again and again, and then we may have something to say about it, too. It was played to perfection.

How many years is it since Beethoven's septet has been played here in public? It seems a good many. Mr. Kneisel's plan of giving only four movements strikes us as admirable. The work contains the regular four movements of the fully developed sonata form, and the two intercalated movements, lovely though they be, always seemed to us to detract from the total impression, both by loosening the form and by making the work too long. The only question in our mind is just which movements it is best to choose. About the first *Allegro*, the *Adagio cantabile*, and the final *Presto* there can be no doubt; they must stand. It seems equally plain that the *Andante con Variazioni* should go. Remains to be considered what shall stand as the third movement; shall it be the *Tempo di Menuetto*, or the Scherzo: *Allegro molto vivace?* Mr. Kneisel chose the former; but we must say we should have preferred the latter. Delightful as the Minuet is, we think the Scherzo more piquant, racy, and better fitted for the place. To be sure, it necessitates the clarinet-player's shifting to the little E-flat carinet; but that is a minor matter. Still the Minuet is beautiful music, and fits well into the four-movement sonata scheme; only we had rather miss it than miss the Scherzo. But what an admirable work of genius this sextet is! It has as much life in it now as it had fifty years ago. It was superbly played. Mr. Pourtau outdid himself in beauty of tone and perfect grace of phrasing; and, if we mention him specially, it is because the clarinet has the most prominent single part in the work. But all the others did admirably, and the great composition was shown forth in all its wondrous beauty. It was an hour to be long remembered.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1895.

THE program of the fifteenth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Overture to Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans, op. 8.....Strube
(MS., first time.)
Concerto for piano, No. 2, in G minor, op. 22.....Saint-Saëns
Serenade for small orchestra, in A major, op. 16.....Brahms
Clärchen's Death, from Egmont, op. 84 .....} ...Beethoven
Marcia alla Turca, from Die Ruinen von Athen, op. 113 }
Overture in the Italian style, in D major.....Schubert

The program book gave this information about Mr. Strube:

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Mr. Strube's overture is entitled The Maid of Orleans. How many musical crimes have been committed in thy name, oh, maid of mystic visions and fiery death!

There are the operas: Das Mädchen von Orleans, Volckert, Vienna, 1817; Johanna d'Arc, Hoven (pseudonym of von Püttlingen), Vienna, 1840; Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Langert, Coburg, 1860; Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Reznicek, Prague, 1887; Jeanne d'Arc à Orleans, Kreutzer, Paris, 1790; also by Carafa, Paris, 1821; Jeanne d'Arc, Beaulieu, Paris, 1853; also by Duprez, Paris, 1865, and Mermet, Paris, 1876; Giovanna d'Arco, Andreozzi, 1789; also by Vacca, Venice, 1827; Pacini, Milan, 1830, and by Verdi, Milan, 1845; Joan of Arc, Balfe, London, 1837. Tschaikowsky wrote a Russian opera on this same subject, produced in St. Petersburg, 1881.

There are these ballets: Joan of Arc, Reeve, London, 1798; Giovanni d'Arco, by Brambilla, Lichtenthal and Vigano, Milan, 1821: Johanna d'Arc, by Von Gallenberg, Vienna, 1821.

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Gounod wrote the music for Barbier's tragedy, Jeanne d'Arc, Paris, 1873.

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Then there is Moszkowski's Symphonic poem, Johanna d'Arc, produced in Berlin in 1877. There are the Symphonische Illustrationen to Schiller's tragedy, Jungfrau von Orleans, by Thadewaldt, produced in Dresden, 1886.

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Overtures by Karl Wagner about 1820, Darmstadt; Moscheles, London, 1835; J. Klein, Cologne, 1843-4; Pierson, Leipsic, 1870.

Coronation marches by H. Geisler, Mair, von Oertzen.

The scene Lebt wohl, ihr Berge, by Zumsteeg, Reichardt, Bornhardt, von Wickede. The monologue Die Waffen ruhn, by Schulz, Reichardt and Andreas Romberg.

Ouf!

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But look at the program of last week Saturday: Händel, Concerto Grosso; Haydn, symphony No. 12, in B flat; Mozart, overture, Entführung aus dem Serail; Beethoven, overture, Dedication of the House; Wagner, Centennial March. Come, come, Mr. Paur, this will never do! Even the people of Leipsic fare better.

[98]

PROVIDENCE [illegible]

THURSDAY, FEBR[illegible]21, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. Cesar Thomson Met with a Warm Reception Last Evening.

There was a large attendance last night at the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the extra auditors being drawn out by the announcement of Cesar Thomson, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso, as the soloist for the occasion. Mr. Thomson's tour in this country has been a series of uninterrupted musical triumphs. Though possessed of a towering reputation abroad, he came here—so far, at least, as the general public was concerned—comparatively unheralded and unknown. Hhe has won his way entirely on his artistic merits, without the aid of any clap-trap in the way of advertising or romance—invested personality, and in face of a strong

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rival attraction in the person of his fellow-artist and countryman, Ysaye. There has been absolutely no attempt at discussion or dissection of his abilities, so complete has been the recognition of his marvellous mastery of that king of solo instruments, the violin. So that it was quite to be expected that the regular symphony audience would be largely increased last night, and the only wonder is that a vacant seat was to be found in Infantry Hall.

The programme was an interesting one, and, though somewhat longer than the average, was of such pleasant variety and contrast and so thoroughly well performed that the enjoyment of the listeners was sustained to the very end. The numbers were as follows:

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1. Adagio (G major).
Allegro (G major).
2. Largo (D major).
3. Menuetto; Allegretto (G major).
Trio (G major).
4. Finale: Allegro con spirato (G major).
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Concerto for violin, in A minor, op. 28.....
.....Karl Goldmark
1. Allegro moderato (A minor).
2. Air: Andante (G major).
3. Moderato (A minor).
Allegretto (A minor).
"L'Arlesienne," orchestral suite, No. 1....
.....Georges Bizet
1. Prelude: Allegro deciso; tempo di marcia (C minor).
Andante molto (A-flat major).
Un peu moins lent (C major).
2. Minuetto: Allegro giocoso (E-flat major).
3. Adagietto: Adagio (F major).
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The symphony by Haydn, which opened the concert, is full of freshness, vigor and tunefulness, like all the works of that great master. He was not only the creator of the orchestral symphony—or rather the adapter of the sonata form to symphonic requirements—but also by far the most voluminous composer of that class of works who has ever lived. One cannot help wondering if there is not something well worth the hearing among the 150 symphonies he is said to have composed (it is certain that the number exceeds 120) aside from the dozen or so that are commonly found on our concert programmes. For none of the great composers excel him in the evenly good quality of his work. Whatever he wrote was, if not of greatest scope or deepest meaning, at least never trivial; his fount of melody never ran dry, and his mastery of musical form and his skill in instrumentation were of the highest order. The symphony played last night is a fair, though by no means the best, example of his style, and, like many others, betrays his fondness for the string orchestra, upon which the weight of the work is put. As for its performance, it was unexceptionable, save that it may be said that Mr. Paur's fondness for extreme dynamic effects does not fit in with Haydn's music so well as with that of the modern school. A brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture followed, after which came forward to play the man whom the musical contingent had honored by turning out for once in full force.

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Boston Transcript

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An extremely small proportion of the stockholders of the new Boston Music Hall attended the annual meeting at noon today in Bumstead Hall, and the rows of empty chairs seemed to indicate that the interest with which the project was inaugurated had largely died away. After Colonel Henry L. Higginson, the president of the company, had called the meeting to order, the record of the last meeting and the report of the treasurer were read by Charles E. Cotting, the clerk and treasurer of the corporation. His statement of the finances of the company has already been published. In reply to the questions asked about various items by Charles P. Curtis, Mr. Cotting gave, by means of the treasurer's books, a detailed statement of how the various expenses were incurred. Among the items mentioned by him were $2000 paid to McKim, Mead & White, the architects, as a commission, and $2600 paid to T. Dennie Boardman for securing subscriptions.

The report of the subscription committee was read by Edward W. Hooper. He stated that of 406 subscribers 385 had paid all that was asked of them by the committee; 363 persons had paid in $207,450, of which $200,000 had been issued in stock and the balance of $7450 deposited in the Merchants' National Bank. One person who had subscribed $10,000 had paid nothing as yet, although it was stated that a payment was to be made shortly. Another person, who had subscribed $2500, was dead, and his heirs were only willing to pay $1000. A third person, who had subscribed $1000, refused to make any payment, on the ground that the old Music Hall had not been taken for the purposes of the transit commission, and that therefore the need of a new hall was not pressing. In all twenty-one persons had failed to pay anything on account of their subscriptions, and some of these declined to do so for the reason assigned by the $1000 subscriber already mentioned. Mr. Hooper suggested that the directors were uncertain how to act with regard to these recalcitrant subscribers. Mr. Curtis moved that the directors should be instructed to follow the advice of counsel in regard to these unpaid subscriptions, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Hooper then said that an expression of views as to the future course to be taken by the company was desirable. There were three courses that could be followed: One was to go ahead and build the new hall; but this was open to serious objection so long as the old hall remained standing. It was probable that a new hall, under such conditions, would not clear even its running expenses. Another course was to wind up the affairs of the corporation as speedily as possible. The third course was to allow matters to remain in the same position that they were in now.

Colonel Higginson said that at the time the ground for a new Music Hall was bought, it was felt that such a purchase was necessary, as the outlook was that, unless such a step were taken Boston would be without any hall. Tremont Temple had been burned; and in the opinion of those best calculated to know about the matter, the old Music Hall was soon to be taken to make way for an elevated railroad. The site secured for the new Music Hall was an excellent one; the property was valuable and was increasing in value; there had already been a slight increase, and the prospect was that there would be a much greater increase, enough to pay a fair interest on the investment if it ever became desirable to sell the land. He was, therefore, in favor of allowing the project to remain as it was at the present time. Mr. Curtis and others present concurred in this view of the matter, and the election of officers was then proceeded with and resulted as follows: Treasurer and clerk, Charles E. Cotting; directors, Henry L. Higginson, Edward W. Hooper, Henry F. Sears, William S. Bigelow and Charles E. Cotting.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1895.

STORY OF A GRAND PIANO

It Happened at the Academy of Music in February Last.

ON A BOSTON SYMPHONY NIGHT

The Sudden Demand by Which Manager Ellis and Mr. Comee Were Confronted and How They Managed to Satisfy It.

(From the Boston Herald.)

It was at Philadelphia, not long ago, and Mrs. Julia Wyman was the soloist. It had been decided that to save the singer the trouble of coming over to Boston to rehearse she should meet them in Philadelphia, and run over her songs with the orchestra in the half-hour before the doors were thrown open, the musicians being called for that purpose at seven o'clock.

The orchestra is very popular in Philadelphia, and the sale of rush seats is always about like that here when Melba or Ysaye are the soloists. It is the custom to open the doors at 7.30 o'clock to admit the rushers. It is the habit of Fred Comee, the assistant manager of the orchestra, to saunter over to the hall at about 7.25 o'clock, see that everything is all right—that the hall is there, the lights and heat in place—and then order the doors open.

On this evening, with the fact that the house was to be tremendous, aiding a good dinner to digest, he pursued his usual habit. He found a great crowd outside. The officer in charge said to him: "You must open these doors at once; the crowd is blocking the street." "All right," was Comee's reply, "just let me see that everything is serene."

He went into the hall. There he found Paur bathed in perspiration, Mrs. Wyman nearly in hysterics, and the orchestra with a general air of demoralization. The orchestra parts of Mrs. Wyman's songs were so bad that they could not be used. "I must have a piano," was the conductor's demand.

It is the etiquette of the manager never to contradict the conductor—just before a concert. So Comee smiled reassuringly, just as if he had been asked for the time. Indeed, he put his hand into his pocket as if about to say "Have a piano with me," but he only replied, "All right, Mr. Paur."

Calmness cleared the air. The orchestra filed off the stage to the artist's room, Mrs. Wyman went to wipe her eyes—and probably to powder her nose—and the assistant manager ordered the doors open, as if all was right, and then he started on a run for the hotel to find Ellis. He was just dressing. "Paur wants a piano," exclaimed Comee, explaining about the orchestral parts.

Nothing phases Ellis. His immaculate shirt front never even crackled, and not a hair came out of place. "All right," was his only reply, as he got into his coat.

It was then 7.40 o'clock. The concert began at 8. In the natural course of the programme, at 8.15, Mrs. Wyman would be on the stage, and there must be a piano or she would have to sing unaccompanied. Everything was closed up. There was no piano in the building where the hall was.

At quarter before eight Comee and Ellis were back in the hall, allowing Mr. Paur to infer from their manner that the piano was right at their heels, and explaining to the man who makes their announcements from the stage, when there were any to be made, that he was to go out after the overture and announce that as the orchestral parts to Mrs. Wyman's songs had not arrived, the singer would appear after instead of before the symphony, and sing with a piano accompaniment.

Just opposite the hall there was a club, and some about the hall knew that the club had bought a new piano, which had just been put in. They rushed over there. There were two men in the club, both equally willing to lend the piano, but both equally without authority to do any such thing. That settled that.

They jumped into a cab, with the piano, for all they could see, a hundred miles away, and Mrs. Wyman's song coming nearer and nearer. They told the driver to go like mad to Steinway's, hoping to find some one there. The Jehu started, at a great pace, in the wrong direction, but they even felt it would be a loss of time to stop him and turn him about, and just at that moment behold there was another piano wareroom. It was lighted up. In the doorway stood one of the firm, and—on a dray in front of the building was a grand piano, which half a dozen men were just preparing to move into the shop.

In a flash they tumbled out of the cab and rushed up to the piano man, and almost sooner than it takes to tell it that piano, which had just come in from out of town, was turned about and headed for the hall.

The overture was within two minutes of its finale, when ten men lugged the big wooden music box into the corridor, and, at the conclusion, it was quietly put on the platform, wheeled into place, and Mrs. Wyman, accompanied by Zach, came on in her proper turn in the programme, sung her songs, and no one in the audience knew a rush at fate the managers had had, how near the programme had come to being unset[illegible]

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It is incidents of this sort that relieve the travelling of the Symphony Orchestra of monotony, and prevent its managers from taking on a superabundance of flesh.

Boston Journal.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

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The Telegram.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

PROVIDENCE TELEGRAM PUB. CO.,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Cesar Thomson, Violinist, Heartily Greeted at Infantry Hall.

The fifth in the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Infantry hall last evening was attended by an audience that nearly filled the big enclosure. It was small wonder, however, for the great Belgian violin virtuoso, Cesar Thomson, was the soloist. His triumphal march from success to success, from city to city, throughout the country had been heralded, and the music-loving people of Providence awaited eagerly his advent.

The applause given Mr. Thomson was hearty and spontaneous, elicited by the master touch of the divinely-inspired musician. Strains magic, sweet, delicate, weird and powerful held the listeners in a spell, to awaken into a gradual thunder of applause, for the magnetism of such music could not be dispelled abruptly.

Mr. Thomson was obliged to bow acknowledgments to evidences of well-merited admiration three times.

The orchestral selections were rendered in the usual excellent way of the Boston Symphony.

The program was:

Josef Haydn.....Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13.)
Mendelssohn.....Overture, "Fingal's Cave"
Karl Goldmark.....Concerto for violin, in A minor, op. 28
Georges Bizet.....
"L'Arlesienne," Orchestral Suite, No. 1
Hector Berlioz.....Overture,
"The Roman Carnival," in A major, op. 9

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, Feb. 23, 1895.

MRS. BEACH AT THE SYMPHONY.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's appearance at the Symphony concert is always an event of interest to Boston music-lovers, as well as to all who feel a local pride in the attainments of a woman who has made for herself such a reputation as a player and as a composer as Mrs. Beach has. Saint-Saens' is in the front rank of modern piano-forte concertos; and Mrs. Beach played it with fire, understanding and breadth of sympathy. Indeed, one critic—and that the best and most exacting musical critic in town—says she has never done anything quite so fine, in the way of piano-playing, as her performance of this concerto. In the Scherzo, especially, she played with a remarkably fine and delicate grace of technique, and a keen and artistic sympathy with the composer.

As Miss Amy Marcy Cheney, Mrs. Beach gave wondeful promise, it will be remembered, but a few short years ago. This promise, contrary to the rule with prodigies, has been more than fulfilled. Not only has Mrs. Beach taken the front rank as a pianist, but she is generally admitted to be the first woman composer in America, her work partaking of a solidity and breadth, of a deep musical intelligence and harmonious sympathy, equalled by few of the sterner sex,—where the world has been in the habit of looking for great composers. As Mrs. Beach is only 27 years old even yet, it may be confidently expected that she will not fully reach the height of her powers for years to come. And the world may yet cease to sigh for a woman-composer who shall equal the old masters of music and song.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1895.

The Dull Program of the Sixteenth Symphony Concert—Repertoire of the Second Week of the Opera.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Concerto Grosso No. 6, in G minor.....Handel
Symphony in B flat major (B. & H. No. 12).....Haydn
Overture, "Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail,".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Centennial March.....Wagner

Neither the program nor the performance calls for extended comment. The program was dull, and apparently thrown together at random. The performance was generally perfunctory. The minuet of the symphony was played in a logy fashion, and in the march there was an occasional absence of precision.

Why in the world should the people of Boston be invited at this late day to hear the dismal failure, the one great and complete failure of Wagner. Mr. Apthorp tells us in his infinite wisdom that the full title of this march is "Grosser Festmarsch, zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen Gedenkfeier der Unabhängigkeits-Erklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika." The music sounds like the title, only it is magnified a hundred fold.

Mr. Paur does not seem to be aware that in other countries orchestral leaders of repute are producing constantly novelties of interest. If he should examine thoughtfully the numbers of the Signale as they come, and also the programs prepared by a man in Chicago whose name is Theodore Thomas he might gain valuable ideas concerning the present condition of music in Europe and the United States. It is well to be conservative; but the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not shy at a new composition because he has not heard of the composer. It is his duty to examine compositions that have been played in Berlin, Brussels, Paris and St. Petersburg, and, if he regards them as worthy, to produce them here before they are old and worn as a garment.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday [illegible]

SUNDAY, FEB. 24, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The opening number of the 16th symphony program was Handel's concerto in G minor, written for strings. Throughout the fine movements the harmonious team work of the orchestra was admirably shown, especially in the portions of the concerto in which the various contingents played in unison. The passages in second movement were delightfully given, and in the third the rhythm of the "snap" was carefully observed and sharply produced.

The complex, brilliant passages for the first violin, were skilfully played by Mr Kneisel. In the rapid tempo of the closing movement the violins were very smooth. The staccoto chords running through the whole concerto were notably even and true, the cellos and basses producing the organ effects which, according to the original score, was intended by Handel.

In the Haydn symphony in B flat major the themes by the first violins made a dainty contrasting harmony with the resonant background of the other instruments of the orchestra, and the fantasia was one of the best portions of the work. The color effects in the second movement were admirably brought out by the use of drums and muted trumpets. The finale was given with characteristic lightness and dash.

The Mozart overture to "The Elopement from the Seraglio" was beautifully interpreted, in fact the orchestra seemed to take delight in playing it. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, with its fantastic sarabande figures and fortissimo passages, was effectively given, and Wagner's "Centennial March," which closes the program, was played with the requisite vigor and solemnity.

At the rehearsal and concert this week Mr Alwin Schroeder, cellist, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Foote, symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini;" Paine, "An Island Fantasy," solo for cello; Dvorak, "Waldesruhe;" Klengel, capriccio; Beethoven, symphony No. 2; Liazt-Doppler, Hungarian rhapsody No. 2.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 55.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Historical Programme—Wagner an Incongruous Element.

The selections for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Concerto Grosso, No. 6, G minor.....Handel
Symphony, B-flat, Peters, No. 6.....Haydn
Overture, "The Elopement from the Seraglio.....Mozart
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
"Centennial March".....Wagner

This was, perhaps, not one of Mr. Paur's most felicitous examples of his skill in programme making. It was probably intended to be historical in interest, if it may be judged by the chronological arrangements of the composers, but from the Handel concerto to the Haydn symphony is a very long step, and from Beethoven's noble overture to Wagner's weak and utterly unimpressive march, the leap is immeasurable. Viewing the programme in a historical aspect, there is a steady growth from Handel to Beethoven, and a painful retrogression from Beethoven to Wagner. This is doubtless true as a mere matter of fact, and it may have been Mr. Paur's intention to emphasize it as he has done, but it was scarcely fair to the close of the 19th century to typify it by one of the most uninspired and uninspiring marches to which ever eminent composer boldly affixed his name. However, with the exception of this march, the concert consisted of pure music, and sounded better than it looked. It was, on the whole, refreshing for once to have so large an instalment of works of this order, in an exceptionally active musical season, in the course of which we have had so much of the feverish, unrestful and overlabored music of the new school. It is well now and then to descend from stilts and to walk with a firm foothold.

The Handel concerto is bright, and despite the quaint antiquity that marks much of it is remarkably fresh. The lurid movement, a larghetto, is delightful in its vivacity, and the fourth movement, an allegro, has a fascinating brilliancy, while the finale is a striking example of the composer's skill, the movement being in three-part contrapuntal writing, and wonderfully full and solid in effect. The concerto was perfectly played throughout and with a complete absence of that stiffness and formality with which it is the custom to interpret Handel's music. Haydn's genial and sunny symphony is the best of the master's efforts in its order. Mr. Paur is always happy in dealing with Haydn and Mozart, and his reading of this work was no exception to the rule. It was wholly admirable in regard to tempi, spirit and expression, and it was faultlessly and beautifully played from beginning to end. The Mozart overture is very seldom performed, but it well deserves a more frequent hearing than is accorded it. Here again both the reading and the playing were without blemish and were finely in sympathy with the sentiment of the music, the charming andante being given with especial warmth and delicacy; every point in the lovely instrumentation being brought out with clearness and delightful effect.

The matchless Beethoven overture has rarely had so strong, so intelligent and so impressive a rendering as it received at Mr. Paur's hands on this occasion. It was given with a broad, dignified emphasis, and in its more impressive moments with splendid brilliancy, while the glorious coda was worked up with masterly skill. A hearty round of applause rewarded the performance. In fact, the applause was very cordial through the whole concert. Mr. Paur made all it was possible to make of the Wagner march. He read it carefully and with all the effect of which it is capable, and it was brilliantly played by the orchestra; but he could present the work in no more interesting aspect than pertains to it as massive instrumentation wasted on feeble ideas and leading to nowhere in particular, except a sensational noisiness at the close.

The programme for the concert is: Symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," A. Foote; "An Island Fantasy," J. K. Paine; "Waldesruhe," for 'cello, Dvorak; caprices for 'cello, Klengel; symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt-Dopple. Mr. Alvin Schroeder is the soloist.

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The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

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(From the Boston Herald.)

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The orchestra is very popular in Philadelphia, and the sale of rush seats is always about like that here when Melba or Ysaye are the soloists. It is the custom to open the doors at 7.30 o'clock to admit the rushers. It is the habit of Fred Comee, the assistant manager of the orchestra, to saunter over to the hall at about 7.25 o'clock, see that everything is all right—that the hall is there, the lights and heat in place—and then order the doors open.

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It is the etiquette of the manager never to contradict the conductor—just before a concert. So Comee smiled reassuringly, just as if he had been asked for the time. Indeed, he put his hand into his pocket as if about to say "Have a piano with me," but he only replied, "All right, Mr. Paur."

Calmness cleared the air. The orchestra filed off the stage to the artist's room, Mrs. Wyman went to wipe her eyes—and probably to powder her nose—and the assistant manager ordered the doors open, as if all was right, and then he started on a run for the hotel to find Ellis. He was just dressing. "Paur wants a piano," exclaimed Comee, explaining about the orchestral parts.

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It is true that the piano was shockingly out of tune, but Mr. Paur had what he asked for, a piano, as easily, so far as he could see, as if he had wanted the evening paper. He had not stipulated for a "good" piano, or one in tune, but he had just asked for a plain piano, and he got it.

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MRS. BEACH AT THE SYMPHONY.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's appearance at the Symphony concert is always an event of interest to Boston music-lovers, as well as to all who feel a local pride in the attainments of a woman who has made for herself such a reputation as a player and as a composer as Mrs. Beach has. Saint-Saens' is in the front rank of modern piano-forte concertos; and Mrs. Beach played it with fire, understanding and breadth of sympathy. Indeed, one critic—and that the best and most exacting musical critic in town—says she has never done anything quite so fine, in the way of piano-playing, as her performance of this concerto. In the Scherzo, especially, she played with a remarkably fine and delicate grace of technique, and a keen and artistic sympathy with the composer.

As Miss Amy Marcy Cheney, Mrs. Beach gave wondeful promise, it will be remembered, but a few short years ago. This promise, contrary to the rule with prodigies, has been more than fulfilled. Not only has Mrs. Beach taken the front rank as a pianist, but she is generally admitted to be the first woman composer in America, her work partaking of a solidity and breadth, of a deep musical intelligence and harmonious sympathy, equalled by few of the sterner sex,—where the world has been in the habit of looking for great composers. As Mrs. Beach is only 27 years old even yet, it may be confidently expected that she will not fully reach the height of her powers for years to come. And the world may yet cease to sigh for a woman-composer who shall equal the old masters of music and song.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1895.

The Dull Program of the Sixteenth Symphony Concert—Repertoire of the Second Week of the Opera.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Concerto Grosso No. 6, in G minor.....Handel
Symphony in B flat major (B. & H. No. 12)
.....Haydn
Overture, "Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail,"
.....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Centennial March.....Wagner

Neither the program nor the performance calls for extended comment. The program was dull, and apparently thrown together at random. The performance was generally perfunctory. The minuet of the symphony was played in a logy fashion, and in the march there was an occasional absence of precision.

Why in the world should the people of Boston be invited at this late day to hear the dismal failure, the one great and complete failure of Wagner. Mr. Apthorp tells us in his infinite wisdom that the full title of this march is "Grosser Festmarsch. zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen Gedenkfeier der Unabhängigkeits-Erklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika." The music sounds like the title, only it is magnified a hundred fold.

Mr. Paur does not seem to be aware that in other countries orchestral leaders of repute are producing constantly novelties of interest. If he should examine thoughtfully the numbers of the Signale as they come, and also the programs prepared by a man in Chicago whose name is Theodore Thomas he might gain valuable ideas concerning the present condition of music in Europe and the United States. It is well to be conservative; but the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not shy at a new composition because he has not heard of the composer. It is his duty to examine compositions that have been played in Berlin, Brussels, Paris and St. Petersburg, and, if he regards them as worthy, to produce them here before they are old and worn as a garment.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The opening number of the 16th symphony program was Handel's concerto in G minor, written for strings. Throughout the fine movements the harmonious team work of the orchestra was admirably shown, especially in the portions of the concerto in which the various contingents played in unison. The passages in second movement were delightfully given, and in the third the rhythm of the "snap" was carefully observed and sharply produced.

The complex, brilliant passages for the first violin, were skilfully played by Mr Kneisel. In the rapid tempo of the closing movement the violins were very smooth. The staccoto chords running through the whole concerto were notably even and true, the cellos and basses producing the organ effects which, according to the original score, was intended by Handel.

In the Haydn symphony in B flat major the themes by the first violins made a dainty contrasting harmony with the resonant background of the other instruments of the orchestra, and the fantasia was one of the best portions of the work. The color effects in the second movement were admirably brought out by the use of drums and muted trumpets. The finale was given with characteristic lightness and dash.

The Mozart overture to "The Elopement from the Seraglio" was beautifully interpreted, in fact the orchestra seemed to take delight in playing it. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, with its fantastic sarabande figures and fortissimo passages, was effectively given, and Wagner's "Centennial March," which closes the program, was played with the requisite vigor and solemnity.

At the rehearsal and concert this week Mr Alwin Schroeder, cellist, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Foote, symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini;" Paine, "An Island Fantasy," solo for cello; Dvorak, "Waldesruhe;" Klengel, capriccio; Beethoven, symphony No. 2; Liszt-Doppler, Hungarian rhapsody No. 2.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Historical Programme—Wagner an Incongruous Element.

The selections for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Concerto Grosse, No. 6, G minor.....Handel
Symphony, B-flat, Peters, No. 6.....Haydn
Overture, "The Elopement from the Seraglio.....Mozart
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
"Centennial March".....Wagner

This was, perhaps, not one of Mr. Paur's most felicitous examples of his skill in programme making. It was probably intended to be historical in interest, if it may be judged by the chronological arrangements of the composers, but from the Handel concerto to the Haydn symphony is a very long step, and from Beethoven's noble overture to Wagner's weak and utterly unimpressive march, the leap is immeasurable. Viewing the programme in a historical aspect, there is a steady growth from Handel to Beethoven, and a painful retrogression from Beethoven to Wagner. This is doubtless true as a mere matter of fact, and it may have been Mr. Paur's intention to emphasize it as he has done, but it was scarcely fair to the close of the 19th century to typify it by one of the most uninspired and uninspiring marches to which ever eminent composer boldly affixed his name. However, with the exception of this march, the concert consisted of pure music, and sounded better than it looked. It was, on the whole, refreshing for once to have so large an instalment of works of this order, in an exceptionally active musical season, in the course of which we have had so much of the feverish, unrestful and overlabored music of the new school. It is well now and then to descend from stilts and to walk with a firm foothold.

The Handel concerto is bright, and despite the quaint antiquity that marks much of it is remarkably fresh. The lurid movement, a larghetto, is delightful in its vivacity, and the fourth movement, an allegro, has a fascinating brilliancy, while the finale is a striking example of the composer's skill, the movement being in three-part contrapuntal writing, and wonderfully full and solid in effect. The concerto was perfectly played throughout and with a complete absence of that stiffness and formality with which it is the custom to interpret Handel's music. Haydn's genial and sunny symphony is the best of the master's efforts in its order. Mr. Paur is always happy in dealing with Haydn and Mozart, and his reading of this work was no exception to the rule. It was wholly admirable in regard to tempi, spirit and expression, and it was faultlessly and beautifully played from beginning to end. The Mozart overture is very seldom performed, but it well deserves a more frequent hearing than is accorded it. Here again both the reading and the playing were without blemish and were finely in sympathy with the sentiment of the music, the charming andante being given with especial warmth and delicacy, every point in the lovely instrumentation being brought out with clearness and delightful effect.

The matchless Beethoven overture has rarely had so strong, so intelligent and so impressive a rendering as it received at Mr. Paur's hands on this occasion. It was given with a broad, dignified emphasis, and in its more impressive moments with splendid brilliancy, while the glorious coda was worked up with masterly skill. A hearty round of applause rewarded the performance. In fact, the applause was very cordial through the whole concert. Mr. Paur made all it was possible to make of the Wagner march. He read it carefully and with all the effect of which it is capable, and it was brilliantly played by the orchestra; but he could present the work in no more interesting aspect than pertains to it as massive instrumentation wasted on feeble ideas and leading to nowhere in particular, except a sensational noisiness at the close.

The programme for the concert is: Symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," A. Foote; "An Island Fantasy," J. K. Paine; "Waldesruhe," for 'cello, Dvorak; caprices for 'cello, Klengel; symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt-Dopple. Mr. Alvin Schroeder is the soloist.

THE WAY THEY TRAVEL.

Members of the Symphony Orchestra on the Road.

Their Route—How They Pair off—On the Train and at the Hotel—Their Ways of Killing Time—Card Playing—Their Clientele in Other Cities—A Few Anecdotes.

There is a silent power behind the throne in the management of all such affairs for the big orchestra, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, by whom all the detail for the business of the tours are arranged to be carried into effect by Mr. Fred R. Comee, his assistant manager, who accompanies the orchestra and attends to the carrying out of the details Mr. Ellis has developed. The merest glance at the matter will show the most casual thinker what a might of detail there is taking over 80 musicians with their instruments, music and baggage from Boston to Washington and return, and give by the way six concerts from Saturday to Saturday. Yet so nicely has the plan of the tour been laid out that the entire company travels as if each were by himself, with the utmost comfort and without a hitch, the itinerary, which is printed and given out to each man before starting, being adhered to with an exactness that is little short of remarkable.

Usually the orchestra leaves the Providence station Sunday on the train that starts at 7:30 in the evening, although on their last trip, owing to the Handel and Haydn concert, they left at midnight on that day. They travel in three sleepers which are specially reserved for them, though attached to the regular train. The assigning of the berths is all done by Comee, who, of course, considers very carefully the personal preferences of the men. This requires no end of tact, and only a long association with the orchestra could enable a man to attend to this simple detail and make no blunder. In the early days of the orchestra Mr. Comee put together in one section two men who had not spoken for three months, and travellers can appreciate the awkwardness of such an arrangement. But today Comee has too good a run of the orchestra and its affairs to make a break of that sort.

As in every organization where men are thrown much together, they pair off in a way, and settle into groups. This has to be known by the assistant manager, who governs himself accordingly. Tim Adamowski and his brother Joe, who live together in town, always travel together. But while there are two Loefflers, two Heindls and two Kneisels in the orchestra, the Adamowskis are the only brothers that pair off. Among the couples that travel as pals are Louis Svecenski and Otto Roth, Zach and Grunberg, Moldauer and Fiedler. In assigning the berths each of these pair of men is given a section, and they settle among themselves the upper and lower berth question, it usually being a turn about and turn matter.

Ever since the Boston Symphony orchestra became an institution here it has been a sort of pet with Boston's finest. Music lovers have made a sort of fetish of the organization, and fetisicism in the form of Symphony concert attendance has been as smart as it has been popular. Since, therefore, everything from the personal habits to the personal follies of the individual members of the orchestra has been alike interesting to the violet bedecked girl who sits in the bepremiumed seats below stairs, and the equally pretty and much enthusiastic girl who rushes for the best seat up aloft, it is not unlikely that many may take a great interest in the way in which the orchestra travels when three or four times each season it leaves Boston with a Saturday night that seems all out of shape owing to a lack of Symphony concert.

The southern trip, the only one they make now, the western trip being a thing of the past, is always about the same in its details. They go through direct to Philadelphia, with that inevitable hiatus, two hours in New York on the morning of Monday from 7 to 9 o'clock, arriving there at 11:23. They go at once to the Continental Hotel. They give a concert at the Academy of Music Monday evening, and leave at 10 minutes of 8 Tuesday morning for Baltimore, where they arrive at 10:15, and put up at the Carrollton. They remain in Baltimore two days, as they give the Washington concerts from that city, never having put up at the capital since some years ago they received rather shabby treatment from one of the houses during a tremendous influx of tourists. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad puts a special train at their service, and they make the run between the two cities in 50 minutes, and are made so comfortable at the Carrollton that it is much more convenient and attractive than staying in Washington. Their Washington concert is usually given on Tuesday evening. Their train from Baltimore leaves at 6 o'clock, and after the concert returns at 10:40, so that before 11 o'clock they are sitting down to their hearty supper at the Carrollton again. Their Baltimore concert is given at the new Music Hall, one of the handsomest in the country, on Wednesday, and the next morning, that's Thursday, they leave for New York at 10 minutes of 8, where they arrive at five minutes of 1, and go directly to the Park Avenue Hotel, where they have always stopped. They give a concert that evening, Thursday, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the following day they give a public rehearsal at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn at 3 P. M., and a concert at the same place Saturday evening concludes the course. They leave New York Saturday midnight express, and arrive Sunday morning.

Mr. Paur, who cannot stand the night travel, always starts ahead of the orchestra and travels to New York in the daytime, returning on Sunday.

The daytime travel of the orchestra is made in two day coaches, one for the smokers, and one for the non-smokers, and a special baggage car is always attached to the train in which they go. The handling of their baggage is no small item of the travel. Mr. Neil Patterson attends to all this for Mr. Ellis, and the system by which it is done is so admirable that there is never any confusion. All the orchestra instruments travel in the baggage car in Mr. Patterson's care, and the itinerary always states at what time hotel and theatre baggage must be ready, and if any of the men fail to be prompt in this matter, why they move their baggage at their own expense. About one-half the men carry trunks, and the rest "live in a valise," as the saying is. Usually there are about 120 pieces of baggage to handle. Of course if any of the orchestra men have solos on the programmes given while on tour they carry their own special instruments, and those they do not trust out of their own hands.

While the orchestra as a body stops at the Park Avenue, the Continental and the Carrollton, there are individual members of the orchestra who prefer to go somewhere else, in which case they are allowed an expense account equal to what it costs to pay the bills of the other men, who, as the saying is, "go to the hotel with Comee." For istance, Loeffler always stops at Hotel Martin, down in University place, while in New York. Several of the other men have some foreign hotel to which they are attached, and to which they always go, although most of the men prefer to have all that bother taken off their hands, and to go along with the majority.

This housing of the orchestra is very easily done. The list is sent on ahead to the hotel, and the rooms are assigned, the names entered on the register before they arrive, so that when they get there they simply walk up to the desk, look on the register, get their number and ask for their keyes. The men room together in about the same grouping that they travel, each man having a separate bed.

Apart from this personally conducted style of travel, each man is an independent person. He eats and sleeps as he pleases, and occupies the time not devoted to travel or concerts exactly as he likes. On the train nine-tenths of the men play cards. As there are 13 nationalities in the orchestra, there is a great variety in the games, although the favorite American game, poker, is very generally known. One or two French and German games press it hard. For this card playing the men break up into groups, and those groups will hang together for many seasons. As an example of how persistently this playing is kept up, take the score of one group who played together for three seasons. In '91 and '92 they played 2754 points in whist, and the winning pair was 12 points ahead at the end of the trip. This was on the western trip, and on their arrival in Fall River, on their return, they were even, the 12 points being made between Fall River and Boston. In '92 and '93 they played 4084 points, the winners being 216 points ahead. In '93 and '94 the score was 3414, with the winners 222 points ahead.

Of course many of the men read, and some of it is said to be very solid reading, too, and there is chess playing groups. Their days are spent very much as other men travelling would spend them. Some of the boys do a little sight seeing, some of them practise and some of them sleep. In Philadelphia it is very oddly noted that there is hardly a man who does not drift into Wanamaker's and buy something. It has become an an almost universal habit of the men to do this, even if it's not more than a necktie they get. In most of the cities many of them have friends or admirers, and there is some entertaining of a mild sort done.

The concerts when on the road are really more brilliant to look at than they are, because of the halls in which they are given are infinitely handsomer than Music Hall, and full dress is much more usual. For example, the Academy of Music in Philadelphia seats 3000 people, 600 more than our Music Hall, and it is always packed, the "rush" faction there being as energetic as it is in Boston. The new Music Hall at Baltimore is very handsome, and seats 2700, and there the orchestra has a clientele as loyal as its Boston following, the same people coming year in and year out. In Washington Mrs. Cleveland has a box always, although this year she has not occupied it. The Russian legation always occupied a box, and all the most famous of the diplomatic set are always in the audience, which is full dress, a very brilliant sight.

As a rule the men enjoy the trips. They like the change, and for the credit of the orchestra and for Boston it is worth noting that they are not viewed as "show people" by either the railroads or the hotels, while such is the sentiment of the body that it is doubtful if anything irregular could happen. The honor of the orchestra as a body is dead set against anything of the sort, and it would take a bold man to brave the sentiment of the men as an organization.

Many of the men have their little quips and quirks, but they are usually of an inoffensive sort, for which no one suffers. One, the first violinist, for example, is invariably late. It is said that so common is this habit that Comee as he paces the platform awaiting his men is often heard to say to the conductor as he sees the violinist enter the gate, "Well, you may go ahead. We are all here." Occasionally the man gets left, and has to travel on behind the orchestra at his own expense.

The assistant manager always laughs when anything is said of the men being left. It recalls a telegram which he once received at Wilmington, as the orchestra travelled homeward from Baltimore. It read, "Me and Hoyer is left." "I often wondered," said Comee, "why they sent that. I knew it almost as soon as they did. Did they expect me to put back for them, or to go back and personally conduct them on the next train. Goodness knows."

The touring has its excitements, like that recently told of the Julie Wyman experience in Philadelphia. Probably the most exciting time was their experience the year of the great blizzard. That w[illegible] Boston on the usual train, 7:30 P. M., and only got as far as East Douglas, where they remained until 6 the next night, when they were pulled back to town, and the entire trip given up. It was very lucky for their comfort that Comee had been so afraid that they might be snowed up during the night that, without saying a word to any one, he sent up to Parker's and bought 200 sandwiches, and at the station he bought all the apples and doughnuts he could find and had them packed away. They only got 40 miles when they were snowbound, and the next morning when they woke the snow was over the tops of the cars. They spent all that day shovelling snow by turns to assist the trainmen and get out of their snow bank.

An amusing experience that is still the subject of laughter was the suggestion made to the conductor at—well never mind the place—they probably know better by this time—that if the orchestra were to play from the station to the hotel they would probably have a much bigger house at night.

There is a funny story, which at the time of its happening was told from Maine to Florida. But that was six years ago, and it was so good that it may bear repeating, and even if it is not new to many Symphony orchestra followers, they may enjoy a revival of laughter over it. It was when Charlie Behr was in the orchestra, and they gave a concert at Lowell. The Opera House there is situated very much as the Tremont is here, that is, you go into the lobby, pass the ticket office, and turn round to approach the auditorium. The stage door is up an alley off another street from the main entrance and quite a little distance from it. Behr only played in the overture of the programme given, and after that was free to go where he pleased. It was the custom of the theatre, as in most one night places, to bill the next night's attraction as soon as tonight's audience was in, that having the advantage of catching the eyes of the audience coming out. The Symphony orchestra four-sheet posters were up on the bill boards at the entrance of the theatre at 8 o'clock. At 8:15 the Cleveland's minstrels, which were coming the next evening had their paper up.

Behr left the stage, went out the stage door, and, wondering what he would do with himself until the concert was over, strolled up the street, turned a corner and walked down the main street. Soon he came to the brilliantly lighted front of a theatre. He read the posters at the door. "Cleveland's minstrels." That suited him. He went in, bought a ticket, and sauntered into the auditorium. He took a look at the stage, and thought to himself, "Well, that's the queerest minstrel circle I ever saw. All white faces." Then he looked at the middle man—Gerricke, and he bolted back to the box office and demanded his money. Comee was in the back of the office counting up the house. The ticket man called out to him: "Mr. Comee, here's one of your men wants his money back."

"What's that?"

"One of your men asking for his money back. Oh, well, come and see for yourself."

Comee went into the front of the office, and there was Behr. He tumbled at once, and when he had a pause in his laughter he said: "Charlie, if you leave your 50 cents, I'll never tell of this, but if you take it away, I can't promise."

"Oh, confound it," said Behr, "you'll tell it anyway. Give me my 50 cents," and he got it.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme for the sixteenth Symphony concert last night was of well-varied nature and of a genial brightness, but the occasion was principally interesting in showing how rather ordinary numbers may be revivified by brilliancy of execution.

Handel's concerto grosso No. 6, in G minor, entirely for strings, was first heard and its breadth and seriousness, with the more vivacious fourth and fifth movements, were quietly heard, as if the audience was not yet in touch with the excellent accuracy of Conductor Paur's men.

Handel's symphony in B flat major was more closely followed and its occasional brusqueness and peculiar coloring, with its saucy finale, were brilliantly given.

The overture to "The Elopement From the Seraglio," in C major, by Mozart, has all the color and form of German romantic opera. It was the first of its kind in which Italian opera bouffe and the spoken dialogue of the German singspiel were united. Its chief merit is a little episodic passage, andante in C minor, in which the instrumentalization is very beautiful.

Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," op. 84, perhaps as well illustrated the methods of the composer as any work that could have been chosen, and if the statue of Beethoven, as it looked down upon his interpreters, could have spoken, it must have applauded the rendition.

The "Centennial March" of Wagner's, in G major, was the final number. It was composed for the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 and is based on the free development of two principal themes, one being subsidiary and having a constant repetition of the ascending triplet. Its gorgeous force and coloring were given with superb effect and the power and training of the orchestra were very well exhibited.

BOSTON HERALD

— THURSDAY.

FEBRUARY 21, 1895

[100]

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 24.

The Symphony Concert.

The sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Concerto, Grosso, No. 6.....Handel
Symphony, B flat, major.....Haydn
Overture, "Elopement from the Seraglio"..Mozart
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Centennial March.....Wagner

This is a good specimen of the kindergarten species of programme; at first glance it informs symphony concert patrons that they are to be instructed; and if they find pleasure it must be on their own account. It is a programme arranged according to chronology; and the earnest student is given the opportunity of tracing the development of music from the rude beginnings of a Handel to the massive profundities of a Wagner. A kindergarten programme, however, should be typical as well as chronological, typical of the composer and the era, and it should be also special. The average student, ignorant of the tricks of programme making, will find it difficult to detect the steps through which a concerto became a centennial march, or by what means evolution exalted a symphony into an overture. A chronological programme should keep to one species of art work; this not only allows the student to detect the advance or the degeneration of the art species in question, but it will add to that general dulness which seems to be the object of the majority of modern programmes.

Mr. Paur deserves credit for not attempting to over modernize that "dear old thief," Handel, though he would have been more than human if he had entirely resisted the desire. Handel is always modernized nowadays, whether in his songs, his oratorios, or his instrumental works. His simple dignity and majesty no longer appeal to us; the manna he offers us is without savor; for our modern palates have been stimulated by sulphuric acid and so he must be seasoned up to suit our taste.

The Symphony calls for no comment at this late date, but perhaps it may be pertinent to ask: Can we imagine "papa" Haydn leading his own work, with the perspiration of superfluous energy streaming down his face? Would he have asked for sombre energy when he could have obtained sweet grace, and would he have sought for thunder when the benign sunshine was streaming around him, and the midsummer breeze was dimpling the water? Was there a nervous restlessness in his vivacity, and did his fancy hurry him along headlong until he was out of breath?

It is somewhat puzzling to discover the theory by which the Wagner march was tagged on the end of the programme; it has no relation to what went before, and it is not a rare specimen of the composer's genius. It is interesting as showing what Wagner could do in an emergency, and it served its purpose. The official programme prints a criticism on this march, taken from the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1876. The critic says, "After playing over the march some half dozen times, we must candidly admit that we greatly enjoyed it. We find it neither monotonous nor dry, but full of fire, dignity and energy." Some half-dozen times? The critic has earned the right to praise.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," Foote; "An Island Fantasy," Paine; "Waldesruhe," Dvorak; Capriccio Klenzel; Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt-Dopple. The soloist will be Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

The Kneisel Quartet Concert.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its sixth concert of the season at Union Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was:

Quartet D-minor (op-posth).....Schubert
Quintet (first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Septet.....Beethoven

Mr. Loeffler's quintet was the novelty of the evening, and while it puzzled many it delighted all. For Mr. Loeffler is always original; the path trodden hard and level by the feet of the old masters delights him not; he does not care to travel over it, even though immortal fame awaits him at the journey's end. He prefers to strike out a new path for himself, through jungles of wait-a-bit thorns, through hollows crowded with blackberry bushes, and up the aisles of slippery mountains. The slips, slides and bruises amount to nothing provided something in the way of novelty is to be reached. Unfortunately the enthusiastic who shall follow after Mr. Loeffler will be disappointed; from the hillock top of Mr. Loeffler's originality there will be seen no happy promised land, but a bewildering chaos lighted up by prismatic colors from an artificial sun.

Mr. Loeffler has a poetic imagination and rare ingenuity in discovering novel instrumental effects; but he has a horror of form and of rules generally. He is a worker in dainty mosaics, although he has nothing to tell; he uses the little fragments of glass for their color, and the finished work is color without form; beautiful in effect, charming in harmonies and in contrasts, but with a great deal that must be taken for granted. The most cheerful of composers is Mr. Leoffler; he has no theories, and he does not trouble his hearers with abstruse ideas. His violins, viola and 'cello play certain notes and indulge in certain combinations, but they are not working towards any definite end or travelling along any predetermined line; they mean everything or nothing, not from what is said or done, but according to the mood of the hearer. Did Mr. Loeffler intend anything in particular? Who can read into the mind of the cheerful composer who stands in the cool shadows of the trees, staring out at the sunlighted country beyond, while fitfully playing on his Pan's pipe! Is he thinking deeply, or whistling as he stands, for want of thought? Given a smear of paint and a Michel Angelo and the eye of the artist will divine glorious pictures in the accidental juxtaposition of colors, while the average man will see simply a smear of paint.

The cheerfully placid end of the century composer always receives more praise or dispraise than he deserves. To some he is the rarest of rare geniuses, to others he is a clever charlatan, whereas, in reality, he is simply the experimentalist whose ideal is novelty for its own sake, and who seeks for novelty through happy chance, and not through the imperious dictates of inspiration. Mr. Loeffler's quintette is charming; it is unlike everything but the other compositions of Mr. Loeffler; it shows the learned and clever musician who reaches simplicity through unwearied labor, who imitates sentiment so closely that it requires a comparison with the old composers to detect the difference. It is dainty, graceful, fresh music, of a particular kind, and if one is willing to accept the kind without criticism, then surely it is music which will have much to say in the future, though just now it is laboring to learn its own language, and to discover its own meaning and so simply expresses itself in a cheerful and most pleasant infant babble.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1895.

THE THOMSON MATINEE, THE SYMPHONY, THE KNEISEL, ETC.

The sixth concert of the Kneisel Quartette series fell upon last Monday and was given in the usual place, Union Hall, before a very large and evidently much gratified audience. The programme was notable for interesting and uncommon character, although only one of the three numbers which composed it was a new one. It began with Schubert's pleasant posthumous quintette in D minor, all of which is agreeable enough to the ear, and makes a good preface to more serious music, but has of its own only one movement—the andante—which rises toward eminence and commands actual admiration. The end came with Beethoven's ever beautiful septette, in which Messrs. Pourtau, Litke and Hackebarth added the clarinet, bassoon and horn to the quartette of strings. Not quite all of the movements,—of which so many, and particularly the lightest ones, breathe the same pure, genial, transparent spirit which enlightened Mozart's music in its best and brightest moods,—were played, but all which were chosen were read with delightful tone and fine proportion, not even the full sonority of the horn overpowering its associates in its sallies. Much the same praise may be given to the rendering of the Schubert, although there the first violin was at times too much in evidence and the middle parts not quite obvious enough.

Between these numbers was placed a new quintette (with a third violin) in a single movement of about a dozen minutes in length, which was played from the manuscript of its author, Mr. C. M. Loeffler, whom the audience complimented heartily when it was ended, as the Quartette had previously complimented him by adopting it. Mr. Loeffler is one who cares more for music pure and simple than for reasoned harmonies and methodical constructions. Even when he has given a definite title to something and has therefore promised as it were to demonstrate a posed proposition, he lets his fancy wander and establishes his thesis rather by suggestion than by argument. So in this new work one is led on rather through the captivation of the ear than by the deduction of the brain. For in this new composition, the ingenious plan of scoring is so wide as to provide for a solo voice, a responsive or decorative second and three others for the harmonious accompaniment. By this method new devices and effects are attained and many unaccustomed pleasures are given. For the chief purpose of the quintette seems to give pleasure and to allure the hearer to follow along a wandering path which has no appointed goal in view, and indeed rather rounds about upon itself and presents at the completion of its course much the same outlook which was greeted when it began. The opening is almost in the arioso vein, soft, smooth, light-footed, and yet lingering; thence the movement goes on with steps that vary a little in speed and length and energy, while now one and now another of the five companions leads in the march or in the intercourse that enlivens it, each change seeming to come as of itself and with no forced connection from what has preceded. Occasionally all hurry along abreast or all exclaim together; but generally the temper is sweet and quiet, the thought serene, the progress equable and the geniality impartially attendant upon all. One listens as easily and happily as to a fairy tale, and one is glad to have heard a quarter of an hour of absolute music, written for the consolation of the nerves and not for the stimulation of the reason.

Mr. Paur evidently had a profitable second thought about his sixteenth Symphony programme, for he substituted a dramatic Beethoven overture for a rather academic one, making the sequence of his five numbers—all without soloists—to stand thus: The sixth Concerto Grosso (in G minor) of Handel; the symphony in B-flat major by Haydn; Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio" and Beethoven's "Eg[illegible]" overtures; Wagner's "Centennial" marc[illegible]

Just what M[illegible]r intends to elucidate or to effect by some o[illegible] combinations, one would like to know. Possibly this one may have been meant to illustrate the development of orchestral structure and scheme of color along certain lines. For one found this progression in it: The Handel concerto, depending solely upon the strings for its enunciation of thought, its emphasis, its contrasts and its retentive influence upon pleasurable attention; the symphony score, made more keen by the addition of the flutes and oboes, more imperative because of the trumpets, and more gravely sonorous by reason of the bassoons, horns and kettledrums; the Mozart overture expanding further with the clarinets, piccolo and various instruments of percussion; the Beethoven overture using virtually the same general disposition, but adding two more horns and massing at times all the more serious elements into mighty chords, out of which break beautiful and tender obbligati; the Wagner march, almost riotous in its recourse to nearly all possible instruments, and certainly including every family in its agglomeration of extra drums, trumpets, wooden wind, cymbals, gong, bass-tuba, etc., upon the fullest complement of the usual modern orchestra, so that one misses from it almost nothing but the glockenspiel, saxophone and harp.

There is too some broadening and deepening of spirit through the first four numbers. The Handel implies little more than the desire to give a facile pleasure; the Haydn appeals more sparklingly to quicker chords; the Mozart has its touches of romance and sentiment, while the Beethoven evokes the grander moods of passion, pathos, tragedy and imperiousness. As for the Wagner, in which musical noise reaches its acme, one hardly knows how to consider it, although it has now been played for almost twenty years. Even the editor of the programme-book can find nothing to replace his own somewhat vacillating opinion expressed long ago when the text of it was first published. One is sometimes inclined to wonder if it ought to be accepted seriously as a complimentary tribute to the genius of the United States, or whether it should be taken as a bold exposition of that notion which Europe is so apt to hold about the American people—that it is bombastic, vain-glorious, loud-mouthed, demonstrative, insistent, rampant and still partly savage in its ignorance of art and refinement and in its attachment to the pompous, exuberant and superficial. One who is so disposed can find all this suggested in the march, and can interpret its more subdued episodes as significant of the occasional silencing of those fabulous American proclivities by the serene and high-poised dignities of older and wiser nations. Be that as it may, the march is a striking—and pretty near stunning—exemplification of what Wagner could do in the way of pomp, grandiosity and a certain sort of stateliness, when he had only a few ideas and carte blanche as to instruments.

In performance the programme—which was unusually short—was better than its promise, being more entertaining in itself than might have been expected, and almost unexceptionally well directed and played throughout.

For the next concert this programme is announced: Arthur Foote's prologue to "Francesca da Rimini;" Professor Paine's "Island Fantasy;" violoncello solos from Dvorak and Kleugel, for Mr. Schroeder; Beethoven's second symphony; Doppler's orchestral arrangement of Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 25, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

A STRONG DOSE OF EDUCATIONAL MUSIC.

Conductor Paur's Commendable Reading of Hadyn—Beethoven's Egmont Overture Overshadows the Mozart Overture—Wagner's Curious Centennial March.

A programme beginning with Handel's Concerto Grosso, continuing with a Haydn symphony, Mozart's overture to "Die Entfuehrung," Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, and ending with Wagner's Centennial March, may be called ultra-educational, but thanks to a magnificent performance, it sounded much better than it reads, and it had the merit of being very short. Nevertheless too much of the educational upon a single programme is not to be commended; it would be wiser to sugar-coat the pill with a little of the modern school, for after all we are not to be blamed for being most in sympathy with our own generation.

The Concerto Grosso for string orchestra is not a work which can arouse enthusiasm at this end of the 19th century, although it is well-constructed in the contrapuntal school of its time. The fugue was given with much clearness and good balance, and the musette, although lacking the continuous drone-bass which is generally characteristic of this movement, was rustic and genial in flavor; altogether the work was a good example of the early style of writing. Mr. Paur is to be commended for his treatment of Haydn; he never makes that composer seem trivial or periwigged, but gives to his measures something of manly power and dignity that is not always present in the readings of other conductors. The symphony in B flat, No. 6 of Peters' edition, is one of the most attractive of Haydn's set written for the London orchestra. The development of the chief theme of the first movement is interesting and the coda is beautiful. In the Adagio our Homer nods a bit, and there is a good deal more of the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re* in the number. Yet one may doubt whether any of the modern composers who have decried the necessity of tune could write such straightforward melody if they tried never so hard. The Minuet was rather conventional in its chief part, but the trio was delightfully melodious and was played in a flawless manner. The whole tendency of this age is against repetition in music and therefore the Haydn Rondos with their half dozen reappearances of the chief theme become prolix to our ears (it is not too much to say that every style of Rondo is likely to be discarded by the composer of classical works of the future), but the graceful dallyings with the first figure in the coda were given with a daintiness that deserves all praise, it was an exhibition of caprice at just the right place and in just the right manner.

At the beginning of the Mozart overture there was a trifle of raggedness in the attack, but at the recapitulation of the themes after the development the same passages went much better. It was interesting to hear this old overture ("Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail") once again; and although it is not to be ranked with the "Magic Flute" overture, or with that to "Don Juan," it has yet many points which make it worthy of an occasional place on the repertoire.

Of course it faded greatly in the strong light of the "Egmont" overture which followed. Egmont was a subject which appealed powerfully to Beethoven's sympathies; a deep love of liberty was one of the chief characteristics of the great composer's nature, and this trait speaks forth in no uncertain tones in the Heroic Symphony, in the finale of the Ninth Symphony (where universal brotherhood is the theme) and in this Egmont overture. The use of the piccolo in the latter part of this overture stands as one of the most marked examples of the proper employment of the tone-color of this instrument. Generally used by composers in bacchanalian or in diabolic effects (for the piccolo may be spoken of as the imp of the orchestra) Beethoven here uses it to portray the uprising of the oppressed Dutch people, and its wild shrieks, combined with the fierce high tones of the violins, make a dramatic effect that is almost unique. It was pleasant to note that Mr. Paur did not repress the shrewd runs on this instrument which do so much towards making the final cadences triumphant. The piccolo was excellently played, as also were the violins in those trying positions which Beethoven introduced for the first time into orchestral work. Before this overture it was held to be as much as an orchestral violinist could do to go up to three-lined A (the A an octave above that on the first added line above the staff in G clef notation) but here, for the first time, they are sent up to the C above this A (four-lined C) and give a most warlike effect thereby. Modern composers now go to this height very freely, but in Beethoven's day it was held to be almost "impossible." The kettle-drum was played a trifle too forcibly at the close, but this was a failing that leaned to Virtue's side.

The concert ended with Wagner's Centennial March. It is possible that Americans may feel some interest in a march which was written about them by one of the great masters of musical art, but it must be borne in mind that Wagner did not write this march from especial interest in our achievement of independence, but from a very decided affection for $5000, which sum was the prime incentive in the matter. When he wrote it he did not know one of our national melodies, and he seems not to have taken the trouble to learn any of them even with the $5000 dangling before them. He chooses for his theme of inspiration, not Washington, not Lincoln, but the pretty American girls that he had seen (this by his own confession) and the gentler passages of the march represent these. As a consequence the $5000 march has about the same success that a "$10,000 prize beauty" has at a circus: there is an interest of curiosity, but precious little of art. The bombastic passages are furiously grandiloquent; our heroes, we are glad to think, never strutted about like that. The only way in which one can fit the march to American circumstances is to suppose that Wagner had become prophetic and pictured the America of the present moment; in such a case the work at once becomes easy to explain; the recurring triplet figure is the "senator-motif" and its endless repetition pictures a currency debate in the upper house of our beloved congress; this figure naturally goes on almost forever; the massive theme which immediately follows the "Senator-motif" is the "Sugar-Trust-motif" and is closely combined with the former with, naturally, a great deal of brass; the furious explosions which follow suggest labor troubles, panic, and a general upset, but through it all the triplet-figure, representative of the debating senators, babbles on and on until the auditor becomes aweary of it, thus producing a most realistic and historically accurate picture. When one remembers what Dvorak has done for American music, and compares this work with the American Symphony ("From the New World") one feels that the weaker side of a great genius ought to be forgotten as speedily as possible. With the exception of one slight slip, the brasses played their important work magnificently, and the performance was altogether the best that the present writer has yet heard of this inflated work.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 24.

The Symphony Concert.

The sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Concerto, Grosso, No. 6.....Handel
Symphony, B flat, major.....Haydn
Overture, "Elopement from the Seragho"..Mozart
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Centennial March.....Wagner

This is a good specimen of the kindergarten species of programme; at first glance it informs symphony concert patrons that they are to be instructed; and if they find pleasure it must be on their own account. It is a programme arranged according to chronology; and the earnest student is given the opportunity of tracing the development of music from the rude beginnings of a Handel to the massive profundities of a Wagner. A kindergarten programme, however, should be typical as well as chronological, typical of the composer and the era, and it should be also special. The average student, ignorant of the tricks of programme making, will find it difficult to detect the steps through which a concerto became a centennial march, or by what means evolution exalted a symphony into an overture. A chronological programme should keep to one species of art work; this not only allows the student to detect the advance or the degeneration of the art species in question, but it will add to that general dulness which seems to be the object of the majority of modern programmes.

Mr. Paur deserves credit for not attempting to over modernize that "dear old thief," Handel, though he would have been more than human if he had entirely resisted the desire. Handel is always modernized nowadays, whether in his songs, his oratorios, or his instrumental works. His simple dignity and majesty no longer appeal to us; the manna he offers us is without savor; for our modern palates have been stimulated by sulphuric acid and so he must be seasoned up to suit our taste.

The Symphony calls for no comment at this late date, but perhaps it may be pertinent to ask: Can we imagine "papa" Haydn leading his own work, with the perspiration of superfluous energy streaming down his face? Would he have asked for sombre energy when he could have obtained sweet grace, and would he have sought for thunder when the benign sunshine was streaming around him, and the midsummer breeze was dimpling the water? Was there a nervous restlessness in his vivacity, and did his fancy hurry him along headlong until he was out of breath?

It is somewhat puzzling to discover the theory by which the Wagner march was tagged on the end of the programme; it has no relation to what went before, and it is not a rare specimen of the composer's genius. It is interesting as showing what Wagner could do in an emergency, and it served its purpose. The official programme prints a criticism on this march, taken from the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1876. The critic says, "After playing over the march some half dozen times, we must candidly admit that we greatly enjoyed it. We find it neither monotonous nor dry, but full of fire, dignity and energy." Some half-dozen times? The critic has earned the right to praise.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," Foote; "An Island Fantasy," Paine; "Waldesruhe," Dvorak; Capriccio, Klenzel; Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt-Dopple. The soloist will be Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

The Kneisel Quartet Concert.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its sixth concert of the season at Union Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was:

Quartet D-minor (op-posth).....Schubert
Quintet (first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Septet.....Beethoven

Mr. Loeffler's quintet was the novelty of the evening, and while it puzzled many it delighted all. For Mr. Loeffler is always original; the path trodden hard and level by the feet of the old masters delights him not; he does not care to travel over it, even though immortal fame awaits him at the journey's end. He prefers to strike out a new path for himself, through jungles of wait-a-bit thorns, through hollows crowded with blackberry bushes, and up the aisles of slippery mountains. The slips, slides and bruises amount to nothing provided something in the way of novelty is to be reached. Unfortunately the enthusiastic who shall follow after Mr. Loeffler will be disappointed; from the hillock top of Mr. Loeffler's originality there will be seen no happy promised land, but a bewildering chaos lighted up by prismatic colors from an artificial sun.

Mr. Loeffler has a poetic imagination and rare ingenuity in discovering novel instrumental effects; but he has a horror of form and of rules generally. He is a worker in dainty mosaics, although he has nothing to tell; he uses the little fragments of glass for their color, and the finished work is color without form; beautiful in effect, charming in harmonics and in contrasts, but with a great deal that must be taken for granted. The most cheerful of composers is Mr. Loeffler; he has no theories, and he does not trouble his hearers with abstruse ideas. His violins, viola and 'cello play certain notes and indulge in certain combinations, but they are not working towards any definite end or travelling along any predetermined line; they mean everything or nothing, not from what is said or done, but according to the mood of the hearer. Did Mr. Loeffler intend anything in particular? Who can read into the mind of the cheerful composer who stands in the cool shadows of the trees, staring out at the sunlighted country beyond, while fitfully playing on his Pan's pipe! Is he thinking deeply, or whistling as he stands, for want of thought? Given a smear of paint and a Michel Angelo and the eye of the artist will divine glorious pictures in the accidental juxtaposition of colors, while the average man will see simply a smear of paint.

The cheerfully placid end of the century composer always receives more praise or dispraise than he deserves. To some he is the rarest of rare geniuses, to others he is a clever charlatan, whereas, in reality, he is simply the experimentalist whose ideal is novelty for its own sake, and who seeks for novelty through happy chance, and not through the imperious dictates of inspiration. Mr. Loeffler's quintette is charming; it is unlike everything but the other compositions of Mr. Loeffler; it shows the learned and clever musician who reaches simplicity through unwearied labor, who imitates sentiment so closely that it requires a comparison with the old composers to detect the difference. It is dainty, graceful, fresh music, of a particular kind, and if one is willing to accept the kind without criticism, then surely it is music which will have much to say in the future, though just now it is laboring to learn its own language, and to discover its own meaning and so simply expresses itself in a cheerful and most pleasant infant babble.

Boston Courier.

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At the beginning of the Mozart overture there was a trifle of raggedness in the attack, but at the recapitulation of the themes after the development the same passages went much better. It was interesting to hear this old overture ("Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail") once again; and although it is not to be ranked with the "Magic Flute" overture, or with that to "Don Juan," it has yet many points which make it worthy of an occasional place on the repertoire.

Of course it faded greatly in the strong light of the "Egmont" overture which followed. Egmont was a subject which appealed powerfully to Beethoven's sympathies; a deep love of liberty was one of the chief characteristics of the great composer's nature, and this trait speaks forth in no uncertain tones in the Heroic Symphony, in the finale of the Ninth Symphony (where universal brotherhood is the theme) and in this Egmont overture. The use of the piccolo in the latter part of this overture stands as one of the most marked examples of the proper employment of the tone-color of this instrument. Generally used by composers in bacchanalian or in diabolic effects (for the piccolo may be spoken of as the imp of the orchestra) Beethoven here uses it to portray the uprising of the oppressed Dutch people, and its wild shrieks, combined with the fierce high tones of the violins, make a dramatic effect that is almost unique. It was pleasant to note that Mr. Paur did not repress the shawm[illegible] runs on this instrument which do so much towards making the final cadences triumphant. The piccolo was excellently played, as also were the violins in those trying positions which Beethoven introduced for the first time into orchestral work. Before this overture it was held to be as much as an orchestral violinist could do to go up to three-lined A (the A an octave above that on the first added line above the staff in G clef notation) but here, for the first time, they are sent up to the C above this A (four-lined C) and give a most warlike effect thereby. Modern composers now go to this height very freely, but in Beethoven's day it was held to be almost "impossible." The kettle-drum was played a trifle too forcibly at the close, but this was a failing that leaned to Virtue's side.

The concert ended with Wagner's Centennial March. It is possible that Americans may feel some interest in a march which was written about them by one of the great masters of musical art, but it must be borne in mind that Wagner did not write this march from especial interest in our achievement of independence, but from a very decided affection for $5000, which sum was the prime incentive in the matter. When he wrote it he did not know one of our national melodies, and he seems not to have taken the trouble to learn any of them even with the $5000 dangling before them. He choose for his theme of inspiration, not Washington, not Lincoln, but the pretty American girls that he had seen (this by his own confession) and the gentler passages of the march represent these. As a consequence the $5000 march has about the same success that a "$10,000 prize beauty" has at a circus: there is an interest of curiosity, but precious little of art. The bombastic passages are furiously grandiloquent; our heroes, we are glad to think, never strutted about like that. The only way in which one can fit the march to American circumstances is to suppose that Wagner had become prophetic and pictured the America of the present moment; in such a case the work at once becomes easy to explain; the recurring triplet figure is the "senator-motif" and its endless repetition pictures a currency debate in the upper house of our beloved congress; this figure naturally goes on almost forever; the massive theme which immediately follows the "Senator-motif" is the "Sugar-Trust-motif" and is closely combined with the former with, naturally, a great deal of brass; the furious explosions which follow suggest labor troubles, panic, and a general upset, but through it all the triplet-figure, representative of the debating senators, babbles on and on until the auditor becomes aweary of it, thus producing a most realistic and historically accurate picture. When one remembers what Dvorak has done for American music, and compares this work with the American Symphony ("From the New World") one feels that the weaker side of a great genius ought to be forgotten as speedily as possible. With the exception of one slight slip, the brasses played their important work magnificently, and the performance was altogether the best that the present writer has yet heard of this inflated work.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

[101]

...Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The sixteenth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Handel: Concerto Grosso No. 6, in G minor.
Haydn: Symphony in B-flat major (B. & H., No. 12; Peters, No. 6).
Mozart: Overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont," opus 84.
Wagner: Centennial March in G major.

The concerto grosso is decidedly the most effective orchestral work by Handel we have yet heard at a concert; far more so than the one in D minor which was played last year. One reason for this is undoubtedly that the present one, in G minor, is much more fully written out than the other; that is, that, although Handel evidently counted on a harpsichord or organ accompaniment here, as in his other concertos, the string parts are so written as to fill out the harmony more constantly than in the other, and the lack of an "accompaniment" is far less seriously felt. Only semi-occasionally—in the last allegro, for instance—do ungrateful bare places meet the ear. The whole work is in Handel's best vein; it was a happy inspiration of his, too, and somewhat in advance of his day, to break the monotony of key which is nowadays one of the most serious drawbacks to our enjoyment of *a whole* concerto, suite, or partita by an old master, by putting the middle movement (Musette: *Larghetto*) in E-flat major. The whole concerto was admirably played, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, and Mr. Schroeder leaving nothing to be desired in the *concertino*, and the *ripieni* parts being played at once with accuracy, vigor, delicacy, and perfection of ensemble. Only, we have our serious doubts as to Mr. Paur's tempo in the first movement; it seemed to us that he went more by tradition and the look of the notes than by Handel's marking and the intrinsic character of the music. The movement is marked *Larghetto e affettuoso;* no doubt the signification of Italian terms had not become so fixed in Handel's day as it has since, and Handel's *Larghetto* is not necessarily our modern *Larghetto*—did not Bach, for instance, mark his now familiar soprano air "*Mein gläubiges Herze*" with a *Presto*?—still it seems evident enough that, when he took the trouble to mark this movement in triple *alla breve* (3-2) time *Larghetto e affettuoso*, he must have meant to indicate something less slow than the ordinary *Largo* or *Grave* which would inevitably have been taken by conductors, had there been no tempo-marking at all. Mr. Paur took the movement uncompromisingly *Grave*, at the slowest tempo imaginable; it gave it enormous stateliness and impressiveness, but, to our thinking, not its right character. It sounded too merely conventional and routine-flavored.

Haydn's B-flat symphony is one of his most modern-sounding works, one in which premonitions of Beethoven are most frequent and striking. The more than ordinarily full scoring, replete with ingenious and novel effects, the harmony, the character of the working-out, even the themes themselves, have at times a modern flavor not to be mistaken. The work was excellently well played, with all due brilliancy and vivacity, and with careful attention to effects of light and shade; perhaps now and then one might feel a certain lack of perfect finish. But the symphony made a superb effect, the orchestration, for one thing, sounding doubly brilliant and full of color after the more sober chiaroscuro of the Handel concerto.

Mozart's overture to the "Entführung" is seldom heard at concerts; it would repay more frequent giving, for it is bright as a new dollar. Here we have the light, airy, vivacious Mozart in a very fascinating mood; the work has little depth, and stands a goodish way behind the "Figaro" overture; but it is so nimble, sprightly, and charming, it has so much color and zest, with its "*Janitscharenmusik*" and piccolo-flute, that it is infinitely delightful; one seems to hear the light-hearted Pedrillo chattering all through it! And what a beautiful episode that is of the C minor version of Belmonte's air! with its sweet wood-wind tones. We wonder who wrote the concert coda; in the opera, the overture ends with one foot in the air, on the dominant, and is enchained with the first stage number. Perhaps Mozart did it himself, or it may have been arranged from some ensemble-piece in the opera itself? At all events, it is the best concert coda to an old overture we have yet heard, even better than Wagner's to Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide." The overture was capitally played.

Beethoven's great "Egmont" overture is one of the master's works that have most fallen a prey to "interpreters." One almost wishes that Wagner had never had the (after all, reasonable) idea to insist upon the cognateness of the second theme with the stately sarabande motive of the introduction; conductors, ever since the publication of "*Ueber das Dirigiren*," seem bent upon stuffing this idea down your throat. Mr. Paur insists upon it less obtrusively than some of his *confrères* of the craft; you do not quite feel like calling out, "Yes, I know that already!" every time the figure comes in; but it seems to us, on the other hand, that he paves the way for making this thematic allusion unmistakable by taking the whole movement too slow. These modern "Brahms" *Allegros* in Beethoven sometimes make one almost regret the "ring-master's whip" of the old "*Zopf*" conductors; to be sure, one does not wish to hear a Beethoven *Allegro* absolutely run a steeple-chase, but it must have some go to it and not drag sentimentally. We missed also the bite of that Meyerbeerish rhythm in the basses (against the counter-rhythm in the violins) in the second part of the first theme. But, with these exceptions, the overture was grandly played, the coda being given with especial vim and brilliancy.

So far the programme had ample reason of being: it had led us from Handel, through Haydn and Mozart, to Beethoven; each one of the four selections from these masters was admirable of its kind and sharply characteristic; we doubt even whether anyone in the audience felt the "monotony" of hearing two overtures in succession. And now the crown of this classical edifice was to be Wagner's Centennial March—of all things in the world! The Centennial March! the "*Grosser Festmarsch zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen Gedenkfeier der Unabhängigkeits-Erklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika*"—let us not begrudge the work a single syllable of its title, for it needs them all! We doubt if the country ever gets back the money it spent on this extraordinary (or say, extra-ordinary), composition. What could Wagner have been thinking of? It sounds as if he had been trying—and who shall say, without success, of a sort?—to set the spread-eagle and all past and gone Fourth-of-July orations to music. Really the Wagnerians in the country ought to start a subscription to give this remarkable work decent burial; for the glimpses of the moon are already tired of it. Nor was the work bettered in the playing; it was played as coarsely as might be, and only served to show that, if the Music Hall is to fall, it will not be as Jericho fell: it has stood the test, and is trumpet and trombone-proof!

The next programme is: Foote, symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 24: Paine, "An Island Fantasy;" Dvorák, "Waldesruhe," for 'cello; Klengel, capriccio for 'cello; Beethoven, symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 36; Liszt-Doppler, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, in D minor. Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the 'cellist.

Daily Evening News.

FALL RIVER, Mass.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

THE SYMPHONY.

The annual symphony concert, at the Academy, last night, was, without doubt, the most generally pleasing concert ever given here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. That is equal to saying that it was the best high class concert ever given here. It was what was promised, a grand concert. It pleased the comparatively few expert critics because of the rendering of very difficult music in a manner as nearly perfect in execution and expression as possible. It pleased the crowd that loves music, but makes no pretence of much or any technical knowledge of the art because the selections were all very attractive to the ear from a musical standpoint.

There was a large enough audience to make the concert a paying attraction, but the management was disappointed. After the big houses that turned out for last year's concert and for the concert two years ago and the enthusiasm at last year's concert something like a crowded house from orchestra to gallery was expected. That the audience was not so large as that of last year was unquestionably due to the many outside attractions in the immediate past and the immediate future. People are tired out, or expect to be, and many of the regular symphony patrons did not attend. The concert by Sousa's band was one of the attractions that cut into the Symphony. A fine band concert is more generally popular than a full symphony concert, for the former is more easily understood and appreciated.

The idea of program for last evening that was quite widely circulated was that it was to be heavy. Such an idea would naturally not add to the drawing powers of the concert, and its effect acted with other causes in preventing the crowding of the house. The program was only heavy in that the selections played are very difficult of execution. The impression of the music itself was anything but heavy. The most imposing selection, the symphony, was a continuous run of dance strains that tempted the feet to follow, but left them far behind.

The most important personages in the concert barely succeeded in arriving on time. When Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor, walked out to the front calm and smiling, to be warmly greeted by the audience, no one suspected that he had arrived here only a few minutes before 8 o'clock and driven at a run to the Academy. The orchestra came down early on a special train. Mr. Paur came down on the steamboat train, which was delayed nearly an hour by a derailed car. Mrs. Wyman, the soloist, came all the way from Columbus, O., for the concert, and came from Boston on the same train with the conductor. Had that derailed car kept the train back another hour, there would have been a large audience gathered here at loss for amusement.

The famous Boston Symphony Orchestra was never heard to better advantage than it was last night. Seventy-two of the 85 musicians who make up the orchestra when it is at home came down; a large number to play outside of one of the big cities. There were seven or eight new musicians and most of the others have been with the orchestra a number of seasons. The swing and time were perfect, every instrument in the 72 responding to the conductor's baton as though connected with it. Mr. Paur apparently has this orchestra as perfectly in his control as any of his predecessors had it. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, the soloist, was pleasantly remembered here for her beautiful voice and the very high state of cultivation that she has reached with it. She is among the best natural, and best trained, contraltos ever heard here. She came with the Symphony for the concert three years ago, and the audience last night was very glad to greet her again. In spite of her fatiguing journey she was at her best in her first song. She makes a fine stage appearance that predisposes an audience in her favor before she begins to sing. The full, rich notes came without an apparent extra effort, yet they reached every part of the hall with all their strength. She was called out three times after her first song, but would not repeat. The only criticism that can be made is that she did not sing in English. She is an American, and she certainly can afford to add to the favor in which some of the many fine songs in her own language are held.

The opening number was Symphony No. 7, in a major opus 92, by Ludwig Van Beethoven. The symphony was given in its full four movements. The truth of the announcement in the description accompanying the program that in all the four movements dance rhythms prevail was clearly apparent. It was such music as might well be supposed to accompany the tripping of fairies in those dances in the moonlight which mortals are not allowed to see. It was not the dance music of the ball room, and even the very graceful fancy dances often seen on the stage would hardly fit the rhythms.

Mrs. Wyman first sang the aria from Gounod's "Sappho." It was a splendid piece of work, and the applause that continued until she had come forward to bow three times was very genuine.

The overture to "The Sold Bride" by Bedrich Smetana was a favorite. In playing it the orchestra had a fine opportunity to display its perfect drill and timing. The playing of the violins was very rapid, and it seemed hardly possible that the frequent sharp, quick interruptions from first one set of instruments and then another could be made without a jar. It was a wonderful exhibition of skilful playing, while at the same time there was something very attractive in the wild music.

The next number was another long one. It was George Bizet's Orchestral Suite No. 1, "L'Arlesienne." In it there are four movements. First one set of instruments and then another takes up the theme and carries it on. The first movement is a march. The second is in minuet form, and through it runs a very perceptible suggestion of bagpipes. The third movement was entirely for strings without the double basses. The last movement was stirring and rather animated and gave a brilliant ending to a number which, though long, had not been at all tiresome, for its variety prevented that.

Mrs. Wyman sang, "Chi vuol comprar la bella Calandrina," by Iomelli. It is a bright and pretty song, but it was not well selected to exhibit the singer's ability, and while it pleased the audience, the applause was not nearly so loud and hearty as that following her first song.

The concert was brought to a close with the overture to "Carlo Broschi," by Daniel-Francois-Esprit Auber. The selection was lighter than those which had preceded it, and relieved any strained sensation that may have resulted from a close following of the more impressive music. It was played as perfectly as the others, and made a fit ending to the splendid concert.

THE DAILY GLOBE

THE FALL RIVER DAILY

FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Delightful Treat for Lovers of Fine Music in the Academy Last Night.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave another of its grand concerts in the Academy of Music last night. As on all similar occasions for 10 years at least, the audience was made up of the city's influential and wealthy people, they being in close communion with themselves in the orchestra chairs, and the meek and lowly and expert musicians being heeded together in the galleries.

For the first time since its initial performance here, the magnificent orchestra rendered what may be properly termed popular classical music. For the most part it was music written by the great masters of an inspiring art.

It was music that electrified the Parisian masses when it was played for the first time in the authors' lives. Beethoven music is always moving and educational, whether written in symphonic form or vulgarized to meet the tastes of a waltz-loving musee public.

When rendered by an orchestra, superb in its make up, and inimitable in the accuracy and gracefulness of its movements, nothing that a musical mind can wish, is lacking.

The power and majesty of the orchestra, as a whole, the exquisite harmony of the first and second violins, the violas and the 'cellos, the purity and sweetness of tone from the flutes and clarionets, seemed never more entrancing and charming to the average Fall River ear than they did last night.

The opening number was Beethoven's seventh symphony. The music throughout was light and catchy, verging at times on dance music of the first order. It w the first time a Fall River audience was treated to a symphony complete, and there is no room to doubt the enjoyment it afforded. The consciousness of t presence of a theme that required lit effort to follow it and the wonderf clearness with which it was amplified t bassos, oboes and the first violins, serve to win and hold the popular love from the first measures to the abrupt ending of the last.

Emil Paur, the new conductor, is a barometer of the music his great orchestra holds in store. A glance at him at any time is accompanied by a feeling or a warning that something more exquisite or more thrilling is about to happen. He enters body and soul into the spirit of the author's music as he understands it and the great skill of the musicians is drawn toward him only to be reflected in divine tones from the best instruments the country affords.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman was the soloist of the evening. In general, her success was not as pronounced as it was when she appeared here four years ago, and the critical ears distinguished a greater volume of tone but a lack of the sweetness in the voice that then charmed the audience. Her first selection was an aria from Sappho. It was rendered to be sure with all the grace and beauty of a trained operatic singer and was accompanied by music such as it is given to few only to sing with. It pleased the audience very much, however, and Mrs. Wyman bowed her thanks to three rounds of applause.

Her second selection was not as well received. The orchestral number that provoked the most applause was an overture to "The Sold Bride." There were many strong chords in it, and it was lively enough in all its stages to suit the popular ear.

In general it may be said the concert was more successful in so far as pleasing the popular ear goes than any attempted here by the orchestra before, and it was supremely successful in that it brought more closely to the average mind the skill, the strength and the magnificent powers of what has frequently been termed the world's greatest musical organization.

THE DAILY HERALD

ISSUED BY—

THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

FEBRUARY 26, 1895

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Large Audience Listens to this Wonderful Musicial Organization.

The concert by the great Boston symphony orchestra in the academy of music last night attracted a large audience of music lovers, who were treated to a program of harmony previously familiar only to students of high class music. There was not what might be called a popular bit in the entire program. The music, however, was of the lighter sort, calculated to please, and it did so to an unusual degree. The program was as follows:

Symphony, No. 7, in A major..Beethoven
Aria from "Sappho".....Gormod
Mrs. Julie L. Wyman.
Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut".Smetana
"L'Arlesienne," orchestral suite,
No. 1.....Bizet
Song, "Chi vuol comprar la bella Calandrina".....Iomelli
Mrs. Wyman.
Overture to "Carlo Broschi" Auber

Of the performance of the orchestra there can be nothing but words of praise. It is a marvellous organization, and Fall River is specially favored in being afforded an opportunity to hear it. Emil Paur, the popular leader, was welcomed with a popular round of applau-e when he appeared, and good nature beamed from every lineament of his face. There can be no doubt he has inspired his men with much of his own enthusiasm. Their playing was characterized to an unusual degree with the personal element of the leader, whom it was evident they were closely following.

The soloist, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, has a rarely beautiful contralto voice. The tones are full and true, and her singing was greatly enjoyed. The aria pleased the audience so much that they recalled the singer three time-. Mrs. Wyman came forward to bow her thanks, but she did not respond to the encore with a song. Her second selection was likewise pleasing, but not so pretentious as the first.

A word of praise should be added about the programs distributed to patrons. They were in book form and contained a synopsis of the music, together with a historical sketch of the composers, making a considerable adjunct to the enjoyment of the concert.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony Concert, given last night, included Händel's Concerto Grosso No. 6, G minor; Haydn's Symphony No. 12, B flat major; Mozart's overture, Entführung aus dem Serail; Beethoven's Egmont overture and Wagner's Centennial March. What do you think of this for a program? As Thackeray said of Tupper, "We don't think of Mr. Tupper in England." Lord! what a program! Do you wish a learned discourse on Händel's concertos, with quotations from the ancients? Or a disquisition on the meaning of the themes in the Egmont overture? Or an essay on the inherent pessimism of Haydn? Or a rhapsody on the popular nature of Wagner's march? I should like to hear Mrs. Shaw whistle the tune, or hear it played by two flutes and a bimbonifono. Or an inquiry into the use of the seraglio in music? There is nothing else to write about. Mr. Paur is of late a liberal contributor to the volume entitled "How Not to Make Programs."

* * *

BOSTON, Mass., February 24, 1895.

THE sixth Kneisel Quartet concert was given the 18th in Union Hall. The program included Schubert's D minor quartet (op. posth.); C. M. Loeffler's quintet in one movement for three violins, viola and 'cello (MS., first time) and Beethoven's septet. The club was assisted in the quintet by Mr. Krafft; in the septet by Messrs. Pourtau (clarinet), Hackebarth (horn), Litke (bassoon) and Golde (double bass).

The performance of the septet was admirable, and it caused one to forget the purely academic nature of much of the work. String and wind instruments were in friendly rivalry, and the result was the perfection of ensemble. So, too, the performance of the quartet was excellent, but may the day soon come when only the second movement is heard in chamber concerts!

Mr. Loeffler's quintet is distinguished first of all for its extraordinary beauty of tonal color. As in his fantastic violin composition played here recently by himself and the Symphony Orchestra there are instrumental effects that are undoubtedly new and ravishing, so in this quintet are passages that charm the ear by their absolute novelty in shades of color. And I think it is such tonal impression that Mr. Loeffler chiefly seeks. The themes are not particularly striking—one of melancholy nature suggests Russia, indeed, it may be the memory of some folk-song, for all I know—but the treatment throughout is bold and original. It is as though Mr. Loeffler was discontented with old forms and conventional harmonies and European scales; and he would fain experiment. The technical mastery and the rare, exquisite taste of the man forbid sensationalism or any crudeness.

The quintet sounds like Loeffler; there is no question, no thought of another composer. The conservative may say: "Yes, but this music is all vague, and episodes follow without special meaning, and I don't know what it all means." And for this very reason it is all the more delightful. The hearer is in a new world. He forgets that quintets have, as a rule, four movements, and he is not conscious of fiddlers or fiddles. To him there is a new joy in living; and the dead may hear stranger and more beautiful music. And while he listens, he too weaves fancies, hopes, aspirations and dreams pleasant dreams. There are music makers who go to work at a piece of chamber music as a carpenter constructs a box, and they measure carefully the distance between the first theme and its reappearance. Such are the whippers of Pegasus, unwilling, balky Pegasus, who feels his rider to be an earnest, heavy thing of clay. They compel him to trot in sonata form; to walk sedately; to prance and be skittish; and finally to gallop, that audiences may applaud. And Pegasus is then a livery horse. Let Mr. Loeffler mount him, and he soars airward.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert at Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini." ..... Foote
"An Island Fantasy" ..... Paine
"Waldesruhe" ..... Dvorak
Capriccio ..... Klengel
Solo for Violoncello.
Symphony No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ..... Liszt—Doppler
Soloist, Mr. A. Schroeder.

It is to the credit of the rising school of young musicians that they know the technique of their art, and that, whatever may be said of their inspiration, no objection can be urged against their workmanship. If activity were allowed to genius only, the field of art would resemble a desolate Sahara, with here and there a green spot to add to the sadness. Wild flowers and weeds add to nature's cheerfulness, and every Alpine traveller feels a tenderness for the edelweiss simply because it grows in rocky places. Shall the crows and peacocks be silenced because the nightingale indulges in song? The crow has something important to say of his experiences of life, and for the sake of fuller wisdom we may forgive the voice for the sake of the things uttered.

Our young musicians also have something to say, and they deserve to be heard with patient and respectful attention, if the message they bring is not of much æsthetic value, it is still valuable as a criterion on art, *their* criticism. Mr. Foote speaks with frank earnestness; his criticism is that art is difficult and laborious, that music writing requires a thorough knowledge of orchestral effects, and that given this knowledge, good workmanship may often be taken or mistaken for valuable ideas. His work tells us that effect is more useful than form, that indefiniteness of intention may often simulate the vagueness of sublimity, and that a pleased intellect has the power to pacify a disappointed emotion. It tells us that art has lost its wings and its darting, that the plain is better than the mountain; a well-regulated foot pace safer than an impulsive leap. Whatever is the worth of the message, Mr. Foote is always the conscientious artist, who puts what is best and highest in his art life in his work. The Symphonic Prologue is perhaps a trifle over-elaborate, the ornamentation excessive; but it is good musicianly work of its kind.

Mr. Paine's "Island Fantasy" has a higher art value, for it contains vitalizing ideas; the programme informs us that the composition expresses feelings aroused by memories of summer days by the seaside "amid the varying moods of ocean life, the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm." With these useful hints the music stimulates the imagination and it is very easy to connect the work of the harp with the sunlight flickering on gently undulating waves; to find in the sounds of the muted violins the peace and beatitude of hazy midsummer; the silence disturbed for a moment by the rattling of drums and blowing of trumpets, recalling tempests dying away to the full voices of the 'celli, indicating the brooding of nature after a thunder storm. The island is seemingly in midocean; its shores lapped by beautifully modulated waves, and in it the harmonies of nature are ever seeking to unite in new combinations and show their skill by their fine complexity and their attractive and novel patterns. Aside from the pleasing memories it recalls, the Island Fantasy is good, solid, musicianly work; dignified and scholarly as is everything that comes from Mr. Paine's hands.

The two little works played by Mr. Schroeder are very attractive. In the "Waldesruhe" Dvorak appears as the comtemplative poet, and his dream-picture has the direct earnestness and simplicity of fine art work. It is a charming dainty idyll. The pieces, as was to be expected were delightfully interpreted by Mr. Schroeder; tone, color, expression and sentiment, were faultless and around the unsually sedate audience into unmistakeable enthusiasm.

The programme for the next concert is Robert Kahn's Overture, "Elegie," first time; Berlioz Fantastic Symphony and Brahms's Academic Overture—a programme fully in harmony with the cheerful March weather.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Foote's Symphonic Prologue Received with the Greatest Favor.

The programme for the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night was:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," op. 24 ..... Arthur Foote
Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," op. 45 ..... John Knowles Paine
Solos for violoncello.
"Waldesruhe" ..... Antonin Dvorak
Capriccio, op. 8 ..... Julius Klengel
Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 36 ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, in D minor ..... Franz Liszt
(Scored for orchestra by the composer and Franz Doppler.)

The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder. Mr. Foote's symphonic prologue, which was first heard at these concerts some four years ago, was received on its second presentation last night with the same hearty favor that attended it on the former occasion. It was more effectively read, and with warmer and richer color, by Mr. Paur than characterized its performance in the past, and the result was greater strength and impressiveness. The applause at its close was very hearty, and it did not cease till the composer rose from his seat in the first balcony and bowed his acknowledgments.

Mr. Paine's "Island Fantasy" was heard again with genuine pleasure. It is full of poetry, grace of sentiment and depth of feeling. The instrumentation is charming in its refinement and its variety of chaste tone color, and the clearness of the work from beginning to end is delightful. It was heartily and appreciatively applauded, and it continued until Mr. Paine made his appearance on the stage. Dvorak's "Waldesruhe," is a beautiful adagio, flowingly melodious in its themes, and marked by a frank simplicity that is rare in the composer. It was played by Mr. Schroeder with a tender warmth of feeling and a largeness of style that won for him long continued applause. The capriccio by Klengel begins with a moto perpetuo, and breaks into a delicate second theme in a broader vein, after which it returns to the first subject. It is a thoroughly interesting composition, fresh, spirited and of discreet brevity. This also was performed in a delightfully artistic manner and with a brilliancy of technique that was none the less effective because it was undemonstrative. Again did the player draw forth a round of vigorous plaudits, and he was in addition recalled three times. Mr. Paur read the Beethoven symphony in a masterly manner, and the playing of the orchestra was up to its highest standard. The interpretation of the slow movement was especially fine.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Elegie," Robert Kahn (first time); fantastic symphony, Berlioz; academic overture, Brahms.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1895.

The program of the 17th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini" ..... Foote
"An Island Fantasy" ..... Paine
"Waldesruhe" ..... Dvorak
Capriccio ..... Klengel
Symphony No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ..... Liszt-Doppler

After the purple and scarlet and red and crimson of opera, the cool green of Beethoven's larghetto was refreshing. The movement was played sympathetically, and gave great delight to the audience. Admirable indeed was the performance of Mr. Schroeder; it was so crisp and clear in bravura, so sustained and unexaggerated in cantabile. The pieces by Messrs. Paine and Foote were applauded loudly, and the composers bowed their acknowledgments.

By the way, Mr. Paur, symphonic poems entitled "Francesca da Rimini" have been composed by Tschaikowsky and Antonio Bazzini, names almost as well known in the musical world as that of Foote. Might it not be well to let the public of Boston know what musical views these foreign gentlemen entertained concerning Francesca and her playmates?

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

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MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 4, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

After banqueting on highly spiced foreign dishes during the week we came home again to our customary seat at the symphonic table on Saturday night, happy to find that our musical digestion was not impaired, that we were not suffering from tonal dyspepsia.

Two American composers were honored in this programme, which began with Arthur Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" symphonic prologue. This work grows stronger upon more intimate acquaintance, for it possesses impressive themes and an easy, unforced leading of the parts; the development too is logical and interesting if not strikingly dramatic. The work has scarcely the intense passion of the loving and guilty pair, nor is the tragedy which culminated their amour sufficiently indicated. There is, however, a grandiose style in the work which is not ineffective, and which sufficiently accounted for the public favor which was accorded to the performance and which forced the composer to bow his acknowledgments from his seat.

Prof. Paine's "Island Fantasy" idealizes the sea shore very much as Mendelssohn celebrated the Isle of Staffa in his "Hebrides Overture," for there is the same tribute to the voice of Poseidon, the same touch of loneliness, the same pensive character, although no one will ever again achieve such a perfect ocean theme as that beautiful chief subject in Mendelssohn's overture. Anything that this composer writes is worthy of the respectful attention of the critic, for it may scarcely be questioned that John K. Paine stands at the head of the American School of Composition. But the reviewer would have preferred a selection from the "Oedipus" music (the high-water mark of native composition) to this rather discursive work. Spite of the beauty of the thematic material, there is something of prolixity in the working-out. The scoring is done with a masterly hand, only Templeton Strong, of the native army, comes near to Professor Paine in the matter of good orchestration. The performance was a worthy one, and especial mention may be made of the harp and the horn as being very satisfactory in prominent passages.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder then played two violoncello solos. Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" ("Forest Repose") took us from sea-shore to woodland in easy transition. It had a suave melodious character which reminded of a "Song without Words," and gave abundant opportunity for that rich tone and pure expression of which Mr. Schroeder is such a master. Its end with a broad passage on the C string gave a good example of Mr. Schroeder's noble tone. Klengel's "Cappriccio" seemed like Popper's "Papillons" in masquerade. It was a showy Rondo (of the simpler form) with a chief theme of Moto Perpetuo character and a contrasted counter theme of appropriate legato. It can only be regarded as a musical sugarplum, but it gives good opportunity for technical display and aroused much enthusiasm in the audience.

Beethoven's second symphony is a species of poor relation among the family of nine. It is the least grateful of them all for performance. Mr. Paur gave it a good and generally conservative reading, in which however, the kettle-drum punctuated the rhythm too much. It may be awfully heterodox to state that the second movement is too long for a slow movement, and that the attempt to develop themes in this tempo becomes prosy, but having taken this first downward step in musical heresy, we may add that the Larghetto seems Mozartish without Mozart's brevity. The finale is a good step towards the new school. The older finales were always jovial and seemed merely intended to send the audience home in a good humor. When Beethoven gave the joviality to the third movement, as he did in this symphony, by substituting the scherzo for the minuet, a change was bound to come in the finale too, and in this symphony one finds the beginning of a transition to the new school. The movement was brilliantly performed with just the right spirit and fire.

The Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, by Liszt (scored by Liszt and Doppler) is not so successful a work as the Polonaise in E which Muller-Berghaus orchestrated, but it has its showy moments. There is some very brilliant flute-work and Mr. Molé deserves enthusiastic praise, for he gave the trying passages without a flaw. Mr. Paur was in his element in working up the heavy climaxes which follow on each others heels in this work, and there was not a grain of pepper lost from the spicing of this orchestral mess of pottage. Next week the music will be still more highly flavored, for Berlioz's 'Sinfoni: Fantastique" the best possible study of modern orchestration, is promised for performance.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

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The programme at last night's Symphony offered nothing in the way of novelty, but for all that the selections were so well chosen as to give thorough satisfaction to the audience, which, by the way, was the smallest this season, owing to the counter attraction of grand opera.

The concert opened with Arthur Foote's symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," which was first played by the Symphony Orchestra in January, 1891. It is a fiery and impassioned composition, full of pretty melodies, skilfully introduced. It was well played, and Mr. Foote acknowledged the applause which followed from his seat in the balcony. John K. Paine's symphonic poem, "An Island Fantasy," which followed, has a number of dreamy passages, and introduces the harp in several lovely effects. The composer was also honored, as was Mr. Foote.

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Boston Sunday Globe.

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Mr Arthur Foote's symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," was presented by the Boston symphony orchestra for its first public hearing in January, four years ago. It was admirably given yesterday, and with its brilliant orchestral effects, and strongly developed themes, made an admirable opening for the concert. Those who were belated missed, indeed, one of the most interesting of Mr Paur's offerings.

The high rank which Mr John Knowles Paine has gained assures for any work of his a welcome in any concert hall devoted to classical music. His "Island Fantasy" gives abundant scope for his skill and knowledge of the art musical, and demonstrates his ability in tone painting in a way which leaves nothing to be desired. "An Island Fantasy" is true, descriptive music. Mr Paine never permits himself to resort to ad captandum devices to win applause, yet it would be difficult to set forth more poetically and effectively the varying moods of "the sounding sea." It was fitting that the distinguished composer should have been summoned to share the honors of the occasion. Mr Paur's interpretation of the work was most sympathetic.

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The symphony was Beethoven's second, in D major—a masterwork familiar indeed to our concert stage, but which possesses perennial power to please and enthrall when presented with such appreciation and skill as marked the performance by our symphony orchestra.

Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody, No. 2, in D minor, orchestrated from the piano score by the composer and Franz Doppler, brought the program to a close. There is no denying that a Liszt rhapsody is noisy—there is no denying, either, the fascination of the vizarre gypsy music which characterizes all his works in this line. The performance was brilliant. If it was impossible for the orchestra to quite reproduce the effect which a great pianist could achieve with the rhapsody, the fault assuredly did not lie with the musicians.

M Charles Molé interpreted the passages set down for the flute in this exacting work with admirable skill, and Mr Schuecker's part as harpist was taken most artistically.

Three selections make up next Saturday's program. One of them, Robert Kahn's "Elegy," overture, is to have its first hearing. Berlioz' "Fantastic" symphony will follow the novelty, and the concert is to end with Brahms' noble "Academic" overture.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony Concert, given last night, included Händel's Concerto Grosso No. 6, G minor; Haydn's Symphony No. 12, B flat major; Mozart's overture, Entführung aus dem Serail; Beethoven's Egmont overture and Wagner's Centennial March. What do you think of this for a program? As Thackeray said of Tupper, "We don't think of Mr. Tupper in England." Lord! what a program! Do you wish a learned discourse on Händel's concertos, with quotations from the ancients? Or a disquisition on the meaning of the themes in the Egmont overture? Or an essay on the inherent pessimism of Haydn? Or a rhapsody on the popular nature of Wagner's march? I should like to hear Mrs. Shaw whistle the tune, or hear it played by two flutes and a bimbonifono. Or an inquiry into the use of the seraglio in music? There is nothing else to write about. Mr. Paur is of late a liberal contributor to the volume entitled "How Not to Make Programs."

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BOSTON, Mass., February 24, 1895.

THE sixth Kneisel Quartet concert was given the 18th in Union Hall. The program included Schubert's D minor quartet (op. posth.); C. M. Loeffler's quintet in one movement for three violins, viola and 'cello (MS., first time) and Beethoven's septet. The club was assisted in the quintet by Mr. Krafft; in the septet by Messrs. Pourtau (clarinet), Hackebarth (horn), Litke (bassoon) and Golde (double bass).

The performance of the septet was admirable, and it caused one to forget the purely academic nature of much of the work. String and wind instruments were in friendly rivalry, and the result was the perfection of ensemble. So, too, the performance of the quartet was excellent, but may the day soon come when only the second movement is heard in chamber concerts!

Mr. Loeffler's quintet is distinguished first of all for its extraordinary beauty of tonal color. As in his fantastic violin composition played here recently by himself and the Symphony Orchestra there are instrumental effects that are undoubtedly new and ravishing, so in this quintet are passages that charm the ear by their absolute novelty in shades of color. And I think it is such tonal impression that Mr. Loeffler chiefly seeks. The themes are not particularly striking—one of melancholy nature suggests Russia, indeed, it may be the memory of some folk-song, for all I know—but the treatment throughout is bold and original. It is as though Mr. Loeffler was discontented with old forms and conventional harmonies and European scales; and he would fain experiment. The technical mastery and the rare, exquisite taste of the man forbid sensationalism or any crudeness.

The quintet sounds like Loeffler; there is no suggestion, no thought of another composer. The conservative may say: "Yes, but this music is all vague, and episodes follow without special meaning, and I don't know what it all means." And for this very reason it is all the more delightful. The hearer is in a new world. He forgets that quintets have, as a rule, four movements, and he is not conscious of fiddlers or fiddles. To him there is a new joy in living; and the dead may hear stranger and more beautiful music. And while he listens, he too weaves fancies, hopes, aspirations and dreams pleasant dreams. There are music makers who go to work at a piece of chamber music as a carpenter constructs a box, and they measure carefully the distance between the first theme and its reappearance. Such are the whippers of Pegasus, unwilling, balky Pegasus, who feels his rider to be an earnest, heavy thing of clay. They compel him to trot in sonata form; to walk sedately; to prance and be skittish; and finally to gallop, that audiences may applaud. And Pegasus is then a livery horse. Let Mr. Loeffler mount him, and he soars airward.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme at last night's Symphony offered nothing in the way of novelty, but for all that the selections were so well chosen as to give thorough satisfaction to the audience, which, by the way, was the smallest this season, owing to the counter attraction of grand opera.

The concert opened with Arthur Foote's symphonic prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," which was first played by the Symphony Orchestra in January, 1891. It is a fiery and impassioned composition, full of pretty melodies, skilfully introduced. It was well played, and Mr. Foote acknowledged the applause which followed from his seat in the balcony. John K. Paine's symphonic poem, "An Island Fantasy," which followed, has a number of dreamy passages, and introduces the harp in several lovely effects. The composer was also honored, as was Mr. Foote.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert at Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini." ..... Foote
"An Island Fantasy" ..... Paine
"Waldesruhe" ..... Dvorak
Capriccio ..... Klengel
Solo for Violoncello.
Symphony No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ..... Liszt—Doppler
Soloist, Mr. A. Schroeder.

It is to the credit of the rising school of young musicians that they know the technique of their art, and that, whatever may be said of their inspiration, no objection can be urged against their workmanship. If activity were allowed to genius only, the field of art would resemble a desolate Sahara, with here and there a green spot to add to the sadness. Wild flowers and weeds add to nature's cheerfulness, and every Alpine traveller feels a tenderness for the edelweiss simply because it grows in rocky places. Shall the crows and peacocks be silenced because the nightingale indulges in song? The crow has something important to say of his experiences of life, and for the sake of fuller wisdom we may forgive the voice for the sake of the things uttered.

Our young musicians also have something to say, and they deserve to be heard with patient and respectful attention, if the message they bring is not of much æsthetic value, it is still valuable as a criterion on art, *their* criticism. Mr. Foote speaks with frank earnestness; his criticism is that art is difficult and laborious, that music writing requires a thorough knowledge of orchestral effects, and that given this knowledge, good workmanship may often be taken or mistaken for valuable ideas. His work tells us that effect is more useful than form, that indefiniteness of intention may often simulate the vacueness of sublimity, and that a pleased intellect has the power to pacify a disappointed emotion. It tells us that art has lost its wings and its daring, that the plain is better than the mountain; a well-regulated foot pace safer than an impulsive leap. Whatever is the worth of the message, Mr. Foote is always the conscientious artist, who puts what is best and highest in his art life in his work. The Symphonic Prologue is perhaps a trifle over-elaborate, the ornamentation excessive; but it is good musicianly work of its kind.

Mr. Paine's "Island Fantasy" has a higher art value, for it contains vitalizing ideas; the programme informs us that the composition expresses feelings aroused by memories of summer days by the seaside "amid the varying moods of ocean life, the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm." With these useful hints the music stimulates the imagination and it is very easy to connect the work of the harp with the sunlight flickering on gently undulating waves; to find in the sounds of the muted violins the peace and beatitude of hazy midsummer; the silence disturbed for a moment by the rattling of drums and blowing of trumpets, recalling tempests dying away to the full voices of the 'celli, indicating the brooding of nature after a thunder storm. The island is seemingly in midocean; its shores lapped by beautifully modulated waves, and in it the harmonies of nature are ever seeking to unite in new combinations and show their skill by their fine complexity and their attractive and novel patterns. Aside from the pleasing memories it recalls, the Island Fantasy is good, solid, musicianly work; dignified and scholarly as is everything that comes from Mr. Paine's hands.

The two little works played by Mr. Schroeder are very attractive. In the "Waldesruhe" Dvorak appears as the comtemplative poet, and his dream-picture has the direct earnestness and simplicity of fine art work. It is a charming dainty idyll. The pieces, as was to be expected were delightfully interpreted by Mr. Schroeder; tone, color, expression and sentiment, were faultless and around the unsually sedate audience into unmistakeable enthusiasm.

The programme for the next concert is Robert Kahn's Overture, "Elegie," first time; Berlioz Fantastic Symphony and Brahms's Academic Overture—a programme fully in harmony with the cheerful March weather.

Boston Courier.

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We have had to devote so much space to the opera, that we can give but a few lines to the seventeenth Symphony programme. This, however, was almost all familiar and friendly, including Mr. Foote's duly dolorous "Francesca da Rimini" prologue; Professor Paine's poetic "Island Fantasy"; Beethoven's Second Symphony, and for the vigorous tail-piece Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody in orchestral form. Besides these, there were played by Mr. Schroeder, the 'cellist, a "Waldesruhe" by Dvorak, in which he brought out a soft and beautiful tonality, and a Capriccio by Klengel, which required and received a facility and celerity of execution such as only a player of the first rank could possess and contribute. The orchestra played well and Mr. Paur obtained the smoothness and grace which he has somewhat lacked in two previous concerts.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 72.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Foote's Symphonic Prologue Received with the Greatest Favor.

The programme for the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night was:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," op. 24 ..... Arthur Foote
Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," op. 45 ..... John Knowles Paine
Solos for violoncello.
"Waldesruhe" ..... Antonin Dvorak
Capriccio, op. 8 ..... Julius Klengel
Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 36 ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, in D minor ..... Franz Liszt
(Scored for orchestra by the composer and Franz Doppler.)

The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder, Mr. Foote's symphonic prologue, which was first heard at these concerts some four years ago, was received on its second presentation last night with the same hearty favor that attended it on the former occasion. It was more effectively read, and with warmer and richer color, by Mr. Paur than characterized its performance in the past, and the result was greater strength and impressiveness. The applause at its close was very hearty, and it did not cease till the composer rose from his seat in the first balcony and bowed his acknowledgments.

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Two American composers were honored in this programme, which began with Arthur Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" symphonic prologue. This work grows stronger upon more intimate acquaintance, for it possesses impressive themes and an easy, unforced leading of the parts; the development too is logical and interesting if not strikingly dramatic. The work has scarcely the intense passion of the loving and guilty pair, nor is the tragedy which culminated their amour sufficiently indicated. There is, however, a grandiose style in the work which is not ineffective, and which sufficiently accounted for the public favor which was accorded to the performance and which forced the composer to bow his acknowledgments from his seat.

Prof. Paine's "Island Fantasy" idealizes the sea shore very much as Mendelssohn celebrated the Isle of Staffa in his "Hebrides Overture," for there is the same tribute to the voice of Poseidon, the same touch of loneliness, the same pensive character, although no one will ever again achieve such a perfect ocean theme as that beautiful chief subject in Mendelssohn's overture. Anything that this composer writes is worthy of the respectful attention of the critic, for it may scarcely be questioned that John K. Paine stands at the head of the American School of Composition. But the reviewer would have preferred a selection from the "Oedipus" music (the high-water mark of native composition) to this rather discursive work. Spite of the beauty of the thematic material there is something of prolixity in the working-out. The scoring is done with a masterly hand, only Templeton Strong, of the native army, comes near to Professor Paine in the matter of good orchestration. The performance was a worthy one, and especial mention may be made of the harp and the horn as being very satisfactory in prominent passages.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder then played two violoncello solos. Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" ("Forest Repose") took us from sea-shore to woodland in easy transition. It had a suave melodious character which reminded of a "Song without Words," and gave abundant opportunity for that rich tone and pure expression of which Mr. Schroeder is such a master. Its end with a broad passage on the C string gave a good example of Mr. Schroeder's noble tone. Klengel's "Cappriccio" seemed like Popper's "Papillons" in masquerade. It was a showy Rondo (of the simpler form) with a chief theme of Moto Perpetuo character and a contrasted counter theme of appropriate legato. It can only be regarded as a musical sugarplum, but it gives good opportunity for technical display and aroused much enthusiasm in the audience.

Beethoven's second symphony is a species of poor relation among the family of nine. It is the least grateful of them all for performance. Mr. Paur gave it a good and generally conservative reading, in which however, the kettle-drum punctuated the rhythm too much. It may be awfully heterodox to state that the second movement is too long for a slow movement, and that the attempt to develop themes in this tempo becomes prosy, but having taken this first downward step in musical heresy, we may add that the Larghetto seems Mozartish without Mozart's brevity. The finale is a good step towards the new school. The older finales were always jovial and seemed merely intended to send the audience home in a good humor. When Beethoven gave the joviality to the third movement, as he did in this symphony, by substituting the scherzo for the minuet, a change was bound to come in the finale too, and in this symphony one finds the beginning of a transition to the new school. The movement was brilliantly performed with just the right spirit and fire.

The Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, by Liszt (scored by Liszt and Doppler) is not so successful a work as the Polonaise in E which Muller-Berghaus orchestrated, but it has its showy moments. There is some very brilliant flute-work and Mr. Molé deserves enthusiastic praise, for he gave the trying passages without a flaw. Mr. Paur was in his element in working up the heavy climaxes which follow on each others heels in this work, and there was not a grain of pepper lost from the spicing of this orchestral mess of pottage. Next week the music will be still more highly flavored, for Berlioz's 'Sinfoni Fantastique" the best possible study of modern orchestration, is promised for performance.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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Boston Transcript

MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Foote: Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 24.
Paine: Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," opus 45.
Dvorák: "Waldesruhe," Adagio for 'cello and orchestra, in D-flat major.
Klengel: Capriccio for 'cello and orchestra, in D minor, opus 8.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 36.
Liszt-Doppler: Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, in D minor.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the 'cellist.

This is, we believe, the second time Mr. Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" has been played here; it is the first time that we personally have heard it, as we were not in Boston at its first performance in 1891. After a careful study of the score and this one hearing, we should not hesitate to place it at the head of all Mr. Foote has yet written in the larger concert forms. What is in general strong in Mr. Foote's writing,—solid, rational harmony, flowing, natural part-writing, stoutness of musical structure, and coherency of development,—is to be found in this work in its best estate; and, added to these characteristics of the efficient musician, we find here a depth and poignancy of expression, a melodic forcibleness, and vigor of effect, toward which his previous orchestral works have steadily striven, but without such brilliant convincingness of achievement. The whole symphonic prologue is conceived and carried out on a high poetic plane, and at the same time with impeccable musical consistency. In the matter of instrumentation Mr. Foote has here taken a long stride forwards; the whole scheme of the scoring is as modern as possible, one might almost call it post-Wagnerian, reminding one in method, though not always in result, of Richard Strauss and the latest French masters of the art. And the effect is always admirable; the strings are treated with infinite skill, and where the composer finds himself forced to resort to his brass to give due prominence to a melodic phrase in strong passages, he does it so cleverly that the sum total of his orchestral tone has no unpleasant brassiness, and his use of the trumpets in *cantilena* is so skilfully veiled that it detracts nothing from the effectiveness of these instruments when he employs them in their traditional character as trumpets, in true trumpet passages. The prologue was admirably played and produced an exceedingly strong impression, Mr. Foote having to bow his acknowledgments of the applause from his hiding place in the corner of the first balcony.

Professor Paine's "Island Fantasy" makes a better and better impression, the more one hears it. It is a perfectly free work of musico-poetic fancy, unlike Mr. Foote's prologue, which, with all its freedom of development, adheres essentially to the sonata form; but its frank departure from traditional musical forms does not in the least impugn its coherency of development nor prevent its having a distinct and musically logical plastic form of its own. Professor Paine has here conceived the "Symphonic Poem" in what seems to us its truest and best estate; as a piece of music inspired, or suggested, by extra-musical ideas and experiences, but never seeking to follow out an extra-musical train of thought in any slavish way, nor to model its form upon conditions foreign to its own art. What of tone-painting there is in the work is purely ideal and suggestive, never descending to mere realistic imitation. The composer has been poetic and fanciful without for a moment allowing himself to be unmusical; more than this, one sees that the musical side of his work was from beginning to end the prominent one in his mind. The composition is full of beauty, force and grace. It was excellently played, though it seemed to us at times that the heavy brass in the orchestra played somewhat louder than the composer must have calculated on in his scoring. The work was very warmly received, and Professor Paine bowed from the stage in response to the applause.

Beethoven's second symphony is always a delight. To be sure, with all its immense and characteristically Beethovenish advance upon the first one in C, one can hardly understand Berlioz's closing his analysis of the first with "In a word, this is not Beethoven. We shall find him!" as if in the second symphony the true Beethoven was for the first time revealed. Save for a measure or two in the slow introduction to the first movement, and some developments in the second theme of the final rondo, this symphony in D has Beethoven's "first manner" stamped all over it, and in no wise suggests what Beethoven came to later in his career. It is far more like the first symphony than it is like the third. But it is full of the most wonderful genius for all that. It was admirably played and received in a manner to warm the cockles of the veriest classicist's heart; the *Larghetto* was all but encored.

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 12 of the pianoforte series), scored for orchestra by himself and Franz Doppler, was splendidly played in a way to do full justice to its fantastic, fitful wildness, and yet duly emphasizing what coherence it has as a musical composition. Mr. Molé's flute cadenzas were jewels in their way.

Mr. Schroeder played the two little pieces by Dvorák and Klengel simply to perfection. The former piece is perhaps the most lovely and enchanting thing of its kind we have yet heard. The Klengel capriccio is deft and dainty in a somewhat more commonplace way, but is not without charm, besides being thoroughly well-written music. Mr. Schroeder's playing of it was very "canny" indeed; he wisely let the music make its own effect just up to near the close, where he put on an extra touch of effectiveness that simply carried everything before it. He was enthusiastically applauded.

The next programme is: Robert Kahn, overture, "Elegie," in C minor (first time); Berlioz, "Fantastic" symphony, No. 1, in C major, opus 14a; Brahms, academic festival overture in C minor, opus 80.

The Boston Globe

MONDAY, MARCH 4.

WORKS OF LOCAL COMPOSERS.

JOHN K. PAINE AND ARTHUR FOOTE HEARD AT SYMPHONY.

The Former Undoubtedly the Greatest American Musician—"Rigoletto" and Sunday Evening Concert by the Operatic Artists.

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini." ..... Foote
Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy" ..... Paine
Solos of Violoncellos:
a "Waldesruhe" ..... Dvorak
b Capriccio ..... Klengel
Symphony No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2 ..... Liszt

Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the soloist.

Mr. Arthur Foote's piece has been heard before in these concerts, in fact it was first brought out by this orchestra in January, 1891. One listens with gratification to the musicianlike manner in which Mr. Foote handles his material, which is at once melodic, elevated and original in its character. There is no striving for effects at the expense of legitimate art, no borrowed plumage from familiar costumers in orchestral decoration serving to cover the ill-shapen form beneath, but honest exposition of serious study upon classic models, enhanced through the imagination and individuality of the composer, its form displayed in the well-fitting and appropriate garments of chaste and artistic handiwork. This composition reflects credit upon its composer in every direction, and it would be well if some of his local contemporaries should emulate its just proportions. Mr. Foote was obliged to come forward and bow in acknowledgement of the hearty applause of the audience.

It is not at all creditable to the reputation of the conductors who have directed the affairs of our Symphony Orchestra that their want of discrimination has been the means of our hearing too seldom the works of Prof. John K. Paine. During the five years that Mr. Gericke was here he played but one of Prof. Paine's compositions, if my memory serves me correctly, and that was the symphonic poem hear Saturday night. Nikisch undertook a performance of Prof. Paine's "Spring" symphony with results discreditable to his ability as an interpreter, it being the only time in his term of four years that he attempted anything of Prof. Paine's. Mr. Paur has done better than either, for he gave a masterly rendering last season of the Prelude from Prof. Paine's immortal "Oedipus" and again this season we hear another work of this greatest American composer.

If we regard the art in its highest classical form, then Prof. Paine is one of the most eminent composers that the world has produced. As a master in every form of music he belongs among the very few great composers now living. Brahms in Germany and Saint-Saens in France are the only living composers in the highest realms of musical art who are the peers of Prof. Paine, and were the latter a native of either of those countries he would today be world-famous as a great composer.

Since Schumann died no composer has approached in symphonic composition the melodic form, classical purity, romance and poetry combined, which Prof. Paine has shown in his two symphonies. These works stand upon the same plane as do the immortal compositions of Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert, and it should be the duty of the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to perform each season one or both of these classic compositions to serve as a beacon to the aspiring students and ambitious composers among our countrymen in lighting their path towards that pinnacle of true art, which, if gained, much be reached through other means than that employed by the majority of this class of writers whose efforts rarely stimulate them beyond the struggles of unspontaneous and imitative slavery to what is termed the "modern school of composition."

Well, perhaps Prof. Paine's countrymen will awaken some day to a realization of the fact that America has produced one composer whose musical stature reaches into that upper air of genius, whose contrapuntal ability stands shoulder to shoulder with that of the immortal Bach, whose invention in thematic treatment has the nobility and spontaneity of Beethoven, whose science equals that of Brahms, without the latter's dryness; whose imagination has the romance of Schumann and whose skill in orchestral devices and instrumental coloring is that of the most modern school in its rational form. Indeed, a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, especially when that country is the United States of America.

Prof. Paine's charming symphonic poem, prompted in the expression of feelings by the "remembrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life; the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm," displayed in its wealth of melodic beauty, its fascinating harmonics, its broad and flowing rhythms, its delightful episodes with opportunities for the English horn, clarinet, harp and French horn in solo passages, the masterly hand of the ripe musician and romantic composer. There was need of a greater refinement in the rendering than Mr. Paur accorded it, its varying moods requiring a more acute definition in the nuances. The wind instruments were too often coarse and loud, thereby submerging the "figure" work, [illegible] have been a mere breath in the accomplishment of which Mr. Paur totally failed. The audience received the piece with enthusiastic applause, and Prof. Paine went upon the stage in response to calls to bow his acknowledgments of his fellow-townsmen's enthusiasm.

The Beethoven symphony was played in Mr. Paur's best style, but that is deficient in delicacy and refinement and lacking in a happy graduation of dynamic power. I am convinced that it does not exist in the musical nature of Mr. Paur to conceive this necessity for a fine gradation of power, and as the classics must rely almost wholly for effect upon an acute delineation in dynamics and not whatever upon sentimental dispensation of the material contained therein, it is necessary that Mr. Paur's critical listeners must remain content with what is offered in this direction under his baton, for he cannot better it. The appreciative few will live in memory of the gratifying results experienced in this respect while the refined Gericke was with us.

The orchestra plays at times somewhat slovenly nowadays as if it did not heed the conductor or perhaps because of insufficient rehearsals. Inflexible discipline and absolute control are the only means whereby 80 players can be kept in perfect accord.

Mr. Schroeder played his numbers in that highly artistic and technically perfect manner that marks his efforts always. Mr. Schroeder is a 'cellist of high quality, and the audience applauded his efforts with tremendous enthusiasm, recalling him many times. The Liszt number that ended the concert was played superbly.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night, at Music Hall, the Symphony Orchestra gave its eighteenth concert, of which the following is the programme:

Overture, "Elegie," (first time) ..... R. Kahn
Fantastic Symphony ..... Berlioz
Andante from "Lenore," Symphony ..... Raff
Academic Overture ..... Brahms

This is not a particularly attractive programme, and it is somewhat puzzling to discover on what theory it was made out. It may be that the gross elements in our æsthetic nature are refined by a season of penitence, and that a bad programme, like a day of fasting, brings its own reward. But surely the remedy should have some relation to the disease, and as the wise physician will not amputate a finger for a hang-nail, so will not an experienced doctor of the emotions produce convulsions for the sake of curing a hiccough. If there be any art-lover who hungrily yearns for programme music, it would seem that the heroic dose of the Fantastic Symphony would more than satisfy any average craving; but to follow it with an excerpt from the Burger ballad set to music and to give on top of this hot, spicy food, a dose of the classicism of Brahms is not to chasten but to punish; is not to "purge the humors" but to bring about an emotional dyspepsia of the incurable kind. It is true that for two weeks we have been indulging in the flippancy of opera, and that some cruelty is necessary in driving us back to the classic roadway, but the punishment should have been tinctured with mercy.

Of course the Fantastic Symphony is always worth the hearing, and it is inspiriting to follow the life history of the young man with the "fixed idea;" the morbid youth who witnesses his own execution and follows his own funeral procession. At the same time it is curious to consider how long this work would have kept its popularity if it had not been accompanied by a descriptive programme; that is, how long it would have remained alive from its own inherent musical worth. It is undeniable that Berlioz did not invent programme music, but he made the capital mistake of making it too definite. Instrumental music of enduring worth is vague; Berlioz insists on giving all the details, while the immortals gave simply the general ideas, and allowed the hearers to work out the details according to the power and capacity of their imagination. The young man with the fixed idea is so minutely described that we discover at once that he belongs neither to the region of music nor to life; he is a lay figure, around which wonderful combinations of instrumental combinations revole; the log that holds a dazzling musical pin-wheel. Berlioz once made the attempt to describe by means of instrumental music the galloping of two *black* horses! This is realism with a vengeance, and the microbe of the same realism has entered into the life-blood of the Fantastic Symphony, as it has entered into other works of this master, with certain danger to their vitality. Originality is dearly purchased at this price, especially when the so-called originality is only a name for the love of novelty. Berlioz is the father of modern French realism, and the children or grandchildren of his Fantastic symphony have infected French art generally, with the result that real cows and real cannons add to the effect of modern French opera, and portraits of scantily dressed ballet girls, and headless, blood-besmirched soldiers adorn the walls at every exhibition of French paintings. Realism in art degrades, despite the rare technical skill shown in producing it, and the degradation with its accompanying vulgarity is plainly to be noted in the Fantastic Symphony. How many steps is it from Berlioz to Regnault, Zola and Verlaine?

The Kahn overture is a solid and well made little work, modern in spirit, and with the modern fashion of elaborating a small idea in the most ingenious manner. Why the overture is called an elegy is difficult to imagine, except on the theory of contraries; for science takes the place of sentiment, and noise that of feeling.

The programme for the nineteenth concert is Brahm's Symphony No. 3; Mendelssohn Concerto for Violin; Reinecke's Entr'acte "Gouverneur von Tours;" and Marschner's Overture, "Hans Heiling." Mr. Franz Kneisel is the soloist.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

The seventeenth Symphony concert does not call for extended comment. The orchestra played Foote's Francesca da Rimini, Paine's An Island Fantasy, Beethoven's Second Symphony and the Liszt-Doppler arrangement of the Second Hungarian Symphony. The pieces by the local composers were applauded loudly, and the composers were obliged to bow their acknowledgments. Mr. Schroeder played with orchestra Dvorák's Waldesruhe and Klengel's Capriccio, op. 8. He gave great pleasure by the sureness of his technic, his artistic simplicity and his sympathetic treatment.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1895.

Echoes From the Symphony Concert.

The attendance at yesterday's symphony concert was smaller than usual, probably because of the numerous other musical attractions of the week. It is noteworthy, however, that there is generally a decrease in the size of the audience when no soloist is announced to appear.

The program arranged by Mr Paur for last night's concert, the 18th of the season, consisted of four numbers as follows:

Overture, Elegy, in C minor (MS) ..... Robert Kahn
(First time.)
Fantastic symphony, No. 1, in C major, op 14a, ... Hector Berlios
Andante from symphony No. 5, in E major (Lenore), op 177 ..... Joachin Raff
Academic festival overture, in C minor, op 80, ... Johannes Brahms

The overture by Robert Kahn was played here for the first time. It is an interesting work, is rich in musical ideas, some of which are notable for their originality, and the entire composition is written in a scholarly manner. The orchestration is very elaborate, in certain passages almost too elaborate, but the effects attained are artistic and pleasing. The overture was played from manuscript, and given splendid interpretation.

Berlioz' wonderful and truly fantastic symphony was the feature of the concert. This weird composition has often been played here and always listened to with the utmost attention. The enthusiastic applause invariably bestowed upon its performance is the best of evidence that even a symphony audience derives more enjoyment from such bizarre orchestral effects than from the calm and scholarly compositions of the classical writers. Under Mr Paur's able direction the symphony was given a superb performande.

The andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony was played with fine expression and the often heard Brahms "Festival Overture" was given a spirited performance.

The next concert will be given March 23, there being no concert this week. Mr Franz Kneisel will be the soloist, and the program will be as follows: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 69.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Effective Interpretation of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony No. 1.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra was:

Overture, "Elegy" in C minor (MS.) ..... (First time) Robert Kahn
Fantastic symphony No. 1 ..... Berlioz
Andante from "Lenore" symphony ..... Raff
Academic overture ..... Brahms

The Kahn overture is in the extreme modern school by a young composer who is coming to the front in Germany. It is well put together and presents no obstacle to an understanding of it on a first hearing. It is rich and varied in harmonies and instrumentation, and is unmistakably the work of one who has mastered the intricacies of modern musical technique, and who can use them with skill and effect. The overture is academically correct in every essential, but though it says what it has to say with power and knowledge it says nothing new, and can be awarded no higher rank than that of Kapellmeister music of praiseworthy quality. It was brilliantly played.

The Berlioz symphony has never received so effective, so dramatic and so deeply interesting an interpretation here as was accorded it by Mr. Paur last night. The reading was remarkable in its originality and in the many new and singularly effective points that were brought out by him, especially in the "Walpurgis Night's Dream," in which the diablerie was wonderfully emphasized. The reading was stirringly virile throughout, and the performance by the orchestra may rank foremost among its very best efforts of the season. Notably beautiful in its chaste, poetic sentiment was the rendering of the "Scene in the Fields." Each movement drew forth a spirited round of applause from the audience, and Mr. Paur was compelled to bow his acknowledgments frequently. There will be no rehearsal and concert this week.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke (first time); overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner (which will be given for the first time at this concert). Mr. Franz Kneisel is to be the soloist.

[104]

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Foote: Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 24.
Paine: Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," opus 45.
Dvorák: "Waldesruhe," Adagio for 'cello and orchestra, in D-flat major.
Klengel: Capriccio for 'cello and orchestra, in D minor, opus 8.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 36.
Liszt-Doppler: Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, in D minor.
Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the 'cellist.

This is, we believe, the second time Mr. Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" has been played here; it is the first time that we personally have heard it, as we were not in Boston at its first performance in 1891. After a careful study of the score and this one hearing, we should not hesitate to place it at the head of all Mr. Foote has yet written in the larger concert forms. What is in general strong in Mr. Foote's writing,—solid, rational harmony, flowing, natural part-writing, stoutness of musical structure, and coherency of development,—is to be found in this work in its best estate; and, added to these characteristics of the efficient musician, we find here a depth and poignancy of expression, a melodic forcibleness, and vigor of effect, toward which his previous orchestral works have steadily striven, but without such brilliant convincingness of achievement. The whole symphonic prologue is conceived and carried out on a high poetic plane, and at the same time with impeccable musical consistency. In the matter of instrumentation Mr. Foote has here taken a long stride forwards; the whole scheme of the scoring is as modern as possible, one might almost call it post-Wagnerian, reminding one in method, though not always in result, of Richard Strauss and the latest French masters of the art. And the effect is always admirable; the strings are treated with infinite skill, and where the composer finds himself forced to resort to his brass to give due prominence to a melodic phrase in strong passages, he does it so cleverly that the sum total of his orchestral tone has no unpleasant brassiness, and his use of the trumpets in *cantilena* is so skilfully veiled that it detracts nothing from the effectiveness of these instruments when he employs them in their traditional character as trumpets, in true trumpet passages. The prologue was admirably played and produced an exceedingly strong impression, Mr. Foote having to bow his acknowledgments of the applause from his hiding place in the corner of the first balcony.

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The next programme is: Robert Kahn, overture, "Elégie," in C minor (first time); Berlioz, "Fantastic" symphony, No. 1, in C major, opus 14a; Brahms, academic festival overture in C minor, opus 80.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, MARCH 6.

WORKS OF LOCAL COMPOSERS.

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Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy"..... Paine
Solos of Violoncellos:
a "Waldesruhe" ..... Dvorak
b Capriccio ..... Klengel
Symphony No. 2..... Beethoven
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2..... Liszt
Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the soloist.

Mr. Arthur Foote's piece has been heard before in these concerts, in fact it was first brought out by this orchestra in January, 1891. One listens with gratification to the musicianlike manner in which Mr. Foote handles his material, which is at once melodic, elevated and original in its character. There is no striving for effects at the expense of legitimate art, no borrowed plumage from familiar costumers in orchestral decoration serving to cover the ill-shapen form beneath, but honest exposition of serious study upon classic models, enhanced through the imagination and individuality of the composer, its form displayed in the well-fitting and appropriate garments of chaste and artistic handiwork. This composition reflects credit upon its composer in every direction, and it would be well if some of his local contemporaries should emulate its just proportions. Mr. Foote was obliged to come forward and bow in acknowledgement of the hearty applause of the audience.

It is not at all creditable to the reputation of the conductors who have directed the affairs of our Symphony Orchestra that their want of discrimination has been the means of our hearing too seldom the works of Prof. John K. Paine. During the five years that Mr. Gericke was here he played but one of Prof. Paine's compositions, if my memory serves me correctly, and that was the symphonic poem hear Saturday night. Nikisch undertook a performance of Prof. Paine's "Spring" symphony with results discreditable to his ability as an interpreter, it being the only time in his term of four years that he attempted anything of Prof. Paine's. Mr. Paur has done better than either, for he gave a masterly rendering last season of the Prelude from Prof. Paine's immortal "Oedipus" and again this season we hear another work of this greatest American composer.

If we regard the art in its highest classical form, then Prof. Paine is one of the most eminent composers that the world has produced. As a master in every form of music he belongs among the very few great composers now living. Brahms in Germany and Saint-Saens in France are the only living composers in the highest realms of musical art who are the peers of Prof. Paine, and were the latter a native of either of those countries he would today be world-famous as a great composer.

Since Schumann died no composer has approached in symphonic composition the melodic form, classical purity, romance and poetry combined, which Prof. Paine has shown in his two symphonies. These works stand upon the same plane as do the immortal compositions of Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert, and it should be the duty of the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to perform each season one or both of these classic compositions to serve as a beacon to the aspiring students and ambitious composers among our countrymen in lighting their path towards that pinnacle of true art, which, if gained, much be reached through other means than that employed by the majority of this class of writers whose efforts rarely stimulate them beyond the struggles of unspontaneous and imitative slavery to what is termed the "modern school of composition."

Well, perhaps Prof. Paine's countrymen will awaken some day to a realization of the fact that America has produced one composer whose musical stature reaches into that upper air of genius, whose contrapuntal ability stands shoulder to shoulder with that of the immortal Bach, whose invention in thematic treatment has the nobility and spontaneity of Beethoven, whose science equals that of Brahms, without the latter's dryness; whose imagination has the romance of Schumann and whose skill in orchestral devices and instrumental coloring is that of the most modern school in its rational form. Indeed, a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, especially when that country is the United States of America.

Prof. Paine's charming symphonic poem, prompted in the expression of feelings by the "remembrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life; the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm," displayed in its wealth of melodic beauty, its fascinating harmonics, its broad and flowing rhythms, its delightful episodes with opportunities for the English horn, clarinet, harp and French horn in solo passages, the masterly hand of the ripe musician and romantic composer. There was need of a greater refinement in the rendering than Mr. Paur accorded it, its varying moods requiring a more acute definition in the nuances. The wind instruments were too often coarse and loud, thereby submerging the "figure" work of the strings. The ending of the poem should have been a mere breath, in the accomplishment of which Mr. Paur totally failed. The audience received the piece with enthusiastic applause, and Prof. Paine went upon the stage in response to calls to bow his acknowledgments of his fellow-townsmen's enthusiasm.

The Beethoven symphony was played in Mr. Paur's best style, but that is deficient in delicacy and refinement and lacking in a happy graduation of dynamic power. I am convinced that it does not exist in the musical nature of Mr. Paur to conceive this necessity for a fine gradation of power, and as the classics must rely almost wholly for effect upon an acute delineation in dynamics and not whatever upon sentimental dispensation of the material contained therein, it is necessary that Mr. Paur's critical listeners must remain content with what is offered in this direction under his baton, for he cannot better it. The appreciative few will live in memory of the gratifying results experienced in this respect while the refined Gericke was with us.

The orchestra plays at times somewhat slovenly nowadays as if it did not heed the conductor or perhaps because of insufficient rehearsals. Inflexible discipline and absolute control are the only means whereby 80 players can be kept in perfect accord.

Mr. Schroeder played his numbers in that highly artistic and technically perfect manner that marks his efforts always. Mr. Schroeder is a 'cellist of high quality, and the audience applauded his efforts with tremendous enthusiasm, recalling him many times. The Liszt number that ended the concert was played superbly.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night, at Music Hall, the Symphony Orchestra gave its eighteenth concert, of which the following is the programme:

Overture, "Elegie," (first time)..... R. Kahn
Fantastic Symphony..... Berlioz
Andante from "Lenore," Symphony..... Raff
Academic Overture..... Brahms

This is not a particularly attractive programme, and it is somewhat puzzling to discover on what theory it was made out. It may be that the gross elements in our æsthetic nature are refined by a season of penitence, and that a bad programme, like a day of fasting, brings its own reward. But surely the remedy should have some relation to the disease, and as the wise physician will not amputate a finger for a hang-nail, so will not an experienced doctor of the emotions produce convulsions for the sake of curing a hiccough. If there be any art-lover who hungrily yearns for programme music, it would seem that the heroic dose of the Fantastic Symphony would more than satisfy any average craving; but to follow it with an excerpt from the Burger ballad set to music and to give on top of this hot, spicy food, a dose of the classicism of Brahms is not to chasten but to punish; is not to "purge the humors" but to bring about an emotional dyspepsia of the incurable kind. It is true that for two weeks we have been indulging in the flippancy of opera, and that some cruelty is necessary in driving us back to the classic roadway, but the punishment should have been tinctured with mercy.

Of course the Fantastic Symphony is always worth the hearing, and it is inspiriting to follow the life history of the young man with the "fixed idea;" the morbid youth who witnesses his own execution and follows his own funeral procession. At the same time it is curious to consider how long this work would have kept its popularity if it had not been accompanied by a descriptive programme; that is, how long it would have remained alive from its own inherent musical worth. It is undeniable that Berlioz did not invent programme music, but he made the capital mistake of making it too definite. Instrumental music of enduring worth is vague; Berlioz insists on giving all the details, while the immortals gave simply the general ideas, and allowed the hearers to work out the details according to the power and capacity of their imagination. The young man with the fixed idea is so minutely described that we discover at once that he belongs neither to the region of music nor to life; he is a lay figure, around which wonderful combinations of instrumental combinations revole; the log that holds a dazzling musical pin-wheel. Berlioz once made the attempt to describe by means of instrumental music the galloping of two *black* horses! This is realism with a vengeance, and the microbe of the same realism has entered into the life-blood of the Fantastic Symphony, as it has entered into other works of this master, with certain danger to their vitality. Originality is dearly purchased at this price, especially when the so-colled originalty is only a name for the love of novelty. Berlioz is the father of modern French realism, and the children or grandchildren of his Fantastic symphony have infected French art generally, with the result that real cows and real cannons add to the effect of modern French opera, and portraits of scantily dressed ballet girls, and headless, blood-besmirched soldiers adorn the walls at every exhibition of French paintings. Realism in art degrades, despite the rare technical skill shown in producing it, and the degradation with its accompanying vulgarity is plainly to be noted in the Fantastic Symphony. How many steps is it from Berlioz to Regnault, Zola and Verlaine?

The Kahn overture is a solid and well made little work, modern in spirit, and with the modern fashion of elaborating a small idea in the most ingenious manner. Why the overture is called on elegy is difficult to imagine, except on the theory of contraries; for science takes the place of sentiment, and noise that of feeling.

The programme for the nineteenth concert is Brahm's Symphony No. 3; Mendelssohn Concerto for Violin; Reinecke's Entr'acte "Gouverneur von Tours;" and Marschner's Overture, "Hans Heiling." Mr. Franz Kneisel is the soloist.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

The seventeenth Symphony concert does not call for extended comment. The orchestra played Foote's Francesca da Rimini, Paine's An Island Fantasy, Beethoven's Second Symphony and the Liszt-Doppler arrangement of the Second Hungarian Symphony. The pieces by the local composers were applauded loudly, and the composers were obliged to bow their acknowledgments. Mr. Schroeder played with orchestra Dvorák's Waldesruhe and Klengel's Capriccio, op. 8. He gave great pleasure by the sureness of his technic, his artistic simplicity and his sympathetic treatment.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1895.

Echoes From the Symphony Concert.

The attendance at yesterday's symphony concert was smaller than usual, probably because of the numerous other musical attractions of the week. It is noteworthy, however, that there is generally a decrease in the size of the audience when no soloist is announced to appear.

The program arranged by Mr Paur for last night's concert, the 18th of the season, consisted of four numbers as follows:

Overture, Elegy, in C minor (MS) ..Robert Kahn
(First time.)
Fantastic smphony, No. 1, in C major, op 14a, Hector Berlioz
Andante from symphony No. 5, in E major (Lenore), op 177 ..... Joachin Raff
Academic festival overture, in C minor, op 80, Johannes Brahms

The overture by Robert Kahn was played here for the first time. It is an interesting work, is rich in musical ideas, some of which are notable for their originality, and the entire composition is written in a scholarly manner. The orchestration is very elaborate, in certain passages almost too elaborate, but the effects attained are artistic and pleasing. The overture was played from manuscript, and given splendid interpretation.

Berlioz' wonderful and truly fantastic symphony was the feature of the concert. This weird composition has often been played here and always listened to with the utmost attention. The enthusiastic applause invariably bestowed upon its performance is the best of evidence that even a symphony audience derives more enjoyment from such bizarre orchestral effects than from the calm and scholarly compositions of the classical writers. Under Mr Paur's able direction the symphony was given a superb performance.

The andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony was played with fine expression and the often heard Brahms "Festival Overture" was given a spirited performance.

The next concert will be given March 23, there being no concert this week. Mr Franz Kneisel will be the soloist, and the program will be as follows: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke; overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Effective Interpretation of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony No. 1.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra was:

Overture, "Elegy" in C minor (MS.)..... (First time) Robert Kahn
Fantastic symphony No. 1..... Berlioz
Andante from "Lenore" symphony..... Raff
Academic overture..... Brahms

The Kahn overture is in the extreme modern school by a young composer who is coming to the front in Germany. It is well put together and presents no obstacle to an understanding of it on a first hearing. It is rich and varied in harmonies and instrumentation, and is unmistakably the work of one who has mastered the intricacies of modern musical technique, and who can use them with skill and effect. The overture is academically correct in every essential, but though it says what it has to say with power and knowledge it says nothing new, and can be awarded no higher rank than that of Kapellmeister music of praiseworthy quality. It was brilliantly played.

The Berlioz symphony has never received so effective, so dramatic and so deeply interesting an interpretation here as was accorded it by Mr. Paur last night. The reading was remarkable in its originality and in the many new and singularly effective points that were brought out by him, especially in the "Walpurgis Night's Dream," in which the diablerie was wonderfully emphasized. The reading was stirringly virile throughout, and the performance by the orchestra may rank foremost among its very best efforts of the season. Notably beautiful in its chaste, poetic sentiment was the rendering of the "Scene in the Fields." Each movement drew forth a spirited round of applause from the audience, and Mr. Paur was compelled to bow his acknowledgments frequently. There will be no rehearsal and concert this week.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke (first time); overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner (which will be given for the first time at this concert). Mr. Franz Kneisel is to be the soloist.

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[illegible] Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1[illegible]

The programme of the 18th Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Elegie," in C minor, (MS), (first time).....Robert Kahn
Symphony Fantastique.....Berlioz
Andante, from Symphony No. 5, "Lenore".....Raff
Liebesglueck: Andante quasi Larghetto.....Raff
Academische Fest-Ouverture.....Brahms

Robert Kahn was born in Mannheim July 1865. The program-book states that he studied composition under Brahms. Kahn studied under Vio: Lachner, Kiel and Heinberger. His works, string quartet, piano quartet, trio, songs for choruses of female voices, are well spoken of. The overture played last night is eminently respectable music. It is the work of a man who has studied and knows his trade. It seems, however, to be without marked originality of invention or treatment.

Mr. Paur gave a careful reading of the colossal work of Berlioz. Consider the time this symphony was written, as well as the contemporary instrumentation, and it is no wonder that it made a sensation, or that Schumann spent much labor in his celebrated analysis. Even now, when many young composers try to begin where Berlioz left off, certain effects seem new and extraordinary. Yet there is much that is dull, and certain passages that are positively offensive. The first movement is not an unmixed delight, and does not the ball-music seem tarnished? Yet the "Scene in the Fields" is still of wondrous beauty, and the "March to the Scaffold" is a masterpiece of musical nightmare. With the exception of the burlesquing of the "Fixed Idea," the last movement seemed last night tiresome in the deliberate attempt to be demoniacally grotesque. There is such straining, there is such brutality without any real effect. The "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens is a far higher flight of imagination, and how comparatively simple are the means employed in producing the sensation of that which is diabolical. Or, if it is a question of shudder, mark how Verdi creates an atmosphere of indescribable terror at the beginning of the last act of "Otello."

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The symphony concert of last night was of rather a weird character considered in its entirety, and for which the Berlioz fantastic symphony, No. 1, was largely responsible.

The overture, "Elegy," in C minor, by Robert Kahn, was heard here for the first time and made a favorable impression. The overture begins with a slow introduction, in which the horns are ingeniously and effectively made use of. A pretty theme runs through it, which is elaborately developed and gradually worked up to a strong climax, which is very effective.

The fantastic symphony, already referred to, is in five movements and occupies an entire hour in its rendering, and as an example of weird, wild and fantastic orchestration it should be given first rank. From beginning to end it is thoroughly descriptive and the composer has certainly here produced a masterly tone picture. The second movement descriptive of a ball has a strong flavor of Strauss, while the third is thoroughly pastoral and offers a strong contrast to the two movements which follow, describing the march to the scaffold and the Walpurgis-night's dream. Some exception might here be taken to the thunder effects by the kettledrums and also to the C bass-tuba in the last movement, which was offensively out of tune and in marked contrast to the G bell, which rang out "clear as a bell."

The other numbers on the programme were the andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony and Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture. There will be no concert next week, but at that of the week following the soloist will be Mr. Franz Kneisel.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

The Sixteenth Symphony Concert was scantily patronized by the irregulars, partly because it was on an unusual day, Thursday, and partly because it had no soloist; but all the same it was one of the most enjoyable of the season, with a brisk charm about it, leading off with Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 6, in G minor, for strings only.

Then came that perennially beautiful E-flat, or Flute Symphony, by Haydn, the ninth of the Salomon series, exquisitely played. In happy contrast were the two overtures, Mozart's Seraglio Elopement and Beethoven's Egmont, and then the traps filed into their places for Wagner's bangup Centennial March.

The last Kneisel Quartet Concert will take place at Wissner Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 16th. Mme. Julie Rive-King, who is to be the pianist of the occasion, has not appeared in Brooklyn since 1883, when she played with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The program is as follows: I. Cherubini, Quartet in D major; II. Beethoven, Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2; III. Schumann, Piano Quintet in E flat major; Piano, Mme Julie Rive-King.

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Freitag, 8. [illegible] 1895.

Das berühmte [illegible] Symphonie Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Georg Paur giebt am nächsten Montag Abend das fünfte und letzte Symphonie Konzert in dieser Saison. Als Solist wirkt hier der Violoncellist Alwin Schröder mit. Das Programm umfaßt Symphonie Fantastique von Berlioz und die berühmte Ungarische Rhapsodie No. 2 von Liszt, sowie Kompositionen für Cello. Tickets sind bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str. zu haben.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, MARCH 11.

ROBERT KAHN'S COMPOSITION GIVEN AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme offered was as follows:

Overture, "Elegy," in C minor (MS.).....Robert Kahn
Symphony Fantastique.....Berlioz
Andante from Symphony No. 5, "Leonora."....Raff
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms

Robert Kahn's overture was played for the first time at these concerts. Its composer is a young German musician, whose associations musically must have been of the best, and whose studies have been pursued upon a good foundation. Although unknown in this country, he has acquired considerable reputation in Germany, principally through his chamber music, which is said to be admirable in quality and legitimate in character. This can be easily believed after hearing the overture Saturday evening, for it is the work of one with ideas worthy of treatment, and with knowledge and invention sufficient to work out his conception. The instrumentation is also to be praised for its rational employment of the means offered in the modern school of orchestration. If this work does not present startling attempts, it is, nevertheless, entirely above the class of composition described as kapellmeister music, and it is easy to understand why the classic musicians of Germany should be so interested in its composer. It was splendidly played by the orchestra under Mr. Paur's baton, whose intelligent reading of the score served in displaying its value in a favorable light.

Mr. Paur is also to be praised for the excellent manner in which he brought out the varied characteristics of Berlioz's long and extremely difficult work. Of course it gets dull at times, but on the whole it is worthy the attention of the symphonic conductor in the arranging of his programmes, and is of interest to the listener and the student when so admirably read and played as it was on this occasion. The Andante of Raff was a most agreeable selection, and Mr. Paur is to be commended for his independence in presenting one movement from a symphony, a matter of good judgment that should be exercised in future programmes. The playing of this selection and of the Brahms overture was in the orchestra's best style. There will be no concert next Saturday evening.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1895.

The eighteenth Symphony programme included no solo number and was disposed thus: First, an unpublished "Elegiac" overture by Robert Kahn, a young German writer whose music is said to have found favor in Berlin and Leipsig and to have obtained the support of no less a man than Joachim. This overture, which was discreetly played, is a pleasant composition, not particularly original and certainly not impressive, but clearly stated and nicely put together. It is of course set chiefly in the minor mode, with sweet plaintive melodies and swelling states of ascending emotions. One can feel reasonably sure that the departed whom it commemorates caused no poignant sorrow in vanishing, but rather left a comfortable hope of a serene hereafter, for the melancholy is all mild, the emotion controlled and the consolation ready and waiting. As giving a taste of the quality of a composer who may become eminent, this overture was acceptable; but as a piece of music among others, it had no special call to be chosen. Second came the "Fantastic" symphony of Berlioz, to the requirements of whose score Mr. Paur was faithful, providing all the luxury of kettle-drums and drummers, the profuse ponderosity of extra brasses and basses, the clangorous bells, the strident little clarinet, the rumbled bass-drum, the pastoral echoes, and all the rest of it. The performance was also faithful, even to the romantic quality of the symphony; for some how or other the most German of our German conductors always seem to be impressed into rendering to Berlioz that ungrudging and unreserving service which they will grant to almost no other Frenchmen. Something more of elasticity and lingering sweep would have bettered the ball scene; but the Ranz des Vaches episodes, the March to the Scaffold and the Walpurgis Night were in their turns what their scheme would have them—simply sweet and pathetic, gloomily and warningly imperious, and weirdly and violently wild and eccentric. After the excitement and turmoil of the latter parts of the symphony, something calmative and balmy was needed, and so Mr. Paur put in the andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony, and ended his rather long concert with Brahms's sturdy and humorously touched "Academic" overture.

This week will be the vacant one, but next week will come the nineteenth concert with Brahms's third symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, to be played by Mr. Kneisel, and two new things—Reinecke's Entr' acte from his "Governor of Tours;" and Marschner's "Hans Heiling" overture.

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The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 11, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

One is always sure of one's programme at the symphony concerts; it is never,—"Owing to the sudden indisposition of the first contrabass the management are obliged to substitute the 'Tabasco March' for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," and nowadays one is reasonably certain of an assortment of schools of composition upon the programme also. Robert Kahn is in some sort a descendant of Beethoven, for Beethoven begat Brahms, and Brahms begat Kahn. Therefore it was futile to expect much apice in Kahn's Elegie Overture, given for the first time at the concert on Saturday, and it was natural to expect shapeliness and logical development. Such expectations, both negative and positive, were fulfilled in the hearing, and the parties who came direct from the opera season, after seeing Manon, Juliet, Romeo, Valentine, Raoul and Carmen die (there is great mortality in grand opera) were quite ready for a touch of elegiac music. There was an abundance of dissonance in the introduction, but the themes of the body of the overture were clear and well-treated. The coda was an especially effective touch, being a broad and beautiful culmination of thematic material that had gone before.

Now followed Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," one of the greatest tests of the equipment and ensemble of an orchestra. It received a performance that redounded to the credit of our conductor and of the orchestra. This is the most vast, most realistic, and most minute piece of "programme-music" in existence, and it was in excellent taste to give the opinions pro and con, regarding the legitimacy of this kind of music, in the programme-book, so that the audience might not be led astray by the direct character of the symphony. The romantic fact that this symphony was in a measure a love-letter to Harriet Smithson certainly does not detract from its popular effect.

The first movement is comparatively simple in its scoring, and was played with surety, although its dreaminess and vagueness was somewhat rigid and deliberate. The division of violins towards the close was splendidly effective in its performance. The waltz of the second movement was given with clearness, but once more the caprice seemed rather formal, although the working up of the end was wonderfully well done. The waltz almost never appears as a symphonic movement, although it is the child of the minuet and the latter has a legitimate place in the classical cycle forms, yet here it seems entirely in place and presents a most graceful picture. Of course one is contented to find makeshifts in a Berlioz score, and two harps were not to be expected, spite of the composer's request. Mr. Schuecker, however, did excellently on one.

The next movement (in which an unfortunate oboe is struck by lightning) is too long, spite of its glow of tone-color and its many pastoral effects. The English horn was beautifully played in this, and so was the oboe. The kettle-drummer deserves great praise for he did the work of two performers, and his graphic touches added much to the picture. There is too much of long-winded ecstasy in this movement but its beautiful ending makes ample amends for prolixity, and Mr. Mueller deserves especial mention for the manner in which those sad English horn phrases were delivered. A duet between English horn and drum is not an everyday occurrence in music, and this is one of the fine points of the symphony.

But it is the last two movements on which the greatness of the Symphonie Fantastique chiefly rests, and these two movements were given with greater effect and a more intelligible style than ever before in Boston. Never has the wonderful bassoon passage been so well performed here, and the strange pizzicati of contra-basses (Berlioz was the inventor of *harmonies* given thus) and the impressive rhythm of cymbals and bass drum made the "March to Execution" one to be long remembered. Among the Ionians in ancient Greece an awe-inspiring march was played upon the *tibia* as culprits were marched to execution, and one cannot help wondering whether Berlioz had read of this and made the awful bassoon mutterings as a modern reflection of it, as one cannot help comparing these dreadful footsteps on bassoons with the footsteps of the French mob, which Dickens so graphically and poetically describes in "The Tale of Two Cities." It may sound ludicrous to speak of the beheading of a clarinette by a bass-drum, but this is one of the most graphic pictures ever presented in music, a picture for the ear as definite as any ever given to the eye. And it was performed in a manner to make one become excited in the use of adjectives in the description. The muted horns gave their baleful tones with just the right power, and the final catastrophe was most vivid. What a supreme moment it is as one hears the clarinette alone, giving the love-theme, the criminal awaiting the fall of the axe, his thought not upon his fate but upon his love! then the final stroke, a fearful quarter-note by full orchestra, a moment's pause and then perhaps too dire a picture of a quivering corpse. Decidedly Berlioz's tonepainting is to be classed with those pictures of torture, pain, and death in which the old Spanish painters used to revel. Now comes a picture of Hades with the thermometer at 700 in the shade. To tell the history of Berlioz's degradation of his own tender love-theme would be an ungrateful task and show forth the meaner side of his nature, a nature which was not grand in even its best aspect, but the ribald tune is a strong, if sensational, touch, and introduces a new instrument to the orchestra—the E flat clarinette, so copiously used in military band. Generally, composers have found the piccolo sufficiently impish to picture satanic effects, but Berlioz piles Ossa on Pelion and adds the E-flat clarinette squealings to the shrieks of the other instrument. Right wildly was this theme squirted into the seething mess, with just the proper vulgarization of its character. Then came that parody of the "Dies Irae," which Berlioz may have borrowed from the wicked "Mass of Fools" of mediæval times. The bells were out of tune, and somewhat marred the effect. There are many expedients used for bells in music, Berlioz himself inventing the best in a combination of harp and horn. The composer in this instance permits the use of two pianos for the effect, where bells are not obtainable, and the gong has been used in Boston in this passage, also. On this occasion the instrument seemed to be the new tubular bells which certainly would have been just the proper thing for the work, had they been in tune. This kind of bell must eventually come into use in "Parsifal" where the bell-figure is so important. The odd "Frappée" effect on the violins was very clearly done. This effect, sometimes marked "Col' Legno," is made very simply by striking the violin-strings with the back of the bow. Every theme in this movement, and there are mighty difficult passages in it, was clear and recognizable, and the execution was one that ought to set all doubts about the status of our orchestra at rest and win recognition for the careful work of Mr. Paur. It was appreciated to some extent, for the conductor was obliged to bow many times to the applause which followed the movements. It might not be amiss to play the last two movements again at some concert in the immediate future, for such scoring needs more than one hearing, and many auditors may have been tired by an opera season that presented much for study and caused some musical indigestion.

A gentle movement from the Lenore Symphony poured oil upon the troubled waters. The horn did some fine work in this. The movement was the right thing in the wrong place, it was Wordsworth after Poe. With the jolly "Academic Overture" the concert ended. Brahms has not the element of humor in a large degree, and could not have invented the Student's songs on which this overture is founded; but he has the gift of developing a theme magnificently, and this was called upon to good purpose in the work. Fancy setting "Upidee" in classical form! Yet "Was Kommt dort von der Hoeh" is not a bit more elevated in style, and forms one of the best touches of the work. The overture was played in proper, rollicking style, and with it this concert of many moods came to an end.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Robert Kahn: Overture, "Elégie," in C minor (MS.). (First time.)
Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique, No. 1, in C major, opus 14a.
Raff: Andante quasi Larghetto from Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 177.
Brahms: Akademische Fest-Ouvertüre, in C minor, opus 80.

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It was a curious effect, that of hearing the slow music from the "Lenore" symphony immediately after Berlioz's "Fantastic." In one way it seemed like a return to sanity after what Heine once called *der frechste Wahnsinn* (the most impudent insanity);" but in another way it seemed terribly like leaving the company of a distinguished maniac of real genius for that of a most inveterate *bourgeois*. Indeed Raff, with all his high qualities, had a strong *bourgeois* streak in him; and in saying this we use the term in its most invidious sense. To be sure it is hardly fair to judge of a symphonic movement out of its true frame; but the "Lenore" symphony is old enough by this time to be spoken of without weighing every syllable, and the impression made by this movement from it, coming right after Berlioz's work, was distinct enough to be worth noting: with all its melodious beauty the movement sounded absolutely *d'un épicier!*"

Brahms's Academic Overture seems to us more and more delightful, the oftener we hear it. What an admirable use the man has made of his homely material! And note here that "homely" does not in the least mean "*bourgeois*." How he has welded all those scraps of students' songs together, so that the joints do not show! And what true geniality and joviality there is in it all! The genial joviality and high animal spirits of a serious [illegible] now to *desipere in loco*—which [illegible] "dissipate in low company." [illegible] played with immense [illegible] times rather coarsely; the [illegible] not quite up to Mr. Paur's [illegible] last year, when the overture [illegible] the whole audience to its feet, and [illegible] ed as if Brahms had been Wagner.

The next programme is: [illegible] No. 3, in F major, opus 90; Mendelssohn concerto for violin, in E minor, opus 64; Reinecke entr'acte from "Der Gouvernaur von Tours" (first time); Marschner, overture to "Hans Heiling." Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the soloist. The rehearsal and concert come [illegible]

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1895.

The program of the 18th Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Elegie," in C minor, (MS), (first time).....Robert Kahn
Symphony Fantastique.....Berlioz
Andante, from Symphony No. 5, "Lenore"....Raff
H. Liebesglueck: Andante quasi Larghetto.... Raff
Akademische Fest-Ouverture.....Brahms

Robert Kahn was born in Mannheim July 21, 1865. The program-book states that he studied composition under Brahms. Kahn studied under Vin: Lachner, Kiel and Rheinberger. His works, string quartet, piano quartet, trio, songs for choruses of female voices, are well spoken of. The overture played last night is eminently respectable music. It is the work of a man who has studied and knows his trade. It seems, however, to be without marked originality of invention or treatment.

Mr. Paur gave a careful reading of the colossal work of Berlioz. Consider the time this symphony was written, as well as the contemporary instrumentation, and it is no wonder that it made a sensation, or that Schumann spent much labor in his celebrated analysis. Even now, when many young composers try to begin where Berlioz left off, certain effects seem new and extraordinary. Yet there is much that is dull, and certain passages that are positively offensive. The first movement is not an unmixed delight, and does not the ball-music seem tarnished? Yet the "Scene in the Fields" is still of wondrous beauty, and the "March to the Scaffold" is a masterpiece of musical nightmare. With the exception of the burlesquing of the "Fixed Idea," the last movement seemed last night tiresome in the deliberate attempt to be demoniacally grotesque. There is such straining, there is such brutality without any real effect. The "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens is a far higher flight of imagination, and how comparatively simple are the means employed in producing the sensation of that which is diabolical. Or, if it is a question of shudder, mark how Verdi creates an atmosphere of indescribable terror at the beginning of the last act of "Otello."

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The symphony concert of last night was of rather a weird character considered, in its entirety, and for which the Berlioz fantastic symphony, No. 1, was largely responsible.

The overture, "Elegy," in C minor, by Robert Kahn, was heard here for the first time and made a favorable impression. The overture begins with a slow introduction, in which the horns are ingeniously and effectively made use of. A pretty theme runs through it, which is elaborately developed and gradually worked up to a strong climax, which is very effective.

The fantastic symphony, already referred to, is in five movements and occupies an entire hour in its rendering, and as an example of weird, wild and fantastic orchestration it should be given first rank. From beginning to end it is thoroughly descriptive and the composer has certainly here produced a masterly tone picture. The second movement descriptive of a ball has a strong flavor of Strauss, while the third is thoroughly pastoral and offers a strong contrast to the two movements which follow, describing the march to the scaffold and the walpurgis-night's dream. Some exception might here be taken to the thunder effects by the kettledrums and also to the C bass-tuba in the last movement, which was offensively out of tune and in marked contrast to the G bell, which rang out "clear as a bell."

The other numbers on the programme were the andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony and Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture. There will be no concert next week, but at that of the week following the soloist will be Mr. Franz Kneisel.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

The Sixteenth Symphony Concert was scantily patronized by the irregulars, partly because it was on an unusual day, Thursday, and partly because it had no soloist; but all the same it was one of the most enjoyable of the season, with a brisk charm about it, leading off with Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 6, in G minor, for strings only.

Then came that perennially beautiful E-flat, or Flute Symphony, by Haydn, the ninth of the Salomon series, exquisitely played. In happy contrast were the two overtures, Mozart's Seraglio Elopement and Beethoven's Egmont, and then the traps filed into their places for Wagner's bangup Centennial March.

The last Kneisel Quartet Concert will take place at Wissner Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 16th. Mme. Julie Rive-King, who is to be the pianist of the occasion, has not appeared in Brooklyn since 1883, when she played with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The program is as follows: I. Cherubini, Quartet in D major; II. Beethoven, Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2; III. Schumann, Piano Quintet in E flat major; Piano, Mme. Julie Rive-King.

[105]

Philadelphia [illegible]-Post.

Freitag, 8. März 1895.

Das berühmte Boston Symphonie Orchester unter Leitung des Herrn Emil Paur gieb am nächsten Montag Abend das fünfte und letzte Symphonie Konzert in dieser Saison. Als Solist wirkt der der Violoncellist Alwin Schröder mit. Das Programm umfaßt Symphonie Fantastique von Berlioz und die berühmte Ungarische Rhapsodie No. 2 von Liszt, sowie Kompositionen für Cello. Tickets sind bei Fischer, No. 1221 Chestnut Str. zu haben.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, MARCH 11.

ROBERT KAHN'S COMPOSITION GIVEN AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme offered was as follows:

Overture, "Elegy," in C minor (MS.).....Robert Kahn
Symphony Fantastique.....Berlioz
Andante from Symphony No. 5, "Leonora."....Raff
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms

Robert Kahn's overture was played for the first time at these concerts. Its composer is a young German musician, whose associations musically must have been of the best, and whose studies have been pursued upon a good foundation. Although unknown in this country, he has acquired considerable reputation in Germany, principally through his chamber music, which is said to be admirable in quality and legitimate in character. This can be easily believed after hearing the overture Saturday evening, for it is the work of one with ideas worthy of treatment, and with knowledge and invention sufficient to work out his conception. The instrumentation is also to be praised for its rational employment of the means offered in the modern school of orchestration. If this work does not present startling attempts, it is, nevertheless, entirely above the class of composition described as kapellmeister music, and it is easy to understand why the classic musicians of Germany should be so interested in its composer. It was splendidly played by the orchestra under Mr. Paur's baton, whose intelligent reading of the score served in displaying its value in a favorable light.

Mr. Paur is also to be praised for the excellent manner in which he brought out the varied characteristics of Berlioz's long and extremely difficult work. Of course it gets dull at times, but on the whole it is worthy the attention of the symphonic conductor in the arranging of his programmes, and is of interest to the listener and the student when so admirably read and played as it was on this occasion. The Andante of Raff was a most agreeable selection, and Mr. Paur is to be commended for his independence in presenting one movement from a symphony, a matter of good judgment that should be exercised in future programmes. The playing of this selection and of the Brahms overture was in the orchestra's best style. There will be no concert next Saturday evening.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1895.

The eighteenth Symphony programme included no solo number and was disposed thus: First, an unpublished "Elegiac" overture by Robert Kahn, a young German writer whose music is said to have found favor in Berlin and Leipsig and to have obtained the support of no less a man than Joachim. This overture, which was discreetly played, is a pleasant composition, not particularly original and certainly not impressive, but clearly stated and nicely put together. It is of course set chiefly in the minor mode, with sweet plaintive melodies and swelling states of ascending emotions. One can feel reasonably sure that the departed whom it commemorates caused no poignant sorrow in vanishing, but rather left a comfortable hope of a serene hereafter, for the m 'ancholy is all mild, the emotion controlled and the consolation ready and waiting. As giving a taste of the quality of a composer who may become eminent, this overture was acceptable; but as a piece of music among others, it had no special call to be chosen. Second came the "Fantastic" symphony of Berlioz, to the requirements of whose score Mr. Paur was faithful, providing all the luxury of kettle-drums and drummers, the profuse ponderosity of extra brasses and basse., the clangorous bells, the strident little clarinet, the rumbled bass-drum, the pastoral echoes, and all the rest of it. The performance was also faithful, even to the romantic quality of the symphony; for some how or other the most German of our German conductors always seem to be impressed into rendering to Berlioz that ungrudging and unreserving service which they will grant to almost no other Frenchmen. Something more of elasticity and lingering sweep would have bettered the ball scene; but the Ranz des Vaches episodes, the March to the Scaffold and the Walpurgis Night were in their turns what their scheme would have them—simply sweet and pathetic, gloomily and warningly imperious, and weirdly and v olently wild and eccentric. After the excitement and turmoil of the latter parts of the symphony, something calmative and balmy was needed, and so Mr. Paur put in the andante from Raff's "Lenore" symphony, and ended his rather long concert with Brahms's sturdy and humorously touched "Academic" overture.

This week will be the vacant one, but next week will come the nineteenth concert with Brahms's third symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, to be played by Mr. Kneisel, and two new things—Reinecke's 'Entr' acte from his "Governor of Tours;" and Marschner's "Hans Heiling" overture.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 11, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

One is always sure of one's programme at the symphony concerts; it is never,—"Owing to the sudden indisposition of the first contra-bass the management are obliged to substitute the 'Tabasco March' for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," and nowadays one is reasonably certain of an assortment of schools of composition upon the programme also. Robert Kahn is in some sort a descendant of Beethoven, for Beethoven begat Brahms, and Brahms begat Kahn. Therefore it was futile to expect much spice in Kahn's Elegie Overture, given for the first time at the concert on Saturday, and it was natural to expect shapeliness and logical development. Such expectations, both negative and positive, were fulfilled in the hearing, and the parties who came direct from the opera season, after seeing Manon, Juliet, Romeo, Valentine, Raoul and Carmen die (there is great mortality in grand opera) were quite ready for a touch of elegiac music. There was an abundance of dissonance in the introduction, but the themes of the body of the overture were clear and well-treated. The coda was an especially effective touch, being a broad and beautiful culmination of thematic material that had gone before.

Now followed Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," one of the greatest tests of the equipment and ensemble of an orchestra. It received a performance that redounded to the credit of our conductor and of the orchestra. This is the most vast, most realistic, and most minute piece of "programme-music" in existence, and it was in excellent taste to give the opinions pro and con, regarding the legitimacy of this kind of music, in the programme-book, so that the audience might not be led astray by the direct character of the symphony. The romantic fact that this symphony was in a measure a love-letter to Harriet Smithson certainly does not detract from its popular effect.

The first movement is comparatively simple in its scoring, and was played with surety, although its dreaminess and vagueness was somewhat rigid and deliberate. The division of violins towards the close was splendidly effective in its performance. The waltz of the second movement was given with clearness, but once more the caprice seemed rather formal, although the working up of the end was wonderfully well done. The waltz almost never appears as a symphonic movement, although it is the child of the minuet and the latter has a legitimate place in the classical cycle forms, yet here it seems entirely in place and presents a most graceful picture. Of course one is contented to find makeshifts in a Berlioz score, and two harps were not to be expected, spite of the composer's request. Mr. Schuecker, however, did excellently on one.

The next movement (in which an unfortunate oboe is struck by lightning) is too long, spite of its glow of tone-color and its many pastoral effects. The English horn was beautifully played in this, and so was the oboe. The kettle-drummer deserves great praise for he did the work of two performers, and his graphic touches added much to the picture. There is too much of long-winded ecstasy in this movement but its beautiful ending makes ample amends for prolixity, and Mr. Mueller deserves especial mention for the manner in which those sad English horn phrases were delivered. A duet between English horn and drum is not an everyday occurrence in music, and this is one of the fine points of the symphony.

But it is the last two movements on which the greatness of the Symphonie Fantastique chiefly rests, and these two movements were given with greater effect and a more intelligible style than ever before in Boston. Never has the wonderful bassoon passage been so well performed here, and the strange pizzicati of contra-basses (Berlioz was the inventor of *harmonies* given thus) and the impressive rhythm of cymbals and bass drum made the "March to Execution" one to be long remembered. Among the Ionians in ancient Greece an awe-inspiring march was played upon the *tibia* as culprits were marched to execution, and one cannot help wondering whether Berlioz had read of this and made the awful bassoon mutterings as a modern reflection of it, as one cannot help comparing these dreadful footsteps on bassoons with the footsteps of the French mob, which Dickens so graphically and poetically describes in "The Tale of Two Cities." It may sound ludicrous to speak of the beheading of a clarinette by a bass-drum, but this is one of the most graphic pictures ever presented in music, a picture for the ear as definite as any ever given to the eye. And it was performed in a manner to make one become excited in the use of adjectives in the description. The muted orns gave their baleful tones with just the right power, and the final catastrophe was most vivid. What a supreme moment it is as one hears the clarinette alone, giving the love-theme, the criminal awaiting the fall of the axe, his thought not upon his fate but upon his love! then the final stroke, a fearful quarter-note by full orchestra, a moment's pause and then perhaps too dire a picture of a quivering corpse. Decidedly Berlioz's tonepainting is to be classed with those pictures of torture, pain, and death in which the old Spanish painters used to revel. Now comes a picture of Hades with the thermometer at 700 in the shade. To tell the history of Berlioz's degradation of his own tender love-theme would be an ungrateful task and show forth the meaner side of his nature, a nature which was not grand in even its best aspect, but the ribald tune is a strong, if sensational, touch, and introduces a new instrument to the orchestra—the E flat clarinette, so copiously used in military band. Generally, composers have found the piccolo sufficiently impish to picture satanic effects, but Berlioz piles Ossa on Pelion and adds the E-flat clarinette squealings to the shrieks of the other instrument. Right wildly was this theme squirted into the seething mess, with just the proper vulgarization of its character. Then came that parody of the "Dies Irae," which Berlioz may have borrowed from the wicked "Mass of Fools" of mediæval times. The bells were out of tune, and somewhat marred the effect. There are many expedients used for bells in music, Berlioz himself inventing the best in a combination of harp and horn. The composer in this instance permits the use of two pianos for the effect, where bells are not obtainable, and the gong has been used in Boston in this passage, also. On this occasion the instrument seemed to be the new tubular bells which certainly would have been just the proper thing for the work, had they been in tune. This kind of bell must eventually come into use in "Parsifal" where the bell-figure is so important. The odd "Frappée" effect on the violins was very clearly done. This effect, sometimes marked "Col' Legno," is made very simply by striking the violin-strings with the back of the bow. Every theme in this movement, and there are mighty difficult passages in it, was clear and recognizable, and the execution was one that ought to set all doubts about the status of our orchestra at rest and win recognition for the carfeful work of Mr. Paur. It was appreciated to some extent, for the conductor was obliged to bow many times to the applause which followed the movements. It might not be amiss to play the last two movements again at some concert in the immediate future, for such scoring needs more than one hearing, and many auditors may have been tired by an opera season that presented much for study and caused some musical indigestion.

A gentle movement from the Lenore Symphony poured oil upon the troubled waters. The horn did some fine work in this. The movement was the right thing in the wrong place, it was Wordsworth after Poe. With the jolly "Academic Overture" the concert ended. Brahms has not the element of humor in a large degree, and could not have invented the Student's songs on which this overture is founded; but he has the gift of developing a theme magnificently, and this was called upon to good purpose in the work. Fancy setting "Upidee" in classical form! Yet "Was Kommt dort von der Hoeh" is not a bit more elevated in style, and forms one of the best touches of the work. The overture was played in proper, rollicking style, and with it this concert of many moods came to an end.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Robert Kahn: Overture, "Elégie," in C minor (MS.). (First time.)
Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique, No. 1, in C major, opus 14a.
Raff: Andante quasi Larghetto from Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 177.
Brahms: Akademische Fest-Ouverture, in C minor, opus 80.

The new Kahn overture seems plainly a work out of the common run. Robert Kahn is a young man, a pupil of Brahms in composition, and it is reported that the path to publicity, if not to fame, has been made exceptionally easy for him: it is said that he has had the rare luck to have almost everything he has written performed under the most distinguished auspices. We have had the opportunity of studying the score of this overture of his, and have heard one performance of it; it seems to us decidedly the finest piece of work we have heard from a young and little-known composer for many years. In form and development it is clarity itself; not that it adheres—either slavishly or otherwise — to the fixed, traditional overture form, for the way the composer has taken a theme from the slow introduction and woven it into the main body of the work is to be recognized as an element, if not exactly of novelty, yet of unacademic fancy; but that the overture has a stoutly consistent and easily apprehensible plastic form of its own, and its development is so clear and lucid that the listener is never left in doubt for a moment as to what the composer means to say. Added to this, the work shows inventiveness of no common order: not merely that primary melodic inventiveness in virtue of which a composer creates beautiful and pregnant thematic matter, but that more sustained inventive power which gives him wealth of resource in making the most of his material. To be sure, one finds little if any originality in the work; it sounds *tout de reflet et de reverbère*, if you will; one finds hints at Brahms in every other measure. But this is entirely normal and to be expected: Kahn is still young and in his first manner, and the first manner of almost every composer is that of his teacher or model; a composer's individuality crops out, as a rule, only in his second. And just here, by the way, the thought presents itself to us: if a young composer's first manner begins with Brahms, what incalculable phases may not his third manner assume? One point in the overture, however, leaves us considerably in doubt, and this is the instrumentation. The work often makes the impression of being badly scored; many passages sound thin and ragged, there are times when for a moment or two the very bottom seems to drop out of the orchestra, others when the trombones and tuba seem *de trop* and say nothing. But we are by no means sure that this is always the composer's fault; we remember well enough when a good deal of Brahms sounded in much the same way. The trouble may have been largely in the performance, and may be curable by more and more careful rehearsing, of the sort that has long been recognized as necessary to make many a standard composition sound well and show the composer's idea in its true light.

Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony was given, as it seemed to us, almost as well as it was last year; and this is saying a good deal. Mr. Paur's reading of the work is admirable at every point; Berlioz could not find a more sympathetic interpreter. Only it seemed to us on Saturday evening that some passages were played with less perfection of finish than marked last year's performance. The new bells made a fine effect in the burlesque of the *Dies irae* in the last movement, saving that they carried realism to the point of sounding not quite in tune: but then, who ever heard a bell sound in tune? Every time we hear this wonderful symphony we are impressed anew with what an astounding master of orchestration Berlioz was. Remember that in this work he was still hampered by writing for plain horns and trumpets; even in the "Marche au Supplice" he gives the indication that the horns shall be "*ordinaires ou à cylindres*," showing that, though he might prefer to have valve-horns for this movement, he had written the parts so that they could be played on the old plain instruments. No doubt, new and surpassingly beautiful orchestral effects have been discovered since Berlioz's day: Wagner, Richard Strauss, and not a few of his own countrymen have gone beyond him in some respects; but what strikes us in Berlioz more forcibly than in any of the great masters of orchestration who have come after him is his wonderful sense for the exact relation of means to effect: with all his apparently lavish employment of orchestral means, there is never anything superfluous in his score; he never seems to use an instrument simply because he has it at hand, but only when he absolutely needs it. No composer ever treated orchestral means with a finer economy; when he has, so to speak, to put his hand in his pocket and bring out a second tuba, for instance, it is absolutely because he cannot do without one; and so soon as he no longer needs it, he lets it count rests. Then the wonderful clearness of his scoring: it is as clear and transparent as Haydn's or Mozart's!

It was a curious effect, that of hearing the slow music from the "Lenore" symphony immediately after Berlioz's "Fantastic." In one way it seemed like a return to sanity after what Heine once called *der frechste Wahnsinn* (the most impudent insanity);" but in another way it seemed terribly like leaving the company of a distinguished maniac of real genius for that of a most inveterate *bourgeois*. Indeed Raff, with all his high qualities, had a strong *bourgeois* streak in him; and in saying this we use the term in its most invidious sense. To be sure it is hardly fair to judge of a symphonic movement out of its true frame; but the "Lenore" symphony is old enough by this time to be spoken of without weighing every syllable, and the impression made by this movement from it, coming right after Berlioz's work, was distinct enough to be worth noting: with all its melodious beauty the movement sounded absolutely *d'un épicier!*"

Brahms's Academic Overture seems to us more and more delightful, the oftener we hear it. What an admirable use the man has made of his homely material! And note here that "homely" does not in the least mean "*bourgeois*." How he has welded all those scraps of students' songs together, so that the joints do not show! And what true geniality and joviality there is in it all! The genial joviality and high animal spirits of a serious man who knows how to *desipere in loco*—which does not mean "dissipate in low company." The overture was played with immense spirit and dash, if at times rather coarsely; the performance was not quite up to Mr. Paur's memorable first one, last year, when the overture brought nearly the whole audience to its feet, and they shouted as if Brahms had been Wagner.

The next programme is: Brahms, symphony No. 3, in F major, opus 90; Mendelssohn, concerto for violin, in E minor, opus 64; Reinecke, entr'acte from "Der Gouverneur von Tours" (first time); Marschner, overture to "Hans Heiling." Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the violinist. The rehearsal and concert come on March 22 and 23; there will be no concert this week.

Philadelphia Inquirer

TEN PAGES

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Delightful Program by Mr. Paur and the Boston Orchestra.

The symphony season closed last night at the Academy of Music with the fifth and last concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur conductor. The five concerts by this organization have never been exceeded in interest so far as the orchestral work is concerned. Mr. Paur is a man of many parts and has given us a wide range of themes and composers to enjoy. The houses have invariably been crowded and full appreciation shown the work of the musicians. Last fall we were promised a series of concerts by Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Seidl. Each was obliged to give up the season after a single concert with poor patronage. In this we see a lack of discrimination. There is enough musical appreciation in this city to have patronized fifteen concerts, but such is the stupidity of our people that they cling to one and despise the two others.

Last night's program:

Hector Berlioz—Fantastic Symphony in C major, Op. 14a.

Solos for Violoncello.

a. Antonin Dvorak .....“Waldesruhe”
b. Julius Klengel .....Capriccio, Op. 8

Mr. Alwin Schoeder.

Monsigny—Chaconne and Rigodon from Suite “Aline, Reine de Golconde.”
Liszt-Doppler ..Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2

The Fantastic Symphony well deserves its name. Written in parts at different times and afterwards remodeled into its present shape, its origin was the composer's unrequited love for one who afterwards became his wife. It would be hard to find in any single work a greater variety of theme or more diverse musical concepts. The first movement is full of passionate love themes; the next is a delirious ball scene, in which his fancy is given full flight. In the third movement—pastoral—opening with a shepherd's pipe, there is a complex description of country life, from the singing of birds to the artillery of a passing thunder storm—all worked out in singularly lucid style, with great musical beauty. The fourth movement—the march to the gallows—is a mixture of a dirge and trumphant strains, denoting either the triumph of law or the future happy state of the unforunate. The effect was heightened by a gallows-looking structure at the back of the orchestra on which were hung the bronze pipes giving forth bell tones in the last movement, which is a Walpurgis night's dream, a fantastic, weird composition in which the whirring of witches' wings is mixed with the mellow tones of church bells.

The symphony is a delightful composition and was played with great spirit.

Mr. Schroeder, first 'cellist of the orchestra, who has been heard before as a soloist, is a master musician. He played with great intelligence and feeling.

The List Rhapsody No. 2, the finest of the series, was given charmingly.

The conductor was overwhelmed with applause and the season ended with great satisfaction to the audiences.

PUBLIC LEDGER

THE [illegible]-PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 12, 1895.

Academy of Music—Closing Concert of the Boston Orchestra Series.

The fifth and concluding concert of the season's series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra attracted to the Academy of Music last night an audience whose numbers were but little diminished by the inclemency of the weather. A glance at the programme and at the assembled orchestra indicated an unusually interesting concert. The opening number was Berlioz's “Fantastic” symphony (C Major), and lined up at the rear of the stage were no less than three members to handle the kettle drums and two to manage the cymbals, while looming up like the ronfold that has to do with the episodes of the fourth movement was a frame work from which were pendent two billets of brass, each as long as the man who struck them with a mallet to produce the church chime effect in that movement. Berlioz has been often and cordially criticized for the lack of form and want of unity in this particular work, which appears to be beyond the comprehension of most conductors or an impossible task to their bands. Given as it was last night, with a conductor after Berlioz's own heart and an orchestra which has reached the extreme of virtuosity, and the symphony glows with spontaneous power and charm. The greater clearness and finish with which such scenes as the “March to the Scaffold” and the “Walpurgis Night's Dream” were given left little of the usual “morbid” and “unwholesome” characteristics so frequently found in them, though none would dispute the grim expressiveness of the picture.

Alwin Schroeder, the orchestra's first 'cellist, played Dvorak's “Waldesruhe” with marked delicacy and tenderness and followed it with Julius Klengel's Capriccio (op. 8) a show piece in which Mr. Schroeder has before evidenced his very excellent accomplishments in bowing and fingering. The audience, or rather the encore contingent of it, applauded at intervals for the space of several minutes in the hope of getting an additional contribution from Mr. Schroeder, but Conductor Paur calmly conversed with him until the applause ceased, and then went on with the closing number. This was Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, which was also superbly played, though there were differences in the arrangement played or in the reading, or in both, that varied it somewhat from the one familiarized here at previous concerts. Conductor Paur and his men are certainly to be congratulated upon their season's work, and especially upon this crowning entertainment.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS

MARCH 12, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Fifth and Last for the Season at the Academy of Music.

Conductor Paur closed the current season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening by presenting a rather popular programme, which was received with considerable manifestation of pleasure in general. The conductor, as the last effect of the year, gave the audience a symphony that was definite enough in form and treatment to arouse even the most uninitiated. It was the Symphony Fantastic in C major of Berlioz. This, with its effectively simple opening, its waltz movement, the charming pastoral adagio, the sombre “march to the scaffold,” and the involved and diabolical “Walpurgis Night” movement was given in a lively manner by the increased orchestra. There were the bells and the drums and what-not, so that the man who was annoyed at the notoriety he attained because he was said to compose for 400 instruments, got a noisy interpretation.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the 'cello player, who rendered Dvorak's “Waldersrhue” most sympathetically, showing the rich quality of his art, and then followed it with Klengel's “Capricio,” which with its rapidity of movement displayed the dexterity of the player. Mr. Paur was quite churlish in refusing to allow Mr. Schroeder to give an encore which was demanded again and again by the audience. Following the 'cello solos was on old-fashioned bit of French dance music very simple in character and quite pleasant to hear; a chaconne and rigodon by Monsigny. The programme was concluded with a Liszt-Duppler Hungarian rhapsody No. 2, which the orchestra gave with much spirit.

The programme, however, was hardly up to a high musical standard, as the Berlioz Symphony is of the skyrocket kind. Mr. Paur is no doubt gaining in favor in this city and the present series show him at the close in a much more favorable light that when he first appeared before a Philadelphia audience. The season has been a most successful one, crowded houses being the rule.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1895.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Fifth and Closing Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, gave its fifth and last concert for the season at the Academy of Music last night, when the programme included Berlioz's “Symphonie Fantastique,” Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, instrumented by Doppler, No. 2, and some dance music, by Monsigny—dance music must be not less than a hundred years old to get a place on a Boston Symphony programme. Strauss is inadmissible, although there could have been few in the audience who would not have sooner heard the “Bal Promessen, or the “Village Swallows,” than Monsigny's colorless and tasteless tunes. But Strauss' turn with symphony orchestras will come some time in the next century, when he has ripened, or faded into a classic. Mr. Paur's last night's programme will be recognized as a distinctively romantic one. Berlioz's famous symphony must perhaps be regarded as programme music, but it is a wonderful work all the same, full of fire and fury and imaginative force, and with a wealth of melodic and illustrative ideas, which at times diverges into a wild extravagance. It was superbly played, and produced a profound impression upon a large and sympathetic audience. Mr. Alwin Schroder, the leading 'cello player of the orchestra, in his rendering of a caprice by Klangel, gave an extraordinarily brilliant exhibition of virtuosity. He was loudly applauded, but firmly and properly declined a persistent encore.

E PHILADELPHIA RECORD,

n- was [illegible] times. n

MARCH 12, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy.

This season's series of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to a brilliant close last evening at the Academy of Music. As a farewell offering Leader Paur had prepared a very attractive programme, the principal number being Hector Berlioz's fantastic symphony in C major, the five movements of which were given with greater effect and color than usual. The work of the violins in the second movement was simply exquisite, and the dainty waltz melody was played with a most delicate and poetical touch. The sonorous passages of the conclusion of the symphony brought out the full resources of the orchestra. Violoncellist Alwin Shroeder was the soloist of the evening. He played with rare expression and understanding Dvorak's “Waldesruhe,” and was really charming in Klengel's “Capriccio.” He was most liberally applauded. The concert concluded with the Doppler arrangement of the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, which was played in a masterly manner.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

MARCH 12, 1895.

The Last Symphony Concert.

The last concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra drew a large audience to the Academy of Music last evening. Considering the limited opportunities for hearing the best orchestral music that Philadelphia has enjoyed this season, the small proportion of the classics included in Mr. Paur's programmes has been a disappointment to many. In his last concert he got away from the classics altogether. The symphony was the “Fantastique” of Berlioz, which it is interesting to hear once in a while, especially when so admirably played, but which always leaves a good many desires unsatisfied. The soloist was that fine executant on the violoncello, Mr. Schroeder, who played a number of small modern pieces with excellent skill, and the concert closed with the familiar Hungarian Rhapsody.

Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13.

Symphony Orchestra at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, March 12—The fifth and last concert of the Boston symphony orchestra was given this evening to the largest audience of the season. Mrs Cleveland and Attorney General and Mrs Olney were in one of the boxes. The program included the works of Mendelssohn, Monsigny, Dvorak and Liszt, and was perhaps received with more favor than any of the other concerts.

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

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TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

WILL GIVE THE LAST CONCERT TOMORROW NIGHT.

It Arrives in Baltimore Today and Will Go to Washington This Evening, Returning to the Carrollton Tonight—Dates Already Booked for Its Return to This City Next Season—The Fantasy of Lover Berlioz.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived in Baltimore this morning on its last trip for the season of 1894-95. It will go to Washington at 6 o'clock tonight, and give a concert there, returning about midnight.

It will hold a private rehearsal at Music Hall at noon tomorrow, and tomorrow night will give its last concert of the season at Baltimore in Music Hall Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist, will be the soloist. A notable feature of the programme will be the fantastic symphony of Berlioz.

Such a variety of instruments will be required to portray the fancies of the dreaming lover that the number of performers has been increased to nearly 100.

Pleased With Baltimore.

The orchestra will come again next season. Dates have already been booked, and the same general plan of five monthly concerts will be followed. Assistant-Manager Comee said today:

“Our patronage in Baltimore this season has been most gratifying, and our present splendid clientele has grown from the faithful hundreds who clung to the Boston Symphony Orchestra through all its wanderings, beginning at Harris Academy of Music some nine years ago, and using the Lyceum Theatre, Concordia Hall, Harris' Academy Concert Hall and Ford's Theatre, and finally settling in the superb Music Hall, a fitting home for such an orchestra.

“Financially, I can say our success this season has been far greater than any previous year. The management is satisfied and pleased with both the size and character of the Baltimore audiences. Baltimore furnishes as enthusiastic and intelligent audiences as it is the privilege of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to play to anywhere.”

Handling an Orchestra.

It is something of a task to take care of a large orchestra traveling. Usually the orchestra leaves the Providence Station, Boston, Sunday on the train that starts at 7.30 in the evening. They travel in three sleepers, which are specially reserved for them, though attached to the regular train. The assigning of the berths is all done by Mr. Comee, who, of course, considers very carefully the personal preferences of the men. In the early days of the orchestra Mr. Comee put together in one section two men who had not spoken for three months, and travelers can appreciate the awkwardness of such an arrangement. But today Mr. Comee has too good a run of the orchestra and its affairs to make a break of that sort.

Mr. Paur, who cannot stand the night travel, always starts ahead of the orchestra and travels to New York in the daytime, returning on Sunday.

The Matter of Baggage.

The daytime travel of the orchestra is made in two day-coaches, one for the smokers, and one for the non-smokers, and a special baggage car is always attached to the train in which they go. The handling of their baggage is no small item of the travel. All the orchestra instruments travel in the baggage car and the itinerary always states at what time hotel and theatre baggage must be ready, and if any of the men fail to be prompt in this matter, they move their baggage at their own expense. About one-half the men carry trunks, and the rest valises. Usually there are about 120 pieces of baggage to handle. Of course, if any of the orchestra men have solos on the programmes given while on tour they carry their own special instruments, and those they do not trust out of their own hands.

The housing of the orchestra is very easily done. The list is sent on ahead to the hotel, and the rooms are assigned the names entered on the register before they arrive, so that when they get there they simply walk up to the desk, look on the register, get their number and ask for their keys. The men room together in about the same grouping that they travel, each man having a separate bed.

Card Players.

Apart from this personally-conducted style of travel, each man is an independent person. He eats and sleeps as he pleases, and occupies the time not devoted to travel or concerts exactly as he likes. On the train nine-tenths of the men play cards. As there are 13 nationalities in the orchestra, there is a great variety in the games, although the favorite American game, poker, is very generally known. One or two French and German games press it hard. For this card playing the men break up into groups, and those groups will hang together for many seasons.

As an example of how persistently this playing is kept up, take the score of one group who played together for three seasons. In '91 and '92 they played 2754 points in whist, and the winning pair was 12 points ahead at the end of the trip. This was on the Western trip, and on their arrival in Fall River, on their return, they were even, the 12 points being made between Fall River and Boston. In '92 and '93 they played 4084 points, the winners being 216 points ahead. In '93 and '94 the score was 3414, with the winners 222 points ahead.

Many of the men read, and some of it is said to be very solid reading, and there are chess-playing groups. Their days are spent very much as other men traveling would spend them. Some of the boys do a little sight-seeing, some of them practice and some of them sleep. In Baltimore it is very oddly noted there is hardly a man who does not drift into some of the stores and buy something. It has become an almost universal habit of the men to do this, even if it's not more than a necktie they get.

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HOW THEY TRAVEL.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON THE ROAD.

Their Route—How They Pair Off—On the Trains and at the Hotel—Their Ways of Killing Time—Card-Playing—A Few Anecdotes.

The Richmond lovers of music doubtless remember, with pleasure, the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra here a year or two ago. It is by long odds the finest organization of the kind in this country, and is equal to any in Europe. In an article on this orchestra and the way they travel, the Boston Herald pays a deserved compliment to the management of Mr. Charles A. Ellis, and his assistant, Mr. Fred. R. Comee:

The merest glance at the matter will show the most casual thinker, says the Herald, what a might of detail there is taking over eighty musicians, with their instruments, music, and baggage from Boston to Washington and return, and give by the way six concerts from Saturday to Saturday. Yet so nicely has the plan of the tour been laid out that the entire company travels as if each were by himself, with the utmost comfort, and without a hitch, the itinerary, which is printed and given out to each man before starting, being adhered to with an exactness that is little short of remarkable.

Usually the orchestra leaves the Providence Station Sunday on the train that starts at 7:30 in the evening, although on their last trip, owing to the Handel and Hayden concert, they left at midnight on that day. They travel in three sleepers, which are especially reserved for them, though attached to the regular train. The assigning of the berths is all done by Comee, who, of course, considers very carefully the personal preferences of the men. This requires no end of tact, and only a long association with the orchestra could enable a man to attend to this simple detail and make no blunder. In the early days of the orchestra, Mr. Comee put together in one section two men who had not spoken for three months, and travellers can appreciate the awkwardness of such an arrangement. But to-day Comee has too good a run of the orchestra and its affairs to make a break of that sort.

As in every organization where men are thrown much together, they pair off in a way and settle into groups. This has to be known by the assistant manager, who governs himself accordingly. Tim Adamowski and his brother Joe, who live together in town, always travel together. But while there are two Loefflers, two Heindls, and two Kneisels in the orchestra, the Adamowski are the only brothers that pair off. Among the couples that travel as pals are Louis Svecenski and Otto Roth Zach and Grunberg, Moldauer and Fiedler. In assigning the berths each of these pair of men is given a section, and they settle among themselves the upper and lower berth question, it usually being a turn about and turn matter.

Ever since the Boston Symphony orchestra became an institution here it has been a sort of pet with Boston's finest. Music lovers have made a sort of fetish of the organization, and fetishism in the form of symphony concert attendance has been as smart as it has been popular. Since, therefore, everything from the personal habits to the personal foibles of the individual members of the orchestra has been alike interesting to the violet-bedecked girl who sits in the be-premiumed seats below stairs, and the equally pretty and much enthusiastic girl who rushes for the best seat up aloft, it is not unlikely that many may take a great interest in the way in which the orchestra travels when three or four times each season it leaves Boston with a Saturday night that seems all out of shape owing to a lack of symphony concert.

The southern trip, the only one they make now, the western trip being a thing of the past, is always about the same in its details. They go through direct to Philadelphia, with that inevitable hiatus, two hours in New York on the morning of Monday from 7 to 9 o'clock, arriving there at 11:23. They go at once to the Continental Hotel. They give a concert at the Academy of Music Monday evening, and leave at ten minutes of 8 Tuesday morning for Baltimore, where they arrive at 10:15, and put up at the Carrollton. They remain in Baltimore two days, as they give the Washington concerts from that city, never having to put up at the capital, since, some years ago, they received rather shabby treatment from one of the houses during a tremendous influx of tourists. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad puts a special train at their service, and they make the run between the two cities in fifty minutes, and are made so comfortable at the Carrollton that it is much more convenient and attractive than staying in Washington. Their Washington concert is usually given on Tuesday evening. Their train from Baltimore leaves at 6 o'clock, and after the concert returns at 10:40, so that before 11 o'clock they are sitting down to their hearty supper at the Carrollton again. Their Baltimore concert is given at the new Music Hall, one of the handsomest in the country, on Wednesday, and the next morning, that's Thursday, they leave for New York at ten minutes of 9, where they arrive at five minutes of 1, and go directly to the Park-Avenue Hotel, where they have always stopped. They give a concert that evening, Thursday, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the following day [illegible] give a public rehearsal at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, at 3 P. M., [illegible] concert at the same place Saturday [illegible] the course. They leave [illegible] night on the mid- [illegible] Sunday

The daytime travel [illegible] orchestra is made in two day-coaches, one for the smokers, and one for the non-smokers, and a special baggage-car is always attached to the train in which they go. The handling of their baggage is no small item of the travel. Mr. Neil Patterson attends to all this for Mr. Ellis, and the system by which it is done is so admirable that there is never any confusion. All the orchestra instruments travel in the baggage-car in Mr. Patterson's care, and the itinerary always states at what time hotel and theatre baggage must be ready, and if any of the men fail to be prompt in this matter, why they move their baggage at their own expense. About one half the men carry trunks, and the rest "live in a valise," as the saying is. Usually there are about 120 pieces of baggage to handle. Of course, if any of the orchestra-men have solos on the programmes given while on tour, they carry their own special instruments, and those they do not trust out of their own hands.

While the orchestra as a body stops at the Park-Avenue, the Continental, and the Carrollton, there are individual members of the orchestra who prefer to go somewhere else, in which case they are allowed an expense account equal to what it costs to pay the bills of the other men, who, as the saying is, "go to the hotel with Comee." For instance, Loeffler always stops at Hotel Martin, down in University place, while in New York. Several of the other men have some foreign hotel to which they are attached, and to which they always go, although most of the men prefer to have all that bother taken off their hands, and to go along with the majority.

This housing of the orchestra is very easily done. The list is sent on ahead to the hotel, and the rooms are assigned, the names entered on the register before they arrive, so that when they get there they simply walk up to the desk, look on the register, get their number, and ask for their keys. The men room together in about the same grouping that they travel, each man having a separate bed.

Apart from this personally conducted style of travel, each man is an independent person. He eats and sleeps as he pleases, and occupies the time not devoted to travel or concerts exactly as he likes. On the train nine tenths of the men play cards. As there are thirteen nationalities in the orchestra, there is a great variety in the games, although the favorite American game, poker, is very generally known. One or two French and German games press it hard. For this card playing the men break up into groups, and those groups will hang together for many seasons. As an example of how persistently this playing is kept up, take the score of one group who played together for three seasons. In 1891 and 1892 they played 2,734 points in whist, and the winning pair was 12 points ahead at the end of the trip. This was on the western trip, and on their arrival in Fall River on their return, they were even, the 12 points being made between Fall River and Boston. In 1892 and 1893 they played 4,084 points, the winners being 216 points ahead. In 1893 and 1894 the score was 3,414, with the winners 222 points ahead.

Of course, many of the men read, and some of it is said to be very solid reading, too, and there is chess-playing groups. Their days are spent very much as other men travelling would spend them. Some of the boys do a little sight-seeing, some of them practice, and some of them sleep. In Philadelphia it is very oddly noted that there is hardly a man who does not drift into Wanamaker's and buy something. It has become an almost universal habit of the men to do this, even if it's not more than a necktie they get. In most of the cities many of them have friends or admirers, and there is some entertaining of a mild sort done.

The concerts when on the road are really more brilliant to look at than they are, because of the halls in which they are given are infinitely handsomer than Music Hall, and full-dress is much more usual. For example, the Academy of Music in Philadelphia seats 3,000 people, 600 more than our Music Hall, and is always packed, the "rush" faction there being as energetic as it is in Boston. The new Music Hall at Baltimore is very handsome, and seats 2,700, and there the orchestra has a clientele as loyal as its Boston following, the same people coming year in and year out. In Washington Mrs. Cleveland has a box always, although this year she has not occupied it. The Russian Legation always occupied a box, and all the most famous of the diplomatic set are always in the audience, which is full-dress, a very brilliant sight.

As a rule, the men enjoy the trips. They like the change, and for the credit of the orchestra and for Boston it is worth nothing that they are not viewed as "show people" by either the railroads or the hotels, while such is the sentiment of the body that it is doubtful if anything irregular could happen. The honor of the orchestra as a body is dead set against anything of the sort, and it would take a bold man to brave the sentiment of the men as an organization.

Many of the men have their little quips and quirks, but they are usually of an inoffensive sort, for which no one suffers. One, the first violinist, for example, is invariably late. It is said that so common is this habit that Comee as he paces the platform awaiting his men is often heard to say to the conductor as he sees the violinist enter the gate: "Well, you may go ahead. We are all here." Occasionally the man gets left, and has to travel on behind the orchestra at his own expense.

The assistant manager always laughs when anything is said of the men being left. It recalls a telegram which he once received at Wilmington, as the orchestra travelled homeward from Baltimore. It read: "Me and Hoyer is left." "I often wondered," said Comee, "why they sent that. I knew it almost as soon as they did. Did they expect me to put back for them, or to go back and personally conduct them on the next train? Goodness knows."

[illegible] excitement, [illegible] of the Julie Wyman [illegible] in Philadelphia. Probably the [illegible] their experience [illegible] year of the great blizzard. That was in Gerrick's time. They left Boston on the usual train—7:30 P. M.—and only got as far as East Douglas, where they remained until 6 the next night, when they were pulled back to town, and the entire trip given up. It was very lucky for their comfort that Comee had been so afraid that they might be snowed up during the night that, without saying a word to any one, he sent up to Parker's and bought 200 sandwiches, and at the station he bought all the apples and doughnuts he could find, and had them packed away. They only got forty miles, when they were snow-bound, and the next morning when they woke the snow was over the tops of the cars. They spent all that day shovelling snow by turns to assist the trainmen and get out of their snow-bank.

An amusing experience that is still the subject of laughter was the suggestion made to the conductor at—well, never mind the place—they probably know better by this time—that if the orchestra were to play from the station to the hotel they would probably have a much bigger house at night.

There is a funny story, which, at the time of its happening, was told from Maine to Florida. But that was six years ago, and it was so good that it may bear repeating, and even if it is not new to many Symphony-orchestra followers, they may enjoy a revival of laughter over it. It was when Charlie Behr was in the orchestra, and they gave a concert at Lowell. The opera-house there is situated very much as the Tremont is here—that is, you go into the lobby, pass the ticket-office, and turn round to approach the auditorium. The stage-door is up an alley off another street from the main entrance and quite a little distance from it. Behr only played in the overture of the programme given, and after that was free to go where he pleased. It was the custom of the theatre, as in most one-night places, to bill the next night's attraction as soon as to-night's audience was in, that having the advantage of catching the eyes of the audience coming out. The Symphony Orchestra four-sheet posters were up on the bill-boards at the entrance of the theatre at 8 o'clock. At 8:15 the Cleveland minstrels, which were coming the next evening, had their paper up.

Behr left the stage, went out the stage-door, and, wondering what he would do with himself until the concert was over, strolled up the street, turned a corner, and walked down the main street. Soon he came to the brilliantly-lighted front of a theatre. He read the posters at the door, "Cleveland's Minstrels." That suited him. He went in, bought a ticket, and sauntered into the auditorium. He took a look at the stage, and thought to himself, "Well, that's the queerest minstrel circle I ever saw. All white faces." Then he looked at the middle man—Gerricke, and he bolted back to the box-office and demanded his money. Comee was in the back of the office counting up the house. The ticket-man called out to him: "Mr. Comee, here's one of your men want's his money back."

"What's that?"

"One of your men asking for his money back. Oh, well, come and see for yourself."

Comee went into the front of the office, and there was Behr. He tumbled at once, and when he had a pause in his laughter, he said: "Charlie, if you leave your 50 cents, I'll never tell of this, but if you take it away, I can't promise."

"Oh, confound it," said Behr, "you'll tell it anyway. Give me my 50 cents," and he got it.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, will give the closing concert of its series at the Metropolitan Opera House next Thursday evening. Miss Marie Brema will be the singer. The orchestral numbers of the program include the Overture Elegy, Robert Kahn (first performance in New York); symphonie fantastique, Berlioz, and Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from the Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn. The orchestra on this occasion will number nearly one hundred men.

Kneisel Quartet.—The Kneisel Quartet will give the last of its delightful series of concerts at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall next Friday evening. The program includes the quartet in D minor, Borodine, quartet in D minor, Schubert; and the Beethoven septet, in the performance of which the quartet will be assisted by Mr. Pourtau, clarinet; Mr. Hackebarth, horn; Mr. Litke, bassoon, and Mr. Golde, double bass, all leading members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

To-night we will bid farewell to Mr. Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the year. They give their fifth and last concert of the present season. The Symphony Fantastique of Berlioz and Second Rhapsody of Liszt are among the pieces, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the 'cello player, will be the soloist.

* * *

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The finest of the world's orchestras is to give its last concert in Brooklyn to-night. It played at the Academy of Music yesterday in the preliminary rehearsal, or matinee, and faced about as large an audience as it might gather in Meriden or New Britain or Passaic. It was a fine programme that it offered, too, in which there was a delightful sequence of the classic, the romantic and the sensational. Beethoven opened the programme with the "Egmont" overture, broad, solid, perfectly proportioned and, despite its animation, pervaded with that calm of command which is distinctive of genius. Mr. Paur's reading of this work was temperate and violated no conventions. Bizet's "Arlesienne" suite has been heard before—in fact, there was no new music on the bill—but it endures repetition well. The prelude is simply and purely charming, and indeed the spirit of the work has a gratefully affecting innocence and juvenility. The minuet ends so peacefully that its chirping notes remind one of a night concert in the woods, when the crickets and katydids are calling one another and a bird now and then gurgles and trills in his dreams. The adagietto is sweet nearly to cloying and the carillon, with its booming horns, swinging their three notes up and down, as from a belfry, is joyous. Raff's "In the Woods" symphony is another of the things that can be heard once in a season or oftener. There is a fine romantic quality in Raff and there is a directness of style that usually goes with the romantic tendency. He never maunders after his themes, nor resorts to strained effects in orchestration, nor exhibits himself as a technician in his harmonies; all is free and direct, his melody is always fresh and his harmonies fit it. His "In the Woods" symphony vies with his "Lenore" in picturesqueness and vividness. It has, however, the health of nature in it, for even the rush of the wild hunt of wizards and sprites is but a symbolizing of the activities of earth and air and water, and if it is a bit spooky it is none the less lifting, and the hearer envies the joy of the fierce riders as they hurl themselves across the empyrean, uttering their cries, the hoofs of their horses thundering in the clouds. Though the band was a trifle lax at the beginning of the concert, it worked in admirable unity in this spirited and difficult symphony, and was wrought to a true enthusiasm at the close. Liszt was the other composer on the programme, and he was represented in two numbers, one for orchestra and the other for solo with support of the diminished band. The Hungarian rhapsody No. 2 is an old favorite and it was played yesterday with a fine swing and a vim that emphasized its gypsy origin. The other piece was the E flat concerto, likewise founded on Hungarian music, and this brought out Bernhard Stavenhagen as solo pianist. This artist is not brilliant, but he is an exceptionally satisfying player. His fault, which he does not often exhibit, however, is that of pounding in strong passages, with a pedal somewhat too freely opened. Aside from this he employs a crystaline touch that he tempers to remarkable delicacy, and his shading gains from this. When he rises to power he is less agreeable than he is as a player who lets us feel the power in reserve. In all that he does he is musicianly and unaffected and a player like that is worth many of the crack-a-jacks who dazzle and startle with their purely digital performances and leave soul and sentiment out of the reckoning. The programme will be repeated to-night and this will close the season of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Brooklyn. It may be the last of its appearances in this city, for it seems that among the million and more of inhabitants in this city there are not enough people who like music to make its visits profitable. The list of works performed during the season is appended:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92
Overture, "Egmont."
Bemberg.....aria, "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc"
Berlioz.....overture, "Carnaval Romain"
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Lachner.....suite No. 1, in D minor, Op. 113
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Massenet.....aria, "Pleurez pleurez, mes yeux!" from "The Cid."
Mendelssohn...Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."
Raff.....Symphony No. 3, in F major, "In the Woods," Op. 153.
Saint-Saens.....Prelude, "The Deluge"
Aria from "Samson and Delilah."
Schumann.....Symphony No. 2, in C major
Concerto for pianoforte, in A minor
Concerto for violoncello, Op. 129
Smetana.....Overture, "The Bartered Bride"
Wagner.....

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 12. März 1895.

Das Schluß-Konzert des Boston Symphonie Orchesters fand gestern Abend in der Academy of Music vor einem sehr zahlreichen und kunstverständigen Publikum statt. Das Programm bot die Fantastique Symphonie von Berlioz, welches in virtuoser Weise zur Geltung gebracht wurde und als eine Musterleistung des Orchesters bezeichnet werden muß. Der „Gang zum Richtplatz" und der „Walpurgis-Nacht Traum", wurden mit einer geradezu großartigen Wirkung zum Vortrag gebracht. Das Gleiche gilt von der berühmten zweiten „Rhapsodie Hongroise" von Liszt.

Als Solist fungirte der erste Cellist des Orchesters, Herr Alwin Schroeder, welcher Dvorak's „Waldesruhe" und Klengels „Capriccio" meisterhaft vortrug.

Das Orchester und Dirigent Paur können mit den großartigen Erfolgen dieser Konzert-Saison wohl zufrieden sein.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

The evening concerts were those of the Boston Orchestra (the last of this season's series) in the Metropolitan Opera House, and of the Beethoven String Quartet, in the Chamber Music Hall. Of the latter it is not possible to say more than that Mr. Dannreuther's organization, which stands for the best that local musicians are doing in the department of chamber music, entertained a faithful clientele in a most dignified and worthy manner. For his last concert Mr. Paur seemed to have determined to give New-Yorkers all they could stand, and for the first time in the history of the Boston Orchestra we heard one of its concerts that lasted from 8:15 o'clock to 10:40—which is a little more music than ought to be offered at a single sitting. The orchestral numbers consisted of an uninspired and uninspiring overture in C minor, by Robert Kahn, which is called "Elegy," and is still in manuscript, in which form, it is to be hoped, it will remain—not because it is ill made, but because it says nothing over which music lovers have not long been willing to chant a funeral song. The central number was Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, which was brilliantly played, and in which it was a rather unusual pleasure to hear justly tuned and effective bells, or, rather, musical tubes. The concert closed with the overture, scherzo, notturno and wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

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THE [illegible] DISPATCH.

TUESDAY.....MARCH 12, 1895.

HOW THEY TRAVEL.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON THE ROAD.

Their Route—How They Pair Off—On the Trains and at the Hotel—Their Ways of Killing Time—Card-Playing—A Few Anecdotes.

The Richmond lovers of music doubtless remember, with pleasure, the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra here a year or two ago. It is by long odds the finest organization of the kind in this country, and is equal to any in Europe. In an article on this orchestra and the way they travel, the Boston Herald pays a deserved compliment to the management of Mr. Charles A. Ellis, and his assistant, Mr. Fred. R. Comee:

The merest glance at the matter will show the most casual thinker, says the Herald, what a might of detail there is taking over eighty musicians, with their instruments, music, and baggage from Boston to Washington and return, and give by the way six concerts from Saturday to Saturday. Yet so nicely has the plan of the tour been laid out that the entire company travels as if each were by himself, with the utmost comfort, and without a hitch, the itinerary, which is printed and given out to each man before starting, being adhered to with an exactness that is little short of remarkable.

Usually the orchestra leaves the Providence Station Sunday on the train that starts at 7:30 in the evening, although on their last trip, owing to the Handel and Hayden concert, they left at midnight on that day. They travel in three sleepers, which are especially reserved for them, though attached to the regular train. The assigning of the berths is all done by Comee, who, of course, considers very carefully the personal preferences of the men. This requires no end of tact, and only a long association with the orchestra could enable a man to attend to this simple detail and make no blunder. In the early days of the orchestra, Mr. Comee put together in one section two men who had not spoken for three months, and travellers can appreciate the awkwardness of such an arrangement. But to-day Comee has too good a run of the orchestra and its affairs to make a break of that sort.

As in every organization where men are thrown much together, they pair off in a way and settle into groups. This has to be known by the assistant manager, who governs himself accordingly. Tim Adamowski and his brother Joe, who live together in town, always travel together. But while there are two Loefflers, two Heindls, and two Kneisels in the orchestra, the Adamowski are the only brothers that pair off. Among the couples that travel as pals are Louis Svecenski and Otto Roth Zach and Grunberg, Moldauer and Fiedler. In assigning the berths each of these pair of men is given a section, and they settle among themselves the upper and lower berth question, it usually being a turn about and turn matter.

Ever since the Boston Symphony orchestra became an institution here it has been a sort of pet with Boston's finest. Music lovers have made a sort of fetish of the organization, and fetisicism in the form of symphony concert attendance has been as smart as it has been popular. Since, therefore, everything from the personal habits to the personal follies of the individual members of the orchestra has been alike interesting to the violet-bedecked girl who sits in the bepremiumed seats below stairs, and the equally pretty and much enthusiastic girl who rushes for the best seat up aloft, it is not unlikely that many may take a great interest in the way in which the orchestra travels when three or four times each season it leaves Boston with a Saturday night that seems all out of shape owing to a lack of symphony concert.

The southern trip, the only one they make now, the western trip being a thing of the past, is always about the same in its details. They go through direct to Philadelphia, with that inevitable hiatus, two hours in New York on the morning of Monday from 7 to 9 o'clock, arriving there at 11:23. They go at once to the Continental Hotel. They give a concert at the Academy of Music Monday evening, and leave at ten minutes of 8 Tuesday morning for Baltimore, where they arrive at 10:15, and put up at the Carrollton. They remain in Baltimore two days, as they give the Washington concerts from that city, never having to put up at the capital, since, some years ago, they received rather shabby treatment from one of the houses during a tremendous influx of tourists. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad puts a special train at their service, and they make the run between the two cities in fifty minutes, and are made so comfortable at the Carrollton that it is much more convenient and attractive than staying in Washington. Their Washington concert is usually given on Tuesday evening. Their train from Baltimore leaves at 6 o'clock, and after the concert returns at 10:40, so that before 11 o'clock they are sitting down to their hearty supper at the Carrollton again. Their Baltimore concert is given at the new Music Hall, one of the handsomest in the country, on Wednesday, and the next morning, that's Thursday, they leave for New York at ten minutes of 9, where they arrive at five minutes of 1, and go directly to the Park-Avenue Hotel, where they have always stopped. They give a concert that evening, Thursday, at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and on the following day they give a public rehearsal at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, at 8 P. M., and a concert at the same place Saturday evening concludes the course. They leave New York Saturday night on the midnight express, and arrive home Sunday

Mr. Paur, who cannot stand the night travel, always starts ahead of the orchestra and travels to New York in the daytime, returning on Sunday.

The daytime travel of the orchestra is made in two day-coaches, one for the smokers, and one for the non-smokers, and a special baggage-car is always attached to the train in which they go. The handling of their baggage is no small item of the travel. Mr. Neil Patterson attends to all this for Mr. Ellis, and the system by which it is done is so admirable that there is never any confusion. All the orchestra instruments travel in the baggage-car in Mr. Patterson's care, and the intinerary always states at what time hotel and theatre baggage must be ready, and if any of the men fail to be prompt in this matter, why they move their baggage at their own expense. About one half the men carry trunks, and the rest "live in a valise," as the saying is. Usually there are about 120 pieces of baggage to handle. Of course, if any of the orchestra-men have solos on the programmes given while on tour, they carry their own special instruments, and those they do not trust out of their own hands.

While the orchestra as a body stops at the Park-Avenue, the Continental, and the Carrollton, there are individual members of the orchestra who prefer to go somewhere else, in which case they are allowed an expense account equal to what it costs to pay the bills of the other, men, who, as the saying is, "go to the hotel with Comee." For instance, Loeffler always stops at Hotel Martin, down in University place, while in New York. Several of the other men have some foreign hotel to which they are attached, and to which they always go, although most of the men prefer to have all that bother taken off their hands, and to go along with the majority.

This housing of the orchestra is very easily done. The list is sent on ahead to the hotel, and the rooms are assigned, the names entered on the register before they arrive, so that when they get there they simply walk up to the desk, look on the register, get their number, and ask for their keys. The men room together in about the same grouping that they travel, each man having a separate bed.

Apart from this personally conducted style of travel, each man is an independent person. He eats and sleeps as he pleases, and occupies the time not devoted to travel or concerts exactly as he likes. On the train nine tenths of the men play cards. As there are thirteen nationalities in the orchestra, there is a great variety in the games, although the favorite American game, poker, is very generally known. One or two French and German games press it hard. For this card playing the men break up into groups, and those groups will hang together for many seasons. As an example of how persistently this playing is kept up, take the score of one group who played together for three seasons. In 1891 and 1892 they played 2,734 points in whist, and the winning pair was 12 points ahead at the end of the trip. This was on the western trip, and on their arrival in Fall River on their return, they were even, the 12 points being made between Fall River and Boston. In 1892 and 1893 they played 4,084 points, the winners being 216 points ahead. In 1893 and 1894 the score was 3,414, with the winners 222 points ahead.

Of course, many of the men read, and some of it is said to be very solid reading, too, and there is chess-playing groups. Their days are spent very much as other men travelling would spend them. Some of the boys do a little sightseeing, some of them practice, and some of them sleep. In Philadelphia it is very oddly noted that there is hardly a man who does not drift into Wanamaker's and buy something. It has become an almost universal habit of the men to do this, even if it's not more than a necktie they get. In most of the cities many of them have friends or admirers, and there is some entertaining of a mild sort done.

The concerts when on the road are really more brilliant to look at than they are, because of the halls in which they are given are infinitely handsomer than Music Hall, and full-dress is much more usual. For example, the Academy of Music in Philadelphia seats 3,000 people, 600 more than our Music Hall, and is always packed, the "rush" faction there being as energetic as it is in Boston. The new Music Hall at Baltimore is very handsome, and seats 2,700, and there the orchestra has a clientele as loyal as its Boston following, the same people coming year in and year out. In Washington Mrs. Cleveland has a box always, although this year she has not occupied it. The Russian Legation always occupied a box, and all the most famous of the diplomatic set are always in the audience, which is full-dress, a very brilliant sight.

As a rule, the men enjoy the trips. They like the change, and for the credit of the orchestra and for Boston it is worth nothing that they are not viewed as "show people" by either the railroads or the hotels, while such is the sentiment of the body that it is doubtful if anything irregular could happen. The honor of the orchestra as a body is dead set against anything of the sort, and it would take a bold man to brave the sentiment of the men as an organization.

Many of the men have their little quips and quirks, but they are usually of an inoffensive sort, for which no one suffers. One, the first violinist, for example, is invariably late. It is said that so common is this habit that Comee as he paces the platform awaiting his men is often heard to say to the conductor as he sees the violinist enter the gate: "Well, you may go ahead. We are all here." Occasionally the man gets left, and has to travel on behind the orchestra at his own expense.

The assistant manager always laughs when anything is said of the men being left. It recalls a telegram which he once received at Wilmington, as the orchestra travelled homeward from Baltimore. It read: "Me and Hoyer is left." "I often wondered," said Comee, "why they sent that. I knew it almost as soon as they did. Did they expect me to put back for them, or to go back and personally conduct them on the next train? Goodness knows."

The touring has its excitements, like that recently told of the Julie Wyman experience in Philadelphia. Probably the most exciting time was their experience the year of the great blizzard. That was in Gerrick's time. They left Boston on the usual train—7:30 P. M.—and only got as far as East Douglas, where they remained until 6 the next night, when they were pulled back to town, and the entire trip given up. It was very lucky for their comfort that Comee had been so afraid that they might be snowed up during the night that, without saying a word to any one, he sent up to Parker's and bought 200 sandwiches, and at the station he bought all the apples and doughnuts he could find, and had them packed away. They only got forty miles, when they were snow-bound, and the next morning when they woke the snow was over the tops of the cars. They spent all that day shovelling snow by turns to assist the trainmen and get out of their snow-bank.

An amusing experience that is still the subject of laughter was the suggestion made to the conductor at—well, never mind the place—they probably know better by this time—that if the orchestra were to play from the station to the hotel they would probably have a much bigger house at night.

There is a funny story, which, at the time of its happening, was told from Maine to Florida. But that was six years ago, and it was so good that it may bear repeating, and even if it is not new to many Symphony-orchestra followers, they may enjoy a revival of laughter over it. It was when Charlie Behr was in the orchestra, and they gave a concert at Lowell. The opera-house there is situated very much as the Tremont is here—that is, you go into the lobby, pass the ticket-office, and turn round to approach the auditorium. The stage-door is up an alley off another street from the main entrance and quite a little distance from it. Behr only played in the overture of the programme given, and after that was free to go where he pleased. It was the custom of the theatre, as in most one-night places, to bill the next night's attraction as soon as to-night's audience was in, that having the advantage of catching the eyes of the audience coming out. The Symphony Orchestra four-sheet posters were up on the bill-boards at the entrance of the theatre at 8 o'clock. At 8:15 the Cleveland minstrels, which were coming the next evening, had their paper up.

Behr left the stage, went out the stage-door, and, wondering what he would do with himself until the concert was over, strolled up the street, turned a corner, and walked down the main street. Soon he came to the brilliantly-lighted front of a theatre. He read the posters at the door, "Cleveland's Minstrels." That suited him. He went in, bought a ticket, and sauntered into the auditorium. He took a look at the stage, and thought to himself, "Well, that's the queerest minstrel circle I ever saw. All white faces." Then he looked at the middle man—Gerricke, and he bolted back to the box-office and demanded his money. Comee was in the back of the office counting up the house. The ticket-man called out to him: "Mr. Comee, here's one of your men want's his money back."

"What's that?"

"One of your men asking for his money back. Oh, well, come and see for yourself."

Comee went into the front of the office, and there was Behr. He tumbled at once, and when he had a pause in his laughter, he said: "Charlie, if you leave your 50 cents, I'll never tell of this, but if you take it away, I can't promise."

"Oh, confound it," said Behr, "you'll tell it anyway. Give me my 50 cents," and he got it.

Philadelphia Abend-Post.

Dienstag, 12. März 1895.

Das Schluß-Konzert des Boston Symphonie Orchesters fand gestern Abend in der Academy of Music vor einem sehr zahlreichen und kunstverständigen Publikum statt. Das Programm bot die Fantastique Symphonie von Berlioz, welches in virtuoser Weise zur Geltung gebracht wurde und als eine Musterleistung des Orchesters bezeichnet werden muß. Der „Gang zum Richtplatz" und der „Walpurgis-Nacht Traum", wurden mit einer geradezu großartigen Wirkung zum Vortrag gebracht. Das Gleiche gilt von der berühmten zweiten „Rhapsodie Hongroise" von Liszt.

Als Solist fungirte der erste Cellist des Orchesters, Herr Alwin Schroeder, welcher Dvoraks „Waldesruhe" und Klengels „Capriccio" meisterhaft vortrug.

Das Orchester und Dirigent Paur können mit den großartigen Erfolgen dieser Konzert-Saison wohl zufrieden sein.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

The evening concerts were those of the Boston Orchestra (the last of this season's series) in the Metropolitan Opera House, and of the Beethoven String Quartet, in the Chamber Music Hall. Of the latter it is not [illegible]le to say more than that Mr. Dannreuther's or[illegible]zation, which stands for the best that local mu[illegible]ns are doing in the department of chamber [illegible]ic, entertained a faithful clientele in a most dig[illegible]ed and worthy manner. For his last concert M[illegible] Paur seemed to have determined to give New-Y[illegible]kers all they could stand, and for the first time in [illegible]he history of the Boston Orchestra [illegible] heard one of its concerts that lasted from 8:15 o'clock to 10:40—which is a little more music than ought to be offered at a single sitting. The orchestral numbers consisted of an uninspired and uninspiring overture in C minor, by Robert Kahn, which is called "Elegy," and is still in manuscript, in which form, it is to be hoped, it will remain—not because it is ill made, but because it says nothing over which music lovers have not long been willing to chant a funeral song. The central number was Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, which was brilliantly played, and in which it was a rather unusual pleasure to hear justly tuned and effective bells, or, rather, musical tubes. The concert closed with the overture, scherzo, notturno and wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, will give the closing concert of its series at the Metropolitan Opera House next Thursday evening. Miss Marie Brema will be the singer. The orchestral numbers of the program include the Overture Elegy, Robert Kahn (first performance in New York); symphonie fantastique, Berlioz, and Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from the Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn. The orchestra on this occasion will number nearly one hundred men.

Kneisel Quartet.—The Kneisel Quartet will give the last of its delightful series of concerts at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall next Friday evening. The program includes the quartet in D minor, Borodine, quartet in D minor, Schubert; and the Beethoven septet, in the performance of which the quartet will be assisted by Mr. Pourtau, clarinet; Mr. Hackebarth, horn; Mr. Litke, bassoon, and Mr. Golde, double bass, all leading members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

To-night we will bid farewell to Mr. Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the year. They give their fifth and last concert of the present season. The Symphony Fantastique of Berlioz and Second Rhapsody of Liszt are among the pieces, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the 'cello player, will be the soloist.

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The finest of the world's orchestras is to give its last concert in Brooklyn to-night. It played at the Academy of Music yesterday in the preliminary rehearsal, or matinee, and faced about as large an audience as it might gather in Meriden or New Britain or Passaic. It was a fine programme that it offered, too, in which there was a delightful sequence of the classic, the romantic and the sensational. Beethoven opened the programme with the "Egmont" overture, broad, solid, perfectly proportioned and, despite its animation, pervaded with that calm of command which is distinctive of genius. Mr. Paur's reading of this work was temperate and violated no conventions. Bizet's "Arlesienne" suite has been heard before—in fact, there was no new music on the bill—but it endures repetition well. The prelude is simply and purely charming, and indeed the spirit of the work has a gratefully affecting innocence and juvenility. The minuet ends so peacefully that its chirping notes remind one of a night concert in the woods, when the crickets and katydids are calling one another and a bird now and then gurgles and trills in his dreams. The adagietto is sweet nearly to cloying and the carillon, with its booming horns, swinging their three notes up and down, as from a belfry, is joyous. Raff's "In the Woods" symphony is another of the things that can be heard once in a season or oftener. There is a fine romantic quality in Raff and there is a directness of style that usually goes with the romantic tendency. He never maunders after his themes, nor resorts to strained effects in orchestration, nor exhibits himself as a technician in his harmonies; all is free and direct, his melody is always fresh and his harmonies fit it. His "In the Woods" symphony vies with his "Lenore" in picturesqueness and vividness. It has, however, the health of nature in it, for even the rush of the wild hunt of wizards and sprites is but a symbolizing of the activities of earth and air and water, and if it is a bit spooky it is none the less lifting, and the hearer envies the joy of the fierce riders as they hurl themselves across the empyrean, uttering their cries, the hoofs of their horses thundering in the clouds. Though the band was a trifle lax at the beginning of the concert, it worked in admirable unity in this spirited and difficult symphony, and was wrought to a true enthusiasm at the close. Liszt was the other composer on the programme, and he was represented in two numbers, one for orchestra and the other for solo with support of the diminished band. The Hungarian rhapsody No. 2 is an old favorite and it was played yesterday with a fine swing and a vim that emphasized its gypsy origin. The other piece was the E flat concerto, likewise founded on Hungarian music, and this brought out Bernhard Stavenhagen as solo pianist. This artist is not brilliant, but he is an exceptionally satisfying player. His fault, which he does not often exhibit, however, is that of pounding in strong passages, with a pedal somewhat too freely opened. Aside from this he employs a crystaline touch that he tempers to remarkable delicacy, and his shading gains from this. When he rises to power he is less agreeable than he is as a player who lets us feel the power in reserve. In all that he does he is musicianly and unaffected and a player like that is worth many of the crack-a-jacks who dazzle and startle with their purely digital performances and leave soul and sentiment out of the reckoning. The programme will be repeated to-night and this will close the season of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Brooklyn. It may be the last of its appearances in this city, for it seems that among the million and more of inhabitants in this city there are not enough people who like music to make its visits profitable. The list of works performed during the season is appended:

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Berlioz.....overture, "Carnaval Romain"
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Dvorak, Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95.
Overture, "Carneval" (first time).
Gluck.....Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne
Laohner.....suite No. 1, in D minor, Op. 113
Liszt.....Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, in D minor
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat.
Masse.....aria, "Galathee"
Massenet.....aria "Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux!" from "The Cid."
Mendelssohn...Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."
Raff.....Symphony No. 3, in F major, "In the Woods," Op. 153.
Saint-Saens.....Prelude, "The Deluge"
Aria from "Samson and Delilah."
Schumann.....Symphony No. 2, in C major
Concerto for pianoforte, in A minor, Op. 54.
Concerto for violoncello, Op. 129.
Smetana.....Overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut"
Wagner.....Rudelsmarsch"

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

BOSTON'S ORCHESTRA.

IT'S LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

An Uninteresting Novelty and a Poor Rendering of the Fantastic Symphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra closed its local season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night with a concert that, although of merit, was not quite up to the standard of this excellent organization. The sole instrumental novelty, which was an overture entitled "Elegy," by Robert Kahn, is a work that is in manuscript. The hearing afforded last night warrants the opinion that the overture will never reach the dignity of publication, unless Herr Kahn, who is reported to be a wealthy dilettante, gratifies his pride solely "to see himself in print." "Elegy" is hardly more than a reproduction of a faint mood, and it is almost totally lacking in ideas of originality or strength, though not without a slight poetic charm, and presented without many blunders of rhetoric.

Another novelty was the first appearance here of Miss Marie Brema in concert, who is disguised as Fraulein Brema when she sings with Mr. Damrosch's company. Miss Brema is Scotch by birth, but musically a German, and she has the best virtues and worst vices of her adopted artistic land. She is a great Wagnerian artist, but an uneven vocalist. She is so faithful to the master's principles of intensified speech that her singing of the aria from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" was faulty in intonation and spasmodic in style of delivery. But the songs she afterward gave suited her methods better, because they did not need long sustained effort and at the same time gave the audience a taste of Miss Brema's ardent, dramatic artistic temperament, which it found much to its liking. Miss Brema should correct her faults of vocalism before it is too late.

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SIXTEEN PAGES

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave their fifth and final concert this season at the Metropolitan last night. There was a time when the concerts of this orchestra were the most important events of their kind during each musical season. That this seems no longer to be the case, at any rate in the same degree, is not because the capacity of the orchestra in doing ideally perfect work is in any sense lessened, but because their possibilities are not properly brought out.

Great armies need great commanders, and Mr. Paur is anything but great. Robert Kahn, the composer of the overture, "Elegy," C minor, which opened the programme and which was heard for the first time, is a wealthy Berlin amateur, a pupil of Brahms and Von Bulow. The form and manner of his musical speech are unexceptionable, far better indeed than the matter, which could hardly be called either very novel or very interesting—uneventful in short.

Frl. Marie Brema sang an aria from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" with orchestra, and three songs, Brahms's "Mainacht," Goring Thomas's "Time's Guerdon" and Kjerulf's "Von Liebe," with piano in a manner that showed that the lyric as well as the declamatory style was within the range of her abilities. The Gounod aria was perhaps marked by more temperament than finish, but the three songs were given with much sympathetic charm and grace, and refinement of style, the two by Goring Thomas and Kjerulf being redemanded and repeated. Frl. Brema does not always perhaps sing quite easily, but her taste is excellent and her charm undeniable.

The Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, overture, scherzo, notturno and "Wedding March," which brought the concert to a close, lost much of its romantic grace, delicacy and charm and became commonplace, not to say positively common, in Mr. Paur's hands.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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Morning Advertiser.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

BOSTON'S ORCHESTRA.

ITS LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A Final Concert at the Metropolitan Opera-House, with Frl. Marie Brema as Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave their fifth and final concert this season at the Metropolitan last night. There was a time when the concerts of this orchestra were the most important events of their kind during each musical season. That this seems no longer to be the case, at any rate in the same degree, is not because the capacity of the orchestra in doing ideally perfect work is in any sense lessened, but because their possibilities are not properly brought out.

Great armies need great commanders, and Mr. Paur is anything but great. Robert Kahn, the composer of the overture, "Elegy," C minor, which opened the programme and which was heard for the first time, is a wealthy Berlin amateur, a pupil of Brahms and Von Bulow. The form and manner of his musical speech are unexceptionable, far better indeed than the matter, which could hardly be called either very novel or very interesting—uneventful in short.

Frl. Marie Brema sang an aria from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" with orchestra, and three songs, Brahms's "Mainacht," Goring Thomas's "Time's Guerdon" and Kjerulf's "Von Liebe," with piano in a manner that showed that the lyric as well as the declamatory style was within the range of her abilities. The Gounod aria was perhaps marked by more temperament than finish, but the three songs were given with much sympathetic charm and grace, and refinement of style, the two by Goring Thomas and Kjerulf being redemanded and repeated. Frl. Brema does not always perhaps sing quite easily, but her taste is excellent and her charm undeniable.

The Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, overture, scherzo, notturno and "Wedding March," which brought the concert to a close, lost much of its romantic grace, delicacy and charm and became commonplace, not to say positively common, in Mr. Paur's hands.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

FADED TEXT

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

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The Official Paper of the City.

TUESDAY MORNING, MAR. 19, 1895

Kneisel Quartette Concert.

The seventh concert in the series by the Kneisel quartette was given last evening in Union Hall. The assisting artists were Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist. The programme: Schumann, Quartette in A major, op. 41, No. 1. Songs with piano—(a) Emil Paur, Huete Dich; (b) Bizet, Aubade; c) Bizet, Chanson d'Avril; (d) Henschel, Spring; Dvorak, Piano quintette in A major, op. 81.

The ensemble playing of the quartette was very fine and was up to the high standard which it has attained among the musicians of Boston.

The Schumann Quartette in A major, op. 41, No. 1, was full of those rich harmonies which is characteristic of Schumann's string quartette works. The second movement was rendered in a masterly manner, and the last movement was played with a spirit and exactness which elicited much applause from a highly appreciative audience. The quintette by Dvorak was a fitting climax to the programme.

Each movement displayed the composer's originality in the treatment of figures and melodies, the entire composition being well written. The scherzo was treated in an artistic manner by both string and pianoforte. The finale was a brilliant and fitting ending to the quintette.

Mr. Stavenhagen had excellent opportunities of displaying his brilliant technique and splendid phrasing. As a pianist he never fails to please and hold the attention of the audience. The songs rendered by Miss Gertrude Franklin were sung in her usual pleasing manner, and the vocal execution of Henschel's "Spring" song was especially fine. The sympathetic quality of her voice and style of singing added much to the enjoyment of the programme.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The seventh Kneisel Quartet concert was given in Union Hall last evening, with Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen as assisting artists, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who had been announced, being prevented by illness from appearing. The concert was interesting from first to last, and there could have been no such dull moments enjoyed (?) by the superpious musician as the Brahms trio, originally announced, might possibly have inflicted. The Schumann Quartet, in A major op. 41, No. 3—not No. 1 as the programme announced—is well known here, yet it cannot be heard too often. Romantic in character from first to last its romanticism is all in all of the most refined—the very worthiest type. Its scholarship throughout is that of the master who is no less soulful and spontaneous than scholarly in all that he has to say. It would be difficult to find in the entire chamber music repertoire a more thoroughly interesting masterpiece than is Schumann quartet.

Of its performance it seems well-nigh superfluous to say more than that Mr. Kneisel and his associates were at their best; but, if anything, a special word of tribute may be paid their performance of the assai agitato, for more nearly perfect playing ensemble has not been heard in this city, not even from the Kneisel Quartet.

The group of songs following the quartet were as follows, viz.: "Heute Dich," by Emil Paur; "Aubade" and "Chanson d'Avril," Bizet, and the "Spring Song," by Henschel. Here, indeed, were four songs which, to be even adequately interpreted, required an artist of the highest intelligence, not to mention the intricate and varied difficulty of their technical demands; yet that these songs were heard at their best, as Miss Franklin sang them, no unbiased musician could for a moment doubt. They were one and all most charmingly interpreted. Superlatively fine, indeed, was the artist's utterance of her each and every phrase. The intricate and perplexing changes of rhythm in the song by Paur were beautifully delivered, while as for perfect intonation and pure legato singing the Bizet songs were given in a style that was flawless. Even the difficult song by Henschel, with its attending trills and roulades, was sung with perfect ease and delightful technical finish."

Miss Franklin was most heartily applauded and recalled. The Dvorak quintet was ardently played, yet, with not quite the efficiency that an adequate number of rehearsals with Herr Stavenhagen would have insured. While Herr Stavenhagen did much refined and artistic playing, he was at times, notably in his forte playing, both coarse and noisy. Mr. Kneisel and his associates were quite to the reverse; yet, even their worthiest playing was not wholly successful in contending with the very pugilistic kind of animosity that the pianist seemed to entertain for his keyboard.

The eighth and last concert will be given on Monday evening, April 8. C. L. C.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1895.

Kneisel Quartet.

As the series of concerts by the Kneisel quartet draws near a close the attendance becomes larger, and the concert last night attracted one of the largest audiences of the season.

Never before so far as the writer knows have the concerts consisted of anything but instrumental music. An innovation was made last night however, and Miss Gertrude Franklin sang four songs as the second number of the program.

Miss Franklin is uneven in her singing, at times almost perfect and again far from that. Last night she was not in her best voice and yet her singing gave real pleasure, and she was recalled after the fourth song. Her part of the program contained two songs by Bizet, one by Henschel and one by Mr Paur. The last named, which was sung first, by the way, did not leave a very distinct impression.

Messrs Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder began the concert with the Shumann quartet in A major, which they played superbly. The second movement, moderato, and the closing one were magnificent. In the former, Mr Schroeder was preeminent, and the latter was remarkable on account of Mr Kneisel's splendid execution.

The last number on the program was Dvorak's piano quintet in A major. In this the quartet was assisted by Bernard Stavenhagen. The enthusiasm of the audience was roused to a high pitch, although some of the music seemed forced and unnatural.

The last concert of the season will be given in Union hall, April 8.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1895.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

The Kneisel Quartet's concert last night in Union Hall was, in its way, the finest of this season. The music was of a different type than usual, Schumann's quartet in A major (Op. 41, No. 1), and Dvorak's piano quintet in A major (Op. 81), making the whole of the instrumental part of the concert. For the last of these the quartet was assisted by Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.

Miss Gertrude Franklin sang four songs, by Paur, Henschel and two by Bizet.

The quintet was the more appreciated by the audience, which was large, as is usual at these concerts. This work has more snap than the Schumann selection, which, with Dvorak's own peculiarities in the matter of intervals—and themes, for that matter—makes it more spicy to listen to.

The eighth and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet will be given on April 8.

Boston Journal.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its seventh concert at Union Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 1, Schumann; songs, with piano accompaniment; piano quintet in A major, op. 81, Dvorak. Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer, and Bernhard Stavenhagen the club's assistant in the quintet.

It seemed, when the Schumann quartet had been played, that its varied charms would constitute the most pleasing reminiscence of the evening. The dominant 'cello passages as played by Mr. Schroeder, haunted the memory; the fascination of the adagio movement had not vanished, and the delight in the rare ensemble had been as irresistible as ever. Yet when the first movement of the quintet was over, scarcely a vestige of Schumann's piquancy and strange beauty remained. The zest with which Mr. Stavenhagen began the performance of his part of the quintet soon seized all the players. They appeared to strive to outdo one another in faultlessness and delicacy of skill. In the scherzo, despite the artistic restraint of the pianist, there were vivid glimpses of the accomplished virtuoso; but, however, only the unsympathetic could have quashed the impulse. The large audience applauded the players loudly until they had twice bowed in response.

Henschel's "Spring," the only song which Miss Franklin sang in English, gave more genuine pleasure than the songs of Bizet and Emil Paur together. The applause, strange to relate, was discriminate.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1895.

Union Hall: The Kneisel Quartet.

The seventh of the Kneisel Quartet concerts was given last night at Union Hall. The quartet was assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, in giving the following programme—

Schumann: Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 1.
Assai sostenuto—allegro molto moderato
—assai agitato—adagio molto—
—molto allegro.

Songs with piano:
(a) Emil Paur. Huete dich.
(b) Bizet. Aubade.
(c) Bizet. Chanson d'Avril.
(d) Henschel. Spring.

Dvorák: Piano Quintet in A major, op. 81.
Allegra ma non tanto—Dumka (andante con moto).
Scherzo (furiant, molto vivace—
Finalé (allegro).

Without dealing in superlatives, it is impossible to express adequately the masterly interpretation of this program by the quartet and Mr. Stavenhagen.

The Schumann Quartet, with its rich modulations, close harmonies and passionate strength of utterance, was read with the truest comprehension by these four musicians, whose warmth and strength of tone lends an orchestral effect quite unique in the annals of chamber music. They met the demands of the stormy assai agitato with full sympathy for its intensity, while the poetic melancholy of the adagio molto was never better expressed. The piano quintet by Dvorák is replete with melodies introduced in the very first bar where the 'cello sings a fascinating tune savoring of creole days to a running piano accompaniment. The Dumka movement, both vocal and piquant, set the audience into such a state of physical sympathy that heads and hands swayed with the rythmic motion of the music.

Mr. Stavenhagen's versatility was a salient point for consideration upon this occasion to those who had heard his recitals of the past winter. He seems equal to a true expression of any musical thought, not being a specialist belonging to some particular style or school, as was demonstrated by his grasp upon not only the technicalities, but the feeling of the composition under consideration, differing so widely from those we have heard him interpret up to this time. Here the precision of attack and perfect intonation of the Kneisel Quartet supported ably Mr. Stavenhagen's fine work, their united beauty of accent standing out as a lesson to students of that important musical feature.

Miss Franklin in her group of songs was hardly at her best. Her intonation, usually impeccable, was uncertain, and a fault fast becoming permanent in her singing (that of enunciating through nearly closed teeth), was conspicuous. In the Henschel song of spring fewer "white tones" were noticeable and more of Miss Franklin's usual excellence of phrasing was perceptible.

PRO[illegible]NCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The last concert for this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Infantry Hall last evening. There was an attendance which seemed slightly above the average, and a fine programme, whose chief number was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's new "American" symphony, a work which has caused no little discussion among the critics. Another pleasant feature of the concert was the appearance of that very excellent singer, Miss Gertrude Franklin, who has not been heard in Providence for several years. Aside from Dr. Dvorak's symphony, the programme contained nothing new, but the remaining numbers, though more or less familiar, were agreeable in themselves and pleasantly contrasted. The order was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95.....Antonin Dvorak
I. Adagio (E minor).
Allegro molto (E minor).
II. Larghetto (D-flat major).
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace (E minor).
Trio (C major).
IV. Allegro con fuoco (E minor).
Aria, "Sweet Bird".....Haendel
Chaconne and Rigodon from Suite "Aline.
Reine de Golconde".....Monsigny
"Danse Macabre".....Saint-Saens
Aria from "Taming of the Shrew".....
.....Herman Goetz
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt-Doppler

When Dr. Dvorak came to this country, some two and a half years ago, as director of the National Conservatory of Music, in New York, it was announced on his behalf that he would undertake the task—apparently an impossible one to our native composers—of founding a style of composition which should possess a national character. This symphony "From the New World" is his first effort in that direction. The search for thematic material brought him face to face with the difficulty that constantly confronts our composers, the fact that we have here no stock of folk-songs upon which to draw for such uses. The older nations, welded compactly by centuries of growth and differentiated sharply one from another by a constant attitude of antagonism, each possesses a characteristic fund of folk-lore that colors their literature, and a simple growth of traditional song-forms which, though simple in themselves, when elaborated by the composer's art, give what is recognized as the national character to the larger forms of music. America is far too young to have yet acquired any heirlooms of this sort, aside from the fact that our population is a cosmopolitan one; the blood of pretty much every nation on earth is in our veins, and as a country we have no more individuality than a composite photograph. Moreover, art is a plant of slow growth; we have always had music makers, but until within the last quarter century none worthy the name of composer; and these have been perforce obliged to copy the forms of foreign music from sheer lack of any forms of our own.

Dvorak's solution of this difficulty has been to take the negro melodies of the South as the nearest approach to folk-song that can be found here. So his new symphony is built upon thematic material borrowed from, or in imitation of, the songs of the plantations. Naturally, the proposition has provoked much comment and discussion. That the Southern negro songs possess distinctive characteristics no one is disposed to deny, but that they are in any sense American can hardly be admitted. In truth, they are themselves a mixture in which the native African element is largely modified by the various influences that surrounded the slaves in the years gone by; no doubt they approach nearer the folk-song than anything else we have, but the attempt to label them "American" will hardly succeed, even with so eminent a musician as Dvorak to stand as godfather.

As for the symphony itself, it is a grand work, by one of the foremost living composers. The larghetto is rather prolix, and the weakest number of the four; the third movement is of the greatest beauty, the trio being one of the most charming things we have had from Dvorak's pen; there is an abundance of rugged—almost barbaric—grandeur in the first and final movements, and the whole work is overlaid with that elaborately skillful and original instrumentation so characteristic of the composer. It was splendidly played and most enthusiastically received. The other orchestral numbers of the programme have been heard before, and were all given with the same delicacy and skill that ever mark the playing of this magnificent organization.

Miss Gertrude Franklin's singing of her two numbers was marked by a high degree of excellence. It is several years since she has appeared in Providence, but the time has only served to mellow her voice and broaden her art. Handel's florid and difficult aria was given with splendid command of vocal resource, and provoked a well-deserved recall; her second number displayed an equal ability in broad cantilena, and met with equal appreciation.

The symphony concerts of this season have been fully equal to any we have ever had, both in point of musical interest and excellence of interpretation. Fine soloists have been furnished, so that no complaints have been heard on that score, as was the case last year. The audiences have averaged about 1200; it seems as if Providence was a large enough city to fill Infantry Hall for such performances, when the music of the world's greatest masters is played by an orchestra that is without a superior, if, indeed, it has an equal.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1895.

On Friday afternoon and Saturday night the last of the concerts—properly a rehearsal and a concert, though I have never seen or heard a piece rehearsed at one of these afternoon performances since Thomas' time—by the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred at the Academy of Music. There was a fair audience at the night performance, but the matinée was disgracefully attended. It is no secret that the people of the band and the managers are not pleased with Brooklyn. The lack of interest is not due to defective management, so far as I can see, and it is certainly not due to any want of aid from the press, because the papers of the town have done their best to bring people to the concerts. It is not apparently due to lack of wealth, because there are several dollars here, and a good many people would resent the imputation that it was caused by a lack of public taste. One thing is sure, and that is that Mr. Seidl, with a small orchestra that plays under him hardly once in a week, draws better than Mr. Paur's big and altogether admirable band. Nobody would be surprised if Mr. Seidl, or the Seidl Society, had the field alone next season. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, however, has been maintained by Mr. Higginson for years as a sort of musical missionary enterprise, and perhaps if he labors with us benighted Brooklynites for a couple of seasons longer we shall come around to the belief that there is pretty good music in it, after all.

The bill comprised the Egmont overture, Bizet's Arlesienne suite, Raff's In the Woods, Liszt's first concerto and his second Hungarian rhapsody—a bill to catch the people surely, if anything can. But it didn't. Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen was the soloist. He played the concerto with delicacy, alternating with noise. He was a kind of musical Jekyll and Hyde, and although on artistic and picturesque grounds I don't object to Mr. Hyde, I must say that Dr. Jekyll is better to live with. Stavenhagen's fortissimi were to my ear coarse, his pedal was open in transitions of key, his bass was wiry and metallic; but one can but admire his soundness, his freedom from eccentricities and affectations, his sympathy and his conscientiousness. It was regrettable that he did not give us a work with a little more soul than the Liszt piece, for I fancy he would have done something with Schumann or Chopin.

Mr. Paur was in his usual good spirits and gave us strong, manful if not highly refined readings of the other numbers. His hold was a little lax at times, and in the overture there were audible disparities of attack between the brass and string divisions, but the temper of the band improved as time went on, and only the inevitable percussionists were at fault in the later numbers. Why is it that a drum cannot be made to keep time? It is the easiest of all instruments in several respects, and is the one of all others that we expect to mark the beat in an authoritative fashion. The Bizet suite was played with a great deal of charm. What a pity Bizet could not have been spared for another dozen years! The Hungarian rhapsody was given with all desirable speed and elan, and the Raff symphony was played nearly as well as I have ever heard it. No doubt it is not proper to admire Raff very much. He is too frank and simple in his forms, too obviously melodic, his harmonies seldom have wrong notes in them, and he suggests pictures, which is also wrong. But, whenever the Wood symphony or the Lenore symphony is played I shall try to be there.

Once in a while I have enough of pumpernickel and salt ham, and am to be pacified only with candy. Keep your Brahms and the rest, and be reverent when they are speaking, but let us likewise hear Mendelssohn's violin concerto once in a while and a Raff symphony. When Mr. Krehbiel tells me that parts of the Lenore symphony are the worst things ever written I am sorry for Raff, sorry for myself, but there is a sneaking sorrow for Mr. Krehbiel, too. On my word, there are few times when the orchestra seems a grander institution than when it is employed with such affairs as the Wild Hunt in the Im Walde. And it is the great creation of the age. The pyramid and temple periods have passed, we shall perhaps never see any more Gothic cathedrals, the press and the telegraph and railroad and such things are useful, but not beautiful—but we have the orchestra.

Franz Kneisel and his three associate players, together with Mrs. Rivé-King, pianist, played on Saturday afternoon in Wissner Hall, Mrs. King making her first appearance on that occasion in a dozen years or so. The attendance was large, the conduct of the audience cordial, the concert brief but highly enjoyable, and the affair was altogether pleasant and creditable. We await the recovery of Mr. Seidl for a continuance of musical activities.

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The bassoonists of the Symphony Orchestra certainly look well fed and contented, and yet they played the passages in The March to the Scaffold, a week ago Saturday, with such diabolical enjoyment that the lights were low, and horned and winged things flapped about Mr. Paur, who kept on beating heroically, fortified by the thought of duty and his pleasant home in Jamaica Plain.

* * *

Fifth Concert of Boston's Band.

THE fifth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday evening. Marie Brema was the solo singer and this was the program played:

Overture, Elegy, in C minor (MS.) (first time).....Robert Kahn
Aria from Reine de Saba.....Gounod
Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, in C major, op. 14a.....Hector Berlioz
I Reveries—Passions—largo, C minor, 4-4.
Allegro agitato e appassionato assai, C major, 4-4.
II. A Ball: Valse—allegro non troppo, A major, 3-8.
III. Scene in the Fields—adagio, F major, 6-8.
IV. March to the Scaffold: alegretto non troppo, G minor, 4-4.
V. A Walpurgis Night's Dream—larghetto, C major, 4-4.
Allegro, C minor and C major, 6-8.

SONGS WITH PIANO.

Mainacht.....Brahms
Time's Garden.....Goring Thomas
Von Liebe.....Kjerulf
Overture, scherzo, notturno and wedding march, from the Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn

This scheme was by no means a satisfactory one. More than one of the Mendelssohn numbers was superfluous. The nocturne and the wedding march are banal and either the overture or the scherzo should have been given. Played contiguously they cloyed.

The band was at its best in the scherzo, which was played with great finesse. The Berlioz symphony has begun to collect Time's avenging dust despite its beauty of orchestral color and the enormous technic displayed in the writing. The march and the whirling orgy and parody of the Dies Iræ remain still as superb specimens of what might be called the diabolic school of writing. Berlioz was certainly a diabolist of the purest water. The orchestra was far from flawless in the work, slips in intonation and rhythm occurring, and the tubes that did duty as bells were not quite in tune. But the work as a whole was given with spirit and brilliancy.

Brema sang the war-worn aria "Plus Grand dans son Obscurité" with great dramatic power. She literally rehabilitated its musty measures. Her singing of the Brahms song was very satisfying and intensely musical. The Thomas song is rubbish, unworthy of his fame, belonging as it does to the category of songs of the Lost Chord variety. But as she sang it very well, and Mr. Schroeder's 'cello obligato being very inspiring, the audience—a small one—redemanded the numbers. Brema, who reveals herself on the concert stage as a stalwart example of healthy womanhood, sang with much buoyancy the Norwegian composer's Von Liebe. Its motif is distinctly Valkyrian. This true artist will undoubtly tone down her exaggerated style into a cooler and more grateful method of expression. All that she does savors of the footlights. She is nothing if not dramatic, and there is an abounding passion and vitality in her work that is very infectious. She enjoyed a marked triumph at this concert.

The novelty proved to be an unpretentious overture by Robert Kahn, a pupil of Brahms, and evidently a young man of great promise. Not alone his skill in handling or his melodic material, but his formal sense is never at fault. That it suggests Brahms is inevitable, and as Mr. Apthorp says in the Boston *Transcript*, "this is entirely normal and to be expected. Kahn is still young and in his first manner, and the first manner of almost every composer is that of his teacher or model; a composer's individuality crops out, as a rule, only in his second. And just here, by the way, the thought presents itself to us: if a young composer's first manner begins with Brahms, what incalculable phases may not his third manner assume?"

Kahn has used the overture form with respect and concision, although never in the conventional sense, as is evidenced by his ingenious use of a theme from the introduction in the work itself. Kahn's themes are melodic and his treatment lucid, and his admirable mastery of the mechanism of his art as well as knowledge of instrumentation all have enabled him to produce a work which augurs much for his future. That he has said nothing new is granted, but his voice is nevertheless individual and fresh. We expect big things of Robert Kahn. Mr. Paur conducted in his usual earnest but angular manner.

FOR the first time this season I heard the Kneisel Quartet play. It was last Friday night, and at the hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. I resisted the solid allurements of The Dusk of the Gods, for I was aweary of gods, monsters, leading motives, tarnhelms and potions. I longed for music pure and simple, music without metaphysics and stagecraft. I heard Schubert's D minor Quartet, and it was a draught of Hippocrene after Wagner's heady and composite brew. The Kneisel Quartet is composed of four wingless angels, who make music for mortals out of goodness of heart and return to heaven on the midnight train. The Schubert Quartet, which suggests Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay, the Nibelungs motif, and the last movement of the Kreutzer sonata, is one of those perfect things in art which remain eternally fresh. It was played with ineffable charm. I did not care much for the Borodine quartet in D. It is full of rude vitality and pretty themes, but it sounded melodramatic and most certainly not original. The Russian peeped out in the brisk vivace.

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The Beethoven septet, op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, 'cello and double bass, was played by Messrs. Kneisel, Svecenski, Portau, Hackebarth, Litke, Schroeder and Golde. It was, however, the one blur on an otherwise perfect evening of music. Fancy cutting Beethoven; fancy cutting out a couple of movements—fancy, I say, with honest indignation, coming from Boston to New York and omitting the theme and variations, the scherzo! Wasn't it a shocking thing to do, Mr. Kneisel, and aren't you ashamed of yourself? I missed that lovely solo for the 'cello in the trio of the scherzo and the droll dialogue of bassoon and clarinet in the variations; and that thrilling horn variation in B flat minor, where was it, I ask? Echo, in the person of Mr. Hackebarth, sadly answers, "In the score." It is written in true Beethoven fashion, simplicity and grandeur of effect being produced by the golden tone of the horn stealing mysteriously in across a triplet accompaniment. And Mr. Kneisel calmly scratched all this beautiful music, because, no doubt, he feared missing the last train for Walhalla. Couldn't he with the other angels of his company have taken a milk train for once and sneaked into Wotanville noiselessly? Again I cry, what a pity!

* * *

The last time I heard the septet, which is delightfully old-fashioned, it was in company with Walt Whitman, "the good gray poet," who was very fond of music. I took the old man to the Camden ferry after the concert and left him to the company of a deckhand and a blear-eyed yellow dog. It was at a Carl Gaertner soirée and, if I remember aright, the hornist was Koch, now with Sousa. Walt made copious memoranda during the performance of the septet and told me that music stimulated his brain enormously.

* * *

There can be no possible doubt about it. When Emil Paur came to America he was a big, loose gaited, lumbering man whose head was a mop of hair, and he certainly looked musical. Now all this is changed. Emil has become Americanized and believes in his barber as much as in his Brahms. Alas! he has become a bit of a dandy, and I charge it all to Timothy Adamowski's fatal influence. Tim is the handsomest man in the orchestra. (I ask the tympanist's pardon.) Mr. Paur naturally took him for a model. Else why that hirsute arrangement on the forehead! Is it not a hairy paraphrase of the famous Adamowski bang? Come, come, Monsieur Paur, give an account of yourself. Is this sort of thing to continue, and will you eventually become graceful and a lady killer! Alas! art is ever swamped by the materialistic tendencies of America. We may live to see the day when Paur will conduct from a bicycle and attired in Plymouth Rock panties. O Dies Iræ!

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth and last concert of the present season at the Academy, and, notwithstanding the weather, a large, fashionable and enthusiastic audience assembled to bid the splendid organization good-bye until next winter. How could it help being enthusiastic? True, the orchestral greatness was at the beginning of the program. Fantastic symphony by Hector Berlioz! Both title and composer conjure up thoughts of what is to follow. Always passionate, fanciful and many hued, unusual must be the effect when Berlioz singles out one of his compositions and labels it Fantastique. Yes, the orchestra must be unusual, and its three drummers and the bars of brass, and its great virtuosity in general, gave a great performance of a wonderful work—symphony of tone, symphony of color. Some painters lay on their color as though with a trowel, but these tones were born of the whirlwind and the cyclone. Berlioz brings them together with the art of Berlioz. A superb musical bouquet, but it is a bouquet of sunflowers and hollyhocks and flags and huge stacks of cabbage roses, with here and there a cattleya or a cypripedium, and trailers of clematis and passion flowers all in a monster vase in the open air with gigantic humming birds and goblin bees feasting about it. Gorgeous faintly describes it. It is the apotheosis of musical tone.

The balance of the program seemed tame in comparison. But the violoncello solos of Mr. Schroeder were beautiful and the refinement and delicacy were sweetly restful after the cyclonic symphony.

...SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1895.

The Nineteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Kneisel Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto.

The program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, F major.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Entr'acte from "Der Gouverneur von Tours," (First time).....Reinecke
Overture to "Hans Heiling".....Marschner

The compiler of the program book says "'Der Gouveneur von Tours' is not down in any musical or operatic cyclopaedia."

Mr. Apthorp in his most authoritative manner, his neck clothed with thunder, makes this positive statement.

Alas, the statement is not true.

It is true that there is no mention of Reinecke's opera in Grove's Dictionary, Pougin's Supplement to the great work of Fétis, or the "Dictionnaire Lyrique" by Clément and Larousse.

But the leading "operatic cyclopaedia" is the "Opern-Handbuch" by Dr. Hugo Riemann, published at Leipsic by Koch; and on page 792 is a paragraph, which, Englished, reads as follows: "'Der Gouverneur von Tours,' comic opera in three acts, by Karl Reinecke; text by Edwin Bormann and founded on 'Die Mönche.' (Leipsic, Nov. 22, 1891.)"

Is this statement by Riemann correct? Apparently not.

For the Signale, No. 68, 1891, announced the first performance of "Der Gouverneur von Tours" at the Court Theatre, Schwerin, Nov. 20, 1891. It also announced the success of the opera, although "the libretto founded on the well-known French comedy 'Die Mönche' might well be condensed." However great the success may then have been, it was not such as to make the opera well known to the musical world. Little or nothing was heard of the work until Nov. 24, 1894, when it was brought out at the City Theatre, Cologne, and Reinecke himself conducted.

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Mr. Apthorp also says that Joseffy is a pupil of Reinecke. Mr. Joseffy may have taken a few lessons of Reinecke, for he studied in several German cities. But he is pre-eminently a pupil of Tausig.

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The entr'acte is a German attempt at piquancy. It reminds one of the gavotte from "Mignon" and also of the famous "Pizzicati" in "Sylvia." They order these matters better in France. Where the French wear pumps with rosettes, the Germans wear rubber boots.

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The overture to "Hans Heiling" is preceded in the opera by a "vorspiel" in which Hans, his mother, and the Earth Spirits appear. The overture is in the style of Weber. It is well-made after a conventional pattern. There is no suspicion of program music. It's a cut-and-dried affair, neither better nor worse than the average overture of its day.

Mr. Apthorp in the program book says that "Hans Heiling" was nearly Marschner's last work for the stage. As a matter of fact, he wrote five operas after "Hans Heiling" was produced, although one of them was given for the first time after his death.

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The first three movements of the Brahms symphony are Brahms at his best. There are elemental, granitic qualities in the first movement that give an overwhelming feeling of power. This movement suffered in consequence of the comparative slowness of the second theme as taken by Mr. Paur. The continuity was broken. There were episodes instead of a mighty whole of alternate strength and sweetness.

Nor was Mr. Paur happy in the pace of the second movement. The music is frankness itself, after the trifling debt to "Zampa" is acknowledged. But last evening it was tortured into something deep, mystic, cryptic, wonderful. The result was tedium instead of delight.

The third movement was read and played delightfully.

Mr. Apthorp says of the last movement: "The ending of this finale is one of the most highly poetic I know of in all orchestral music; the dramatic significance the last themes have acquired during the first movement imparts an indescribable atmosphere of pathos to it all. It is, however, really only the ghost of the first theme of the first movement that thus returns at the close; for, unfortunately, either intentionally or by miscalculation, Brahms has so written it that it is perceptible only to the eye, but is not to be detected by even the most carefully intent ear. The theme is so veiled in the tremolo of the muted strings that its melodic outline is evanescent, and no one would notice it save in the printed score." There is only one thing to be said in reply to this extraordinary statement: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Ear trumpets are now admirably disguised. A fan thoughtfully bitten at critical moments does not provoke public comment, and it is of invaluable assistance.

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Mr. Kneisel gave an eminently Mendelssohnian performance of an eminently Mendelssohnian work. He played with great care; his accuracy was praiseworthy, as ever; his taste was not to be disputed. His tone seemed thin, and his interpretation was unemotional.

PHILIP HALE.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1895.

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The quartet have given better examples of their talent than they did on this occasion, Mr. Kneisel's high notes being somewhat shrill and lacking resonance, and Mr. Otto Roth, with the second violin, was a little faulty in his tempo, but apart from these small "degants" the concert gave intense pleasure to an audience composed very largely of "connoisseurs."

The Allegro Moderato of Borodines Quartet in D major and the Adante Con Moto of Schubert's Quartet in D minor, Op. posth, were beautifully rendered, as was also Beethoven's Septet for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, violoncello and double bass. The quartet have been instrumental in materially increasing the interest for chamber music and their departure will be regretted by the ever-growing circle of lovers of classical music.

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Franz Kneisel Soloist at Symphony Concert.

Mr Franz Kneisel was the soloist at last evening's symphony concert, and the large audience gave the favorite violinist an enthusiastic welcome. His annual appearance as soloist with the orchestra of which he is a distinguished member, is always looked forward to with pleasure by the symphony concert patrons, and with excellent reason, for he is justly entitled to foremost rank among resident violinists.

He is a thoroughly intelligent player, one who is absolutely devoid of affectation, and one who never attempts to win the favor of his audience by any arts other than those which properly belong to a conscientious musician.

His honesty of purpose, artistic endeavor and unassuming bearing are the more noteworthy because of the fact that these desirable qualities are not evident in the makeup of certain less worthy but more talked about popular players of the Boston symphony orchestra.

Mendelssohn's brilliant concerto for violin in E minor was Mr Kneisel's selection for last evening's concert. The concerto has been heard here frequently and is recognized as offering excellent opportunities for the violinist to display his skill as a virtuoso as well as his ability as an interpreter. The work is interesting at all times, and while due prominence is given the solo instrument, the orchestral accompaniment is a rich and pleasing piece of musical embroidery.

Mr Kneisel's interpretation was both graceful and scholarly. The character of the man is exemplified in his playing. It is straightforward, honest playing, exact at all times and brilliant in many instances. His tone is of splendid quality, pure, warm and broad, and his technique is highly developed.

He played the brilliant solo cadenza superbly, executing with wonderful dexterity and sureness the complicated passages of runs and double octaves. The slow movement was played with much expression, grace and finish, and the final movement was given with splendid spirit and artistic effect.

The orchestral selections consisted of Johannes Brahm's symphony No. 3 in F major, the entr'acte from Karl Reinecke's "Der Gouverneur von Tours" and the overture to Heinrich Marschner's opera, "Hans Heiling."

Mr Paur gave a very intelligent and praiseworthy reading of the Brahms symphony. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the composer's work, and under his direction the orchestra gave the most interesting performance that the symphony has received here.

The playing of the first violins was especially good throughout the second movement, noteworthy, even, for this unrivalled collection of string players. In the third movement the horn solo was heard with much pleasure, and likewise deserving of praise was the playing of the several other wind instruments which are given solo prominence in this movement. Indeed, the performance as a whole reflected highest credit upon the orchestra and its director.

The entr'acte by Karl Reinecke was played for the first time here. It is a dainty and pleasing movement, lively and tuneful. The first part is played by all the strings pizzicato, then comes a theme which is developed by fuller instrumentation, after which there is a return to the original theme, and the movement closes with the pizzicato playing.

The Marschner overture is an elaborately developed work, at times descriptive in character, and possessed of some delightful melodies and rich harmonic effects. It was brilliantly played by the orchestra, and cordially applauded by the audience.

Following is the program announced for the next rehearsal and concert:

Overture, Spring .....Goetz
(First time.)
Kahal Moor of the Wine Red Hand
Horatio W. Parker
Rhapsodie for baritone and orchestra. (New.)
Variations .....Knorr
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Aria from Die Meistersinger .....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major .....Schubert
Soloist, Mr Max Heinrich.

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The last concert of the Kneisel quartet will be given in Union hall Monday evening, April 8. The club will also give three recitals before going to Europe in Brattle hall, Cambridge, on the evenings of March 27, April 15 and 23. Leon Pourtan, clarionet, will assist at the first concert and William Krafft will play third violin in the Roeffler quintet April 15.

The famous quartet will go to London this summer, where manager C. A. Ellis has arranged a series of three recitals to be given in Prince's hall on Monday afternoons June 10, 17 and 24.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Kneisel Heard in the Mendelssohn Concerto—The Orchestra Plays Brilliantly.

The selections for the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last night were:

Symphony No. 3, in F.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Mendelssohn
Entr'acte, "Der Gouverneur von Tours (first time).....Reinecke
Overture, "Hans Heiling".....Marschner

The soloist was Mr. Franz Kneisel. The Brahms symphony, despite its many moments of dulness in the first movement and in the finale, is decidedly the most genial and the least labored of the composer's works in its class. The andante is always interesting in the hearing, and the allegretto is among the most tuneful and the most graceful bits of writing for the orchestra that Brahms has ever achieved. For once the pedagogue disappears entirely, and is really frank and amiable. Mr. Paur's reading of the work was virile and sympathetic throughout, and its performance by the orchestra was very beautiful in its finish and its smoothness. Mr. Kneisel's interpretation of the Mendelssohn concerto was thoroughly charming in its delicate tenderness, its exquisite tunefulness, its technical brilliancy and the fine artistic sentiment that pervaded it. There was not a flaw in its rendering. All that was needed to make the performance wholly satisfying was a fuller volume of tone, a shortcoming that may be accounted for by the dispiriting indisposition under which the artist labored. He was welcomed with the heartiest cordiality, and his playing won for him a whirlwind of plaudits, three vigorous recalls and a gift of flowers.

The Reinecke entr'acte is a dainty trifle, very pretty in its themes and piquant in its orchestration. It is true that its leading subject recalls the gavotte in "Mignon" and the pizzicato in Delibe's "Sylvia," but it was none the less pleasing on that account, and met with immediate favor.

It was gratifying to hear the spirited and brilliant Marschner overture again, though this was the first time that it appeared on the Symphony concert programmes. It is a closely-knit work and admirably put together, is clear in form, richly colored in its instrumentation, and masterly in treatment. These composers who dealt with their art from within, instead of from without, and who were not troubled by the modern yearning to philosophize in tones, wrote music for music's sake. Hence they are always interesting, and if they do not carry one above the clouds and befog the understanding, they never fail to hold the attention. This overture is a fine work in its order, and though it reflects Weber strongly it has a worth that is wholly the composer's own. It was splendidly played, and with rich variety of tone color.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Spring," Goetz (first time); rhapsodie for baritone and orchestra, H. W. Parker (first time); variations, Knorr (first time); aria from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; symphony No. 9, C-major, Schubert. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist.

...Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 25, 1895

THE SYMPHONY.

BRAHMS' THIRD IN F MAJOR LEADS PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Entr'acte from Reinecke's "Gouverneur von Tours" and the Overture to "Hans Heiling" by Marschner the Others—The Orchestra.

At the nineteenth symphony concert in Music Hall Saturday evening, the works performed were the Brahms symphony No. 3 in F major, Mendelssohn's violin concerto; Entr'acte from "Der Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke, and the overture to "Hans Heiling," by Heinrich Marschner. Not to intrude an individual preference in judging this programme, even the most captious music lover should heartily commend Herr Paur for selecting it just as he did. The unbending classicality of the Brahms symphony gave way to a tuneful and pleasing yet well-worn concerto, and the spirit of eclecticism that pervaded Herr Paur's choice even extended to so simple a tid-bit as the gavot by Reinecke which, by the way, very much resembles, although it is quite inferior to the ever piquant gavot from Mignon.

The Brahms symphony in F wears well. While it is not so much involved in polyphonic complications and rhythmic eccentricities as to stamp it as the most characteristic symphony by Brahms, it is all the more likely to outlive either symphonies number one, in C minor, or number two in D major. It is difficult, however, to become reconciled to the unmusical harshness and grotesque contortions of the first movement. Furthermore, what is there in its initial phrase of three notes that could have induced the composer to repeat it over and over again well nigh *ad nauseum*?

The movement is not without its charming music in a lovely pastoral theme in A major, that is effectively built on a double pedal point of tonic and dominant.

The striking likeness to the prayer in Herold's Zampa, noticeable in the first theme of the andante, that has been commented upon, is immaterial, as it does not extend beyond the first four notes. It is perhaps more noteworthy that this movement is built on much the same plan as the adagio in Beethoven's choral symphony. Of the performance of the work and Conductor Paur's reading of it,—waving any questionable tempo, except the third movement which seemed to be taken somewhat too rapidly for an allegretto—one can only speak in terms of praise. The splenetic criticisms that have recently appeared in the columns of New York papers to the contrary notwithstanding, Boston may well take pride not only in its orchestra which even they do not deny to be ideal, but in Emil Paur. The playing Saturday evening was remarkable not only for the perfect precision that attended it, but also for the fact that whether retards or accelerations were made, whether the volume of tone was united to a delicate pianissimo or rendered robust and powerful, the effect was always clear as that of the conductor's masterly and artistic one-man power; and this too was pregnant with all the musical feeling, as well as all the intellectuality that a musician could desire, while it invariably called forth a simultaneous response from the orchestra. In Herr Kneisel's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto there was the characteristic absence of anything like sensationalism or of striving after effect by any but legitimate means. Leonine vigor the concerto itself does not call for, and Mr. Kneisel's playing was invariably unaffected, sincere, and straightforward. His treatment of the ever beautiful theme with which the andante opens was no less manly than caressing; and if the performance of the work as a whole did not hinge perilously on the gates of genius, there was the deeper satisfaction to be derived from it, namely that it was truly musical playing in which the composer was not sacrificed to any desire of the violinist to display his own skill. Nevertheless the real shortcoming of the performance may be suggested by Robert Browning's reply to a lady who asked him to read a certain poem by Theodore Parker, saying he would find it a perfect prose poem. "For Heaven's sake don't bring me any prose poems," cried Browning "that is a genre for which we poets have no respect at all." Whether or not the poetic quality be lacking in Herr Kneisel's art, it is a pleasure to acknowledge that he has a fine sense of musical beauty; and that he is mainly and predominantly a high-minded, sincere and masterly musician. And so at the close of his performance it was a pleasure to have him applauded so loudly, so long, and so deservedly as he was, and with no less zeal on the part of thoughtful musicians in the audience, than by hundreds of admiring amateurs.

The entr' acte by Reinecke sounded oddly enough in a symphony concert; and surely after having established a precedent so heterodoxical, one need experience no surprise if comic operas like Westward Ho, Tabasco, or Robin Hood are resorted to by our amiable conductor in the make up of his programmes. With equal propriety, why not? Surely there is much more artistic music to be found in any one of the operas named than Reinecke's entre' acte contains. Or if the standard of symphony concert programmes is to be changed, why not introduce some of the Strauss waltzes—which are greatly admired by Brahms, by the way, even if the average super-pious patron of the symphony concert series might not condescend to listen to their performance? It was refreshing to have the concert close with an overture so spirited, bright and lively—to Boston a genuine novelty—as the Marschner overture to Hans Heiling.

It was capitally well played. At the next concert the programme will include the overture "Spring," by Goetz; Kahal Moor of the Wine Red Hand, H. W. Parker; variations (first time), Knorr; Aria from "Die Meistersinger" and the ninth symphony, by Schubert. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

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Nor was Mr. Paur happy in the pace of the second movement. The music is frankness itself, after the trifling debt to "Zampa" is acknowledged. But last evening it was tortured into something deep, mystic, cryptic, wonderful. The result was tedium instead of delight.

The third movement was read and played delightfully.

Mr. Apthorp says of the last movement: "The ending of this finale is one of the most highly poetic I know of in all orchestral music; the dramatic significance the last themes have acquired during the first movement imparts an indescribable atmosphere of pathos to it all. It is, however, really only the ghost of the first theme of the first movement that thus returns at the close; for, unfortunately, either intentionally or by miscalculation, Brahms has so written it that it is perceptible only to the eye, but is not to be detected by even the most carefully intent ear. The theme is so veiled in the tremolo of the muted strings that its melodic outline is evanescent, and no one would notice it save in the printed score." There is only one thing to be said in reply to this extraordinary statement: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Ear trumpets are now admirably disguised. A fan thoughtfully bitten at critical moments does not provoke public comment, and it is of invaluable assistance.

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The soloist was Mr. Franz Kneisel. The Brahms symphony, despite its many moments of dulness in the first movement and in the finale, is decidedly the most genial and the least labored of the composer's works in its class. The andante is always interesting in the hearing, and the allegretto is among the most tuneful and the most graceful bits of writing for the orchestra that Brahms has ever achieved. For once the pedagogue disappears entirely, and is really frank and amiable. Mr. Paur's reading of the work was virile and sympathetic throughout, and its performance by the orchestra was very beautiful in its finish and its smoothness. Mr. Kneisel's interpretation of the Mendelssohn concerto was thoroughly charming in its delicate tenderness, its exquisite tunefulness, its technical brilliancy and the fine artistic sentiment that pervaded it. There was not a flaw in its rendering. All that was needed to make the performance wholly satisfying was a fuller volume of tone, a shortcoming that may be accounted for by the dispiriting indisposition under which the artist labored. He was welcomed with the heartiest cordiality, and his playing won for him a whirlwind of plaudits, three vigorous recalls and a gift of flowers.

The Reinecke entr'acte is a dainty trifle, very pretty in its themes and piquant in its orchestration. It is true that its leading subject recalls the gavotte in "Mignon" and the pizzicato in Delibe's "Sylvia," but it was none the less pleasing on that account, and met with immediate favor.

It was gratifying to hear the spirited and brilliant Marschner overture again, though this was the first time that it appeared on the Symphony concert programmes. It is a closely-knit work and admirably put together, is clear in form, richly appeared on the symphony programmes. It is a closely-knit work and admirably put together, is clear in form, richly colored in its instrumentation, and masterly in treatment. These composers who dealt with their art from within, instead of from without, and who were not troubled by the modern yearning to philosophize in tones, wrote music for music's sake. Hence they are always interesting, and if they do not carry one above the clouds and befog the understanding, they never fail to hold the attention. This overture is a fine work in its order, and though it reflects Weber strongly it has a worth that is wholly the composer's own. It was splendidly played, and with rich variety of tone color.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Spring," Goetz (first time); rhapsodie for baritone and orchestra, H. W. Parker (first time); variations, Knorr (first time); aria from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; symphony No. 9, C-major, Schubert. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist.

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MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 25, 1895

THE SYMPHONY.

BRAHMS' THIRD IN F MAJOR LEADS PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Entr'acte from Reinecke's "Gouverneur von Tours" and the Overture to "Hans Heiling" by Marschner the Others—The Orchestra.

At the nineteenth symphony concert in Music Hall Saturday evening, the works performed were the Brahms symphony No. 3 in F major; Mendelssohn's violin concerto; Entr'acte from "Der Gouverneur von Tours," Reinecke, and the overture to "Hans Heiling," by Heinrich Marschner. Not to intrude an individual preference in judging this programme, even the most captious music lover should heartily commend Herr Paur for selecting it just as he did. The unbending classicality of the Brahms symphony gave way to a tuneful and pleasing yet well-worn concerto, and the spirit of eclecticism that pervaded Herr Paur's choice even extended to so simple a tid-bit as the gavot by Reinecke which, by the way, very much resembles, although it is quite inferior to the ever piquant gavot from Mignon.

The Brahms symphony in F wears well. While it is not so much involved in polyphonic complications and rhythmic eccentricities as to stamp it as the most characteristic symphony by Brahms, it is all the more likely to outlive either symphonies number one, in C minor, or number two in D major. It is difficult, however, to become reconciled to the unmusical harshness and grotesque contortions of the first movement. Furthermore, what is there in its initial phrase of three notes that could have induced the composer to repeat it over and over again well nigh *ad nauseam*?

The movement is not without its charming music in a lovely pastoral theme in A major, that is effectively built on a double pedal point of tonic and dominant.

The striking likeness to the prayer in Herold's Zampa, noticeable in the first theme of the andante, that has been commented upon, is immaterial, as it does not extend beyond the first four notes. It is perhaps more noteworthy that this movement is built on much the same plan as the adagio in Beethoven's choral symphony. Of the performance of the work and Conductor Paur's reading of it,—waving any questionable tempo, except the third movement which seemed to be taken somewhat too rapidly for an allegretto—one can only speak in terms of praise. The splenetic criticisms that have recently appeared in the columns of New York papers to the contrary notwithstanding, Boston may well take pride not only in its orchestra which even they do not deny to be ideal, but in Emil Paur. The playing Saturday evening was remarkable not only for the perfect precision that attended it, but also for the fact that whether retards or accelerations were made, whether the volume of tone was united to a delicate pianissimo or rendered robust and powerful, the effect was always clear as that of the conductor's masterly and artistic one-man power; and this too was pregnant with all the musical feeling, as well as all the intellectuality that a musician could desire, while it invariably called forth a simultaneous response from the orchestra. In Herr Kneisel's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto there was the characteristic absence of anything like sensationalism or of striving after effect by any but legitimate means. Leonine vigor the concerto itself does not call for, and Mr. Kneisel's playing was invariably unaffected, sincere, and straightforward. His treatment of the ever beautiful theme with which the andante opens was no less manly than caressing; and if the performance of the work as a whole did not hinge perilously on the gates of genius, there was the deeper satisfaction to be derived from it, namely that it was truly musical playing in which the composer was not sacrificed to any desire of the violinist to display his own skill. Nevertheless the real shortcoming of the performance may be suggested by Robert Browning's reply to a lady who asked him to read a certain poem by Theodore Parker, saying he would find it a perfect prose poem. "For Heaven's sake don't bring me any prose poems," cried Browning "that is a genre for which we poets have no respect at all." Whether or not the poetic quality be lacking in Herr Kneisel's art, it is a pleasure to acknowledge that he has a fine sense of musical beauty; and that he is mainly and predominantly a high-minded, sincere and masterly musician. And so at the close of his performance it was a pleasure to have him applauded so loudly, so long, and so deservedly as he was, and with no less zeal on the part of thoughtful musicians in the audience, than by hundreds of admiring amateurs.

The entr' acte by Reinecke sounded oddly enough in a symphony concert; and surely after having established a precedent so heterodoxical, one need experience no surprise if comic operas like Westward Ho, Tabasco, or Robin Hood are resorted to by our amiable conductor in the make up of his programmes. With equal propriety, why not? Surely there is much more artistic music to be found in any one of the operas named than Reinecke's entre' acte contains. Or if the standard of symphony concert programmes is to be changed, why not introduce some of the Strauss waltzes—which are greatly admired by Brahms, by the way, even if the average super-pious patron of the symphony concert series might not condescend to listen to their performance? It was refreshing to have the concert close with an overture so spirited, bright and lively—to Boston a genuine novelty—as the Marschner overture to Hans Heiling.

It was capitally well played. At the next concert the programme will include the overture "Spring," by Goetz; Kahal Moor of the Wine Red Hand, H. W. Parker; variations (first time), Knorr; Aria from "Die Meistersinger" and the ninth symphony, by Schubert. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist.

C. L. CAPEN.

[111]

...DAY, MARCH 23, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The nineteenth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, opus 90.
Mendelssohn: Concerto for violin, in E minor, opus 64.
Reinecke: Entr'acte from "De Gouverneur von Tours." (First time.)
Marschner: Overture to "Hans Heiling," opus 80.
Mr. Franz Kneisel was the violinist.

What a great work the Brahms symphony is! And yet the score is in some ways a perplexing one; there are some passages in it which, play them just as they stand, do not sound as you are fain to hear them in your mind's ear, as you read them from the printed page. That Brahms is a master of instrumentation, in so far as his command of the modern orchestra is amply sufficient to his needs, need not be doubted; but it is equally unquestionable that there are passages in his scores which need careful treatment in performance, if the idea is to stand out clearly and sharply. But then, Brahms is not peculiar in this. Wagner has attributed the necessity of experimentalizing in rehearsal on certain passages in Beethoven's later scores, notably in the ninth symphony, to the incomplete condition of some of the orchestral instruments in his day, and his consequently lacking that fulness of orchestral resource which more recent composers have at their disposal; saying that that perfection of dynamic balance between the various parts of the orchestra, which composers of the present day insure by a skilful grouping of different masses of instruments, is to be obtained in many passages in Beethoven's scores only by bringing certain parts into the foreground by stronger playing, and throwing others more into the shade by playing them less strongly. This is true enough. Beethoven, not to mention Schumann, often needs this sort of "doctoring," if the outlines of his music are to stand out distinctly. But are Beethoven and Schumann alone in this? Experience has proved that the same process has often to be applied to Wagner himself, with all his wealth of orchestral resource, and wonderful skill in using it. Both Wagner and Berlioz, the two *di majores* of orchestration, have at times to be "doctored" in this way, if their music is to sound right, and this process is particularly necessary with Brahms.

Take, for instance, the first two measures of his third symphony, the one played last Saturday evening. In these two measures (including the first beat of the third) a very definite and important theme is announced; it lies in the upper voice, on the very surface of the harmony. These measures are scored for the eight usual wooden wind instruments, the horns and trumpets, all playing *forte*. On examining the score, one finds that the instrumentation looks singularly old-fashioned, even reckless: the important theme (F, A-flat, F) is given only to one flute, one oboe and one horn, and these three instruments—two of which are by no means powerful—are to give it prominence over the whole mass of the others. We doubt if anyone has ever heard the theme in these two measures (here in Boston, at least); we doubt if any listener has ever got any other impression of them than that of an F major chord followed by a chord of the diminished 7th on the same bass; the theme itself is drowned out, the sudden high F of the first trumpet in the second measure being especially apt to veil the *melodic* significance of the A-flat in the flute, oboe and horn. Now, can not the right orchestral balance be so restored in performance that this theme shall be plainly audible and catch the listener's attention? If he hears it plainly in these opening measures, he will be all the more apt to notice it when it comes in the bass (double-basses, third trombone, and double-bassoon) in the next three measures, and grasp its full thematic significance.

Again, in the last nine measures of the Finale, where the "ghost" of the first theme of the first movement returns in the waving *tremolo* of the muted strings against the soft, sustained chords in the wood-wind, horns, and trumpets: who has ever *heard* this augmention of the theme here, or even suspected its presence, save from seeing it in the score? And yet it seems to us that, by hook or by crook, its presence might be made audibly manifest. Surely Brahms cannot have put it there for nothing!

One more passage, and we have done. In the first four measures of the *un poco sostenuto* which closes the finale (pages 102 and 103 of the full score) the oboes, reënforced in the upper octave by the flutes, make a sudden and wholly unexpected break into F major in the very middle of a phrase; the melody in the above-named instruments is accompanied by sustained harmonies in the horns and trumpets, and a *tremolo* in the muted strings. This has always proved a ticklish passage in performances here, and we have never heard it produce its full effect. The sudden change to F major—like sunlight breaking forth from between the clouds—is so unexpected and daring that the passage needs to be played with infinite firmness and authority, to impress itself upon the ear as intentional and not as a mis-copy in the parts. We have generally heard it sound very uncertain and shaky; last Saturday evening it sounded absolutely spectral; the accompanying horns were all but inaudible, and the high flute and oboe tones seemed a mere chilly whistling of the March wind. We know the flute and oboe are marked *forte*, and the horns *mezzo forte*; well and good! but the passage—one of the great "strokes" in the symphony—must be made to *sound* as well as it *looks*!

We have mentioned these three particular cases of miscalculated dynamic balance as especially noticeable, not only in last Saturday evening's performance, but in all performances of the symphony we have heard here. Is it not time that they should be licked into shape by clever exp[illegible]ents at rehearsal? Upon the whole, the [illegible]mphony was played with great fire and expressiveness, if not always with very fine finish of ensemble.

Mr. Kneisel played the ever-beautiful Mendelssohn concerto excellently well. At first he seemed unusually nervous, but this he soon conquered as he warmed to his work; throughout the concerto, however, he gave the impression of fatigue and less than his wonted vital energy; it was unfortunate that he had to (did he *have to*?) play through the long and taxing Brahms symphony before attacking the concerto, for the symphony in itself is enough to take it out of most players, even when they are in tip-top physical form. But he played with so much musicianly feeling and appreciation, with such admirable technique and in so pure a style, that he brought the fine music well home to you, and you could enjoy it [illegible] of his great per-

[illegible] has much left in him to admire, [illegible] when he gets a little). As for his conception of the second movement (though his playing was exquisite) we must, for once, part company with him; if he wishes to play this *Andante* in that wondrously slow tempo, he has a perfect right to do so; only to us it is incomprehensible. He was very warmly received both before and after the performance, the applause after each movement doing away, *ut majore*, with the prescribed connection between the several divisions of the work.

So far the programme had been a pure delight. Now it took a sudden plunge into the uninteresting. Reinecke's entr'acte from his latest comic opera, "Der Gouverneur von Tours," is a dainty little bit of trivialty quite fit for a promenade concert. It reminds one tantalizingly of the gavotte in Thomas's "Mignon"—tantalizingly, because it is not half so good. And, as for Marschner's "Hans Heiling" overture, it takes long and friendly association with the composition to enable one to enjoy it—say, as a welcome old acquaintance—nowadays; but who in Boston has any old associations with the "Hans Heiling" overture? One may delight in a visit from his own great-grandfather for sweet affection's sake, even if the old gentleman be in his dotage, but anyone else's great grandfather in these conditions is liable to be a bore. If we had been brought up on "Hans Heiling" in our infancy and early childhood, we might like to hear from him now and then; but to be introduced to him, or even renew a passing bowing acquaintance with him, at this late date, is tedious enough. The overture has been growing old at railway speed for the last fifty years and is now thoroughly decrepit.

The next programme is—Goetz, overture, "Spring" (first time); H. W. Parker, "Kahal, Moor of the Wine-Red Hand;" rhapsody for baritone and orchestra (first time); Knorr, variations (first time); Wagner, air from "Die Meistersinger;" Schubert, symphony No. 9, in C major. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the singer.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1895.

Brahms' third Symphony, with which the nineteenth Music Hall programme began, is—as a bright woman near me remarked—just about the right sort of music for Lent, because it is so melancholy, penitential and depressing. Ostensibly in the major key of F, and occasionally digressing into some relative major keys, its feelings and the majority of its moods are still minor, and it exercises over the listener no brighter sway than can come from the spell of a mild, soft, introspective pensiveness. It is melodious beyond its author's wont, and many of its themes are tenderly beautiful, even if they do not cling and haunt. It is wrought out with intricate care and masterly command of contrapuntal and instrumental arts; but only in one almost turbulent passage in the first movement does it substitute confusion for complexity, and only in the last does it hide for a time an essential thought within an impenetrable thicket of adornments and secondary considerations. Yet, in spite of its giving much auditory pleasure, it leaves the mind unfed and the heart uncontented. Its struggles have brought no sure and happy conquest, and its uncertainties have been resolved into settled conclusion. When it ends one says that it was fine, but one has an unsatisfied wish that it had been less vague and had impressed as its last word even a conviction of defeat and despair. It is too much like common life, which ever doubts, hopes, contends and defers its faith to a tomorrow's evidences of final fact. The orchestra played it almost altogether well, their grasp and tension wavering into uncertainty only in the uglier and rougher parts of the first movement.

After the symphony came with a dear and welcome delight the pure ideal music of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Not mighty music, commanding the spheres and the souls to stand and listen in silence, nor profound music compelling hearts to search in themselves for a fit response to its searching strains; but beautiful, refreshing, encouraging, enlightening and purifying music. Mr. Kneisel played it in his most elegant and dainty style, faultless for intonation, phrase and fine-drawn spirituality, speaking there after the French sense of "spirituel." His tone seemed unusually slender—almost as if he were playing to a small company of the elect in a little, favorable room; but it was most clear and crystalline, unflecked by a blemish, and it reached every nook and corner, arriving at the most distant with an airy fineness, which by no means ill consorted with the delicate fancies which imbue it.

Next came a quite fascinating entr' acte from Reinecke's "Governor of Tours"—a light stepping, piquant pizzicato just barely colored and sustained by wood-wind tone and contrasted now and then with a few bars of cantilena. It ought to become almost as much a favorite as the "Pizzicati" of Delibes, which is gradually growing too familiar.

Marschner's vigorous overture to "Hans Heiling" was last on the programme, and the audience evidently enjoyed its short, grave opening, its bits of song, its taste of a waltz and its stirring, hurrying conclusion, especially as all these were animatedly played.

Next Saturday's programme reads thus:—

Goetz, Overture, "Spring," first time; Horatio W. Parker, Kahal Moor of the Wine Red Hand, Rhapsodic for Baritone and Orchestra, new; Knorr, Variations, first time; Wagner, Aria from "Die Meistersinger;" Schubert, Symphony No. 9, in C. major. Soloist, Mr. Max Heinrich.

[illegible]

MONDAY, MARCH [illegible], 1895.

THE NINETEENTH SYMPHONY.

AN ENTR' ACTE AND AN OVERTURE HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE.

Franz Kneisel in a Most Delightful Programme—News Notes of the World of Music.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was performed: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr' acte from "Der Gonverneur von Tours," Reinecke; overture to "Hans Heiling," Marschner. The Reinecke and Marschner numbers were heard for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist.

The Brahms symphony, one of the more agreeable of this composer's symphonic works, was listened to with interest and pleasure by the audience. The Andante and the Allegretto are so unlike Brahm's usual style that one might almost doubt the authorship when attributed to the great contrapuntist. They are delightful specimens of melodic writing in which the composer put aside for the time being his musical "2-foot rule" and indulged in the romance of a less arbitrary style. The Allegretto in many respects reminds one of Mendelssohn. The symphony was splendidly played by the orchestra, and although the conductor's reading might be criticised in the matter of tempi, yet that is a matter in which Mr. Paur's taste may be superior, perhaps, to that of his critic.

The Reinecke entr' acte was an agreeable number and delighted the audience; the same can be said of the Marschner overture, both of which the orchestra played charmingly.

Mr. Kneisel's performance of the Mendelssohn concerto was marked with that graceful and artistically finished style with which we are familiar in everything that he renders. His intonation was perfect, his technique ample and brilliant. There was nothing sentimental in the effort; it was exquisite in its purity. His tone, however, was weak, and the general effect was one of tameness; in other words, devoid of any emotional element. He, perhaps, was unfortunate that he brought himself in comparison with Ysaye, who so recently performed this concerto here, a rendering of that incomparable description which sinks deep in the memory of the listener, producing an impression so profound that the lapse of time, even, cannot in the least efface in one's remembrance the supremacy of its grandeur; an artistic effort that rose above the interpretation upon this occasion as the summit of Mont Blanc rises above the level of the sea. Mr. Kneisel was more than warmly welcomed, and after his performance was recalled many times, a demonstration showing the high estimation in which he is regarded by the patrons of these concerts. The programme next Saturday evening will embrace overture, "Spring," Goetz; variations, Knorr, and Schubert's great symphony, No. 9, in C major. Mr. Max Heinrich will sing a rhapsodie by H. W. Parker, and an aria from "The Meistersingers," Wagner.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 24.

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Symphony No. 3, F-major, op. 90.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, G-minor, op. 64...Mendelssohn
Entr' acte, "Gouveneur von Tours".....Reinecke
Overture, "Hans Heiling".....Marschner
Soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

The Brahms symphony represents this composer in his human mood, he is poetic without being diffuse and learned without revealing an excess of pedantry. The work can be understood by the ordinary music lover, and this fact may detract from its merits in the eyes of connoisseurs, but even a modern composer must be allowed occasionally to take off his professional gown and yield to those emotions which he shares with the rest of humanity. Science is our latter day idol and art has become merged with it; but a continual diet of mathematical formulas is apt to prove monotonous as well as innutritious, and when reason is tired, feeling may be allowed to take its place and human dignity remain unimpeached. The symphony was played with dignity and brilliancy, and with a fine respect for color contrasts. Brahms is praised for his modern spirit, but surely in his intellect he is Hindu; and in his imagination Persian. His imagination seems continually to busy itself with the battle between light and darkness; is not this third symphony, for example, a tone picture of the struggles between Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, modern only in that the emotions are held in check by reason? The Hindu element of his nature is revealed in his desire to remove everything to the region of abstractions, which is the region of mysteries. It would not be difficult to prove that Brahms is a Babylonian, as well as a Hindu and Persian; but this is the great advantage of an art like music; it readily adapts itself to any theory, and by agreeing with all, proves that it belongs to none.

The Mendelssohn Concerto was finely played by Mr. Kneisel, and yet memory is sometimes cruel to anticipated pleasure. Mr. Kneisel's violin seemed to speak in an unusually weak voice; to have lost some of its masterfulness, while behind him and overtopping him seemed to stand the smiling ghost of Ysaye. Did Mr. Kneisel's interpretation lack broadness of style and was it pretty rather than dignified; was his tone thin and so weak that it was absorbed in the more healthy tones given out by the orchestra? Perhaps we have been led to expect too much and perhaps Mr. Kneisel himself forced a comparison that could not fail to tell against himself; in any case he was not fully satisfactory; his violin seemed possessed of one of those *homunculi* mentioned by Paracelsus; proportion and shape were perfect, beauty was patent but everything was reduced in size; what should have been a giant was a graceful little figure that would fit comfortably in a small vial.

The Reinecke entr acte is a charming, graceful movement, that recalled, unreasonably perhaps, the gavotte in Mignon; the Marschner overture was well worth the hearing, it is good honest work without originality and patterned in a style that was beloved in a time when the world was less restless and more easily satisfied than it is now.

The programmee for the next concert is: Goetz's Overture, "Spring;" Parker's Rhapsodie for baritone and orchestra; Variations by Knorr; Aria from the "Meistersinger;" Schubert's Symphony, No. 8, in G. Mr. Max Heinrich is the soloist.

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Boston Transcript

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The nineteenth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, opus 90.
Mendelssohn: Concerto for violin, in E minor, opus 64.
Reinecke: Entr'acte from "De Gouverneur von Tours." (First time.)
Marschner: Overture to "Hans Heiling," opus 80.
Mr. Franz Kneisel was the violinist.

What a great work the Brahms symphony is! And yet the score is in some ways a perplexing one; there are some passages in it which, play them just as they stand, do not sound as you are fain to hear them in your mind's ear, as you read them from the printed page. That Brahms is a master of instrumentation, in so far as his command of the modern orchestra is amply sufficient to his needs, need not be doubted; but it is equally unquestionable that there are passages in his scores which need careful treatment in performance, if the idea is to stand out clearly and sharply. But then, Brahms is not peculiar in this. Wagner has attributed the necessity of experimentalizing in rehearsal on certain passages in Beethoven's later scores, notably in the ninth symphony, to the incomplete condition of some of the orchestral instruments in his day, and his consequently lacking that fulness of orchestral resource which more recent composers have at their disposal; saying that that perfection of dynamic balance between the various parts of the orchestra, which composers of the present day insure by a skilful grouping of different masses of instruments, is to be obtained in many passages in Beethoven's scores only by bringing certain parts into the foreground by stronger playing, and throwing others more into the shade by playing them less strongly. This is true enough. Beethoven, not to mention Schumann, often needs this sort of "doctoring," if the outlines of his music are to stand out distinctly. But are Beethoven and Schumann alone in this? Experience has proved that the same process has often to be applied to Wagner himself, with all his wealth of orchestral resource, and wonderful skill in using it. Both Wagner and Berlioz, the two *di majores* of orchestration, have at times to be "doctored" in this way, if their music is to sound right, and this process is particularly necessary with Brahms.

Take, for instance, the first two measures of his third symphony, the one played last Saturday evening. In these two measures (including the first beat of the third) a very definite and important theme is announced; it lies in the upper voice, on the very surface of the harmony. These measures are scored for the eight usual wooden wind instruments, the horns and trumpets, all playing *forte*. On examining the score, one finds that the instrumentation looks singularly old-fashioned, even reckless: the important theme (F, A-flat, F) is given only to one flute, one oboe and one horn, and these three instruments—two of which are by no means powerful—are to give it prominence over the whole mass of the others. We doubt if anyone has ever heard the theme in these two measures (here in Boston, at least); we doubt if any listener has ever got any other impression of them than that of an F major chord followed by a chord of the diminished 7th on the same bass; the theme itself is drowned out, the sudden high F of the first trumpet in the second measure being especially apt to veil the *melodic* significance of the A-flat in the flute, oboe and horn. Now, can not the right orchestral balance be so restored in performance that this theme shall be plainly audible and catch the listener's attention? If he hears it plainly in these opening measures, he will be all the more apt to notice it when it comes in the bass (double-basses, third trombone, and double-bassoon) in the next three measures, and grasp its full thematic significance.

Again, in the last nine measures of the Finale, where the "ghost" of the first theme of the first movement returns in the waving *tremolo* of the muted strings against the soft, sustained chords in the wood-wind, horns, and trumpets: who has ever *heard* this augmention of the theme here, or even suspected its presence, save from seeing it in the score? And yet it seems to us that, by hook or by crook, its presence might be made audibly manifest. Surely Brahms cannot have put it there for nothing!

One more passage, and we have done. In the first four measures of the *un poco sostenuto* which closes the finale (pages 102 and 103 of the full score) the oboes, reënforced in the upper octave by the flutes, make a sudden and wholly unexpected break into F major in the very middle of a phrase; the melody in the above-named instruments is accompanied by sustained harmonies in the horns and trumpets, and a *tremolo* in the muted strings. This has always proved a ticklish passage in performances here, and we have never heard it produce its full effect. The sudden change to F major—like sunlight breaking forth from between the clouds—is so unexpected and daring that the passage needs to be played with infinite firmness and authority, to impress itself upon the ear as intentional and not as a mis-copy in the parts. We have generally heard it sound very uncertain and shaky; last Saturday evening it sounded absolutely spectral; the accompanying horns were all but inaudible, and the high flute and oboe tones seemed a mere chilly whistling of the March wind. We know the flute and oboe are marked *forte*, and the horns *mezzo forte*; well and good! but the passage—one of the great "strokes" in the symphony—must be made to *sound* as well as it *looks*!

We have mentioned these three particular cases of miscalculated dynamic balance as especially noticeable, not only in last Saturday evening's performance, but in all performances of the symphony we have heard here. Is it not time that they should be licked into shape by clever exp[illegible]nents at rehearsal? Upon the whole, the [illegible]mphony was played with great fire and expressiveness, if not always with very fine finish of ensemble.

Mr. Kneisel played the ever-beautiful Mendelssohn concerto excellently well. At first he seemed unusually nervous, but this he soon conquered as he warmed to his work; throughout the concerto, however, he gave the impression of fatigue and less than his wonted vital energy; it was unfortunate that he had to (did he *have to*?) play through the long and taxing Brahms symphony before attacking the concerto, for the symphony in itself is enough to take it out of most players, even when they are in tip-top physical form. But he played with so much musicianly feeling and appreciation, with such admirable technique and in so pure a style, that he brought the fine music well home to you, and you could enjoy it unreservedly. It was not one of his great per[illegible], but it was a very beautiful one. Mr. Kneisel has much left in him to admire, even when he nods a little. As for his conception of the second movement (though his playing was exquisite) we must, for once, part company with him; if he wishes to play this *Andante* in that wondrously slow tempo, he has a perfect right to do so; only to us it is incomprehensible. He was very warmly received both before and after the performance, the applause after each movement doing away, *vi majore*, with the prescribed connection between the several divisions of the work.

So far the programme had been a pure delight. Now it took a sudden plunge into the uninteresting. Reinecke's entr'acte from his latest comic opera, "Der Gouverneur von Tours," is a dainty little bit of trivialty quite fit for a promenade concert. It reminds one tantalizingly of the gavotte in Thomas's "Mignon"—tantalizingly, because it is not half so good. And, as for Marschner's "Hans Heiling" overture, it takes long and friendly association with the composition to enable one to enjoy it—say, as a welcome old acquaintance—nowadays; but who in Boston has any old associations with the "Hans Heiling" overture? One may delight in a visit from his own great-grandfather for sweet affection's sake, even if the old gentleman be in his dotage, but anyone else's great grandfather in these conditions is liable to be a bore. If we had been brought up on "Hans Heiling" in our infancy and early childhood, we might like to hear from him now and then; but to be introduced to him, or even renew a passing bowing acquaintance with him, at this late date, is tedious enough. The overture has been growing old at railway speed for the last fifty years and is now thoroughly decrepit.

The next programme is—Goetz, overture, "Spring" (first time); H. W. Parker, "Kahal, Moor of the Wine-Red Hand," rhapsody for baritone and orchestra (first time); Knorr, variations (first time); Wagner, air from "Die Meistersinger;" Schubert, symphony No. 9, in C major. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the singer.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1895.

Brahms' third Symphony, with which the nineteenth Music Hall programme began, is—as a bright woman near me remarked—just about the right sort of music for Lent, because it is so melancholy, penitential and depressing. Ostensibly in the major key of F, and occasionally digressing into some relative major keys, its feelings and the majority of its moods are still minor, and it exercises over the listener no brighter sway than can come from the spell of a mild, soft, introspective pensiveness. It is melodious beyond its author's wont, and many of its themes are tenderly beautiful, even if they do not cling and haunt. It is wrought out with intricate care and masterly command of contrapuntal and instrumental arts; but only in one almost turbulent passage in the first movement does it substitute confusion for complexity, and only in the last does it hide for a time an essential thought within an impenetrable thicket of adornments and secondary considerations. Yet, in spite of its giving much auditory pleasure, it leaves the mind unfed and the heart uncontented. Its struggles have brought no sure and happy conquest, and its uncertainties have been resolved into settled conclusion. When it ends one says that it was fine, but one has an unsatisfied wish that it had been less vague and had impressed as its last word even a conviction of defeat and despair. It is too much like common life, which ever doubts, hopes, contends and defers its faith to a tomorrow's evidences of final fact. The orchestra played it almost altogether well, their grasp and tension wavering into uncertainty only in the uglier and rougher parts of the first movement.

After the symphony came with a dear and welcome delight the pure ideal music of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Not mighty music, commanding the spheres and the souls to stand and listen in silence, nor profound music compelling hearts to search in themselves for a fit response to its searching strains; but beautiful, refreshing, encouraging, enlightening and purifying music. Mr. Kneisel played it in his most elegant and dainty style, faultless for intonation, phrase and fine-drawn spirituality, speaking there after the French sense of "spirituel." His tone seemed unusually slender—almost as if he were playing to a small company of the elect in a little, favorable room; but it was most clear and crystalline, unflecked by a blemish, and it reached every nook and corner, arriving at the most distant with an airy fineness, which by no means ill consorted with the delicate fancies which imbue it.

Next came a quite fascinating entr' acte from Reinecke's "Governor of Tours"—a light stepping, piquant pizzicato just barely colored and sustained by wood-wind tone and contrasted now and then with a few bars of cantilena. It ought to become almost as much a favorite as the "Pizzicati" of Delibes, which is gradually growing too familiar.

Marschner's vigorous overture to "Hans Heiling" was last on the programme, and the audience evidently enjoyed its short, grave opening, its bits of song, its taste of a waltz and its stirring, hurrying conclusion, especially as all these were animatedly played.

Next Saturday's programme reads thus:—

Goetz, Overture, "Spring," first time; Horatio W. Parker, Kahal Moor of the Wine Red Hand, Rhapsodie for Baritone and Orchestra, new; Knorr, Variations, first time; Wagner, Aria from "Die Meistersinger;" Schubert, Symphony No. 9, in C. major. Soloist, Mr. Max Heinrich.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1895.

THE NINETEENTH SYMPHONY.

AN ENTR' ACTE AND AN OVERTURE HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE.

Franz Kneisel in a Most Delightful Programme—News Notes of the World of Music.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was performed: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn; entr' acte from "Der Gonverneur von Tours," Reinecke; overture to "Hans Heiling," Marschner. The Reinecke and Marschner numbers were heard for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist.

The Brahms symphony, one of the more agreeable of this composer's symphonic works, was listened to with interest and pleasure by the audience. The Andante and the Allegretto are so unlike Brahm's usual style that one might almost doubt the authorship when attributed to the great contrapuntist. They are delightful specimens of melodic writing in which the composer put aside for the time being his musical "2-foot rule" and indulged in the romance of a less arbitrary style. The Allegretto in many respects reminds one of Mendelssohn. The symphony was splendidly played by the orchestra, and although the conductor's reading might be criticised in the matter of tempi, yet that is a matter in which Mr. Paur's taste may be superior, perhaps, to that of his critic.

The Reinecke entr' acte was an agreeable number and delighted the audience; the same can be said of the Marschner overture, both of which the orchestra played charmingly.

Mr. Kneisel's performance of the Mendelssohn concerto was marked with that graceful and artistically finished style with which we are familiar in everything that he renders. His intonation was perfect, his technique ample and brilliant. There was nothing sentimental in the effort; it was exquisite in its purity. His tone, however, was weak, and the general effect was one of tameness; in other words, devoid of any emotional element. He, perhaps, was unfortunate that he brought himself in comparison with Ysaye, who so recently performed this concerto here, a rendering of that incomparable description which sinks deep in the memory of the listener, producing an impression so profound that the lapse of time, even, cannot in the least efface in one's remembrance the supremacy of its grandeur; an artistic effort that rose above the interpretation upon this occasion as the summit of Mont Blanc rises above the level of the sea. Mr. Kneisel was more than warmly welcomed, and after his performance was recalled many times, a demonstration showing the high estimation in which he is regarded by the patrons of these concerts. The programme next Saturday evening will embrace overture, "Spring," Goetz; variations, Knorr, and Schubert's great symphony, No. 9, in C major. Mr. Max Heinrich will sing a rhapsodie by H. W. Parker, and an aria from "The Meistersingers," Wagner.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 24.

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last night. The programme wss:

Symphony No. 3, F-major, op. 90.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, G-minor, op. 64...Mendelssohn
Entr' acte, "Gouveneur von Tours".....Reinecke
Overture, "Hans Heiling".....Marschner
Soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

The Brahms symphony represents this composer in his human mood, he is poetic without being diffuse and learned without revealing an excess of pedantry. The work can be understood by the ordinary music lover, and this fact may detract from its merits in the eyes of connoisseurs, but even a modern composer must be allowed occasionally to take off his professional gown and yield to those emotions which he shares with the rest of humanity. Science is our latter day idol and art has become merged with it; but a continual diet of mathematical formulas is apt to prove monotonous as well as innutritious, and when reason is tired, feeling may be allowed to take its place and human dignity remain unimpeached. The symphony was played with dignity and brilliancy, and with a fine respect for color contrasts. Brahms is praised for his modern spirit, but surely in his intellect he is Hindu, and in his imagination Persian. His imagination seems continually to busy itself with the battle between light and darkness; is not this third symphony, for example, a tone picture of the struggles between Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, modern only in that the emotions are held in check by reason? The Hindu element of his nature is revealed in his desire to remove everything to the region of abstractions, which is the region of mysteries. It would not be difficult to prove that Brahms is a Babylonian, as well as a Hindu and Persian; but this is the great advantage of an art like music; it readily adapts itself to any theory, and by agreeing with all, proves that it belongs to none.

The Mendelssohn Concerto was finely played by Mr. Kneisel, and yet memory is sometimes cruel to anticipated pleasure. Mr. Kneisel's violin seemed to speak in an unusually weak voice; to have lost some of its masterfulness, while behind him and overtopping him seemed to stand the smiling ghost of Ysaye. Did Mr. Kneisel's interpretation lack broadness of style and was it pretty rather than dignified; was his tone thin and so weak that it was absorbed in the more healthy tones given out by the orchestra? Perhaps we have been led to expect too much and perhaps Mr. Kneisel himself forceed a comparison that could not fail to tell against himself; in any case he was not fully satisfactory; his violin seemed possessed of one of those *homunculi* mentioned by Paracelsus; proportion and shape were perfect, beauty was patent but everything was reduced in size; what should have been a giant was a graceful little figure that would fit comfortably in a small vial.

The Reinecke entr acte is a charming, graceful movement, that recalled, unreasonably perhaps, the gavotte in Mignon; the Marschner overture was well worth the hearing, it is good honest work without originality and patterned in a style that was beloved in a time when the world was less restless and more easily satisfied than it is now.

The programmee for the next concert is: Goetz's Overture, "Spring;" Parker's Rhapsodie for baritone and orchestra; Variations by Knorr; Aria from the "Meistersinger;" Schubert's Symphony, No. 9, in G. Mr. Max Heinrich is the soloist.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1895.

The program of the Nineteenth Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Entr'acte from Der Gouverneur von Tours.....Reinecke
Overture to Hans Heiling.....Marschner

Do you know anything about Der Gouverneur von Tours, or do you know anybody who ever saw the opera? It is my impression that Riemann is wrong in giving in his Opera-Handbuch the place and the time of the first production as Leipsic, November 23, 1891. Was it not first produced at Schwerin, November 20, 1891?

The entr'acte is a painstaking attempt at piquancy. How much better the French order these matters. Reinecke had Delibes in his mind when he wrote this piece, but he fell far short of his model. There is neither inspiration nor ingenious, carefully wrought filigree work.

And what is there to say about the Hans Heiling overture? Nothing, except that it is Weberish; just as pepperette recalls the existence of pepper.

Mr. Paur's reading of the Brahms symphony is not to be praised without reserve. He took the second theme of the first movement at such a slow pace that it lagged, it lost its charm, and there was a painful interruption to the naturally continuous flow of thought. Then the andante was stripped of its frankness. Mr. Paur did not seem to be content with its simple freshness. He dived for possible riches. And he was so deliberate in his diving that the hearer forgot the beauty of Brahms in wondering what the diver would bring up. No, no; this will never do. These delightful movements do not admit of such treatment. The third movement was read and played exceedingly well.

Mr. Kneisel's performance was virginibus puerisque. It was accurate, careful, polished to the last degree. The tone was small, and there was an absence of emotion. The performance reminded one of the habit in French boarding schools for young ladies of insisting on pronunciation and metre in the reading of poetry, but always substituting tambour for amour, lest strange, vague emotions should quiver beneath maidens' breasts. PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its seventh concert in Union Hall the 18th. The program included Schumann's A major quartet, op. 41, No. 1; Dvorák's A major piano quintet, and these songs, sung by Miss Franklin: Hüte Dich, Emil Paur; Aubade and Chanson d'Avril, Bizet, and the Spring Song, by Henschel. Mr. C. L. Capen wrote the following review that appeared in the Boston *Herald*:

The Schumann quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3—not No. 1, as the program announced—is well known here, yet it cannot be heard too often. Romantic in character from first to last its romanticism is all in all of the most refined—the very worthiest type. Its scholarship throughout is that of the master who is no less soulful and spontaneous than scholarly in all that he has to say. It would be difficult to find in the entire chamber music répertoire a more thoroughly interesting masterpiece than is the Schumann quartet. Of its performance it seems well nigh superfluous to say more than that Mr. Kneisel and his associates were at their best; but, if anything, a special word of tribute may be paid their performance of the assai agitato, for more nearly perfect ensemble playing has not been heard in this city, not even from the Kneisel Quartet. The Dvorák quintet was ardently played, yet with not quite the efficiency that an adequate number of rehearsals with Herr Stavenhagen would have insured. While Herr Stavenhagen did much refined and artistic playing, he was at times, notably in his forte playing, both coarse and noisy. Mr. Kneisel and his associates were quite the reverse; yet, even their worthiest playing was not wholly successful in contending with the very pugilistic kind of animosity that the pianist seemed to entertain for his keyboard.

Mr. Capen spoke in most flattering terms of Miss Franklin's singing:

Here, indeed, were four songs, which to be even adequately interpreted required an artist of the highest intelligence, not to mention the intricate and varied difficulty of their technical demands; yet that these songs were heard at their best, as Miss Franklin sang them, no unbiased musician could for a moment doubt. They were one and all most charmingly interpreted. Superlatively fine, indeed, was the artist's utterance of her each and every phrase.

* * *

Kneisel Quartet.—The Kneisel Quartet season in Brooklyn, given at Wissner Hall, brought forward two pianists never before heard in that city, and one who had not played there in twelve years. Mme. Paur and Mr. Arthur Whiting were the new pianists heard, and Mme. Rivè-King was the old favorite who reappeared. Three artists like the above was quite an array of star players for Mr. Colell to secure.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Novelties on the Programme Lend Special Interest.

Max Heinrich the Soloist—Goetz Overture Full of Beauty—Parker's Rhapsody Dramatic—Knorr Variations Piquant—Audience Cheers Tree—Jefferson Closes.

The selections for the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening were:

Overture, "Spring," in A major, op. 15 (first time).....Goetz
Rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," op. 40 (first time).....H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraine folk song, op. 7 (first time).....Knorr
Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

The soloist was Mr. Max Heinrich. The three novelties on the programme lent a special interest to it. That so charming a work as the Goetz overture should not have been heard here before is surprising. It is full of beauty, and its originality is as graceful as it is refreshing. Its melodiousness is unbroken from beginning, from the lovely, but brief, adagio to the end. Why it should be named "Spring" does not appear, but it has nothing of the aspect of "programme" music as may be listened to with pleasure and perfect understanding without any association with its title. The second theme is fascinating, and its announcement and development are delightful. The overture is perhaps somewhat prolix in its "working out," and the line is not strongly drawn between this portion of the work and what immediately precedes it, but as a whole it flows with remarakble ease, its effects are fine in their well considered contrasts, and there is an absence of conventionality in the treatment generally, both harmonic and instrumental, that gives a marked and unique individuality to the composition.

Mr. Parker's rhapsody is strongly dramatic and is brilliantly and effectively scored, but on a first hearing it seems to lack unity or continuity, and the general effect is so fragmentary that it is not easy to divine the composer's intentions, even from a rhapsodic standpoint. The orchestra predominates throughout to an extent that makes the voice part ineffective. The poem by the Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan, is obscure in meaning. The narrator dreams of a beautiful land in which the sun shines on fields of corn and lustrous gardens in a golden clime, and he hears the tones of silver lyres and many voices, whose song is as the heavenly hymn of angels. Then there is a change and the minstrels become dumb, all is dark, and kings and nobles are stricken with terror. Then the narrator, in his dream, goes forth and sees the sky flecked with blood and amid its shorn beams a skeleton. And that is all. If he had seen snakes the whole thing would be susceptible of explanation, but the skeleton leaves all in obscurity. The poem does not appear to be a felicitous choice for musical treatment, and in its fogginess of intent is not attractive in itself, and that shortcoming cannot be overcome easily by the musician. Thence, despite the admirable skill that Mr. Parker has shown in his orchestration and the impressive brilliancy of effect that characterizes the work, it is uninteresting through the lack of a motive that appeals lucidly to the understanding. The voice part is trying to the singer and is declamatory rather than melodious as the word is generally understood. Mr. Heinrich sang it with vigorous dramatic emphasis, and won three enthusiastic recalls.

The Knorr variations are on a theme that is piquant in subject and rhythm. The work shows a thorough knowledge of the orchestra, and the variations are ingenious and musicianly, an adagio and a scherzando being notably pleasing. As a whole, however, it is wanting in variety of effect, and frequently falls into tameness until the last three variations (there are eight in all) are reached. The performance, which was marked by the highest finish, did the fullest possible justice to the work. Mr. Heinrich's singing of "Pogner's Address" was artistic in phrasing and expression, but the song does not afford him an opportuntiy to be heard at his best, and beside, his voice seemed dry and fatigued. Nevertheless, he was warmly applauded and twice recalled.

The symphony was read in a masterly manner by Mr. Paur, and in a thoroughly sympathetic vein, and the performance by the orchestra was up to its highest standard. The repeat in the first movement was judiciously omitted. If some of the repetitions in the andante, beautiful as it is, could be similarly treated it would be an advantage to the movement.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 4 (B. and H.), Haydn; serenade for wind instruments, Mozart (first time); concerto for pianoforte, Chopin; overture, "Der Freischutz," Weber. The soloist is to be Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

Mr. Horatio W. Parker's "Cahal Mor" Produced for the First Time at the Twentieth Symphony Concert.

The program of the 20th symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture, "Spring," in A major, op. 15. (First time).....Goetz
Raphsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," op. 40. (First time).....H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraine Folk-Song, in F major, op. 7. (First time).....Knorr
Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg".....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

This concert was one of marked interest. It is a good thing to hear new music, so that the hearer may in future renew pleasure or avoid boredom.

The overture of Götz is entitled "Spring," a natural phenomenon known only to dwellers in New England by allusions to it by poets, musicians, men of scientific attainments and travelers. Spring in music is associated generally with a liberal use of clarinets, oboes, and flutes. But Götz abstained from the conventional and did not indulge himself in program-writing. The overture is fresh, original, spontaneous, and for the most part beautiful. The beginning and the ending are dramatic in a simple manner. The themes are eminently pleasing, and the development of them is thoroughly musical, not merely pedagogic. All in all it is a delightful work.

* * *

Mr Parker took as the text of his rhapsody the wild poem entitled "A Vision of Conraught in the Thirteenth Century," by James Clarence Mangan. The motto of this poem is "Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie." Mr. Parker for his musical purpose made a few slight changes in Mangan's verses. This poem is not perhaps as characteristic of the poet's genius as "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," "Sarsfield," or "The Nameless One," and yet read the first verse:

"I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

And who would not listen eagerly to the strange tale of the dreamer?

Did Mangan weave these fancies of opium and strong drink? Is the story founded on some Irish legend? There is no note or commentary. And the poem needs none. A gloss would be an impertinence.

This Rhapsodoy seems to me the highest flight of Mr. Parker's imagination. Freedom of thought, splendor of diction, gorgeous color, dramatic expression, the legitimately spectacular in music;—all these are in this orchestral piece in which the human voice is obligato. There is no attempt at panoramic treatment, and yet the mood of each verse is italicized most eloquently. Nor is there the incoherency that seems inevitable in the musical presentation of such a poem. Finely and impressively does Mr. Parker keep riveting the hearer's attention to the refrain, to that glorious, haunting line:

"Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

The instrumentation throughout is that of a master. Thrilling are the effects gained by simple means as in the expression of the strange change beneath the dome. Sensuousness that is noble, terror, the fantastic, the spiritual, the horrible—Mr. Parker suggests all these, and in the suggesting controls himself. And the highest praise is that the hearer henceforth cannot think of the poem of Mangan without the instantaneous accompanying thought of the music that is its double.

Mr. Max Heinrich declaimed the text with marked dignity and thorough appreciation of poet and musician.

* * *

And after this glowing, imaginative work came the variations by Knorr, a son, I believe, of the Dr. Knorr who was Schumann's friend. These variations show the well trained musician, who thinks correctly and as many other respectable people think. There are interesting rhythmic problems solved, and the variations are thoroughly made. And when you say they are thoroughly made, the story is told.

* * *

Mr. Heinrich declaimed Pogner's address from Wagner's comic opera. In the opera Pogner is a good deal of a bore; and why should he be brought out on the concert stage? This is not said with any disrespect to Mr. Heinrich, who went through his task manfully and as though he really enjoyed it.

* * *

It is the fashion to rail at the great symphony by Schubert; but even the scoffers must be dumb when they hear the famous trombone passages in the first movement, or even the very opening of the symphony. Long as the second movement is, there are measures of imperishable beauty. And in these first two movements there is stuff enough for a dozen conventional symphonies.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1895.

The vocal music at the twentieth Symphony concert anticipated in certain senses the Wagner epoch of next week, of which prelude there was really no need. Mr. Max Heinrich, who was the singer, produced Pogner's Address, which has become about as hackneyed as Webster's reply to Hayne or Shiel's "Irish Aliens," and made rather less effect than one of those speeches would do at a Latin School exhibition. He also sang something new—a setting by Mr. H. W. Parker of Mangan's half legendary, half fanciful ballad, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand." The weird and romantic verses offer a composer an opportunity to write something thrilling and pathetic—a strong and strange scene with a brilliant vein of melody in the old Irish modes running through it for the singer, and imparting its chief quality and merit. Mr. Parker has tried pretty nearly every orchestral combination, using all the drums, the harp, the cymbals and the full brass choir. Some of his illustrative passages are certainly both pathetic and dramatic, and their variety is no less noticeable than their general appositeness. But the singer is oppressed and burdened in true Wagnerian style. What he has to sing has neither the freedom, the appropriateness nor the diversity of the orchestra score, and he stands at times almost like a good speaker reduced to describing a panorama. Especially must this be the case when the orchestra are so continuously and mercilessly loud as Mr. Paur allowed them to be. If Mr. Heinrich had had a fair chance, his vivid and sympathetic dramatic style might have made his delivery of the vocal text far more interesting to the audience and more remunerative to himself.

There were two new orchestral works on the programme, of which the first was a "Spring" overture by Goetz, which began with a hopeful and promising trumpet-call followed by a soft, slow rising adagio and a pleasantly pastoral allegro. But the interest was not well sustained, although the writing appeared to be neat, tasteful and skilful. The other was a nice and generally interesting set of variations by Iwan Knorr upon a Ukraine folk-song, in which the theme was held up with remarkable clearness and the contrasts between the wooden wind and the strings were particularly clever and agreeable. Both were played too heavily, however.

The symphony was Schubert's ninth, in C major, so full of beauty and of strength, in the playing of which the latter element was more obvious than the former, for there was far too little softness and delicacy in the reading. The orchestra seemed to have got so much power to their elbows and lungs as not to be able to come anywhere near a pianissimo, and hardly to compass a piano.

Next Saturday's programme names: Haydn's fourth symphony, a Mozart serenade for wind instruments, Weber's "Der Freischutz" overture and a Chopin concerto for a new pianist, Miss Szumowska.

The Kneisel Quartette at their last concert but one for the present season had the assistance of Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen in playing Dvorak's pianoforte quintette in A, opus 81. In this work the foreign virtuoso replaced Mrs. H. H. A. Beach who was prevented by illness from taking her expected share. Mr. Stavenhagen's performance was interesting always, but not at all points satisfactory. In his happier moments he showed the taste, the delicacy, the gracefully-moving touch and the interpretative sympathy which have been noticed in his lighter numbers at his own concerts, but again he seemed to feel as if he were playing some impetuously thundering passage of Liszt, and overbore his associates, who held discreetly back from excess of force although they kept close beside him when he forced the pace. A Schumann quartette, also in A major, began the evening and was perfectly played by Mr. Kneisel and his harmonious brethren. Between these pieces, Miss Franklin, who never appears to better advantage than in a room of moderate size, sang in her best style an odd "Heute Dich," by Mr. Paur, a pair of songs by Bizet and an elaborately difficult song by Henschel, meeting their technical difficulties with ease and beautifying them with pure tones and fine phrasings.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony concert of last night was noticeable more because of the fact that three of the five numbers on the programme were heard for the first time, rather than of any special musical value attached to either of them. The programme opened with the overture "Spring" in A major, by Goetz, which has as its chief feature a quaint beginning and ending, but its passages, while of a harmonious nature, do not rise above mediocrity.

The second number introduced Mr. Max Heinrich, whom it is always a pleasure to hear. He was heard in a rhapsody, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," by H. W. Parker, and which really proved a thankless task for the soloist. Not that he did not do it justice, for he certainly did all that was possible with the material at hand. To quote a line in one of the verses, "none seemed to understand" what the rhapsody was all about. Much more can be said for the orchestral background than for the vocal part, for it was rich in varied and graceful passages and of a highly dramatic order in several places.

Mr. Heinrich was later heard in Pogner's address from Wagner's "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," which he rendered in German and with much interest and enthusiasm. The number showed to advantage all the beauties and artistic qualities of Mr. Heinrich's cultivated voice and proved a delight to the audience.

Iwan Knorr's variations on an Ukraine folk-song in F major was also one of the new numbers, but it proved to be rather dull and failed to arouse any enthusiasm. The programme closed with the Schubert symphony No. 9, whose many beauties largely atone for its great length.

At the next concert a Mozart serenade for wind instruments will be played for the first time and Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the piano soloist.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1895.

The program of the Nineteenth Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Entr'acte from Der Gouverneur von Tours.....Reinecke
Overture to Hans Heiling.....Marschner

Do you know anything about Der Gouverneur von Tours, or do you know anybody who ever saw the opera? It is my impression that Riemann is wrong in giving in his Opera-Handbuch the place and the time of the first production as Leipsic, November 22, 1891. Was it not first produced at Schwerin, November 20, 1891?

The entr'acte is a painstaking attempt at piquancy. How much better the French order these matters. Reinecke had Delibes in his mind when he wrote this piece, but he fell far short of his model. There is neither inspiration nor ingenious, carefully wrought filigree work.

And what is there to say about the Hans Heiling overture? Nothing, except that it is Weberish; just as pepperette recalls the existence of pepper.

Mr. Paur's reading of the Brahms symphony is not to be praised without reserve. He took the second theme of the first movement at such a slow pace that it lagged, it lost its charm, and there was a painful interruption to the naturally continuous flow of thought. Then the andante was stripped of its frankness. Mr. Paur did not seem to be content with its simple freshness. He dived for possible riches. And he was so deliberate in his diving that the hearer forgot the beauty of Brahms in wondering what the diver would bring up. No, no; this will never do. These delightful movements do not admit of such treatment. The third movement was read and played exceedingly well.

Mr. Kneisel's performance was virginibus puerisque. It was accurate, careful, polished to the last degree. The tone was small, and there was an absence of emotion. The performance reminded one of the habit in French boarding schools for young ladies of insisting on pronunciation and metre in the reading of poetry, but always substituting tambour for amour, lest strange, vague emotions should quiver beneath maidens' breasts. PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its seventh concert in Union Hall the 18th. The program included Schumann's A major quartet, op. 41, No. 1; Dvorák's A major piano quintet, and these songs, sung by Miss Franklin: Hüte Dich, Emil Paur; Aubade and Chanson d'Avril, Bizet, and the Spring Song, by Henschel. Mr. C. L. Capen wrote the following review that appeared in the Boston *Herald*:

The Schumann quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3—not No. 1, as the program announced—is well known here, yet it cannot be heard too often. Romantic in character from first to last its romanticism is all in all of the most refined—the very worthiest type. Its scholarship throughout is that of the master who is no less soulful and spontaneous than scholarly in all that he has to say. It would be difficult to find in the entire chamber music répertoire a more thoroughly interesting masterpiece than is the Schumann quartet. Of its performance it seems well nigh superfluous to say more than that Mr. Kneisel and his associates were at their best; but, if anything, a special word of tribute may be paid their performance of the assai agitato, for more nearly perfect ensemble playing has not been heard in this city, not even from the Kneisel Quartet. The Dvorák quintet was ardently played, yet with not quite the efficiency that an adequate number of rehearsals with Herr Stavenhagen would have insured. While Herr Stavenhagen did much refined and artistic playing, he was at times, notably in his forte playing, both coarse and noisy. Mr. Kneisel and his associates were quite the reverse; yet, even their worthiest playing was not wholly successful in contending with the very pugilistic kind of animosity that the pianist seemed to entertain for his keyboard.

Mr. Capen spoke in most flattering terms of Miss Franklin's singing:

Here, indeed, were four songs, which to be even adequately interpreted required an artist of the highest intelligence, not to mention the intricate and varied difficulty of their technical demands; yet that these songs were heard at their best, as Miss Franklin sang them, no unbiased musician could for a moment doubt. They were one and all most charmingly interpreted. Superlatively fine, indeed, was the artist's utterance of her each and every phrase.

* * *

Kneisel Quartet.—The Kneisel Quartet season in Brooklyn, given at Wissner Hall, brought forward two pianists never before heard in that city, and one who had not played there in twelve years. Mme. Paur and Mr. Arthur Whiting were the new pianists heard, and Mme. Rivè-King was the old favorite who reappeared. Three artists like the above was quite an array of star players for Mr. Colell to secure.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Novelties on the Programme Lend Special Interest.

Max Heinrich the Soloist—Goetz Overture Full of Beauty—Parker's Rhapsody Dramatic—Knorr Variations Piquant—Audience Cheers Tree—Jefferson Closes.

The selections for the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening were:

Overture, "Spring," in A major, op. 15 (first time).....Goetz
Rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," op. 40 (first time).....H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraine folk song, op. 7 (first time).....Knorr
Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

The soloist was Mr. Max Heinrich. The three novelties on the programme lent a special interest to it. That so charming a work as the Goetz overture should not have been heard here before is surprising. It is full of beauty, and its originality is as graceful as it is refreshing. Its melodiousness is unbroken from beginning, from the lovely, but brief, adagio to the end. Why it should be named "Spring" does not appear, but it has nothing of the aspect of "programme" music as may be listened to with pleasure and perfect understanding without any association with its title. The second theme is fascinating, and its announcement and development are delightful. The overture is perhaps somewhat prolix in its "working out," and the line is not strongly drawn between this portion of the work and what immediately precedes it, but as a whole it flows with remarakble ease, its effects are fine in their well considered contrasts, and there is an absence of conventionality in the treatment generally, both harmonic and instrumental, that gives a marked and unique individuality to the composition.

Mr. Parker's rhapsody is strongly dramatic and is brilliantly and effectively scored, but on a first hearing it seems to lack unity or continuity, and the general effect is so fragmentary that it is not easy to divine the composer's intentions, even from a rhapsodic standpoint. The orchestra predominates throughout to an extent that makes the voice part ineffective. The poem by the Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan, is obscure in meaning. The narrator dreams of a beautiful land in which the sun shines on fields of corn and lustrous gardens in a golden clime, and he hears the tones of silver lyres and many voices, whose song is as the heavenly hymn of angels. Then there is a change and the minstrels become dumb, all is dark, and kings and nobles are stricken with terror. Then the narrator, in his dream, goes forth and sees the sky flecked with blood and amid its shorn beams a skeleton. And that is all. If he had seen snakes the whole thing would be susceptible of explanation, but the skeleton leaves all in obscurity. The poem does not appear to be a felicitous choice for musical treatment, and in its fogginess of intent is not attractive in itself, and that shortcoming cannot be overcome easily by the musician. Thence, despite the admirable skill that Mr. Parker has shown in his orchestration and the impressive brilliancy of effect that characterizes the work, it is uninteresting through the lack of a motive that appeals lucidly to the understanding. The voice part is trying to the singer and is declamatory rather than melodious as the word is generally understood. Mr. Heinrich sang it with vigorous dramatic emphasis, and won three enthusiastic recalls.

The Khorr variations are on a theme that is piquant in subject and rhythm. The work shows a thorough knowledge of the orchestra, and the variations are ingenious and musicianly, an adagio and a scherzando being notably pleasing. As a whole, however, it is wanting in variety of effect, and frequently falls into tameness until the last three variations (there are eight in all) are reached. The performance, which was marked by the highest finish, did the fullest possible justice to the work. Mr. Heinrich's singing of "Pogner's Address" was artistic in phrasing and expression, but the song does not afford him an opportuntiy to be heard at his best, and beside, his voice seemed dry and fatigued. Nevertheless, he was warmly applauded and twice recalled.

The symphony was read in a masterly manner by Mr. Paur, and in a thoroughly sympathetic vein, and the performance by the orchestra was up to its highest standard. The repeat in the first movement was judiciously omitted. If some of the repetitions in the andante, beautiful as it is, could be similarly treated it would be an advantage to the movement.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 4 (B. and H.), Haydn; serenade for wind instruments, Mozart (first time); concerto for pianoforte, Chopin; overture, "Der Freischutz," Weber. The soloist is to be Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

Mr. Horatio W. Parker's "Cahal Mor" Produced for the First Time at the Twentieth Symphony Concert.

The program of the 20th symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture, "Spring," in A major, op. 15. (First time).....Goetz
Raphsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," op. 40. (First time).....H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraine Folk-Song, in F major, op. 7. (First time).....Knorr
Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg".....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

This concert was one of marked interest. It is a good thing to hear new music, so that the hearer may in future renew pleasure or avoid boredom.

The overture of Götz is entitled "Spring," a natural phenomenon known only to dwellers in New England by allusions to it by poets, musicians, men of scientific attainments and travelers. Spring in music is associated generally with a liberal use of clarinets, oboes, and flutes. But Götz abstained from the conventional and did not indulge himself in program-writing. The overture is fresh, original, spontaneous, and for the most part beautiful. The beginning and the ending are dramatic in a simple manner. The themes are eminently pleasing, and the development of them is thoroughly musical, not merely pedagogic. All in all it is a delightful work.

* * *

Mr Parker took as the text of his rhapsody the wild poem entitled "A Vision of Conraught in the Thirteenth Century," by James Clarence Mangan. The motto of this poem is "Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie." Mr. Parker for his musical purpose made a few slight changes in Mangan's verses. This poem is not perhaps as characteristic of the poet's genius as "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," "Sarsfield," or "The Nameless One," and yet read the first verse:

"I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

And who would not listen eagerly to the strange tale of the dreamer?

Did Mangan weave these fancies of opium and strong drink? Is the story founded on some Irish legend? There is no note or commentary. And the poem needs none. A gloss would be an impertinence.

This Rhapsodoy seems to me the highest flight of Mr. Parker's imagination. Freedom of thought, splendor of diction, gorgeous color, dramatic expression, the legitimately spectacular in music;—all these are in this orchestral piece in which the human voice is obligato. There is no attempt at panoramic treatment, and yet the mood of each verse is italicized most eloquently. Nor is there the incoherency that seems inevitable in the musical presentation of such a poem. Finely and impressively does Mr. Parker keep riveting the hearer's attention to the refrain, to that glorious, haunting line:

"Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

The instrumentation throughout is that of a master. Thrilling are the effects gained by simple means as in the expression of the strange change beneath the dome. Sensuousness that is noble, terror, the fantastic, the spiritual, the horrible—Mr. Parker suggests all these, and in the suggesting controls himself. And the highest praise is that the hearer henceforth cannot think of the poem of Mangan without the instantaneous accompanying thought of the music that is its double.

Mr. Max Heinrich declaimed the text with marked dignity and thorough appreciation of poet and musician.

* * *

And after this glowing, imaginative work came the variations by Knorr, a son, I believe, of the Dr. Knorr who was Schumann's friend. These variations show the well trained musician, who thinks correctly and as many other respectable people think. There are interesting rhythmic problems solved, and the variations are thoroughly made. And when you say they are thoroughly made, the story is told.

* * *

Mr. Heinrich declaimed Pogner's address from Wagner's comic opera. In the opera Pogner is a good deal of a bore; and why should he be brought out on the concert stage? This is not said with any disrespect to Mr. Heinrich, who went through his task manfully and as though he really enjoyed it.

* * *

It is the fashion to rail at the great symphony by Schubert; but even the scoffers must be dumb when they hear the famous trombone passages in the first movement, or even the very opening of the symphony. Long as the second movement is, there are measures of imperishable beauty. And in these first two movements there is stuff enough for a dozen conventional symphonies.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1895.

The vocal music at the twentieth Symphony concert anticipated in certain senses the Wagner epoch of next week, of which prelude there was really no need. Mr. Max Heinrich, who was the singer, produced Pogner's Address, which has become about as hackneyed as Webster's reply to Hayne or Shiel's "Irish Aliens," and made rather less effect than one of those speeches would do at a Latin School exhibition. He also sang something new—a setting by Mr. H. W. Parker of Mangan's half legendary, half fanciful ballad, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand." The weird and romantic verses offer a composer an opportunity to write something thrilling and pathetic—a strong and strange scene with a brilliant vein of melody in the old Irish modes running through it for the singer, and imparting its chief quality and merit. Mr. Parker has tried pretty nearly every orchestral combination, using all the drums, the harp, the cymbals and the full brass choir. Some of his illustrative passages are certainly both pathetic and dramatic, and their variety is no less noticeable than their general appositeness. But the singer is oppressed and burdened in true Wagnerian style. What he has to sing has neither the freedom, the appropriateness nor the diversity of the orchestra score, and he stands at times almost like a good speaker reduced to describing a panorama. Especially must this be the case when the orchestra are so continuously and mercilessly loud as Mr. Paur allowed them to be. If Mr. Heinrich had had a fair chance, his vivid and sympathetic dramatic style might have made his delivery of the vocal text far more interesting to the audience and more remunerative to himself.

There were two new orchestral works on the programme, of which the first was a "Spring" overture by Goetz, which began with a hopeful and promising trumpet-call followed by a soft, slow rising adagio and a pleasantly pastoral allegro. But the interest was not well sustained, although the writing appeared to be neat, tasteful and skilful. The other was a nice and generally interesting set of variations by Iwan Knorr upon a Ukraine folk-song, in which the theme was held up with remarkable clearness and the contrasts between the wooden wind and the strings were particularly clever and agreeable. Both were played too heavily, however.

The symphony was Schubert's ninth, in C major, so full of beauty and of strength, in the playing of which the latter element was more obvious than the former, for there was far too little softness and delicacy in the reading. The orchestra seemed to have got so much power to their elbows and lungs as not to be able to come anywhere near a pianissimo, and hardly to compass a piano.

Next Saturday's programme names: Haydn's fourth symphony, a Mozart serenade for wind instruments, Weber's "Der Freischutz" overture and a Chopin concerto for a new pianist, Miss Szumowska.

The Kneisel Quartette at their last concert but one for the present season had the assistance of Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen in playing Dvorak's pianoforte quintette in A, opus 81. In this work the foreign virtuoso replaced Mrs. H. H. A. Beach who was prevented by illness from taking her expected share. Mr. Stavenhagen's performance was interesting always, but not at all points satisfactory. In his happier moments he showed the taste, the delicacy, the gracefully-moving touch and the interpretative sympathy which have been noticed in his lighter numbers at his own concerts, but again he seemed to feel as if he were playing some impetuously thundering passage of Liszt, and overbore his associates, who held discreetly back from excess of force although they kept close beside him when he forced the pace. A Schumann quartette, also in A major, began the evening and was perfectly played by Mr. Kneisel and his harmonious brethren. Between these pieces, Miss Franklin, who never appears to better advantage than in a room of moderate size, sang in her best style an odd "Heute Dich," by Mr. Paur, a pair of songs by Bizet and an elaborately difficult song by Henschel, meeting their technical difficulties with ease and beautifying them with pure tones and fine phrasings.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony concert of last night was noticeable more because of the fact that three of the five numbers on the programme were heard for the first time, rather than of any special musical value attached to either of them. The programme opened with the overture "Spring" in A major, by Goetz, which has as its chief feature a quaint beginning and ending, but its passages, while of a harmonious nature, do not rise above mediocrity.

The second number introduced Mr. Max Heinrich, whom it is always a pleasure to hear. He was heard in a rhapsody, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," by H. W. Parker, and which really proved a thankless task for the soloist. Not that he did not do it justice, for he certainly did all that was possible with the material at hand. To quote a line in one of the verses, "none seemed to understand" what the rhapsody was all about. Much more can be said for the orchestral background than for the vocal part, for it was rich in varied and graceful passages and of a highly dramatic order in several places.

Mr. Heinrich was later heard in Payner's address from Wagner's "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," which he rendered in German and with much interest and enthusiasm. The number showed to advantage all the beauties and artistic qualities of Mr. Heinrich's cultivated voice and proved a delight to the audience.

Iwan Knorr's variations on an Ukraine folk-song in F major was also one of the new numbers, but it proved to be rather dull and failed to arouse any enthusiasm. The programme closed with the Schubert symphony No. 9, whose many beauties largely atone for its great length.

At the next concert a Mozart serenade for wind instruments will be played for the first time and Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the piano soloist.

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Boston Journal

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The usual large audience was gathered in Music hall last evening and gave cordial evidence of thoroughly enjoying the program arranged by director Paur for the 20th Symphony concert. Three novelties were offered, an overture entitled "Spring," by Herman Goetz; "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, by Horatio W. Parker, and variations on an Ukraine folk-song in F major, by Iwan Knorr. The other selections were Pogner's address from Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Schubert's ninth symphony. Mr Max Heinrich was the soloist.

The Goetz overture is a gracefully written and very pleasing, although rather unpretentious work. The themes are clear, strongly developed, and are marked by considerable originality. To a certain extent the music is of a descriptive character, and is often strikingly suggestive of the title given the composition. The instrumentation is very elaborate, and the effects gained are artistic and enjoyable.

The variations written by Knorr on the Ukraine song are excellent examples of this well-equipped composer's versatility and originality in musical thought. There are eight variations on the original theme, an odd, barbaric melody of peculiar rhythm. It is played in three-part harmony by the wood wind over a pizzicato bass in the cello and double basses. The second part of the melody is given to the strings, and the third to the horns and bassoons. The variations are all notable for beautiful and contrasted effects, and betray admirable command of orchestral resources.

Schubert's splendid symphony was finely played. Mr Paur's reading was at once forceful and intelligent. He endeavored to give a faithful reflection of the spirit of the composer, and very properly refrained from attempting to improve upon the original score. Mr Paur has gained an enviable reputation for the faithfulness of his interpretations, a reputation that was not possessed by his predecessor.

Mr Max Heinrich has long been a favorite here, and his appearance at the symphony concert last evening was welcomed by enthusiastic applause. He sang the Pogner address with superb distinctness of enunciation and with splendid spirit and expression. He was in the best of voice, and altogether gave an admirable interpretation of one of the gems of Wagner's famous musical comedy.

He was no less successful in singing the rhapsody written by Mr Parker for the text of James Clarence Morgan's poem, "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand." The poem is written in heroic measure, and tells of the former glories of Erin. Mr Parker's music is admirably suited to the text, and like all the work by this talented composer, it is written in a scholarly and finished style. Mr Parker has dedicated this rhapsody to Mr Heinrich.

The program announced for the next symphony concert is as follows:

Symphony No. 4 ..... Haydn
Serenade for wind instruments ..... Mozart
Concerto for pianoforte ..... Chopin
Overture, Freischuetz ..... Weber
Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31.

The Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its twentieth concert of the season, at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Overture, "Spring" (first time) ..... Goetz
Cahal of the Wine Red Rand (new) Horatio W. Parker
Variations (first time) ..... Knorr
Aria from the "Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Symphony, No. 9, in C major ..... Schubert
Soloist, Mr. Max Heinrich.

The Goetz overture is a most attractive work, with a certain freshness and unlabored gayety, that are not strongly characteristic of modern composers. Goetz did not live long enough to exhaust his ideas or the romance of youth, and so there is always an inspiring touch of poetry in his music, a sincerity and a spontaneity, that cause one to forget the absence, perhaps, of higher art qualities.

Mr. Parker's "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand" is a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, and even in its title is suggestive of oriental lands, rose gardens and bulbuls, and leads one to suspect that the wine-red hand will receive some special illustrative touches in music, a belief which required strong imaginative powers to confirm; the poem to which the music is set deals simply with a golden age, where the climate was delightful and there were "thrones and circling fires," tones of silver lyres and voices "in wreathed swell." After awhile the climate changed, "kings and nobles all looked aghast" the sky "showed fleckt with blood, an 'alien sun glared from the north; amid his *thorn beams stood* a skeleton." This is the subject of Mr. Parker's rhapsody. The orchestral introduction suggests a storm, but it is doubtful if they had this in the golden age; but when the work suggests peace and beauty the orchestra is in a continual state of unrest, "circling fires" are represented on the harp, and the "heavenly hymn of an angel band" by drums and cymbals. The composer's intention was larger than his demonstration; there is a suggestion of mystery in both the words and the music, but it is the mystery of turgid thought and not of poetic imagination. Perhaps a rhapsody will excuse vagueness, exaggeration and affectation, and it may be that what is most incomprehensible is most profound. Mr. Heinrich's singing aroused the audience to great enthusiasm.

The Knorr variations are interesting without being over stimulating. They interest like the skill of the conjuror who turns one rabbit into two and extracts a canary bird from a thimble. The skill displayed is admirable, and unfortunately not impossible.

Mr. Heinrichs again aroused the enthusiasm of the audience by his singing of Pogner's address, the orchestra frequently overpowering his voice by its loudness, but probably this was the intention of the composer.

The programme for the next concert is: Haydn's Symphony No. 4; Mozart's Serenade for wind instruments; a Chopin Concerto for pianoforte, and Weber's Overture, "Der Frieschutz." Miss Antoinette Szumowska is the soloist.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goetz: Frühlings-Ouverture, in A major, opus 15. (First time.)
Horatio W. Parker: "Cahal Mór of the Wine-red Hand," rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, opus 40. (First time.)
Iwan Knorr: Variations on an Ukraine Folk-song, in F major, opus 7. (First time.)
Wagner: Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," act 1., scene iii.
Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C major.
Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer.

Goetz's overture is a charming work, full of bright, melodic invention and well worked out; not a composition of the gigantic sort, but pure, delightful music. It was exceedingly well played.

Iwan Knorr is a new composer to our public; he is a man of forty-two, born in Western Prussia and brought up in the Leipzig school; after spending a good part of his life in Russia, he was called in 1883 to Hoch's Conservatorium in Frankfort as teacher of theory and composition. Judging from the set of variations played at this concert, his Leipzig teaching, under Reinecke and Richter, did not prevent his being strongly influenced by his Russian surroundings. The Ukrane theme is lovely in itself, and deliciously given out by the orchestra; the variations, however, did not impress us very strongly. The first one is based upon a sort of counterpoint of which one hoped that Meyerbeer had said the last word, and most of the others shine more by brilliancy of orchestration and a certain piquant fantasticism of style than by more solid musical qualities. There is, however, one variation, an *Adagio* in D-flat major, which is full of genuine musical beauty. The composition was admirably played.

The great Schubert symphony was played with a technical perfection up to the very best things our orchestra has done. The balance between all parts of the orchestra was perfect, even in those places where Schubert's somewhat reckless scoring might well have given undue prominence to certain parts, and even the most intricate passages were played with a distinctness and finish that left nothing to be desired. The performance was also full of vitality and vigor, certain details of accent being brought out with convincing distinctness. One point in the performance, on the other hand, was far less commendable. If there ever were a work, of which rhythmic persistency was a prime factor, this symphony of Schubert's is that work; each one of the four movements is an idealized dance. Mr. Paur's "modifications" of the tempo seemed to us without exception entirely out of place and disturbing; we had far rather have heard the symphony go as if by clock-work. No doubt some passages were thrown into stronger relief by the process, but only at the expense of cooling down the general temperature of the work, so to speak. The Finale suffered most, but there were also places in the slow movement in which a sudden slackening of the tempo was more irritating than anything else. The wonderful Trio of the Scherzo also suffered from dragging. Only the first movement went almost invariably to our liking.

Mr. Parker's "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand" is a work not to be judged too quickly. The composer has well caught the picturesque suggestiveness of Mangan's glowing verses, and rendered it musically with a wealth of fancy and richness of coloring that compel admiration at once. In regard to the composer's specifically melodic power, we still feel much as we did after hearing his "*Hora novissima;*" we are not yet sufficiently familiar with his general melodic style to judge of it. To us his phrases always bring the unexpected, and the unexpected in music is often of the nature of a disappointment. This trait in Mr. Parker's melody may quite as well be a sign of genuine originality as of mere searching after novelty; not one of the really great and original composers in history ever had his melodic style appreciated at first. We are as yet in the condition of finding Mr. Parker's phrases merely unusual; with time and better acquaintance we may get to seeing something else in them. But of the dramatic force shown in this Rhapsody there can be no question; it is enormously effective. One impression it made on us was, however, so distinct that we are tolerably sure of its being right; it is the impression that almost all American works have made upon us for the last two decades, not only American musical compositions, but American pictures, statues, stories, novels and poetry. This is the impression of being, like our national bread and biscuits, all too slack-baked. We do not feel this in "Cáhal Mór" more strongly than in a host of other native works; or, if we did, it would only be because there seems to be more talent, perhaps genius, shown here than in most of them; but we do feel it quite as strongly as in others. Like most of the younger American composers, painters, authors or poets, Mr. Parker has here put out a composition in just that condition in which one feels it to be ready for the composer to *begin* really to work on it. The plan and scheme of the work are admirable; they show fineness of conception, imaginativeness, poetic sympathy, even now and then a touch of genius. What could be finer, for instance, than Mr. Parker's way of treating the fourth stanza?—

I sought the hall, and, behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from weal to woe!
Kings, nobles, all looked aghast and strange,
The minstrel group sat in dumbest show!
Had some great crime wrought this dread amaze.
This terror? None seemed to understand!

Here the poet goes on with the ever-recurring refrain about—

This is the time, these be the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

or, rather, we suppose he does; for we have not seen the printed poem, and have the text only as it stands in Mr. Parker's score. Mr. Parker, with admirable musico-poetic instinct, cuts out this refrain; he leaves the explanation all in the vague and lets the orchestra tell what "none seemed to understand." This is a stroke of something very like genius. Nor is this by any means the only fine point in the work, which is one of the most brilliant we have yet heard from an American composer. And yet, with all its poetic imagery, brilliancy, gorgeous and picturesque coloring, the composition, even in the matter of orchestration, gives one the impression of being somehow unfinished, of needing to be worked over some more. Mr. Heinrich sang it splendidly, his perfect clearness of enunciation of the text never for a mo-

The next programme is: Haydn, symphony in D major, "The Clock" (B. & H., No. 4; Peters, No. 3); Mozart, serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E-flat major (first time); Chopin, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in F minor, opus 21; Weber, overture to "Der Freischütz." Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the pianist.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1895.

THE TWENTIETH SYMPHONY.

SEVERAL COMPOSITIONS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was performed:

Overture, "Spring" ..... Goetz
Rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," ..... H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraine Folk-Song ..... Knorr
Pogner's Address, "Die Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major ..... Schubert

Mr. Max Heinrich was the soloist.

The Goetz Overture, the Rhapsody by Parker and the Variations by Knorr were heard for the first time in these concerts. Conductor Paur, as is often the case, was too generous in the quantity offered on this occasion. It is poor policy and bad art in programme arrangement and performance to be obliged to hurry from one number to another as was the case at this concert. The Knorr Variations could well have been omitted and given on some future occasion, if it was necessary to expose their protracted and not inspiring proportions. Mr. Paur could have then vouchsafed his audience a few minutes' rest between the remaining numbers, much to the advantage of the performance and the comfort of the listeners.

The "Spring" overture of Goetz proved to be a delightful composition, the composer having worked out his ideas in a skilful and coherent manner—ideas that are the result of inspiration on the part of the author, not invention, for they are fresh and spontaneous, and flow like a river between its banks, unobstructed and broadening in the course of development. It is a pleasure to listen to such genuine music devoid of the effort to paint a panorama of the earliest season, with its fitful changes, birds, buds and blossoms, as the modern composer too frequently attempts. It was splendidly read and played.

The element in Mr. Parker's Rhapsody that commands at once the attention of the listener is the characteristic display of imagination in the instrumentation, a mastery of means that renders the composition at times dramatic and effective in the extreme. The poem is abrupt in its changes and the effort of the composer to depict the poet's intention is probably the reason why the composer has appeared to be fragmentary and incoherent in his setting of the verses. The orchestral score is brilliant and effective almost to the extinction of the vocal part. One must listen, and admire the means employed, and at the same time regret that the composer has not behind this mastery of resources, something of greater import musically, to go hand in hand with his emotional adornment. Such compositions have not the lasting value that should accompany the sincere and ambitious effort of so admirable a workman.

Mr. Max Heinrich sang his part in a musicianlike and dramatic manner as he is wont to do upon all occasions. In the same proportion that he is admirable as a musician he is deficient as a vocalist. He has little or no idea of vowel forms, and has no logical method of voice production. His voice, which naturally is not of mellifluous quality, is located in his nose, his pharynx or his throat, as it happens to hit. His efforts are as if an instrumentalist had taken up singing at once without the least attempt at elementary training either in voice-building or vocal technique. Mr. Heinrich's intonation has of late become disagreeably false at times. The audience recalled Mr. Heinrich several times, although his effort in a vocal sense was not a commendable one. He met with similar recognition in the Wagner aria, which was overburdened by the accompaniment. But this matters little, as the aria is barely worth the effort Mr. Knorr, in his Variations, shows the knowledge, skill and ingenuity of the competent musician both in the composition and the instrumentation, but the Variations as a whole are ineffective and wearisome as a concert piece.

The great Schubert symphony was in many respects finely played. The wind, especially the wood-wind, was often too loud and wanting in delicacy, the fault of the conductor, who has a very poor appreciation of the necessity for dynamic gradation. Individually the flute, oboe and clarinet soloists played with delightful effect in the obligato passages. The wind and strings seesawed in the last movement at times. Mr. Paur is to be thanked for the repeats omitted and the "cuts" made in this work of "heavenly length." Generally speaking the orchestra played splendidly throughout the programme.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING APRIL 1. 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Three New Works and Schubert's Tenth Symphony.

The Concert Distinguished by Varied Beauty of Selection.

That keen communication of sympathy that sometimes prevails in a concert hall has perhaps not been more noticeable in the symphony concert series this season than at the twentieth concert in Music Hall, Saturday evening. The concert was distinguished by a varied beauty of selection including much that was new: the vigor, delicacy and smoothness, and by the prompt and unanimous ensemble with which nearly everything was rendered. Appetizing at the start was the overture "Spring" by Hermann Goetz. Regarding the significance of its title, this work like the pastoral music of Beethoven would seem to be feeling rather than painting. It is however, a sunny, bright and exhilerating product that, if anything, tends to illustrate the general awakening of animate nature at the arrival of spring. Following the overture came a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra to the words of a grotesque and visionary old Irish poem by James Clarence Mangan. The work is voluptuously scored, the composer unmistakably having found in the poem the widest desirable scope for his virtuosic tone painting. Its single shortcoming would appear to be with a proneness to present a "Carlylian wide-weltering chaos" in an incessant sea of tones, yet even this slightly unfavorable impression might wholly disappear as the result of a second hearing. The succession of harmonies and modulations have often an appalling effect in outbursts of grim humor, while all possible orchestral means are applied so as to intensify to the utmost the weird and supernatural suggestions of James Mangan's poem. The charm of the coloring, the magical spirit which pervades the composition, and the dramatic picture presented of manly, passionate, and even in the dream, heroic conflict, are all in all productive of a truly beautiful and richly colored tone piece. The vocal part throughout is one of extreme difficulty, and it covers a wide range.

As regards pure vocalism there was perhaps as little of it in Mr. Max Heinrich's singing as there would have been in the art of some venerable canter Emeritus. His naturally sympathetic voice seemed pitiably tired; but his interpretation was as usual that of the ideal musician. The mind and the heart of the singer were as one in one of the most artistic and masterly triumphs, attained nevertheless at no small disadvantage, that has been experienced in Music Hall this season. Brave Max Heinrich.

The third novelty that the programme had to offer was a work by Irvan Knorr—eight melancholy variations on an Ukraine folk-song, in F major, op. 7. The variations are one and all ingeniously and correctly made: but the composer would seem to have used his profound musical knowledge not to intensify or to illustrate in any strong light the thoughts and images of a profoundly musical nature, but to obscure the same, possibly through fear of appearing commonplace. The work imposes not a little dreariness and unrest. A terrible deal of mind is made in it to subserve the interests of the theoretical bug-bear that the composer utilizes for the express purpose of making the musical expression seem secondary.

Following the symphony, Pogner's Address from the "Master Singers" was finely given by Mr. Max Heinrich; and then for a finale came the great symphony in C major by Schubert. This was stated on the programme to be Schubert's ninth symphony. So thought George Grove when this posthumous work was discovered many years ago; but in 1881 Mr. Grove does not hesitate to style the C-major symphony as No. 10.

The proof seems indisputable to Grove that there was a symphony written by Schubert while in Gastein, which is doubtless his symphony No. 9. The symphony played Saturday evening, namely, the 10th, and not the 9th, as the programme stated, was written during the last year that Schubert lived. In no symphonic music of Schubert are the wind instruments so charmingly used as in the first two movements of this work.

Who shall say that it was to Schubert's disadvantage that he was unskilled in counterpoint, so long as he was such a complete master of orchestral effect, and such a fountainhead of the very purest melody. The stately, soul-stirring harmonies of the introduction and the rich, warm coloring in the allegro that follows were brought vividly into view by Conductor Paur, and in the form of a real picture.—so masterly was the reading and so unanimously con amore was the performance by the orchestra.

The rhapsodie referred to was also for the most part finely played; although there was an unhealthy pitch at times in some of the wind instruments which may possibly have arisen from a whole week's blow-out that must have been required for its interpretation. The harp effects of the work were exquisitely illustrated by Herr Schnecker.

C. L. Capen.

Note.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a fine programme in Cambridge, at Sanders Theatre, next Thursday evening. "An Island Fantasy" by J. K. Paine; symphony "Im Walde" by Raff; and ballet music from Silvia by Delibes will be performed: and there will be vocal selections rendered by Mr. Ben Davies.

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

The usual large audience was gathered in Music hall last evening and gave cordial evidence of thoroughly enjoying the program arranged by director Paur for the 20th Symphony concert. Three novelties were offered, an overture entitled "Spring," by Herman Goetz; "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, by Horatio W. Parker, and variations on an Ukraine folk-song in F major, by Iwan Knorr. The other selections were Pogner's address from Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Schubert's ninth symphony. Mr Max Heinrich was the soloist.

The Goetz overture is a gracefully written and very pleasing, although rather unpretentious work. The themes are clear, strongly developed, and are marked by considerable originality. To a certain extent the music is of a descriptive character, and is often strikingly suggestive of the title given the composition. The instrumentation is very elaborate, and the effects gained are artistic and enjoyable.

The variations written by Knorr on the Ukraine song are excellent examples of this well-equipped composer's versatility and originality in musical thought. There are eight variations on the original theme, an odd, barbaric melody of peculiar rhythm. It is played in three-part harmony by the wood wind over a pizzicato bass in the cello and double basses. The second part of the melody is given to the strings, and the third to the horns and bassoons. The variations are all notable for beautiful and contrasted effects, and betray admirable command of orchestral resources.

Schubert's splendid symphony was finely played. Mr Paur's reading was at once forceful and intelligent. He endeavored to give a faithful reflection of the spirit of the composer, and very properly refrained from attempting to improve upon the original score. Mr Paur has gained an enviable reputation for the faithfulness of his interpretations, a reputation that was not possessed by his predecessor.

Mr Max Heinrich has long been a favorite here, and his appearance at the symphony concert last evening was welcomed by enthusiastic applause. He sang the Pogner address with superb distinctness of enunciation and with splendid spirit and expression. He was in the best of voice, and altogether gave an admirable interpretation of one of the gems of Wagner's famous musical comedy.

He was no less successful in singing the rhapsody written by Mr Parker for the text of James Clarence Morgan's poem, "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand." The poem is written in heroic measure, and tells of the former glories of Erin. Mr Parker's music is admirably suited to the text, and like all the work by this talented composer, it is written in a scholarly and finished style. Mr Parker has dedicated this rhapsody to Mr Heinrich.

The program announced for the next symphony concert is as follows:

Symphony No. 4 ..... Haydn
Serenade for wind instruments ..... Mozart
Concerto for pianoforte ..... Chopin
Overture, Freischuetz ..... Weber
Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Gazette
BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31.

The Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its twentieth concert of the season, at Music Hall, last night. The programme was:

Overture, "Spring" (first time) ..... Goetz
Cahal of the Wine Red Rand (new) Horatio W. Parker
Variations (first time) ..... Knorr
Aria from the "Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Symphony, No. 9, in C major ..... Schubert
Soloist, Mr. Max Heinrich.

The Goetz overture is a most attractive work, with a certain freshness and unlabored gayety, that are not strongly characteristic of modern composers. Goetz did not live long enough to exhaust his ideas or the romance of youth, and so there is always an inspiring touch of poetry in his music, a sincerity and a spontaniety, that cause one to forget the absence, perhaps, of higher art qualities.

Mr. Parker's "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand" is a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, and even in its title is suggestive of oriental lands, rose gardens and bulbuls, and leads one to suspect that the wine-red hand will receive some special illustrative touches in music, a belief which required strong imaginative powers to confirm; the poem to which the music is set deals simply with a golden age, where the climate was delightful and there were "thrones and circling fires," tones of silver lyres and voices "in wreathed swell." After awhile the climate changed, "kings and nobles all looked aghast" the sky "showed fleckt with blood, an 'alien sun glared from the north; amid his *shorn beams stood* a skeleton." This is the subject of Mr. Parker's rhapsody. The orchestral introduction suggests a storm, but it is doubtful if they had this in the golden age; but when the work suggests peace and beauty the orchestra is in a continual state of unrest, "circling fires" are represented on the harp, and the "heavenly hymn of an angel band" by drums and cymbals. The composer's intention was larger than his demonstration; there is a suggestion of mystery in both the words and the music, but it is the mystery of turgid thought and not of poetic imagination. Perhaps a rhapsody will excuse vagueness, exaggeration and affectation, and i may be that what is most incomprehensible is most profound. Mr. Heinrich's singing aroused the audience to great enthusiasm.

The Knorr variations are interesting without being over stimulating. They interest like the skill of the conjuror who turns one rabbit into two and extracts a canary bird from a thimble. The skill displayed is admirable, and unfortunately not impossible.

Mr. Heinrichs again aroused the enthusiasm of the audience by his singing of Pogner's address, the orchestra frequently overpowering his voice by its loudness, but probably this was the intention of the composer.

The programme for the next concert is: Haydn's Symphony No. 4; Mozart's Serenade for wind instruments; a Chopin Concerto for pianoforte, and Weber's Overture, "Der Frieschutz." Miss Antoinette Szumowska is the soloist.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goetz: Frühlings-Ouvertüre, in A major, opus 15. (First time.)
Horatio W. Parker: "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand," rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, opus 40. (First time.)
Iwan Knorr: Variations on an Ukraine Folk-song, in F major, opus 7. (First time.)
Wagner: Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," act 1., scene iii.
Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C major.
Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer.

Goetz's overture is a charming work, full of bright, melodic invention and well worked out; not a composition of the gigantic sort, but pure, delightful music. It was exceedingly well played.

Iwan Knorr is a new composer to our public; he is a man of forty-two, born in Western Prussia and brought up in the Leipzig school; after spending a good part of his life in Russia, he was called in 1883 to Hoch's Conservatorium in Frankfort as teacher of theory and composition. Judging from the set of variations played at this concert, his Leipzig teaching, under Reinecke and Richter, did not prevent his being strongly influenced by his Russian surroundings. The Ukrane theme is lovely in itself, and deliciously given out by the orchestra; the variations, however, did not impress us very strongly. The first one is based upon a sort of counterpoint of which one hoped that Meyerbeer had said the last word, and most of the others shine more by brilliancy of orchestration and a certain piquant fantasticism of style than by more solid musical qualities. There is, however, one variation, an *Adagio* in D-flat major, which is full of genuine musical beauty. The composition was admirably played.

The great Schubert symphony was played with a technical perfection up to the very best things our orchestra has done. The balance between all parts of the orchestra was perfect, even in those places where Schubert's somewhat reckless scoring might well have given undue prominence to certain parts, and even the most intricate passages were played with a distinctness and finish that left nothing to be desired. The performance was also full of vitality and vigor, certain details of accent being brought out with convincing distinctness. One point in the performance, on the other hand, was far less commendable. If there ever were a work, of which rhythmic persistency was a prime factor, this symphony of Schubert's is that work; each one of the four movements is an idealized dance. Mr. Paur's "modifications" of the tempo seemed to us without exception entirely out of place and disturbing; we had far rather have heard the symphony go as if by clock-work. No doubt some passages were thrown into stronger relief by the process, but only at the expense of cooling down the general temperature of the work, so to speak. The Finale suffered most, but there were also places in the slow movement in which a sudden slackening of the tempo was more irritating than anything else. The wonderful Trio of the Scherzo also suffered from dragging. Only the first movement went almost invariably lo our liking.

Mr. Parker's "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand" is a work not to be judged too quickly. The composer has well caught the picturesque suggestiveness of Mangan's glowing verses, and rendered it musically with a wealth of fancy and richness of coloring that compel admiration at once. In regard to the composer's specifically melodic power, we still feel much as we did after hearing his "*Hora novissima*;" we are not yet sufficiently familiar with his general melodic style to judge of it. To us his phrases always bring the unexpected, and the unexpected in music is often of the nature of a disappointment. This trait in Mr. Parker's melody may quite as well be a sign of genuine originality as of mere searching after novelty; not one of the really great and original composers in history ever had his melodic style appreciated at first. We are as yet in the condition of finding Mr. Parker's phrases merely unusual; with time and better acquaintance we may get to seeing something else in them. But of the dramatic force shown in this Rhapsody there can be no question; it is enormously effective. One impression it made on us was, however, so distinct that we are tolerably sure of its being right; it is the impression that almost all American works have made upon us for the last two decades, not only American musical compositions, but American pictures, statues, stories, novels and poetry. This is the impression of being, like our national bread and biscuits, all too slack-baked. We do not feel this in "Cáhal Mór" more strongly than in a host of other native works; or, if we did, it would only be because there seems to be more talent, perhaps genius, shown here than in most of them; but we do feel it quite as strongly as in others. Like most of the younger American composers, painters, authors or poets, Mr. Parker has here put out a composition in just that condition in which one feels it to be ready for the composer to *begin* really to work on it. The plan and scheme of the work are admirable; they show fineness of conception, imaginativeness, poetic sympathy, even now and then a touch of genius. What could be finer, for instance, than Mr. Parker's way of treating the fourth stanza?—

I sought the hall, and, behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from weal to woe!
Kings, nobles, all looked aghast and strange,
The minstrel group sat in dumbest show!
Had some great crime wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!

Here the poet goes on with the ever-recurring refrain about—

This is the time, these be the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

or, rather, we suppose he does; for we have not seen the printed poem, and have the text only as it stands in Mr. Parker's score. Mr. Parker, with admirable musico-poetic instinct, cuts out this refrain; he leaves the explanation all in the vague and lets the orchestra tell what "none seemed to understand." This is a stroke of something very like genius. Nor is this by any means the only fine point in the work, which is one of the most brilliant we have yet heard from an American composer. And yet, with all its poetic imagery, brilliancy, gorgeous and picturesque coloring, the composition, even in the matter of orchestration, gives one the impression of being somehow unfinished, of needing to be worked over some more. Mr. Heinrich sang it splendidly, his perfect clearness of annunciation of the text never for a moment interfering with his fine expression of tone nor his admirable musical phrasing. In Pogner's Address, from the "Meistersinger," he was also at his very best, and made a profound impression. He is an artist like few!

The next programme is: Haydn, symphony in D major, "The Clock" (B. & H., No. 4; Peters, No. 3); Mozart, serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E-flat major (first time); Chopin, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in F minor, opus 21; Weber, overture to "Der Freischütz." Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the pianist.

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Symphony No. 9, in C major ..... Schubert

Mr. Max Heinrich was the soloist.

The Goetz Overture, the Rhapsody by Parker and the Variations by Knorr were heard for the first time in these concerts. Conductor Paur, as is often the case, was too generous in the quantity offered on this occasion. It is poor policy and bad art in programme arrangement and performance to be obliged to hurry from one number to another as was the case at this concert. The Knorr Variations could well have been omitted and given on some future occasion, if it was necessary to expose their protracted and not inspiring proportions. Mr. Paur could have then vouchsafed his audience a few minutes' rest between the remaining numbers, much to the advantage of the performance and the comfort of the listeners.

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American Art Journal.

The Oldest Musical Weekly Published in America.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.

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Gazette

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Overture "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowski.

Both on artistic grounds and out of courtesy to the soloist, the order of music on this programme should have been inverted; bad taste and thoughtlessness can alone excuse the mistake.

The soloist, Miss Szumowski, is an artist by instinct as well as by education, and it is pleasant to record that she is free from affectation of any kind. She plays with charming ease, grace and delicacy, and the tone she produces is clear, rich and full. There is no exaggeration in Miss Szumowski's playing, no morbidness, no affected sentimentalism. She does not treat Chopin as if he were a disease to be humored, nor on the other hand can she be charged with coldness. Nothing could be more gracious, finished, tender and refined than her interpretation of the second movement of the concerto. The touch was of the utmost delicacy and beauty, the tone clear, warm and most delightful in quality. Paderewski, himself, never produced finer pianissimo playing. The gradation of tone color and contrast were exquisite, and the artistic taste and self-reserve beyond praise. The third movement was given with dainty vivacity and freshness, and the difficulties in the first movement were conquered with masterful ease. Intellect and heart are equally combined in Miss Szumowski's playing; she does not yield to unreasoning impulse, nor ostentatiously indulge in tours de force to win applause. There are warmth and tenderness in abundance, but no trace of hysterical mawkishness. Since the time of Madame Essipoff there has been heard here no woman pianist who can be compared to Miss Szumowski. She has as yet given but one specimen of her skill; but, from the delightful manner in which the work was interpreted, it is not daring to prophesy that both from her talent and from her technical excellence, Miss Szumowski will win the warm admiration of all those who love piano playing as a high art.

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BOSTON [illegible]

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

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The third number introduced the soloist of the evening, Mlle. Szumowska. Her selection was Chopin's concerto for pianoforte No. 2 in F minor, opus 21. The soloist was evidently a trifle nervous, and was not heard at her best in the first movement. Her playing was well received, however, and encouraged by hearty applause she began the second movement with much more confidence, and gave it a brilliant rendering. The best point in Mlle. Szumowska's playing is her delicacy of touch and absolute clearness of every note in pianissimo passages, even the most rapid and difficult. Compared with other noted pianists who have lately been heard in this city, she seems to lack strength and force in forte passages. She would undoubtedly be heard to better advantage in a drawing room recital than in Music Hall. She is a pupil of Paderewski, and her splendid touch and perfect technique are doubtless due to his teaching. She has played with great success in Paris, London and other European cities, and is bound to make hosts of friends in this country.

The programme closed with Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz."

Next week the public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternon.

American Art Journal.

The Oldest Musical Weekly Published in America.

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The third number introduced the soloist of the evening, Mlle. Szumowska. Her selection was Chopin's concerto for pianoforte No. 2 in F minor, opus 21. The soloist was evidently a trifle nervous, and was not heard at her best in the first movement. Her playing was well received, however, and encouraged by hearty applause she began the second movement with much more confidence, and gave it a brilliant rendering. The best point in Mlle. Szumowska's playing is her delicacy of touch and absolute clearness of every note in pianissimo passages, even the most rapid and difficult. Compared with other noted pianists who have lately been heard in this city, she seems to lack strength and force in forte passages. She would undoubtedly be heard to better advantage in a drawing room recital than in Music Hall. She is a pupil of Paderewski, and her splendid touch and perfect technique are doubtless due to his teaching. She has played with great success in Paris, London and other European cities, and is bound to make hosts of friends in this country.

The programme closed with Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz."

Next week the public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternon.

[115]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1895.

The program of the twentieth Symphony concert, the 80th, was as follows:

Overture, Spring.....Goetz
(First time.)
Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand, rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, op. 40.....H. W. Parker
(First time.)
Variations on an Ukraine folk song, F major, op. 7.....Ivan Knorr
(First time.)
Pogner's address, Die Meistersinger.....Wagner
Symphony, C major.....Schubert

I wonder if the poems of James Clarence Mangan are read in these days. There was an article about them in the *Atlantic* some time ago; but of course that appeal was to a limited audience. Besides, it is hard to imagine a genuine *Atlantic* reader in sympathy with Mangan. Then there was a reprint of the John Mitchel edition by Haverty in '87.

Never mind Mangan's translations from the German, admirable or otherwise. Read his poems on Irish themes.

There is the splendid Ode of O'Hussey to the Maguire, splendid as a glacier is splendid. Don't say at once Harrigan and mention Squatter Sovereignty.

Listen to just one verse:

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

Then note the Avran, how genuinely Irish:

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed—
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his righth and hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart!

Or read The Saw Mill, The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers, Siberia, The Nameless One.

Now, Mr. Parker choose for his text A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century, the motto of which is Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie. In this poem he made a few and slight changes to serve, perhaps, his musical purpose. Let me quote the first verse as Mangan wrote it, to show the musical suggestion:

I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand."

There are certain lines, often by so-called minor poets, that haunt, that spring to the lips, apropos of nothing, in times of excessive joy or causeless depression. These lines almost become a part of the one repeating them. To every man such lines, as well as a damsel or two. Just as Fitz-James O'Brien's Wharf Rat includes:

And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song,

so in this fantastic poem of Mangan is the line,

Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

It's a simple, yet mysterious story. The dreamer asks "a man of princely aspect and port sublime" what clime and golden time, and he addresses him as "Lord and Khan." The stranger tells of Erin and Cáhal Mór. And the dreamer sees thrones and circling fires, and a Dome rose near him, and voices sang the praise of the time and of Cáhal Mór. Then came a horrible change. Why the darkness and the terror? None seemed to understand:

But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the North,
And there stood on high
Amid his shorn beams a skeleton!

It was by the stream
Of the Castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

Mr. Parker has solved a difficult problem in a most satisfactory manner. He wrote the rhapsody, which is dedicated to Mr. Max Heinrich, about a year ago. It is my impression that he thought at first of making a cantata out of the poem. As the piece now stands, it is an orchestral rhapsody with the baritone voice obligato. Someone complained that the descriptive music was in the orchestral score, not in the voice; but how could it be otherwise?

This Rhapsody is thus far in Mr. Parker's career the highest flight of his imagination. There is abandon that only comes from firm control of means. There is keen sense of dramatic values. There is splendor of thought. There is gorgeousness of expression. Mr. Parker has saved himself from the reproach of exciting and superb incoherence by clinging fast to the central idea of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand. You should hear this line as declaimed by Mr. Heinrich and intensified by the orchestral treatment. Perhaps the highest pitch of æsthetic beauty is reached in the setting of:

Then saw I thrones
And circling fires,
And a Dome rose near me as by a spell.
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres,
And many voices in wreathed swell.

There is here a sumptuousness of instrumentation with a touch of mysticism that is long, long to be remembered. Mr. Heinrich declaimed his lines with full artistic appreciation of the poet and the musician.

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The Spring overture by Götz is a charming work, fresh, spontaneous, free from affectation, and not too jolly country, as George Moore said of Hardy's earlier novels. There is no attempt at woodwind-pastoral-business, but there is the elasticity as well as the buoyancy of the season as described by poets, students of climatic changes and travelers. Here in New England we ought to import spring, at least once a year.

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Is Iwan Knorr the son of Schumann's friend? Somebody said so the other day, but I can find no confirmation of the report. The cyclopædias tell us that he was a pupil of Reinecke and Richter, and he now lives in Frankfort. Twenty years ago he was living in Southern Russia, hence, probably, his affection for folk songs of the Ukraine breed, for besides these orchestral variations, he has written Ukrainische Liebeslieder for mixed quartet and piano.

The variations are well made, as becomes an instructor in a conservatory, and they are also dull. Would it interest you to know that a rhythmic peculiarity of the theme is that it ends on the last beat of the penultimate measure, this beat being tied to the first of the next measure; or that the fifth variation, D flat major (6-8 time) is a cantabile variation in the muted strings, woodwind and horns? If you are consumed with longing, I'll send you the program-book of the concert. It contains a description of the seven other variations—only eight in all? It seemed as though there were eighty.

Here is the description of the sixth: Allegro molto in F major (6-8 time).

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It is the fashion to praise the unfinished symphony of Schubert at the expense of his long one in C major. Probably one reason why the former is so popular is because it is unfinished.

It is easy to jest at the length of the great work, to speak of the strange monotony of its instrumentation, &c., &c., but there are passages that even after repeated hearings uplift the heart or at least reconcile to the plight of being alive. The very opening is still a thing of unearthly beauty. Marvelous still is the effect of those pianissimo trombone passages in the first allegro. If conductors would only take the second movement at a reasonable pace and not drag it out beyond endurance and turn sentiment into sentimentality.

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The Damrosch Opera Company will open at the Boston Theatre to-morrow night in Tristan und Isolde. The advance sale for the short season has been very large. In certain quarters there has been active preparation for the hearing. Some have been studying the guide books; others have hired pianists to play from the piano versions at so much an hour.

I have been trying to find out the prescription of the brewage that worked such woe to *Tristan*, *Isolde* and doddering *Marke*. It is not in any of the notes to Paulus Aegineta, nor have I yet found it in Kristian Frantz Paullini's Heilsame Dreck-Apotheke.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1895.

There are scores of pianists wandering about the world and claiming to be pupils and representatives of Liszt who have none of the elements of his wonderfully varied style but a certain dash and fiery force. But the young lady, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, who made her Boston debut in the twenty-first Symphony programme, can rightly claim to be a better exponent than that of the principles and style of her master Paderewski. She chose Chopin's second concerto—the one in F minor, opus 21. It is not so exacting as the first; yet it still calls for more sustained strength than this modest-appearing and pleasant-faced young lady possesses; for in the last movement her tone grew faint at times and there was some effort evident in the holding-up of long passages to their very end. But that is a matter of minor importance compared to the gracefulness, the nice taste, the exquisite tone, the abstinence from exaggeration of phrase or sentiment and the quiet simplicity of technique which her playing evidenced. There was nothing of that personal fitfulness which is often imposed as "interpretation" in Chopin, and she was content with a light and dainty expressiveness rather inclined to seek for interior sentimentality or elaborated eloquence. She made a distinctly favorable impression which argued well for the attention she may expect when she gives—some ten days hence—a couple of independent recitals.

The programme began and ended with standard works of old acquaintance, of which the first was Haydn's D-major symphony, numbered Four by Breitkopf and Hartel and known in common parlance as the "clock," because of the reiterant and insistent little double-beat figure, which is found all through the second movement. It is not a very long work—for Haydn liked to be brief as well as merry—but it is unusually full and minute in scoring for him and rises often to a strength quite remarkable for his limited body of instruments. It was well played, clearly, decisively, brightly and with due spirit. The same may also be said of the dear, delightful old "Der Freischutz" overture, which was the other familiar number and brought the concert to a brilliant and fervid close, after a capitally gloomy and mysterious rendering of the spectral music with which it opens.

There was a fourth number, standard also, but new to Symphony programmes—a delicious Mozart serenade for eight wind instruments, viz., a pair each of oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns. It has five movements, of which two are minuets, but Mr. Paur wisely omitted the first and longer of these. Each movement is short, individual in character, and as much varied in color as those voices will allow. It is often quite ornate and there were many such bits of response and counterpoint as only Mozart could write, being at once deeply artful and apparently ingenuous. It was exceedingly well played, with easy freedom and sweet tone.

The next programme reads thus:—Rubinstein, Russian Symphony; Langer, Prelude to the Opera "Dornroschen," (first time); Bruch, Concerto for Violin, No. 1; Joh. Strauss, Moto Perpetuo; Auber, Overture, L'Enfant Prodigue," (first time). Soloist, Mr. I. Schnitzler.

The rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, although some of the programme books said erroneously Friday.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1895.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT, THE GERMAN OPERA AND CONCERT.

A New Symphony Soloist—"Tannhauser" and "The Meistersingers" at the Boston Theatre—Sunday Evening Concert.

The programme of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place in Music Hall Saturday evening, was as follows:

Symphony in D major.....Haydn
Serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E flat major.....Mozart
Concerto fer piano in F minor.....Chopin
Overture, "Der Freischutz".....Weber

The Mozart serenade is for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns. It was played for the first time at these concerts. Miss Antoinette Szumowski was the soloist.

Miss Szumowski is a modest, serious looking maiden of about 22 summers, evidently. She was born in Poland, and was educated at the Conservatory of Warsaw. She latterly became the pupil of the famous Paderewski, and has played with success in Paris and London and in the principal cities of Great Britain as well. She has a beautiful touch, at once clear and elastic, and produces a tone upon the instrument that is mellow and musical in its quality. Her best playing was done in the larghetto of the concerto, and it was delightful in all else except that its poetic element was not revealed with much warmth of expression, a fact that induces one to believe that the fair player has a more active intellect than an impulsive and warm temperament. In other words, the head prevails, rather than the heart, in her playing. The first movement of the concerto also needed a more definite rhythmical delineation. The last movement, however, was played with clearness, splendid accent, and admirable phrasing. This young player kept always within the scope of her power, and did not attempt in the least to exceed her normal strength. Altogether, it was an enjoyable effort, and causes one to desire the opportunity of hearing her again, when she can play a varied programme.

Miss Szumowski was recalled many times by the enthusiastic audience.

The Haydn symphony was read and played in the manner that marks Mr. Paur's conception of the classics and his idea of their interpretation. The contrasts were exaggerated and the fortissimos were coarse and raspy. The delicacy of Haydn takes flight when subjected to such treatment. Technically the orchestra played finely.

The Mozart Serenade was a charming number and displayed the admirable ability of the wind players of our orchestra. The first oboe, Mr. Sautet, and the first clarinet, Mr. Pourton, had opportunities to show their rare skill, and the first horn as well, Mr. Hackenbarth. And in passing let it be said that the latter excellent artist has a beautiful tone, a splendid style, and is accurate as regards intonation. I know of no horn player who can surpass, if rival, his tone and skill combined, upon his instrument. He is an invaluable member of the orchestra. A splendid performance of the "Der Freischutz" overture closed an interesting concert on the whole.

The rehearsal for this week will take place on Thursday instead of Friday afternoon.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APR. 8, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

The 21st of this season's Symphony concerts Saturday evening was characterized by the introduction of anather foreign pianoforte artist to a Boston audience, and the performance for the first time in Boston of a Mozart piece, a serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E flat major. The Haydn Symphony in D major, "The Clock," with the overture to "Die Freischuetz," made up the programme, seemingly chosen with reference to the Wagner opera, not perhaps as a relief from a music that certainly makes demands upon one, but rather perhaps as an indication that there are other schools of harmony, and totally antagonistic ones at that.

It was the German opera, too, doubtless, that somewhat thinned the ranks of the season ticket holders, but there was a large audience just the same.

The "Clock" symphony, with its beautiful melody, its rhythm and its fun, a not too serious strain upon the intellect, but rather a revel of harmony for the ear, was an excellent introduction to a brief musical evening. It is a general favorite and was played by the orchestra in excellent time and concert.

The Mozart serenade is written for and was played by two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. It seemed light by contrast with the preceding orchestral work and was somewhat marred by the size of the hall, but was excellently played by the musicians. It is not an especially tuneful piece, although there are two charming minuets and a melodious finale. There is, too, some fine passage work and an interesting tossing about of theme. The piece is elaborately worked out, although in a suitably condensed form.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, a young Polish woman, who comes announced as the pupil of Paderewski, was heard in a concerto for the pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor, Chopin, opus 21, a very difficult piece, not only for weak wrists, which she appears to possess but for a lack of sympathy with Chopin, or rather, perhaps, for a difficulty in interpreting temperamentally the poetry of Chopin. A very evident diffidence, despite a tour of recitals in London, Paris and Vienna, may have accounted in a large measure for the latter fault. On the other hand the artiste is to be credited with a very beautiful and delicate touch and a refined and always contained expression, wherein she resembles if not imitates her teacher.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1895.

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(First time.)
Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand, rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, op. 40.....H. W. Parker
(First time.)
Variations on an Ukraine folk song, F major, op. 7.....Ivan Knorr
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Pogner's address, *Die Meistersinger*.....Wagner
Symphony, C major.....Schubert

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Boston Courier.

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The rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, although some of the programme books said erroneously Friday. HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1895.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT, THE GERMAN OPERA AND CONCERT.

A New Symphony Soloist—"Tannhauser" and "The Meistersingers" at the Boston Theatre—Sunday Evening Concert.

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Concerto fer piano in F minor.....Chopin
Overture, "Der Freischutz".....Weber

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Miss Szumowski is a modest, serious looking maiden of about 22 summers, evidently. She was born in Poland, and was educated at the Conservatory of Warsaw. She latterly became the pupil of the famous Paderewski, and has played with success in Paris and London and in the principal cities of Great Britain as well. She has a beautiful touch, at once clear and elastic, and produces a tone upon the instrument that is mellow and musical in its quality. Her best playing was done in the larghetto of the concerto, and it was delightful in all else except that its poetic element was not revealed with much warmth of expression, a fact that induces one to believe that the fair player has a more active intellect than an impulsive and warm temperament. In other words, the head prevails, rather than the heart, in her playing. The first movement of the concerto also needed a more definite rhythmical delineation. The last movement, however, was played with clearness, splendid accent, and admirable phrasing. This young player kept always within the scope of her power, and did not attempt in the least to exceed her normal strength. Altogether, it was an enjoyable effort, and causes one to desire the opportunity of hearing her again, when she can play a varied programme.

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MONDAY MORNING, APR. 8, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

The 21st of this season's Symphony concerts Saturday evening was characterized by the introduction of another foreign pianoforte artist to a Boston audience, and the performance for the first time in Boston of a Mozart piece, a serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E flat major. The Haydn Symphony in D major, "The Clock," with the overture to "Die Freischuetz," made up the programme, seemingly chosen with reference to the Wagner opera, not perhaps as a relief from a music that certainly makes demands upon one, but rather perhaps as an indication that there are other schools of harmony, and totally antagonistic ones at that.

It was the German opera, too, doubtless, that somewhat thinned the ranks of the season ticket holders, but there was a large audience just the same.

The "Clock" symphony, with its beautiful melody, its rhythm and its fun, a not too serious strain upon the intellect, but rather a revel of harmony for the ear, was an excellent introduction to a brief musical evening. It is a general favorite and was played by the orchestra in excellent time and concert.

The Mozart serenade is written for and was played by two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. It seemed light by contrast with the preceding orchestral work and was somewhat marred by the size of the hall, but was excellently played by the musicians. It is not an especially tuneful piece, although there are two charming minuets and a melodious finale. There is, too, some fine passage work and an interesting tossing about of theme. The piece is elaborately worked out, although in a suitably condensed form.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, a young Polish woman, who comes announced as the pupil of Paderewski, was heard in a concerto for the pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor, Chopin, opus 21, a very difficult piece, not only for weak wrists, which she appears to possess but for a lack of sympathy with Chopin, or rather, perhaps, for a difficulty in interpreting temperamentally the poetry of Chopin. A very evident diffidence, despite a tour of recitals in London, Paris and Vienna, may have accounted in a large measure for the latter fault. On the other hand the artiste is to be credited with a very beautiful and delicate touch and a refined and always contained expression, wherein she resembles if not imitates her teacher.

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Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-first symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, brought the following programme:

Haydn: Symphony in D major, "The Clock" (B. & H., No. 4; Peters, No. 3).

Mozart: Serenade for Wind Instruments, No. 11, in E-flat major. (First time.)

Chopin: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor, opus 21.

Weber: Overture to "Der Freischütz," in C minor,

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the pianist.

It is a good while, if we remember aright, since Haydn's "Clock" symphony has been given here. It is in more than one way a rather large symphony for Haydn; it is scored for as full an orchestra as Mozart used in many an opera, all the wood wind, horns and trumpets being employed in pairs; then the development of each one of the four movements is laid out on a particularly large scale for Haydn's day, and the Finale, instead of being the usual Haydnish "idealised contra dance," is based on a theme of quite sufficient breadth and seriousness for a first movement. The symphony is delightful from beginning to and; the little conceit of clock-ticking in the *Andante* (from which the work takes its current English name) is not so purely fanciful that it has no intrinsic musical value, and, like the "metronome-ticking" in the *Allegretto scherzando* of Beethoven's eighth symphony, would delight any musical listener, even if he had not been put upon the track of its mechanical allusion. The symphony was exquisitely played, only we could have spared the sudden slackings-up of the tempo in parts of the Minuet. Are Haydn's minuets to be treated like Strauss waltzes, which the composer conducts in strict metronomic time in the ball room, but with all sorts of modifications of tempo and rubato effects in the concert hall?

It was a daring venture to give the Mozart serenade in the Music Hall: this piece of chamber-music for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons ran great risk of being swallowed up in that vast space. William H. Husk, librarian of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, writes of the orchestral *Serenata* in Grove's Dictionary: "The more perfect development of the Symphony put an end to the desire for its cultivation; the gradual diminution in the number of private Orchestras, to the necessity of its production." This hints strongly at the Serenade, or *Serenata*, being a form of composition written by composers, toward the end of the last century and at the beginning of the present one, especially for the private orchestras of their noble patrons; these private bands were considerably smaller than the grand opera and concert orchestras of the day, and played in far smaller rooms. But the intrinsic beauty of this serenade of Mozart's, coupled with the supreme excellence of the performance, well conquered the untoward conditions of the over-large hall, and the exquisite music could be thoroughly enjoyed. So rich in melody and harmony, so perfect in form and working-out, in a word, so full of genius is this modest little work, that one felt none of that sugary cloying of the musical palate which is so often the effect of extended compositions for a similar combination of wind instruments. It was a pure delight from beginning to end.

The over-brilliant and beautiful "Freischütz" overture was grandly played: tempi and effects of light and shade were all that could be desired. Mr. Paur here showed a rarely discriminating appreciation of Wagner's suggestions about the rendering of this overture, fully grasping their real artistic value, yet taking them at the same time with the due grain of salt. The delicate *aforzando* of the horns, near the close of their sylvan episode in the Introduction, was neither overdone nor unduly effaced; the lovely second theme, taken from Agatha's great scena in the second act, was played throughout in a beautiful *legato*, without any of that vulgarity of accent which Wagner so strongly deprecated, and a wise compromise was struck between the Wagnerian *piano* and the (apparently) prescribed *fortissimo* at its reappearance in the full orchestra after the great C-major chords which introduce the Coda. The only point in the rendering we felt like taking exception to, was the excessive toning-down of the famous, twice recurring E-flat-D of the second and third trombones in the working-out of the second theme; this seemed to us a bit of over-refining, for we think these exclamations of the trombones were meant by the composer to produce a terrifico-humorous effect, and that it is no harm if they provoke a smile.

Miss Szumowska made her first public appearance in Boston on this occasiou; and to make one's first appearance with Chopin's F minor concerto is no joke. The work is neither so generally familiar nor so much of a favorite as its earlier companion in E minor; although laid out on a somewhat grander scale, and touching a deeper note of emotion than the other, it is, on the whole, not quite so perfect a work. If its technical difficulty is somewhat less, its higher, intellectual difficulty is greater. We were especially glad that Miss Szumowska played it entirely in the original version, and had nothing to do with Klindworth's modern perversion of the text. Then this was to be expected of a pupil of Paderewski's. The impression made by Miss Szumowska, in spite of her nervousness (which was more real than apparent), was distinctly fine. Her technique is fully up to conquering all the difficulties of the work with ease, fluency, and perfect clearness; her quality of tone delightfully pure and sympathetic, and her use of the pedal shows that "bad pedalling" is no longer to be regarded as the distinctive badge of her sex. Here, too, one detects the Paderewski influence! She played the great music with a simplicity of style exceedingly rare nowadays, and all the more welcome that there was nothing of pedantry nor *mièvrerie* about it. One might feel at times that somewhat more could have been made out of this or that passage; for Chopin is not always perfectly plain sailing, and all sorts of arts of fascination and expressiveness are applicable to the performance of his music. But these arts fail utterly if they do not spring from the player's own inspiration; they are not to be learnt in any parrot way. Miss Szumowska is young yet, and they will come to her of themselves in time; it was far better for her to play sincerely and as she felt the music, than for her to mimic a power which is not yet her own. And, though her general style may have been somewhat more simple and straightforward than Chopin's, the benefit of its entire sincerity was to be felt in [illegible] she has all the distinctively Slavic sensibility and something more besides: she shows the already budding blossom of something larger, deeper, and more passionate. Her passion has nothing of the German "*Sturm und Drang*" in it; her very Slavic sensibility brings with it an innate refinement of perception which forbids anything excessive in the way of passionate expression. It is, after all, the passion of Chopin himself, burning as hotly as you please, but expressed always with elegance and grace. Indeed, the emotional side of Miss Szumowska's playing seemed to us of a very uncommon sort; and we fancy that it was the emotional element in herself that led her to a really deeper, more sympathetic, and exact understanding of the music than that of many a player of wider experience and more lavishly equipped with what we have called the *arts* of expression. In fact, her playing of the concerto was very beautiful indeed; it had also that indispensable characteristic of fine playing, the faculty of striking fire from the audience. Miss Szumowska was very warmly applauded and recalled, and amply deserved it.

The next programme is: Rubinstein, symphony No. 5, in G minor ("Russian"), opus 107; Langer, prelude to "Dornröschen" (first time); Bruch, concerto for violin, No. 1, in G minor, opus 26; Johann Strauss, "Moto perpetuo" (musical joke); Auber, overture to "L'Enfant prodigue" (first time). Mr. I. Schnitzler will be the violinist. The public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, April 11.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

Union Hall: Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Emil Paur, gave the eighth, and last, concert of this, their tenth, season in Union Hall last evening, the programme being as follows:

Robert Kahn: Pianoforte Trio in E major, opus 19. (First time.)

Schubert: Fantasia for Pianoforte and Violin, in C major, opus 159.

Beethoven: Quartet in C-sharp minor, opus 131.

The new trio by Robert Kahn made a rather mixed impression upon us. That this young composer is a figure more than commonly interesting seems pretty evident; an unusually excellent overture of his was played a few weeks ago by the Symphony Orchestra, and this trio has many points in it to attract the attention and hold it. The man's individuality seems somewhat clouded and vague as yet; but he is by no means barren in musical invention and seems to have an inborn instinct for coherent musical development. The trio is eminently pleasant music to listen to, and shows in many places the well trained hand; the themes are natural, graceful, and flowing, and the construction unusually stout; of the real distinction of the work we have as yet some doubts. A good deal of it has a certain superficial, salon air, and we are not sure that the emotional sensibility shown in the *Andante* is much above the Abt and Kücken sort. But the work has much beauty in it notwithstanding, and shows some signs of strength. For one thing, it is musical throughout. It was excellently well played by Mrs. Paur, Mr. Kneisel, and Mr. Schroeder—with admirable unity of feeling, beauty of tone, and perfection of ensemble.

Schubert's C major violin fantasia has always seemed to us a work that had in it quite as much of the transient as of the eternal in the composer's genius. There are many moments in it which show the genuine, great Schubert, and that continually recurring refrain of "*Sei mir gegrüsst*" has something more than the beauty of association. But there is also much in the work which smacks of the now obsolete virtuosity of Schubert's day, and sounds merely old-fashioned and trivial. When a great composer has left behind him such an enormous, and as yet comparatively little exploited, legacy of music as Schubert has, one would think that a work like this one might safely be left to fall into oblivion. The best part of it is that it is Schubert's. Mrs. Paur and Mr. Kneisel played it capitally, with true sentiment and, when required, with great brilliancy.

Any hearing of Beethoven's great C-sharp minor quartet marks an epoch in one's musical life. The first movement alone is enough to walk ten miles for and be thankful. The movement is an exceptional one, even for Beethoven; one hears the old Palestrina speaking through it, if in a modernized dialect. Together with the E major fugue in Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, it represents to us a wonderful and almost unique survival of an old artistic point of view in modern circumstances. Palestrina and the old Italian contrapuntists have been *imitated* enough and to spare by more than one modern composer; and generally with rather irritating results. Liszt, for instance, has had many moments of "Palestrinizing." But, when he tried to write in the Palestrina vein, he did so with the greatest self-consciousness; he only skimmed the surface (in this case, by no means the *cream*) off Palestrina, and imitated that. All that seemed "characteristic" and of importance to Liszt was the harsh harmonic progressions of Palestrina's day, the cross-relations, of which his works are full; not seeing that just these harmonic characteristics were the most superficial and unimportant element in the great master's work. The wondrous contrapuntal web, by which these harmonies were explained and justified, which really cured them of their harshness, was ignored by him. But Bach, in his E major fugue, and Beethoven, in the first movement of the C-sharp minor quartet, caught the very gist of Palestrina's genius and style. Here Beethoven has written a movement which bears no trace of the sonata form; it is but the contrapuntal development of a phrase in the old Palestrina manner; even the first page, with its exposition of this phrase as a *fuga reale*, has something archaic about it. But, in taking this leaf out of Palestrina's book, Beethoven has none the less remained wholly himself; the movement is in Palestrina's style, but expresses nothing but Beethoven's spirit; it has nothing of Palestrina's impersonality. It is Palestrina's counterpoint (his most important and truly characteristic element) transferred to the modern tonal system; the harsh harmonic progressions (the merely skin-deep and superficial element in his style) no longer appear. It is as if a modern poet should write a thoroughly modern poem, full of modern thought and feeling, in pure Augustan Latin, and in the most authentic Horatian metres. Only the idiom is old; all else is Beethovenish and original. The whole quartet is one dream of beauty and poetry. It was played simply superbly; the Kneisel Quartet touched their high-water mark!

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

The Kneisel Quartette

The Kneisel Quartette gave its 8th and last concert of the season at Union Hall last night. Mrs. Emil Paur assisted.

The first number on the programme was a piano trio in E major by Robert Kahn. This is a new work, heard here for the first time. The composer is a pupil of Brahms. The work was well received, and created a good impression. It is not too heavily written for the general musical public. Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Schroeder and Mrs. Paur each played, not only with individual, but with collective clearness. The andante seemed, at first hearing, the most pleasing movement.

Schubert's fantasie in C major for piano and violin was next in order, and received a splendid interpretation at the hands of Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Paur. It is a beautiful work, abounding in melodious passages. The performers preserved an admirable balance of tone. Each instrumental part stood out clearly, and the ensemble was perfect. Mrs. Paur was heard to great advantage in these numbers, being most faithful in shading and tempo. The quartette brought a most successful season to a close with a grand performance of a great work. It needed the courage born of confidence to even attemt such a work as Beethoven's op. 131, the quartette n C sharp minor.

It needed the power which is given only to master artists to render it as it was rendered last night. The work belongs to Beethoven's 3rd period. Unless played by the most thorough musicians it appears without form ond void of meaning. It is scarcely too much to say that the Kneisel Quartt is the only of its kind in America which is capable of performing it adequately and intelligently. This work is the last music which Schubert heard in his lifetime, and during his last illness it was present in his mind, and his ravings were upon it.

The performance last night was a notable one. Every theme and phrase stood out with absolute clearness, even in the rapid presto. The audience, which included many prominent musicians, was very enthusiastic, and recalled the performers after each number, hough the usual custom of abstinence from encores was followed.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVII., NO. 99.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

The 10th season of the Kneisel quartet concerts, which terminated last evening in Union Hall, has been attended with such a rare and invaluable series of programmes that a reproduction of the entire list may well be given, as follows: Oct. 22, 1894—Haydn, quartet in G, op. 77; Sgambati, quartet in D flat; Mozart, quintet in G minor. Nov. 12—Cherubini, quartet in D minor; Beethoven, quartet in E flat major, op. 74; Rubinstein, piano trio in A minor, Mr. Ernest Perabo, pianist. Dec. 10—Mendelssohn, quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1; Beethoven, piano trio in B flat major, op. 97, Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist; Brahms, quintet in B minor, op. 115, for clarinet (Mr. Leon Pourtan), two violins, viola and 'cello. Dec. 31—Beethoven, quartet, op. 132; Pfitzner, sonata for pianoforte and 'cello, op. 1, Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist; Haydn, quartet in D minor, op. 64, No. 5. Jan. 21, 1895—Borodine, quartet in D major; Beethoven, quartet in B flat major; H. W. Parker quintet in D minor. Feb. 18—Schubert, quartet in D minor; Loeffler, quintet for three violins; Beethoven, septet. March 18—Schumann, quartet in A major; songs with piano, by Emil Paur, Bizet and Henschel, sung by Miss Gertrude Franklin; Dvorak, piano quintet, op. 81, Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist.

For the concert last evening, the following works were given: Robert Kahn, piano trio, op. 19; Schubert, fantasie for piano and violin, C major, op. 159, Mrs. Emil Paur, pianist, and Beethoven, quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

The piano trio by Kahn, while it was as clearly and effectively presented by Mrs. Paur, Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder as the most captious could desire, did not impress one as being a creation of more than ordinary importance. Its first movement is a sterile and passionless allegro, and this is followed by an andante which, for the most part, is a hyper-sentimental and very cloying love song without words. The finale, an allegro con fuoco, is by far the worthiest movement. There is an abundance of skill shown in this portion of the work, and the composer has his say with far more effectiveness and piquancy than the first two movements of the work would lead one to anticipate. The well known fantasie in C major, by Schubert, was uncommonly well played by Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Paur. Throughout the performance both artists seemed as one in thought and feeling, and at its conclusion they were recalled and greeted with some of the very heartiest plaudits of the season. Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet, op. 131, seemed as appropriate a finale for the season as could have well been selected, and its performance by Mr. Kneisel and his associates was in every respect admirable. Thus ended one of the most notable series of chamber concerts that has been given in Boston.

The Boston Traveler

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

The last concert of this season's series by the Kneisel quartet was given in Union Hall last evening with the assistance of Mrs. Emil Paur. The programme performed embraced Piano trio, in E major, Kahn; Fantasie for piano and violin, Schubert; and the C sharp minor quartet of Beethoven, op. 131. It is needless to say that the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his associates was faultless in every respect, and the assistance of Mrs. Paur was of equal artistic value. The lovers of chamber music in London have something to look forward to with pleasant anticipations, for this now famous quartet is to give some concerts in that music-surfeited city during the month of June.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

TUESDAY MORNING, APR. 9 1895.

The Kneisel Quartette

The Kneisel Quartette gave its 8th and last concert of the season at Union Hall last night. Mrs. Emil Paur assisted.

The first number on the programme was a piano trio in E major by Robert Kahn. This is a new work, heard here for the first time. The composer is a pupil of Brahms. The work was well received, and created a good impression. It is not too heavily written for the general musical public. Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Schroeder and Mrs. Paur each played, not only with individual, but with collective clearness. The andante seemed, at first hearing, the most pleasing movement.

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The performance last night was a notable one. Every theme and phrase stood out with absolute clearness, even in the rapid presto. The audience, which included many prominent musicians, was very enthusiastic, and recalled the performers after each number, hough the usual custom of abstinence from encores was followed.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The eighth concert given in Union Hall by the Kneisel Quartet last evening, brought to a worthy close a series of chamber concerts, the rare attractiveness of which has not been surpassed in this city, not even by the Kneisel Quartet. The concert opened with a piano trio by Robert Kahn, op. 19. The first two movements of the trio are technically well made, but the music in attendance upon them is for the most part so saccharine, and so utterly void of either virility or passion, that the sterling finale which follows puts in its appearance as a genuine surprise. The finale is a most stirring piece of music; bears the impress of rare creative talent; and it could not have been composed except by one having a splendid command of the technical requirements of his art. Despite this, the trio is largely the product of the hand of an apprentice, and the first two movements are wanting in poignancy of feeling, are simply monotonous and tautological in what they have to say, and present but a very slight variety of tone color.

Mrs. Paur brought commendable intelligence and skill to bear upon her performance of the pianoforte part, and was actively in sympathy with the artistic playing of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder in their scholarly interpretation of the work. In performing the Schubert fantasie op. 159 in C major Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Paur were highly successful, so that at its conclusion the artists were rewarded with no inconsiderable number of bravi, and prolonged applause.

Worthily, indeed, did this memorable series of concerts end with an admirable performance of Beethoven's quartet op. 131. Who can listen to the opening adagio of this quartet without being impressed by a mastery of counterpoint shown; such as even J. S. Bach could not easily have surpassed; and how it pours forth a wonderful sweet peace into the soul. The architectural treatment of the subject is no less wonderful than are its ideal contents. The Kneisel Quartet has seldom played with more chaste purity, finish, expression and unity than at this concert, and there was even more warmth, spirit and verve in their playing than usual. C. L. C.

Boston Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

Last Kneisel Quartet Concert.

The last of this season's concerts by the Kneisel quartet was given in Union hall last evening. The usual fashionable audience was present, and testified by cordial applause to its enjoyment of the thoroughly artistic performance. The program consisted of the following selections: Piano trio in E major, Robert Kahn; fantasie for piano and violin, Schubert; quartet in C-sharp minor, Op 131, Beethoven.

The playing of the quartet was irreproachable at all times, and the performance of the three works was listened to with strict attention. Mrs Emil Paur was the assisting artist, and in both the trio and fantasie her playing was brilliant and intelligent.

The Kneisel quartet will give several concerts in London next summer, and will no doubt there receive the recognition due the foremost organization of its kind in America.

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Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APR. 15, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

The Prodigal has come back, repentant that he has strayed into paths of Donizetti, Mascagni and Gounod, and feeling that it is better to listen to the kettledrums in the courts of the righteous, than to revel in high Cs in the halls of the ungodly. He had attained to this sanctified frame of mind when Mr. Paur turned on the bass drum, cymbals, trombones, and gave a finale that outheroded anything that Donizetti ever wrote, an overture that had more footlights in it than anything produced in Mechanics' Hall during the last month, a work that suggested the Cancan and all sorts of other worldly frivolities.

Spite of this meretricious ending, the programme was interesting, not too heavy, and admirably played. It began with Rubinstein's Russian Symphony. This is a work that is redolent of national effects, and suggests Bortzash, Qvass, Pirok, Vodki, and every other Russian compound. It begins with profound melancholy, quite a la Russe, and then gives a side theme that is quaintly Volks-thuemlich, and which played an interesting part in the Coda, coming in with a fragmentary style that reminded of some of Dvorak's touches in the Coda of his second movement in his "New World" symphony. Nor was this the only reminder of our so-called national symphony; one could have dubbed the rollicking second movement of Rubinstein's work—"In Mississippi," and palmed it off as a missing movement in the American symphony and few would have been the wiser; but this is probably the kinship of folk-music the world over. The third movement was not nearly so successful as the second, for it gave very prolix treatment of a single theme with few contrasted passages. There was some good horn work in this movement. The finale had better contrasts, as its dance-like chief theme had a well-contrasted countertheme and there was more than a suggestion of the hearty man's-dance which is called "Kamarinskaia." There was some important oboe work in this movement, which was well played, and some very quaint use of the bassoon both alone and in conjunction with the higher wood-wind. The symphony was well worth a place upon the programme, although, as is often the case with Rubinstein, it is (like a codfish) much head and little tail, the first two movements being much stronger than the last two.

Then came a new work—Langer's Introduction to "Dornroeschen," performed for the first time, and, if the reviewer may become prophetic, for the last also. It was full of soarings after the infinite, in which it succeeded about as well as the modern flying machines; it flapped its wings but did not rise; it had broad sweeps of tone which did not seem to lead anywhere in particular, and the whole composition left the impression that the composer had secured the rinsings of Wagner's bottles of nectar. There was a wonderfully well-played diminuendo at the end.

Now followed the solo of the evening, which was Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto, with Mr. I. Schnitzler as soloist. This is a work which cannot grow tame by repeated hearing; indeed it seems scarcely to have won its proper rank in the repertoire as yet. There are four very great violin concertos: Beethoven's may readily be acknowledged as the head of the list, but it is a moot point whether Mendelssohn's or Brahms' or Bruch's G minor concerto should come next; if skill in development counts, then Brahms' work may be ceded the place, but if dramatic instinct, rich melody and true inspiration are to rule, then this concerto may well precede the other two. It is a pity that the two other violin concertos of Bruch show such a falling off in power.

Mr. Schnitzler deserves great praise for the manner in which he played the concerto; there might have been more breadth in the first and last movements, but the Adagio was splendidly performed and every one of the three movements was given in a sure and masterly manner. When one bears in mind that the night was warm and damp (the worst possible weather for violin playing), the success becomes the more commendable. The Adagio was of course the chief success of the work apart from any questions of execution; its side theme is one of the most tender of violin melodies and altogether the movement is one of the truest Adagios since Beethoven,—and the spirit of the Adagio is one of the rarest things in modern composition. The finale is one of those warlike movements which Bruch delights in. What a martial composer this man is! He looks like a decayed schoolmaster, and composes with the spirit of an old Viking! There is one point in connection with the first movement of this concerto which has not been noted,—the first figure of the first movement was afterwards used by Bruch as the chief figure in "Penelope Weaving a Garment" in his "Odysseus."

After the solo, which of course evoked abundant enthusiasm, there came an innovation that was a most rapid jump from the sublime to the ridiculous; Johann Strauss appeared upon the programmes of these concerts for the first time, and in a "Musical Joke." One would almost as soon attempt jokes at a prayer meeting as at a Boston symphony concert, yet Mr. Paur has some precedent for the introduction of this bit of humor, for Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" has been given by a former conductor, and that contains one of the best known of musical jokes in its very sudden drum-stroke. But if musical jokes be allowed here, one would plead for a performance of Mozart's excellent "Musikalischer Spass" in which that great composer pictures a country band-leader trying to achieve a classical form and floundering about most woefully, being finally completely overthrown in an attempt at fugue. There was considerable humor in the orchestration of the Strauss number, the piccolo having some very showy work to do, and executing it remarkably well, and a very quaint duet between piccolo and bassoon calling for commendation also. The number was very crisply played, Mr. Paur proving that he is not without caprice or daintiness; his lightness of touch was marked throughout the later numbers of this concert. The applause following this number was adequate to show recognition, but one is glad to add that the audience did not put itself on record as appreciating a comical trifle above an earnest symphony or concerto. The chief enthusiasm of the evening was evoked by the lovely adagio above de-

ugliness and a great deal of oddity. The first movement begins in a semi-cynical fashion, which makes one think of Jaques's description of his own melancholy, with quaint themes which have just begun to receive concentrated attention when there apparently swoops down a whirlwind with snow and thunder which upsets everything. When this has passed, the voices try to take up the subjects of conversation again; but there are too many airy shrieks, too many wails and groans, and so the movement ends. The second movement, which is unusually long for its place, is in the scherzo form, and in it are noticeable many strange figures and fashions assigned to the middle instruments, which have a variety of thrums and rumbles and roars to intersperse with the rattling and bobbing themes. The andante comes third and consists chiefly of a large and appealing melody, which is first stated at length by the horn and is afterwards heard from the flute and oboe amid the accented accompaniments of the strings. The finale is long, active and vigorous, with a turn here and there that suggests the Irish modes, and with quite a stormy and exciting close.

The orchestra did some of their best work on this programme and especial praise should be accorded to the first horn, clarinet, flute and oboe for virtually perfect renderings of the long obbligati assigned them. There was unusual delicacy in the lighter episodes and a bright sense of comedy in the Strauss.

This will be next Saturday's programme: Schumann, Symphony No. 4, in D minor; Lachner, Aria, "Vineta;" Esser, Suite No. 2; Songs with piano; Cherubini, Overture, "The Water Carrier." Soloist, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1895.

The Symphony Orchestra is favored in that each of its solo violinists has a style and a merit peculiarly his own and each can be praised in his turn without so much as a suggestion of invidious comparison between him and his brethren. For the twenty-second concert Mr. Schnitzler was appointed as the soloist and he did himself honor and gratified his audience by a thoroughly fine and earnest performance of Bruch's brief and beautiful first concerto. Mr. Schnitzler is the most fervid of the Symphony violinists, and it will be remembered that this quality was in excess, almost to the degree of impetuous excitement, upon his first appearance. He has now tempered his ardor and ordered his energy until his playing, losing nothing of its natural and due warmth, has become more clarified and symmetrical. There is occasionally a little asperity in his tone, but this is hardly worth mentioning against his general fulness and suavity and the notable grace of his softer passages. He was particularly agreeable in the first and second movement, for the third, although keenly and readily delivered, lacked something of the sparkle for which its themes and their treatment call.

Mr. Paur made a liberal draft upon his portfolio of things unheard before in these concerts and brought out three novelties. The first was Ferdinand Langer's introduction to his opera of "The Sleeping Beauty," a study in tones, rising from smooth placidity to a broadly swelling and imperious climax, and then subsiding slowly as if to prepare for the lifting of the curtain upon a story reposeful at first, and only rising by degrees to its chivalric height and glad surprise. The second was a delicious bit of instrumental humor by Johann Strauss, who calls it a "Perpetuum Mobile" because it goes chasing a funny little bit of a tune through all sorts of queer and unexpected combinations and contrivances. The third, which ended the concert spiritedly, was Auber's "Prodigal Son" overture, beginning with a few touches of conventional Orientalism, followed by a short mood of despondency, and then giving way to noisy and lively gayety, with all the drums going and the wind blowing lustily through wood and brass.

The symphony, which was placed at the head of the programme, was Rubinstein's fifth, commonly known as the "Russian," because of the prevalence in it of Russian themes and, as we should think, of Russian tempers. It has much beauty, very little ugliness and a great deal of oddity. The first movement begins in a semi-cynical fashion, which makes one think of Jaques's description of his own melancholy, with quaint themes which have just begun to receive concentrated attention when there apparently swoops down a whirlwind with snow and thunder which upsets everything. When this has passed, the voices try to take up the subjects of conversation again; but there are too many airy shrieks, too many wails and groans, and so the movement ends. The second movement, which is unusually long for its place, is in the scherzo form, and in it are noticeable many strange figures and fashions assigned to the middle instruments, which have a variety of thrums and rumbles and roars to intersperse with the rattling and bobbing themes. The andante comes third and consists chiefly of a large and appealing melody, which is first stated at length by the horn and is afterwards heard from the flute and oboe amid the accented accompaniments of the strings. The finale is long, active and vigorous, with a turn here and there that suggests the Irish modes, and with quite a stormy and exciting close.

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HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
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SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. I. Schnitzler the Soloist—Fine Work by the Orchestra.

The programme for the 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Musical Hall, last night, was:

Symphony No. 5 (Russian).....Rubinstein
Introduction to the opera "Dornroeschen" F. Langer
(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 1.....Max Bruch
Moto Perpetuo, "Musical Joke"..Johann Strauss
(First time.)
Overture, "The Prodigal Son".....Auber

The soloist was Mr. I. Schnitzler. The Rubinstein symphony has been heard at these concerts once before, during the regime of Mr. Henschel. It is brilliant and interesting in spots, but it is often tedious, especially in the "working out" of the first movement and of the finale. In the latter this feature is prolonged until it becomes indescribably wearisome. The themes of the sympathy are all interesting, the second subject in the opening movement being fascinatingly Haydnesque in melody and orchestration. No use, however, is made of it, for it flashes out only for a brief moment, and then disappears until near the close of the movement, when it is tossed to and fro through the orchestra. The scherzo is the brightest and most attractive portion of the work, by reason of its piquant animation. The andante is warm and graceful, but at length becomes overgarrulous. The reading and performance of the symphony were in the best vein of both Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

The "Dornroschen" prelude has a brief and sensuous theme that appears and reappears under various changes of tone color until it is torn to tatters. It is clearly Wagnerian in inspiration, not only in melody, but in orchestration. It is a pretty trifle, but of no great musical value. The musical "Joke" by Strauss suggests a galop. It is tuneful, ingeniously scored and is vivacious in effect. It ends suddenly on the dominant. It is more notable for the skill of its orchestration than for anything else. Its performance displayed the virtuosity of the orchestra and was greatly applauded. The Auber overture is the weakest and most uninteresting of its composer's works in kind. It is little less than a medley bunglingly put together, is dull and commonplace in effect and could have been well spared for any other of Auber's overtures. It was spiritedly and well played, but it was not worth the playing.

Mr. Schnitzler, who was cordially received, played the first and second movements of the concerto very beautifully, and developed a large and pure tone, a broad style, perfect intonation and excellent taste. In the finale, however, he was less successful, for he was not always clear, and was not always well in tune. As he approached the end of the work he seemed to become more and more nervous. Nevertheless, when he was at his best he made it clear that he is an artist of fine powers, with a fluent and admirable technique and true musicianly sentiment. He was tremendously applauded and twice recalled.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Schumann; aria, "Vineta," Lachner; suite No. 2, Esser; Songs with piano, and overture, "The Water Carrier," Cherubini. Miss Caroline Gradner Clarke will be the soloist.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the twenty-second symphony at Music Hall last night presented a variety of styles of orchestral composition, and of the five numbers three were heard for the first time at these concerts.

Rubinstein's Russian symphony opened the programme, and to many in the audience it was doubtless heard for the first time, since it has not been given in this city for a number of years. Generally it is rather an uninteresting composition, though in places it demands the earnest attention of an audience, because of some charming effects, notably in the second movement when a couple of Russian dance tunes are introduced and developed in various forms. The third movement gives some splendid opportunities for the flute, which Mr. Mole was not slow in making the most of.

Following came the introduction to Lagner's "Dornroschen," which is written in fine form, very stately, and with several pretty melodies. Mr. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, was heard in a Bruch concerto for violin in three movements, which was played with a great amount of feeling and rare beauty. His admirable work was rewarded by several recalls.

"Perpetuum Mobile," by Strauss, proved a genuine novelty. It is styled a musical joke, and proved a bright, catchy and ingenious composition, and if it was a "trifle light as air," the audience went en rapport over it, and would have liked to hear it repeated. The piece consists of a single theme with many variations and continuously new developments, and ends with a sudden stop in the middle of a phrase. The overture to "The Prodigal Son," by Auber, is an inspiring and martial composition. It is very showy, elaborately worked out, and the brasses are used freely throughout to heighten the effect. At the concert next week, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke will be the soloist, singing a group of songs by Esser.

Symphony Concert.

Conductor Paur presented three novelties at last week's symphony: the introduction to Langer's opera, "Sleeping Beauty," "A Musical Joke," by Johann Strauss, and the overture to Auber's opera, "The Prodigal Son." Mr Schnitzler, violin soloist, performed Bruch's concerto in G minor. Rubinstein's Russian symphony completed the program.

Mr Schnitzler gave the familiar Bruch concerto with musicianly intelligence, but without special brilliancy. The figural work was correct, the runs true, but not crisp and firm, and the passionate themes of the first part were presented broadly and with a pure intonation. The strongly accentuated march movement, with the pizzicato accompaniment, was specially good, the touch being forceful and the chord ringering melodic. Mr Schnitzler was warmly applauded by his auditors and associate artists.

The Rubinstein symphony was effective in a characteristic way. The oboe and horn duos were smoothly played, and the weird harmonies of the dance tunes were vigorously performed. The "Musical Joke," by Strauss, was a pleasing trifle with a humorous rhythm accompanying the galop.

This Lander composition contained nothing of special musical value. The work is scored for the modern orchestra, and the instrumentation shows considerable skill in the treatment of the different instruments. The introduction is bold, and the variations in the themes are evidently tone pictures of situations in the opera.

"The Prodigal Son" overture, by Auber, suggests but faintly the biblical foundation for the plot of the opera. The opening passages are spirited, and throughout the work the background of accompaniment is full of curious elaborations by contrasting instruments. The strings did admirably in the legato passages, and the summons by the brasses were also clear and resonant as one could wish. The clarinet phrases were very true to the pitch. There appears to be but little of a religious nature in the composition.

This week's program is as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in D minor .....Schumann
Aria, Vineta .....Lachner
Suite No. 2 .....Esser
Overture, The Water Carrier .....Cherubini

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke will be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

Twenty-second Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Close of the Operatic Season at Mechanics' Building.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert last evening:

Symphony No. 5, G minor, "Russian"..Rubinstein
Introduction to the Opera, "Dornroeschen" Langer
(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 1, G minor.....Bruch
Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo".....Strauss
(First time.)
Overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue".....Auber
(First time.)

There is no doubt that Rubinstein took a peculiar interest in his "Russian" symphony. He built it on folk-song foundations and dedicated it to a woman who was kind to him, who recognized his great talent—perhaps genius would not be too strong a word—and who believed firmly in Russian music. And has the symphony the marks and signs of undoubted long and healthy life? Possibly the Russian to whom the themes may be hallowed by association will always hear it gladly. But will any work that is so intensely national in character be of vital interest to the world at large? Here enters a question that is today almost fiercely discussed.

I do not believe that any orchestral composition which is intended frankly to exploit national character as displayed in music will be of vital force in the great repertoire of the world. There is nothing that palls so surely as an exotic tune treated with exotic harmonies. At first there is surprise at melody, scale and rhythm. After the surprise, comes the desire to hear that which is normal. The surprise only comes once. The desire is lasting. Nor are the melodies and the rhythms in this particular work of such fragrance or pungency that they overmaster the listener. Tschaikowski ordered this matter better. When he visited Little Russia, the hearer went with him and heard with the composer's ears.

Rubinstein, in this symphony, commits the gravest of faults: he is not interesting. The instrumentation does not make amends. The second movement has color and it is not without a melancholy charm. One movement, however, does not make a symphony.

The Introduction to "Dornröschen" is in modern form; there is a free development of a phrase. Langer has shown ingenuity and a sense of color, but there is no personal note. The piece is the result of patient labor in the manner of Wagner. Passages may excite an amiable mood for the moment, but the Introduction makes no lasting impression.

The Strauss joke has one great merit: the composer stopped before he became a bore. 'Tis an agreeable trifle; but if the music of Strauss is to be heard at a symphony concert, let it be a waltz, in which the Viennese shows his genius.

What was Mr. Paur thinking about when he put Auber's overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue" in rehearsal?

The master of opéra-comique wrote many charming overtures, graceful in melody, logical in structure, charming in instrumentation. The one played last night is not among them. It is thrown together as at random; it is without distinction, except in that it is brutal and vulgar. It is, if I am not mistaken, a misch-masch of ballet airs, a most unsuitable prelude to the opera. Such a selection by Mr. Paur is an injury to the composer, to the influence of a Symphony concert, and to the taste of the conductor.

Mr. Schnitzler played the first two movements of the concerto by Bruch with breadth, fine feeling, intelligence and technical skill. In the last movement he was not as successful. He was at times a little coarse in delivery, and his intonation was not always faultless. He was heartily applauded.

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MONDAY MORNING, APR. 15, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

The Prodigal has come back, repentant that he has strayed into paths of Donizetti, Mascagni and Gounod, and feeling that it is better to listen to the kettledrums in the tents of the righteous, than to revel in high Cs in the halls of the ungodly. He had attained to this sanctified frame of mind when Mr. Paur turned on the bass drum, cymbals, trombones, and gave a finale that outheroded anything that Donizetti ever wrote, an overture that had more footlights in it than anything produced in Mechanics' Hall during the last month, a work that suggested the Cancan and all sorts of other worldly frivolities.

Spite of this meretricious ending, the programme was interesting, not too heavy, and admirably played. It began with Rubinstein's Russian Symphony. This is a work that is redolent of national effects, and suggests Bortzsch, Qvass, Pirok, Vodki, and every other Russian compound. It begins with profound melancholy, quite a la Russe, and then gives a side theme that is quaintly Volks-thuemlich, and which played an interesting part in the Coda, coming in with a fragmentary style that reminded of some of Dvorak's touches in the Coda of his second movement in his "New World" symphony. Nor was this the only reminder of our so-called national symphony; one could have dubbed the rollicking second movement of Rubinstein's work—"In Mississippi," and palmed it off as a missing movement in the American symphony and few would have been the wiser; but this is probably the kinship of folk-music the world over. The third movement was not nearly so successful as the second, for it gave very prolix treatment of a single theme with few contrasted passages. There was some good horn work in this movement. The finale had better contrasts, as its dance-like chief theme had a well-contrasted countertheme and there was more than a suggestion of the hearty men's dance which is called "Kamarinskaia." There was some important oboe work in this movement, which was well played, and some very quaint use of the bassoon both alone and in conjunction with the higher wood-wind. The symphony was well worth a place upon the programme, although, as is often the case with Rubinstein, it is (like a codfish) much head and little tail, the first two movements being much stronger than the last two.

Then came a new work—Langer's Introduction to "Dornroeschen," performed for the first time, and, if the reviewer may become prophetic, for the last also. It was full of soarings after the infinite, in which it succeeded about as well as the modern flying machines; it flapped its wings but did not rise; it had broad sweeps of tone which did not seem to lead anywhere in particular, and the whole composition left the impression that the composer had secured the rinsings of Wagner's bottles of nectar. There was a wonderfully well-played diminuendo at the end.

Now followed the solo of the evening, which was Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto, with Mr. I. Schnitzler as soloist. This is a work which cannot grow tame by repeated hearing; indeed it seems scarcely to have won its proper rank in the repertoire as yet. There are four very great violin concertos: Beethoven's may readily be acknowledged as the head of the list, but it is a moot point whether Mendelssohn's or Brahms' or Bruch's G minor concerto should come next; if skill in development counts, then Brahms' work may be ceded the place, but if dramatic instinct, rich melody and true inspiration are to rule, then this concerto may well precede the other two. It is a pity that the two other violin concertos of Bruch show such a falling off in power.

Mr. Schnitzler deserves great praise for the manner in which he played the concerto; there might have been more breadth in the first and last movements, but the Adagio was splendidly performed and every one of the three movements was given in a sure and masterly manner. When one bears in mind that the night was warm and damp (the worst possible weather for violin playing), the success becomes the more commendable. The Adagio was of course the chief success of the work apart from any questions of execution; its side theme is one of the most tender of violin melodies and altogether the movement is one of the truest Adagios since Beethoven,—and the spirit of the Adagio is one of the rarest things in modern composition. The finale is one of those warlike movements which Bruch delights in. What a martial composer this man is! He looks like a decayed schoolmaster, and composes with the spirit of an old Viking! There is one point in connection with the first movement of this concerto which has not been noted,—the first figure of the first movement was afterwards used by Bruch as the chief figure in "Penelope Weaving a Garment" in his "Odysseus."

After the solo, which of course evoked abundant enthusiasm, there came an innovation that was a most rapid jump from the sublime to the ridiculous; Johann Strauss appeared upon the programmes of these concerts for the first time, and in a "Musical Joke." One would almost as soon attempt jokes at a prayer meeting as at a Boston symphony concert, yet Mr. Paur has some precedent for the introduction of this bit of humor, for Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" has been given by a former conductor, and that contains one of the best known of musical jokes in its very sudden drum-stroke. But if musical jokes be allowed here, one would plead for a performance of Mozart's excellent "Musikalischer Spass" in which that great composer pictures a country band-leader trying to achieve a classical form and floundering about most woefully, being finally completely overthrown in an attempt at fugue. There was considerable humor in the orchestration of the Strauss number, the piccolo having some very showy work to do, and executing it remarkably well, and a very quaint duet between piccolo and bassoon calling for commendation also. The number was very crisply played, Mr. Paur proving that he is not without caprice or daintiness; his lightness of touch was marked throughout the later numbers of this concert. The applause following this number was adequate to show recognition, but one is glad to add that the audience did not put itself on record as appreciating a comical trifle above an earnest symphony or concerto. The chief enthusiasm of the evening was evoked by the Bruch adagio above described. Already indicated, the last number, Auber's overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue," was not of a character to please the judicious auditor; it had not the playfulness of the Strauss number, nor had it anything earnest to impart, it was neither fish, flesh nor fowl. So far as it had any affiliations it represented the school of Offenbach, and its coda had all the vulgarity without any of the brightness of the Opera Bouffe school. such juxtaposition of different kinds of music might lead eventually to something like the following:—

Symphony No. 3 (Eroica), Beethoven.
Potpourri, "Petit Faust," Herve.
Tragic Overture, Brahms.
"Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes," Strauss.
Pastorale (Christmas Oratorio), Bach.

The orchestra played with excellent ensemble throughout the concert of varying moods, and Mr. Paur demonstrated a versatility that shows him to be much more than a mere drill-master.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Courier.

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HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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Concerto for violin, No. 1.....Max Bruch
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Overture, "The Prodigal Son".....Auber

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SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the twenty-second symphony at Music Hall last night presented a variety of styles of orchestral composition, and of the five numbers three were heard for the first time at these concerts.

Rubinstein's Russian symphony opened the programme, and to many in the audience it was doubtless heard for the first time, since it has not been given in this city for a number of years. Generally it is rather an uninteresting composition, though in places it demands the earnest attention of an audience, because of some charming effects, notably in the second movement when a couple of Russian dance tunes are introduced and developed in various forms. The third movement gives some splendid opportunities for the flute, which Mr. Mole was not slow in making the most of.

Following came the introduction to Lagner's "Dornroschen," which is written in fine form, very stately, and with several pretty melodies. Mr. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, was heard in a Bruch concerto for violin in three movements, which was played with a great amount of feeling and rare beauty. His admirable work was rewarded by several recalls.

"Perpetuum Mobile," by Strauss, proved a genuine novelty. It is styled a musical joke, and proved a bright, catchy and ingenious composition, and if it was a "trifle light as air," the audience went en rapport over it, and would have liked to hear it repeated. The piece consists of a single theme with many variations and continuously new developments, and ends with a sudden stop in the middle of a phrase. The overture to "The Prodigal Son," by Auber, is an inspiring and martial composition. It is very showy, elaborately worked out, and the brasses are used freely throughout to heighten the effect. At the concert next week, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke will be the soloist, singing a group of songs by Esser.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

Symphony Concert.

Conductor Paur presented three novelties at last week's symphony: the introduction to Langer's opera, "Sleeping Beauty," "A Musical Joke," by Johann Strauss, and the overture to Auber's opera, "The Prodigal Son." Mr Schnitzler, violin soloist, performed Bruch's concerto in G minor. Rubinstein's Russian symphony completed the program.

Mr Schnitzler gave the familiar Bruch concerto with musicianly intelligence, but without special brilliancy. The figural work was correct, the runs true, but not crisp and firm, and the passionate themes of the first part were presented broadly and with a pure intenation. The strongly accentuated march movement, with the pizzicato accompaniment, was specially good, the touch being forceful and the chord fingering melodic. Mr Schnitzler was warmly applauded by his auditors and associate artists.

The Rubinstein symphony was effective in a characteristic way. The oboe and horn duos were smoothly played, and the weird harmonies of the dance tunes were vigorously performed. The "Musical Joke," by Strauss, was a pleasing trifle with a humorous rhythm accompanying the galop.

This Lander composition contained nothing of special musical value. The work is scored for the modern orchestra, and the instrumentation shows considerable skill in the treatment of the different instruments. The introduction is bold, and the variations in the themes are evidently tone pictures of situations in the opera.

"The Prodigal Son" overture, by Auber, suggests but faintly the biblical foundation for the plot of the opera. The opening passages are spirited, and throughout the work the background of accompaniment is full of curious elaborations by contrasting instruments. The strings did admirably in the legato passages, and the summons by the brasses were also clear and resonant as one could wish. The clarinet phrases were very true to the pitch. There appears to be but little of a religious nature in the composition.

This week's program is as follows:

Symphony No.4, in D minor .....Schumann
Aria, Vineta .....Lachner
Suite No. 2 .....Esser
Overture, The Water Carrier .....Cherubini

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke will be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

Twenty-second Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Close of the Operatic Season at Mechanics' Building.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert last evening:

Symphony No. 5, G minor, "Russian"..Rubinstein
Introduction to the Opera, "Dornroeschen"
Langer
(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 1, G minor.....Bruch
Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo".....Strauss
(First time.)
Overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue".....Auber
(First time.)

There is no doubt that Rubinstein took a peculiar interest in his "Russian" symphony. He built it on folk-song foundations and dedicated it to a woman who was kind to him, who recognized his great talent—perhaps genius would not be too strong a word—and who believed firmly in Russian music. And has the symphony the marks and signs of undoubted long and healthy life? Possibly the Russian to whom the themes may be hallowed by association will always hear it gladly. But will any work that is so intensely national in character be of vital interest to the world at large? Here enters a question that is today almost fiercely discussed.

I do not believe that any orchestral composition which is intended frankly to exploit national character as displayed in music will be of vital force in the great repertoire of the world. There is nothing that palls so surely as an exotic tune treated with exotic harmonies. At first there is surprise at melody, scale and rhythm. After the surprise, comes the desire to hear that which is normal. The surprise only comes once. The desire is lasting. Nor are the melodies and the rhythms in this particular work of such fragrance or pungency that they overcome the listener. Tschaikowski ordered this matter better. When he visited Little Russia, the hearer went with him and heard with the composer's ears.

Rubinstein, in this symphony, commits the gravest of faults: he is not interesting. The instrumentation does not make amends. The second movement has color and it is not without a melancholy charm. One movement, however, does not make a symphony.

The Introduction to "Dornröschen" is in modern form; there is a free development of a phrase. Langer has shown ingenuity and a sense of color, but there is no personal note. The piece is the result of patient labor in the manner of Wagner. Passages may excite an amiable mood for the moment, but the Introduction makes no lasting impression.

The Strauss joke has one great merit; the composer stopped before he became a bore. 'Tis an agreeable trifle; but if the music of Strauss is to be heard at a symphony concert, let it be a waltz, in which the Viennese shows his genius.

What was Mr. Paur thinking about when he put Auber's overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue" in rehearsal?

The master of opéra-comique wrote many charming overtures, graceful in melody, logical in structure, charming in instrumentation. The one played last night is not among them. It is thrown together as at random; it is without distinction, except in that it is brutal and vulgar. It is, if I am not mistaken, a misch-masch of ballet airs, a most unsuitable prelude to the opera. Such a selection by Mr. Paur is an injury to the composer, to the influence of a Symphony concert, and to the taste of the conductor.

Mr. Schnitzler played the first two movements of the concerto by Bruch with breadth, fine feeling, intelligence and technical skill. In the last movement he was not as successful. He was at times a little coarse in delivery, and his intonation was not always faultless. He was heartily applauded.

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American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885.

Here and There.

The Twenty-first Symphony Concert gave a beautiful "first time" in Mozart's Serenade, number eleven, E-flat, for two oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons. Haydn's Clock Symphony is ever delightsome; and so is the Der Freischutz overture. Paderewski admirers were more than glad to hear his commended pupil, Antoinette Szumowska, with her velvetty touch, in Chopin's Second Concerto, in F minor, op. 21. How young and pretty she is for so ripe a pianist.

Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women, read by Gertrude Capen, and illustrated by living and moving pictures, was recently given very successfully in the New South Vestry, under the direction of Miss Vancy Joy. There was good singing by Lucy Proctor, piano-playing by Miss Mahr, and Mandolin playing by Hattie B. Cardell; and Miss Joy having been in Japan, there would have been oriental music by a gentleman in his rich native costume, had not the time been lost by the luckless Japanese party in a cab, driving about Boston, in vain endeavors to find the New South Church. You see we have an Old South, a New South, a New Old South, and a South Congregational Church; and this quartet of eccelesiastical names is slightly confusing to the uninitiated.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

The last of this season's series of eight concerts took place in Union hall on Monday evening. As usual, a large audience, representative of Boston at her musical best, was in attendance. The programme was:

Piano trio in E, op. 19.....Kahn
Fantasie for Piano and Violin, op. 159.....Schubert
Quartette, op. 131.....Beethoven

The new trio of Kahn's was a disappointment. Its author is very well spoken of by trustworthy critics, and we know him to have been busy with works of serious artistic purpose ever since we heard of his opus 1, some eight years ago. But his music seems to possess only the quality of extremely good manufacture. His melodies are pleasant, but his musical vocabulary is decidedly limited. The same devices of composition were to be detected in all three movements of the trio. In short, Kahn seems to be a plodder with a modicum of soulfulness,—nothing more.

The Schubert number was a delight from beginning to end; an uninterrupted flow of spontaneous inspiration. Mrs. Paur was the pianist in both this and the opening number. While the performance of the trio was not without a slip or two of the string players, the rendering of the duet was, like the music, ideal. Mrs. Paur again showed herself to be thoroughly in command of the technique of both classical and modern piano compositions.

The quartette's season was fittingly closed by a great performance of one of Beethoven's last compositions. It is said that the Kneisels are to give a series of concerts in London during the summer. We are sure that their finest laurels will be won in their Beethoven playing.

Boston Courier

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Rubinstein: Symphony No. 5, in G minor ("Russian"), opus 107.
Ferdinand Langer: Introduction to "Dornröschen." (First time.)
Max Bruch: Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in G minor, opus 26.
Johann Strauss: "Mota perpetuo," Musical Joke, opus 257. (First time.)
Auber: Overture to "L'Enfant prodigue."
Mr. I. Schnitzler was the violinist.

A programme which, as Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, puts it, is, "to say the least, remarkable!" Rubinstein's "Russian" symphony was not marked "first time" on the programme, but we do not remember hearing it before, and it seems impossible that anyone could hear the work and ever forget it. The score is dedicated *to the memory of* the Grand Duchess Hélène Pawlowna. Happy Grand Duchess! No Macbeth can say of her: "She should have died hereafter." One last misery was spared her; that of hearing this symphony. For one thing, the work is perfectly clear and afflicts the listener's mind with no doubts; even the orchestration, though often (probably intentionally) rough and unbeautiful, is clearness itself; Rubinstein has not here, as he sometimes does, stifled his orchestra with trombones; you hear everything! But, as a perfect Cobi-Shamo, Great Salt Desert, Sahara of dismal dreariness, this symphony beats all else we have ever heard. What in it is not trivial and commonplace is irredeemably ugly; the development of each one of the four movements is carried out on Rubinstein's self-deceiving principle that so many notes written represent so much work; it shows a tediously laborious shirking of work. The last movement, which is fully as long as the cyclone in the "Ocean" symphony, is especially exasperating in its apotheosis of boredom. May be, this symphony can awaken familiar and cherished associations in the Russian mind; if so, one trembles to think with what associations the Russian mind must be stocked! Why, oh why, should we have been called upon to bear this infliction? we who have already this season paid Rubinstein's memory the tribute of listening to the whole of his "Ocean?"

Ferdinand Langer few of us had ever heard of; only those of us who had taken the trouble to look him up in an encyclopædia knew anything about him. But the title of "Dornröschen" sounded familiar and cheering after the Rubinstein vale of tears: whose heart does not leap sympathetically when he recalls the delights of Ferrault's "La Belle au Bois dormant" and Grimm's "Dornröschen"? We looked to Langer and his introduction to cheer us up a bit. But the introduction was a bitter disappointment; mere threadbare phrases from Abt's and Kücken's waste-basket, cooked up in the modern chromatic style and scored for grand orchestra as if by one who had gone to market to buy a Wagnerian receipt, and got cheated. Seriously now, what have we here in Boston to do with Langer, or he with us? The man is a local celebrity—if celebrity at all—in Mannheim, where he conducts the orchestra; he has never done the first thing to win him the right to a hearing in this country. His "Dornröschen" introduction is but a waste of time.

At last, in Max Bruch's concerto, one had something worth listening to. Mr. Schnitzler played it very beautifully indeed. We should have preferred to hear the first movement go a little faster, with more passion and force; Mr. Schnitzler took it very broadly indeed, but, to our thinking, somewhat at the expense of energy of effect. But he played the slow movement exquisitely, and was brilliancy itself in the Finale. He was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. But, as we have made up our minds to write a croaking article, we must go on croaking. The concerto was not well placed on the programme. To be sure, one may well doubt whether anything could have been well placed on such a programme—anything but one thing alone, of which more later on. But both the Bruch concerto and the Rubinstein symphony are in G minor, and both have their slow movement in E-flat major; this of itself gave a tinge of sameness. Then another consideration forces itself upon us, one of which we have often thought before, but have as yet said little. Mr. Schnitzler had to play his part in the Rubinstein symphony and the Langer "Dornröschen" before appearing in an important and taxing solo, and must consequently have been far from fresh for his task. This sort of thing has occurred more than once before under Mr. Paur's régime; let us look at the record.

Last season Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder played Brahms's A minor concerto for violin and 'cello after Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; Mr. Adamowski played the two movements from Tschaikowsky's D major concerto after Brahms's C minor symphony and Mozart's overture to the "Zauberflöte;" Mr. Kneisel played Beethoven's D major concerto after Dvorák's symphony "From the New World;" Mr. Schroeder played Loeffler's "Fantastic" concerto after Beethoven's eighth symphony; Mr. Loeffler played the Bruch romanza and Saint-Saëns's concert-piece after Brahms's D major symphony; Mr. Leo Schult played Bruch,s "Kol Nidrei" after Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Clayton Johns's berceuse and scherzo; Mr. Roth played the two movements from Molique's A minor concerto after Bülow's "Funerale" and Beethoven's "Eroica."

This season Mr. Loeffler played his own divertimento in A minor after Mozart's D major symphony; Mr. Schroeder played Dvorák's "Waldesruke" and the Klengel capriccio after Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" and Paine's "Island Fantasy;" Mr. Kneisel played Mendelssohn's E minor concerto after Brahms's F major symphony; Mr. Schnitzler played Bruch's G minor concerto after Rubinstein's "Russian" symphony and Langer's introduction to "Dornröschen."

In most, if not in all, of these cases the solo player had to play through all that preceded his piece on the programme before playing his own solo selection. The only case to the contrary we are sure of was, when Mr. Molé (last year) played Benoît's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, it was preceded by Mozart's E-flat symphony, and, there being but one flute-part in the symphony, it was played by Mr. Heindl, and Mr. Molé could come on fresh for his solo.

Now, let us look through ... season of 1892-93, Mr. Nikisch's last year here. Mr. Adamowski played Ernst's F-sharp minor concerto after Saint-Saëns's A-minor symphony; Mr. Schroeder played the Davidoff concerto after Dvorák's "Husitska" overture; Mr. Schnitzler played Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto after Berlioz's overture to Benvenuto Cellini;" Mr. Loeffler played Saint-Saëns's A major concerto after Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture; Mr. Roth played Raff's "Fée d'Amour" after Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture; Mr. Kneisel played Brahms's D major concerto after Schumann's overture to "Manfred." Now, in not one of these cases did the solo player have to play also in the piece preceding his own; and, moreover, the first piece on the programme was, with one exception, short, so that the solo player did not have to wait long, chewing the cud of nervousness, in the ante-room.

The pieces Mr. Paur has put on the programme before the solos played by members of the orchestra have often been exceedingly long and taxing, and in almost every case, if not in every case, the solo player has had to play his part in them before appearing in his own piece. This may be the rule in Germany, though we find it hard to believe it; for do we not have it on the authority of Mr. Brodsky that, in German orchestras, the *Conzertmeister*, or leader, *does not even play in the accompaniment to solos?* But, whether it be the rule in Germany or not, it is a bad one and is, moreover, utterly at variance with our customs here. It places the solo player in an entirely false position; whether a member of the orchestra or not, he is a "soloist" (confound the word!) for that evening, and should be treated as one.

Strauss's musical joke was a ray of sunlight; to be sure, it had no business whatever on a symphony programme—by which we do not necessarily mean a programme of the Symphony Orchestra—but its brightness and go were unspeakably grateful. It is, perhaps, a good earnest of what most of the rest of the programme was, that this flimsy little *café-concert* tune should have been really welcome.

Auber's overture to "L'Enfant prodigue" is the worst thing by him we have yet heard.

The next programme is: Schumann, symphony No. 4, in D minor, opus 120; Vincenz Lachner, concert aria, "Vineta," opus 80; Esser, suite No. 2 (first time); Handel, air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea;" Cherubini, overture to "Les deux journées." Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke will be the singer.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme included the following numbers:

Symphony No. 5, "Russian"....Rubinstein
Introduction to the opera "Dornroschen".....Langer
Concerto for Violin, No. 1.....Bruch
Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo"..J. Strauss
Overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue"..Auber

The Langer, Strauss and Auber numbers were played for the first time at these concerts.

Mr. I. Schnitzler was the soloist.

The attendance at this concert was the lightest of any of this season's series.

The Rubinstein symphony, which at intervals introduces Russian folk-songs and dance tunes, like most of this famous composer's larger works, varies in interest, and yet, everything considered, there is nothing of Rubinstein's that does not repay the hearing. The vital element always exists, and there is also enough of healthy sentiment and sustained, original melody to keep the attention from flagging, although there are places occasionally where in the working out the duration of the effort might produce weariness, did not the composer command such inexhaustible resources of technical variety and melodic and harmonic beauty.

Mr. Paur read the work finely, and the orchestra responded to his conducting with a unity of effort that vouchsafed a superb performance. The horn solo in the andante, and the flute solo, also, were delightfully played by those excellent artists, Messrs. Hackenbarth and Mole.

The introduction to "Dornroschen," by Langer, is little else than an essay upon the modes of Wagner. It does not require a great deal of knowledge to invent such a piece. If one can produce a theme or two, has pondered over the scores of the mighty Richard, and has some technical faculty in writing for the orchestra, such pieces are easily accomplished. It was given a splendid performance by the orchestra.

The "Musical Joke," by Johann Strauss, was entirely out of place in a symphony programme. Mr. Paur should have chosen one of this composer's waltzes, compositions that of their kind are classics, and are worthy of association with the higher of any form of musical composition.

Mr. Schnitzler is an admirable player, and in the Adagio of the Bruch concerto achieved an artistic success. There was much to praise, also, in the rendering of the first movement, but in the playing of the last movement there was much left to be desired. His associates accompanied his efforts in a commendable manner. Mr. Schnitzler was enthusiastically applauded and recalled after the concerto was finished.

Mr. Paur did not choose well in selecting Auber's overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue," as it is little less than a potpourri. Mr. Paur is to be praised for his inclination to lighten his programmes with less serious material than one usually finds in the make-up of selections for a Symphony concert, but he should give his listeners the best of the works of composers in the lighter forms of orchestral writing.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience gathered at City Hall last evening to listen to the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestsa, conducted by Mr. Emil Paur, his first appearance in this city. The band was augumented to 70 musicians, we think the largest number that has ever appeared here in concert.

Mr. Paur has a tall, commanding figure and he conducts with much vigor. Every muscle in his body, like the lamented Jullien's, has a share in the task. He is evidently an excellent drill master, and he reads intelligently and to the approbation of his audience. We could only regret that the house was not crowded, as it would have been if the freshets had not disturbed the plans of many music lovers, because there was so many who desired to see Mr. Paur and hear the orchestra under its new master.

While the programme was not exactly what many would have chosen, it contained two numbers of more than usual attraction. The one was a symphony poem, "An Island Fantasy," by Prof. Paine of Harvard College, a Portland boy, and the other Divorak's symphony in B minor, "From the New World." It was to be regretted that the descriptive programmes, such as are used in Boston, were not used last evening here since they give an audience a clear idea of the composer's treatment of his subject.

Prof. Paine's charming symphonic poem, promoted in the expression of feelings by the "remebrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life, the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm," displayed in its wealth of melodic beauty, its fascinating harmonies, its broad and flowing rhmyths, its delightful episode with opportunities for the English horn, clarinet, harp and French horn in solo passages, the masterly hand of the musician and romantic composer.

The Diorak symphony was a magnificent piece of orchestration. Its melodic forms, its classical purity, its romance and poetry combined, its superb coloring, marked as one of the most delightful musical compositions that has been heard in Portland for years. Its snatches of old negro tunes handled with consummate taste, its delicate shades of expression, its grand crescendos, completely charmed its hearers. The minor key always appeals to the emotions, and the audience sat so quiet and still during each movement that the proverbial pin could have been heard to drop. Both the Diorak symphony and the Paine fantasy received the heartiest applause for the superb rendering by the orchestra.

The other orchestral numbers, the prelude to "Tannhauser," act III, then the prelude to "Lohengrin," act III, and the Liszt-Doppler Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, were admirably given.

Mr. Ben Davies's fine voice and excellent method, drew a storm of applause by his remarkably fine rendering of the prize song from "The Meistersinger," and he sang "Salve Dinova" with much power and sweetness, although his use of the falsetto in the latter aria was not so agreeable. He was called and recalled, but declined an encore.

After the concert, Prof. Paine met a number of the members of the Rossini Club and some of his old musical friends at the residence of his niece, Mrs. John Bowers.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, assisted by Mr. Ben Davies, soloist, was enthusiastically received at City Hall last evening. This was Mr. Paur's first appearance in this city and his reception was flattering in the extreme. Mr. Davies was heard in the Eames concert last season and was recalled again and again last evening but adhered rigidly to the law of "no encore." The concert was a treat for lovers of classical music. The programme follows:

Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," op. 45. (by request)..J. K. Paine
This composition was suggested by the remembrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life:—the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm.
Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger"..Wagner
Symphony in E minor, op. 95, "From the New World"....
I. Adagio—Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace,—Trio.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.
Aria, "Salve Dimora" from "Faust"....Gounod
a. Prelude to Act III., "Tannhauser."....Wagner
b. Prelude to Act III., "Lohengrin" (by request).....Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2..Liszt-Doppler

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

Here and There.

The Twenty-first Symphony Concert gave a beautiful "first time" in Mozart's Serenade, number eleven, E-flat, for two oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons. Haydn's Clock Symphony is ever delightsome; and so is the Der Freischutz overture. Paderewski admirers were more than glad to hear his commended pupil, Antoinette Szumowska, with her velvetty touch, in Chopin's Second Concerto, in F minor, op. 21. How young and pretty she is for so ripe a pianist.

Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women, read by Gertrude Capen, and illustrated by living and moving pictures, was recently given very successfully in the New South Vestry, under the direction of Miss Vancy Joy. There was good singing by Lucy Proctor, piano-playing by Miss Mahr, and Mandolin playing by Hattie B. Cardell; and Miss Joy having been in Japan, there would have been oriental music by a gentleman in his rich native costume, had not the time been lost by the luckless Japanese party in a cab, driving about Boston, in vain endeavors to find the New South Church. You see we have an Old South, a New South, a New Old South, and a South Congregational Church; and this quartet of eccelesiastical names is slightly confusing to the uninitiated.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE.

The last of this season's series of eight concerts took place in Union hall on Monday evening. As usual, a large audience, representative of Boston at her musical best, was in attendance. The programme was:

Piano trio in E, op. 19.....Kahn
Fantasie for Piano and Violin, op. 159....
.....Schubert
Quartette, op. 131.....Beethoven

The new trio of Kahn's was a disappointment. Its author is very well spoken of by trustworthy critics, and we know him to have been busy with works of serious artistic purpose ever since we heard of his opus 1, some eight years ago. But his music seems to possess only the quality of extremely good manufacture. His melodies are pleasant, but his musical vocabulary is decidedly limited. The same devices of composition were to be detected in all three movements of the trio. In short, Kahn seems to be a plodder with a modicum of soulfulness,—nothing more.

The Schubert number was a delight from beginning to end; an uninterrupted flow of spontaneous inspiration. Mrs. Paur was the pianist in both this and the opening number. While the performance of the trio was not without a slip or two of the string players, the rendering of the duet was, like the music, ideal. Mrs. Paur again showed herself to be thoroughly in command of the technique of both classical and modern piano compositions.

The quartette's season was fittingly closed by a great performance of one of Beethoven's last compositions. It is said that the Kneisels are to give a series of concerts in London during the summer. We are sure that their finest laurels will be won in their Beethoven playing.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Rubinstein: Symphony No. 5, in G minor ("Russian"), opus 107.
Ferdinand Langer: Introduction to "Dornröschen." (First time.)
Max Bruch: Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in G minor, opus 26.
Johann Strauss: "Mota perpetuo," Musical Joke, opus 257. (First time.)
Auber: Overture to "L'Enfant prodigue."
Mr. I. Schnitzler was the violinist.

A programme which, as Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, puts it, is, "to say the least, remarkable!" Rubinstein's "Russian" symphony was not marked "first time" on the programme, but we do not remember hearing it before, and it seems impossible that anyone could hear the work and ever forget it. The score is dedicated *to the memory of* the Grand Duchess Hélène Pawlowna. Happy Grand Duchess! No Macbeth can say of her: "She should have died hereafter." One last misery was spared her; that of hearing this symphony. For one thing, the work is perfectly clear and afflicts the listener's mind with no doubts; even the orchestration, though often (probably intentionally) rough and unbeautiful, is clearness itself; Rubinstein has not here, as he sometimes does, stifled his orchestra with trombones; you hear everything! But, as a perfect Cobi-Shamo, Great Salt Desert, Sahara of dismal dreariness, this symphony beats all else we have ever heard. What in it is not trivial and commonplace is irredeemably ugly; the development of each one of the four movements is carried out on Rubinstein's self-deceiving principle that so many notes written represent so much work; it shows a tediously laborious shirking of work. The last movement, which is fully as long as the cyclone in the "Ocean" symphony, is especially exasperating in its apotheosis of boredom. May be, this symphony can awaken familiar and cherished associations in the Russian mind; if so, one trembles to think with what associations the Russian mind must be stocked! Why, oh why, should we have been called upon to bear this infliction? we who have already this season paid Rubinstein's memory the tribute of listening to the whole of his "Ocean?"

Ferdinand Langer few of us had ever heard of; only those of us who had taken the trouble to look him up in an encyclopædia knew anything about him. But the title of "Dornröschen" sounded familiar and cheering after the Rubinstein vale of tears: whose heart does not leap sympathetically when he recalls the delights of Ferrault's "La Belle au Bois dormant" and Grimm's "Dornröschen"? We looked to Langer and his introduction to cheer us up a bit. But the introduction was a bitter disappointment; mere threadbare phrases from Abt's and Kücken's waste-basket, cooked up in the modern chromatic style and scored for grand orchestra as if by one who had gone to market to buy a Wagnerian receipt, and got cheated. Seriously now, what have we here in Boston to do with Langer, or he with us? The man is a local celebrity—if celebrity at all—in Mannheim, where he conducts the orchestra; he has never done the first thing to win him the right to a hearing in this country. His "Dornröschen" introduction is but a waste of time.

At last, in Max Bruch's concerto, one had something worth listening to. Mr. Schnitzler played it very beautifully indeed. We should have preferred to hear the first movement go a little faster, with more passion and force; Mr. Schnitzler took it very broadly indeed, but, to our thinking, somewhat at the expense of energy of effect. But he played the slow movement exquisitely, and was brilliancy itself in the Finale. He was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. But, as we have made up our minds to write a croaking article, we must go on croaking. The concerto was not well placed on the programme. To be sure, one may well doubt whether anything could have been well placed on such a programme—anything but one thing alone, of which more later on. But both the Bruch concerto and the Rubinstein symphony are in G minor, and both have their slow movement in E-flat major; this of itself gave a tinge of sameness. Then another consideration forces itself upon us, one of which we have often thought before, but have as yet said little. Mr. Schnitzler had to play his part in the Rubinstein symphony and the Langer "Dornröschen" before appearing in an important and taxing solo, and must consequently have been far from fresh for his task. This sort of thing has occurred more than once before under Mr. Paur's régime; let us look at the record.

Last season Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder played Brahms's A minor concerto for violin and 'cello after Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; Mr. Adamowski played the two movements from Tschaikowsky's D major concerto after Brahms's C minor symphony and Mozart's overture to the "Zauberflöte;" Mr. Kneisel played Beethoven's D major concerto after Dvorák's symphony "From the New World;" Mr. Schroeder played Loeffler's "Fantastic" concerto after Beethoven's eighth symphony; Mr. Loeffler played the Bruch romanza and Saint-Saëns's concert-piece after Brahms's D major symphony; Mr. Leo Schult played Bruch,s "Kol Nidrei" after Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Clayton Johns's berceuse and scherzo; Mr. Roth played the two movements from Molique's A minor concerto after Bülow's "Funerale" and Beethoven's "Eroica."

This season Mr. Loeffler played his own divertimento in A minor after Mozart's D major symphony; Mr. Schroeder played Dvorák's "Waldesruke" and the Klengel capriccio after Foote's "Francesca da Rimini" and Paine's "Island Fantasy;" Mr. Kneisel played Mendelssohn's E minor concerto after Brahms's F major symphony; Mr. Schnitzler played Bruch's G minor concerto after Rubinstein's "Russian" symphony and Langer's introduction to "Dornröschen."

In most, if not in all, of these cases the solo player had to play through all that preceded his piece on the programme before playing his own solo selection. The only case to the contrary we are sure of was, when Mr. Molé (last year) played Benoît's symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, it was preceded by Mozart's E-flat symphony, and, there being but one flute-part in the symphony, it was played by Mr. Heindl, and Mr. Molé could come on fresh for his solo.

Now, let us look through the record of the season of 1892-93, Mr. Nikisch's last year here. Mr. Adamowski played Ernst's F-sharp minor concerto after Saint-Saëns's A-minor symphony; Mr. Schroeder played the Davidoff concerto after Dvorák's "Husitska" overture; Mr. Schnitzler played Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto after Berlioz's overture to Benvenuto Cellini;" Mr. Loeffler played Saint-Saëns's A major concerto after Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture; Mr. Roth played Raff's "Fée d'Amour" after Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture; Mr. Kneisel played Brahms's D major concerto after Schumann's overture to "Manfred." Now, in not one of these cases did the solo player have to play also in the piece preceding his own; and, moreover, the first piece on the programme was, with one exception, short, so that the solo player did not have to wait long, chewing the cud of nervousness, in the ante-room.

The pieces Mr. Paur has put on the programme before the solos played by members of the orchestra have often been exceedingly long and taxing, and in almost every case, if not in every case, the solo player has had to play his part in them before appearing in his own piece. This may be the rule in Germany, though we find it hard to believe it; for do we not have it on the authority of Mr. Brodsky that, in German orchestras, the *Conzertmeister*, or leader, *does not even play in the accompaniment to solos?* But, whether it be the rule in Germany or not, it is a bad one and is, moreover, utterly at variance with our customs here. It places the solo player in an entirely false position; whether a member of the orchestra or not, he is a "soloist" (confound the word!) for that evening, and should be treated as one.

Strauss's musical joke was a ray of sunlight; to be sure, it had no business whatever on a symphony programme—by which we do not necessarily mean a programme of the Symphony Orchestra—but its brightness and go were unspeakably grateful. It is, perhaps, a good earnest of what most of the rest of the programme was, that this flimsy little *café-concert* tune should have been really welcome.

Auber's overture to "L'Enfant prodigue" is the worst thing by him we have yet heard.

The next programme is: Schumann, symphony No. 4, in D minor, opus 120; Vincenz Lachner, concert aria, "Vineta," opus 80; Esser, suite No. 2 (first time); Handel, air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea;" Cherubini, overture to "Les deux journées." Miss Carpline Gardner Clarke will be the singer.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme included the following numbers:

Symphony No. 5, "Russian"....Rubinstein
Introduction to the opera "Dornroschen".....Langer
Concerto for Violin, No. 1.....Bruch
Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo"..J. Strauss
Overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue"..Auber

The Langer, Strauss and Auber numbers were played for the first time at these concerts.

Mr. I. Schnitzler was the soloist.

The attendance at this concert was the lightest of any of this season's series.

The Rubinstein symphony, which at intervals introduces Russian folk-songs and dance tunes, like most of this famous composer's larger works, varies in interest, and yet, everything considered, there is nothing of Rubinstein's that does not repay the hearing. The vital element always exists, and there is also enough of healthy sentiment and sustained, original melody to keep the attention from flagging, although there are places occasionally where in the working out the duration of the effort might produce weariness, did not the composer command such inexhaustible resources of technical variety and melodic and harmonic beauty.

Mr. Paur read the work finely, and the orchestra responded to his conducting with a unity of effort that vouchsafed a superb performance. The horn solo in the andante, and the flute solo, also, were delightfully played by those excellent artists, Messrs. Hackenbarth and Mole.

The introduction to "Dornroschen," by Langer, is little else than an essay upon the modes of Wagner. It does not require a great deal of knowledge to invent such a piece. If one can produce a theme or two, has pondered over the scores of the mighty Richard, and has some technical faculty in writing for the orchestra, such pieces are easily accomplished. It was given a splendid performance by the orchestra.

The "Musical Joke," by Johann Strauss, was entirely out of place in a symphony programme. Mr. Paur should have chosen one of this composer's waltzes, compositions that of their kind are classics, and are worthy of association with the higher of any form of musical composition.

Mr. Schnitzler is an admirable player, and in the Adagio of the Bruch concerto achieved an artistic success. There was much to praise, also, in the rendering of the first movement, but in the playing of the last movement there was much left to be desired. His associates accompanied his efforts in a commendable manner. Mr. Schnitzler was enthusiastically applauded and recalled after the concerto was finished.

Mr. Paur did not choose well in selecting Auber's overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue," as it is little less than a potpourri. Mr. Paur is to be praised for his inclination to lighten his programmes with less serious material than one usually finds in the make-up of selections for a Symphony concert, but he should give his listeners the best of the works of composers in the lighter forms of orchestral writing.

Bos

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience gathered at City Hall last evening to listen to the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Emil Paur, his first appearance in this city. The band was augumented to 70 musicians, we think the largest number that has ever appeared here in concert.

Mr. Paur has a tall, commanding figure and he conducts with much vigor. Every muscle in his body, like the lamented Jullien's, has a share in the task. He is evidently an excellent drill master, and he reads intelligently and to the approbation of his audience. We could only regret that the house was not crowded, as it would have been if the freshets had not disturbed the plans of many music lovers, because there was so many who desired to see Mr. Paur and hear the orchestra under its new master.

While the programme was not exactly what many would have chosen, it contained two numbers of more than usual attraction. The one was a symphony poem, "An Island Fantasy," by Prof. Paine of Harvard College, a Portland boy, and the other Divorak's symphony in B minor, "From the New World." It was to be regretted that the descriptive programmes, such as are used in Boston, were not used last evening here since they give an audience a clear idea of the composer's treatment of his subject.

Prof. Paine's charming symphonic poem, promoted in the expression of feelings by the "remebrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life, the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm," displayed in its wealth of melodic beauty, its fascinating harmonies, its broad and flowing rhmyths, its delightful episode with opportunities for the English horn, clarinet, harp and French horn in solo passages, the masterly hand of the musician and romantic composer.

The Diorak symphony was a magnificent piece of orchestration. Its melodic forms, its classical purity, its romance and poetry combined, its superb coloring, marked as one of the most delightful musical compositions that has been heard in Portland for years. Its snatches of old negro tunes handled with consummate taste, its delicate shades of expression, its grand crescendos, completely charmed its hearers. The minor key always appeals to the emotions, and the audience sat so quiet and still during each movement that the proverbial pin could have been heard to drop. Both the Diorak symphony and the Paine fantasy received the heartiest applause for the superb rendering by the orchestra.

The other orchestral numbers, the prelude to "Taunhauser," act III, then the prelude to "Lohengrin," act III, and the Liszt-Doppler Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, were admirably given.

Mr. Ben Davies's fine voice and excellent method, drew a storm of applause by his remarkably fine rendering of the prize song from "The Meistersinger," and he sang "Salve Dinova" with much power and sweetness, although his use of the falsetto in the latter aria was not so agreeable. He was called and recalled, but declined an encore.

After the concert, Prof. Paine met a number of the members of the Rossini Club and some of his old musical friends at the residence of his niece, Mrs. John Bowers.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, assisted by Mr. Ben Davies, soloist, was enthusiastically received at City Hall last evening. This was Mr. Paur's first appearance in this city and his reception was flattering in the extreme. Mr. Davies was heard in the Eames concert last season and was recalled again and again last evening but adhered rigidly to the law of "no encore." The concert was a treat for lovers of classical music. The programme follows:

Symphonic Poem, "An Island Fantasy," op. 45. (by request)..J. K. Paine
This composition was suggested by the remembrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean life:—the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm.
Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger"...Wagner
Symphony in E minor, op. 95, "From the New World".....
I. Adagio—Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace,—Trio.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.
Aria, "Salve Dimora" from "Faust"...Gounod
a. Prelude to Act III., "Tannhauser"...Wagner
b. Prelude to Act III., "Lohengrin" (by request).....Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2..Liszt-Doppler

The concert at City Hall last evening by the Boston Symphony orchestra and Mr. Ben Davies, the celebrated English tenor, was one of the finest of the many rare musical treats to which Mr. Stockbridge has treated his patrons. It is three years since the Symphony orchestra has been heard here. Mr. Emil Paur the new conductor, is of the Zerrahn type and under his animated baton the waves o sound rose and fell with the delicate shadings which characterizes the artistic execution of the difficult masterpieces by this justly celebrated company of musicians.

Mr. Davis sang here last season in the Eames concert with great acceptance. After the song from the Meistersinger he was recalled three times, but after the Aria, Salve Demora, a perfect storm of applause shook the house. The inexorble law of no encore was unbroken, notwithstanding the enthusiasm. Mr. Davies voice has a wonderful range, as was evidenced in the Aaia when he suddenly soared from the deep chest tones to a high and remarkably sweet tenor, gracefully descending again to the rich full tones in which he excels.

Portland music lovers trust that we are not to be limited to triennial concerts in future.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Ben Davies sang at Portland last evening, as no one in Maine ever heard him before, so magnificently, with so opulent a voice. He sung the prize song from the Meistersinger and "Salve Dimora." The orchestra drowned him out in the first, in spite of Mr. Davies' wonderful compass and body of tone, and this was Mr. Paur's fault. In the "Faust" number nothing was at fault, except perhaps Mr. Davies high C which came out a falsetto of such size and strength as to startle us. However, nothing in our memory of the concert stage in this State equaled the general effect of Mr. Davies's singing, so pure and sweet a quality, so flexible and delicate an organ, so sure of itself. The audience recalled him no less than eight times perhaps ten times, but he would not sing again. In the storm of applause Mr. Paur stood smiling and as Mr. Davies forced his way through the crowd of musicians they whispered to him and smiled. Many of the orchestra joined the applause at Mr. Davies's singing. All in all, the English tenor is as satisfactory a tenor as you will find anywhere on the face of the earth today. He is just arrived from England and this is one of his first engagements. His voice seemed in perfect trim.

We noticed Prof. J. K. Paine in the audience, drawn undoubtedly by the performance of his "Island Fantasy."

The Boston Symphony, as led by Mr. Paur, is not at its happiest in the romantic school, falling, it seems, a trifle short of the memories of early days in its interpretation of the melodies of the idyllic and romantic. Dvorak's "From the New World" was more to the taste, and the new symphony was a novelty and a delight to all. The orchestra renewed the prelude to Act III of Tannhauser and the prelud to Act III of Lohengrin. The latter it took at a rapid tempo and with great dash and go. The closing number was an adaptation of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody.

The audience was of moderate size, and about twenty-five from Lewiston and Auburn were present.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At City hall last evening the Boston Symphony orchestra gave one of the most artistic and pleasing concerts ever heard in Portland. It was, perhaps, the best this orchestre has ever produced here. Mr. Paur, the conductor, is very vigorous and imparts much of his life to the players. The Paine fantasy was of course well played, likewise the Dvorak symphony. The two Wagner selections and the Hungarian Rhapsody brought out the full power of the orchestra. Mr. Ben Davies, the eminent tenor, was at his best and in the "Salve Dinora" from Faust fairly set his audience wild. Again and again they called him out but he could not be induced to sing again. It has not been often within the past 25 years that a better singer has been heard in Portland. In short his singing left very little to be wished for. It was superb in every way.

Boston [illegible]

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

Twenty-third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, With Miss Caroline Clarke as Soloist—Miss Szumowska's Piano Recital.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor:

Overture to "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini
Air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea".....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule".....Saint-Saens
Concert Aria, "Vineta," op. 80.....V. Lachner
(First time.)
Symphony No. 4, in D minor.....Schumann

Cherubini's overture to "The Water Carrier" has long been counted among the great overtures of the world, and yet it is not as large and noble a work as his "Anacreon" overture. The latter, with all its contrapuntal ingenuity, has classic simplicity, a chaste beauty that is almost severe, and yet woos the admiration and challenges the variable tastes of the ages. The overture to "The Water Carrier" is more dry and formal; the wig is more in evidence; there is not as much serene coloring obtained by simple means; and yet it is a composition to be heard with respectful attention even if the rapture provoked is very moderate. It was finely played, and Mr. Paur worked up with thrilling effect the climax that ends the introduction.

"La Jeunesse d'Hercule" is the least spontaneous and the least interesting of Saint-Saëns's symphonic poems. In a way it seems sophomorical. It reminds one of the old reading book piece, "Tact and Talent," where antithesis becomes a bore. "Least interesting," however, is to be understood discreetly, for Saint-Saëns in his music for orchestra is almost always interesting. His methods of instrumentation alone repay careful study and give enjoyment even when the scheme of the composition may not be wholly a delight. It would be instructive in the class room to compare the music of "seductive nymphs and Bacchantes" who tempt Hercules with the strains that Wagner wrote for the scene in the Venusberg. Richly sensuous as are the many passages given by Saint-Saëns to Pleasure, the music of Virtue is wanting in solemnity or nobility, and "the glimpse of the reward of immortality" is not unlike the final transformation scene, so far as the music is concerned. Mr. Paur, last evening, took perhaps the wiser course and favored Virtue. The bacchantic music might have been a little more furious, more reckless. But as some insist on the educational value of these concerts to the young, Mr. Paur is, after all, to be commended in refraining from making Pleasure too alluring. The orchestra gave an admirable performance from the purely technical standpoint.

The symphonies of Schumann are not loved in France by the majority of musicians, who complain of the dryness of the instrumentation, and the attention paid at times by the composer to the mere working out of a contrapuntal problem without regard for tonal coloring or strong dramatic effect. The Symphony in D minor is the one that best answers these objections. Surely the romanza and the scherzo are creations of haunting and imperishable beauty. They were played delightfully last evening. But the performance of the first movement was not wholly satisfactory. The rhythm at times seemed lumbering, and there was the thought of the stern resolve to accomplish a task. There was a lack of elasticity. The color was monochromatic.

Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang Handel's air "As when the Dove" and a concert aria by Vincenz Lachner. In the performance of the first, the additional accompaniments by the late Otto Dresel were used. Many have tinkered the accompaniments of Handel, and Mr. Dresel no doubt went to work in all sincerity and reverence. The result of his labor was not fortunate. The accompaniment seemed muddy, prejudicial to the voice, and often un-Handelian. I admit the thinness of the original score. I admit the gravity of the problem. But it must never be forgotten that when such masters of counterpoint as Handel and Alessandro Scarlatti wrote arias, they wrote accompaniments of great simplicity. To them the singer was the all-important person. We have wandered far in these days from that sane practice. Now, the result of Mr. Dresel's thick, distracting and anachronistic accompaniment was that Miss Clarke, although she has a strong and full voice, was at times only one voice, not distinctly heard, among many voices.

Miss Clarke has improved in certain respects since she sang at the last Worcester Festival. She is not as much given to scooping or to unmeaning explosions. It is true that last evening her intonation was not always pure and her attack was not always irreproachable. But she had greater and more artistic control of her fine voice. This praise is to be applied especially to her singing of the air by Lachner. She did comparatively little with the air by Handel, and her enunciation was not clear. The "Vineta," on the other hand, was sung with breadth and with no small degree of passion, and the delivery of certain phrases was admirable and impressive. Miss Clarke has still something to do with her upper tones, for occasionally they are cloudy. It is to be regretted that the words of Lachner's aria were not printed in the program book; as it was, probably not six persons in the audience had any idea of what Miss Clarke was singing about. She was applauded generously.

PHILIP HALE.

[illegible] Herald.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, the Soloist, Wins Enthusiastic Applause.

The selections for last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Overture, "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove".....Handel
"The Youth of Hercules".....Saint-Saens
Concert aria, "Vineta".....V. Lachner
(First time.)
Symphony No. 4, D-minor.....Schumann

The soloist was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke. The programme was interesting and well balanced. The Cherubini overture ranks among the masterpieces in its class, and is always delightful in the hearing. On this occasion it had an exceptionally fine reading at the hands of Mr. Paur. The introduction, in particular, was given with noble emphasis and effect. The interpretation throughout was notably impressive; not a point was missed, and the finer movements in the orchestration came out with unwonted clearness. The performance generally was among the brilliant overture successes of the season, and the vigorous applause that rewarded it was as appreciative as it was fairly earned. The Saint-Saens Symphonic Poem is perhaps the least striking of the composer's works in kind, despite its charm of melody and of instrumentation, and its masterly originality in many of its harmonic devices. It has been frequently heard at these concerts, but it is doubtful if at any of its earlier renderings here it received as clear, as richly colored and as poetic an interpretation as that which Mr. Paur gave it last evening. The performance was faultless, the orchestra being heard at its very best. Through the whole of the concert the playing was wonderfully fine, and it is impossible to resist the temptation to repeat what has been so often said in this column that under none of its previous conductors has this splendid body of performers reached as high a point of efficiency in every way as it has attained under Mr. Paur. The symphony was brilliantly and impressively given from beginning to end, the lovely andante, which irresistibly recalls the pathetic old Irish melody, "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," receiving especially sympathetic treatment. The first allegro and the finale were read and played with immense fire and effectiveness, and with stirringly emphatic rhythmic force.

Miss Clarke has a beautiful, natural voice, warm and resonant in quality, and sympathetic in its middle register. She sang the Handel air smoothly and tastefully, but with an absence of that sustained or legato style which is necessary to do full justice to Handelian cantabile. The effort, however, was conscientious, and if it was lacking somewhat in artistic warmth, was, in the main, pleasing. It met with much applause, and won two hearty recalls for the artist. The air was given with an orchestral accompaniment by the late Mr. Otto Dresel, but it was over noisy, and the generous use of the horns and other wind instruments was by no means in Handel's manner. The master was fully acquainted with the horn, and if he had thought it advisable to use it, he knew well how to do so to the best advantage. The suave and graceful character of this song was not favorably emphasized by the additional accompaniments that were furnished on this occasion. The Lachner air suited Miss Clarke much better than the other, and she sang it with marked spirit and effectiveness, and in certain moments with admirable breadth. It was wholly new to the concert stage here, and is excellent music, but unfortunately the words were not given in the programme book, and hence its meaning was not clear, especially as it was sung in German, and with no very distinct enunciation. However, Miss Clarke sang it with an impulsiveness that brought forth enthusiastic applause, and earned three recalls for her.

The programme for the next and last concert of the season is: "Passacaglia," Bach; "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn; "Menuet des Fen-Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; and overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner. There will be no soloist.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1895.

The Symphony Orchestra played in Mr. Paur's last programme but one the following standard selections, and in this order: Cherubini's "Water Carrier" overture; Saint Saens's symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," which is painted from about the same palette of tone-colors as "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and may be quoted with it; and Schumann's fourth, or D minor, symphony.

The performance of these works was excellently characteristic and nicely elaborated and governed. The gravity, purity and mellifluousness of the overture were preserved blandly and smoothly until the very close, which that unconscionable kettle-drummer vulgarized with heavy noise. The distinction between the languorous sensuousness, the broad gravity, the decision, the conflict and the fiery immolation implied in the "Hercules" was made clear and true, and there was great daintiness in the fascinating phrases of persuasion as well as romanticism and stir in the baccanalian episodes. The noble symphony had dignity for its deeper and grander movements, tenderness for its long, sweet romance, and the due lightness for the less positive passages.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke sang from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," presumably in English, as those words were printed, the air beginning "As When the Dove," and from Lachner a concert air entitled "Vineta," about which the programme book did not deign to say a word, apparently to a German text. This latter is espe ially favorable to an extended soprano voice and was particularly advantageous to the group of richly beautiful tones above the staff which Miss Clarke possesses. She sang with more smoothness and reserve than usually and was calm and even almost to impassiveness in the Handel air. In the other song she was explosive on single tones here and there, while her phrase-delivery was far too often infected with that German—or perhaps we should say more narrowly, Wagnerian—disproportion which was so obtrusive and objectionable in Brema's vocalization. The voice itself was clear, sweet and voluminous, and one could only wish that Miss Clarke's style might be chastened and beautified by some strict and serious adviser.

The last programme is thus announced: Bach, Passacaglia; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica); Mendelssohn, Overture, "Melusine"; Berlioz, a. "Menuet des Fen-Follets," b. "Valse des Sylphes," From the "Damnation of Faust"; Wagner, Overture, "Tannhaeuser."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

Twenty-third Concert by Symphony Orchestra.

The usual large audience was present at last evening's symphony concert, the 23d and last but one of the season. The following varied program was played by the orchestra: Overture to "The Water-Carrier," by Luigi Cherubini; symphonic poem, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," by Camille Saint-Saens, and the fourth Schumann symphony. Miss Caroline Gardiner Clarke was the soloist and she sang the air "As When the Dove," from "Acis and Galatea," by George Frideric Handel and the aria, "Vineta," by Vincens Lachner.

The Cherubini overture is a graceful and melodious writing, and considering the date of its composition, is notable for the variety and elaborateness of its orchestration. It was splendidly played last evening.

The symphonic poem by Saint-Saens is distinctly descriptive music and many of the passages are strikingly effective in suggesting the text of the composition, which deals with the temptation offered Hercules at the time when he was beset by nymphs and bacchantes who sought to lead him from the paths of virtue to the highways of pleasure and sin.

The first movement is remarkable for rich tone color, developed for the most part in soft harmonies. A melodious theme is sustained throughout this first part, and then comes a new theme which is developed with great elaboration, first by the wood-wind and later by the full orchestra. Especially delightful last evening was the work of the reed players. The latter portions of the work are exceedingly tempestuous in character and tax the resources of the full modern orchestra. Its performance was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The Schumann symphony was splendidly interpreted under Mr Paur's intelligent direction. It was a forceful, expressive and faithful performance. Rarely has a work by this composer been more satisfactorily played by the symphony orchestra.

Miss Clarke, the soloist, was kindly received and generously applauded. She has a voice of good range and power and rather flexible and pleasing in quality. She sings with considerable expression, and generally uses her voice in a skilful manner. The aria by Lachner was heard here for the first time. It is an agreeable but not especially important writing.

The program for the next and last of the season's symphony concerts will be as follows:

Passacaglia.....Bach
Symphony No. 3 (Eroica).....Beethoven
Overture, Melusine.....Mendelssohn
(a) Menuet des Feu-Follets.....Berlioz
(b) Valse des Sylphes.....Berlioz
From the Damnation of Faust.
Overture, Tannhaeuser.....Wagner

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The concert at City Hall last evening by the Boston Symphony orchestra and Mr. Ben Davies, the celebrated English tenor, was one of the finest of the many rare musical treats to which Mr. Stockbridge has treated his patrons. It is three years since the Symphony orchestra has been heard here. Mr. Emil Paur the new conductor, is of the Zerrahn type and under his animated baton the waves o sound rose and fell with the delicate shadings which characterizes the artistic execution of the difficult masterpieces by this justly celebrated company of musicians.

Mr. Davie sang here last season in the Eames concert with great acceptance. After the song from the Meistersinger he was recalled three times, but after the Aria, Salve Demora, a perfect storm of applause shook the house. The inexorble law of no encore was unbroken, notwithstanding the enthusiasm. Mr. Davies voice has a wonderful range, as was evidenced in the Aaia when he suddenly soared from the deep chest tones to a high and remarkably sweet tenor, gracefully descending again to the rich full tones in which he excels.

Portland music lovers trust that we are not to be limited to triennial concerts in future.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Ben Davies sang at Portland last evening, as no one in Maine ever heard him before, so magnificently, with so opulent a voice. He sung the prize song from the Meistersinger and "Salve Dimora." The orchestra drowned him out in the first, in spite of Mr. Davies' wonderful compass and body of tone, and this was Mr. Paur's fault. In the "Faust" number nothing was at fault, except perhaps Mr. Davies' high C which came out a falsetto of such size and strength as to startle us. However, nothing in our memory of the concert stage in this State equaled the general effect of Mr. Davies's singing, so pure and sweet a quality, so flexible and delicate an organ, so sure of itself. The audience recalled him no less than eight times perhaps ten times, but he would not sing again. In the storm of applause Mr. Paur stood smiling and as Mr. Davies forced his way through the crowd of musicians they whispered to him and smiled. Many of the orchestra joined the applause at Mr. Davies's singing. All in all, the English tenor is as satisfactory a tenor as you will find anywhere on the face of the earth today. He is just arrived from England and this is one of his first engagements. His voice seemed in perfect trim.

We noticed Prof. J. K. Paine in the audience, drawn undoubtedly by the performance of his "Island Fantasy."

The Boston Symphony, as led by Mr. Paur, is not at its happiest in the romantic school, falling, it seems, a trifle short of the memories of early days in its interpretation of the melodies of the idyllic and romantic. Dvorak's "From the New World" was more to the taste, and the new symphony was a novelty and a delight to all. The orchestra renewed the prelude to Act III of Tannhauser and the prelud to Act III of Lohengrin. The latter it took at a rapid tempo and with great dash and go. The closing number was an adaptation of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody.

The audience was of moderate size, and about twenty-five from Lewiston and Auburn were present.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At City hall last evening the Boston Symphony orchestra gave one of the most artistic and pleasing concerts ever heard in Portland. It was, perhaps, the best this orchestre has ever produced here. Mr. Paur, the conductor, is very vigorous and imparts much of his life to the players. The Paine fantasy was of course well played, likewise the Dvorak symphony. The two Wagner selections and the Hungarian Rhapsody brought out the full power of the orchestra. Mr. Ben Davies, the eminent tenor, was at his best and in the "Salve Dinora" from Faust fairly set his audience wild. Again and again they called him out but he could not be induced to sing again. It has not been often within the past 25 years that a better singer has been heard in Portland. In short his singing left very little to be wished for. It was superb in every way.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

Twenty-third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, With Miss Caroline Clarke as Soloist—Miss Szumowska's Piano Recital.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor:

Overture to "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini
Air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea" .....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" .....Saint-Saens
Concert Aria, "Vineta," op. 80.....V. Lachner (First time.)
Symphony No. 4, in D minor.....Schumann

Cherubini's overture to "The Water Carrier" has long been counted among the great overtures of the world, and yet it is not as large and noble a work as his "Anacreon" overture. The latter, with all its contrapuntal ingenuity, has classic simplicity, a chaste beauty that is almost severe, and yet woos the admiration and challenges the variable tastes of the ages. The overture to "The Water Carrier" is more dry and formal; the wig is more in evidence; there is not as much serene coloring obtained by simple means; and yet it is a composition to be heard with respectful attention even if the rapture provoked is very moderate. It was finely played, and Mr. Paur worked up with thrilling effect the climax that ends the introduction.

"La Jeunesse d'Hercule" is the least spontaneous and the least interesting of Saint-Saëns's symphonic poems. In a way it seems sophomorical. It reminds one of the old reading book piece, "Tact and Talent," where antithesis becomes a bore. "Least interesting," however, is to be understood discreetly, for Saint-Saëns in his music for orchestra is almost always interesting. His methods of instrumentation alone repay careful study and give enjoyment even when the scheme of the composition may not be wholly a delight. It would be instructive in the class room to compare the music of "seductive nymphs and Bacchantes" who tempt Hercules with the strains that Wagner wrote for the scene in the Venusberg. Richly sensuous as are the many passages given by Saint-Saëns to Pleasure, the music of Virtue is wanting in solemnity or nobility, and "the glimpse of the reward of immortality" is not unlike the final transformation scene, so far as the music is concerned. Mr. Paur, last evening, took perhaps the wiser course and favored Virtue. The bacchantic music might have been a little more furious, more reckless. But as some insist on the educational value of these concerts to the young, Mr. Paur is, after all, to be commended in refraining from making Pleasure too alluring. The orchestra gave an admirable performance from the purely technical standpoint.

The symphonies of Schumann are not loved in France by the majority of musicians, who complain of the dryness of the instrumentation, and the attention paid at times by the composer to the mere working out of a contrapuntal problem without regard for tonal coloring or strong dramatic effect. The Symphony in D minor is the one that best answers these objections. Surely the romanza and the scherzo are creations of haunting and imperishable beauty. They were played delightfully last evening. But the performance of the first movement was not wholly satisfactory. The rhythm at times seemed lumbering, and there was the thought of the stern resolve to accomplish a task. There was a lack of elasticity. The color was monochromatic.

Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang Handel's air "As when the Dove" and a concert aria by Vincenz Lachner. In the performance of the first, the additional accompaniments by the late Otto Dresel were used. Many have tinkered the accompaniments of Handel, and Mr. Dresel no doubt went to work in all sincerity and reverence. The result of his labor was not fortunate. The accompaniment seemed muddy, prejudicial to the voice, and often un-Handelian. I admit the thinness of the original score. I admit the gravity of the problem. But it must never be forgotten that when such masters of counterpoint as Handel and Alessandro Scarlatti wrote arias, they wrote accompaniments of great simplicity. To them the singer was the all-important person. We have wandered far in these days from that sane practice. Now, the result of Mr. Dresel's thick, distracting and anachronistic accompaniment was that Miss Clarke, although she has a strong and full voice, was at times only one voice, not distinctly heard, among many voices.

Miss Clarke has improved in certain respects since she sang at the last Worcester Festival. She is not as much given to scooping or to unmeaning explosions. It is true that last evening her intonation was not always pure and her attack was not always irreproachable. But she had greater and more artistic control of her fine voice. This praise is to be applied especially to her singing of the air by Lachner. She did comparatively little with the air by Handel, and her enunciation was not clear. The "Vineta," on the other hand, was sung with breadth and with no small degree of passion, and the delivery of certain phrases was admirable and impressive. Miss Clarke has still something to do with her upper tones, for occasionally they are cloudy. It is to be regretted that the words of Lachner's aria were not printed in the program book; as it was, probably not six persons in the audience had any idea of what Miss Clarke was singing about. She was applauded generously.

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, the Soloist, Wins Enthusiastic Applause.

The selections for last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Overture, "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove".....Handel
"The Youth of Hercules".....Saint-Saens
Concert aria, "Vineta".....V. Lachner (First time.)
Symphony No. 4, D-minor.....Schumann

The soloist was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke. The programme was interesting and well balanced. The Cherubini overture ranks among the masterpieces in its class, and is always delightful in the hearing. On this occasion it had an exceptionally fine reading at the hands of Mr. Paur. The introduction, in particular, was given with noble emphasis and effect. The interpretation throughout was notably impressive; not a point was missed, and the finer movements in the orchestration came out with unwonted clearness. The performance generally was among the brilliant overture successes of the season, and the vigorous applause that rewarded it was as appreciative as it was fairly earned. The Saint-Saens Symphonic Poem is perhaps the least striking of the composer's works in kind, despite its charm of melody and of instrumentation, and its masterly originality in many of its harmonic devices. It has been frequently heard at these concerts, but it is doubtful if at any of its earlier renderings here it received as clear, as richly colored and as poetic an interpretation as that which Mr. Paur gave it last evening. The performance was faultless, the orchestra being heard at its very best. Through the whole of the concert the playing was wonderfully fine, and it is impossible to resist the temptation to repeat what has been so often said in this column that under none of its previous conductors has this splendid body of performers reached as high a point of efficiency in every way as it has attained under Mr. Paur. The symphony was brilliantly and impressively given from beginning to end, the lovely andante, which irresistibly recalls the pathetic old Irish melody, "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," receiving especially sympathetic treatment. The first allegro and the finale were read and played with immense fire and effectiveness, and with stirringly emphatic rhythmic force.

Miss Clarke has a beautiful, natural voice, warm and resonant in quality, and sympathetic in its middle register. She sang the Handel air smoothly and tastefully, but with an absence of that sustained or legato style which is necessary to do full justice to Handelian cantabile. The effort, however, was conscientious, and if it was lacking somewhat in artistic warmth, was, in the main, pleasing. It met with much applause, and won two hearty recalls for the artist. The air was given with an orchestral accompaniment by the late Mr. Otto Dresel, but it was over noisy, and the generous use of the horns and other wind instruments was by no means in Handel's manner. The master was fully acquainted with the horn, and if he had thought it advisable to use it, he knew well how to do so to the best advantage. The suave and graceful character of this song was not favorably emphasized by the additional accompaniments that were furnished on this occasion. The Lachner air suited Miss Clarke much better than the other, and she sang it with marked spirit and effectiveness, and in certain moments with admirable breadth. It was wholly new to the concert stage here, and is excellent music, but unfortunately the words were not given in the programme book, and hence its meaning was not clear, especially as it was sung in German, and with no very distinct enunciation. However, Miss Clarke sang it with an impulsiveness that brought forth enthusiastic applause, and earned three recalls for her.

The programme for the next and last concert of the season is: "Passacaglia," Bach; "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn; "Menuet des Fen-Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; and overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner. There will be no soloist.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1895.

The Symphony Orchestra played in Mr. Paur's last programme but one the following standard selections, and in this order: Cherubini's "Water Carrier" overture; Saint Saens's symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," which is painted from about the same palette of tone-colors as "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and may be quoted with it; and Schumann's fourth, or D minor, symphony.

The performance of these works was excellently characteristic and nicely elaborated and governed. The gravity, purity and mellifluousness of the overture were preserved blandly and smoothly until the very close, which that unconscionable kettle-drummer vulgarized with heavy noise. The distinction between the languorous sensuousness, the broad gravity, the decision, the conflict and the fiery immolation implied in the "Hercules" was made clear and true, and there was great daintiness in the fascinating phrases of persuasion as well as romanticism and stir in the baccanalian episodes. The noble symphony had dignity for its deeper and grander movements, tenderness for its long, sweet romance, and the due lightness for the less positive passages.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke sang from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," presumably in English, as those words were printed, the air beginning "As When the Dove," and from Lachner a concert air entitled "Vineta," about which the programme book did not deign to say a word, apparently to a German text. This latter is espe ially favorable to an extended soprano voice and was particularly advantageous to the group of richly beautiful tones above the staff which Miss Clarke possesses. She sang with more smoothness and reserve than usually and was calm and even almost to impassiveness in the Handel air. In the other song she was explosive on single tones here and there, while her phrase-delivery was far too often infected with that German—or perhaps we should say more narrowly, Wagnerian—disproportion which was so obtrusive and objectionable in Brema's vocalization. The voice itself was clear, sweet and voluminous, and one could only wish that Miss Clarke's style might be chastened and beautified by some strict and serious adviser.

The last programme is thus announced:
Bach, Passacaglia; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica); Mendelssohn, Overture, "Melusine"; Berlioz, a. "Menuet des Feu-Follets," b. "Valse des Sylphes," From the "Damnation of Faust"; Wagner, Overture, "Tannhaeuser."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1895.

Twenty-third Concert by Symphony Orchestra.

The usual large audience was present at last evening's symphony concert, the 23d and last but one of the season. The following varied program was played by the orchestra: Overture to "The Water-Carrier," by Luigi Cherubini; symphonic poem, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," by Camille Saint-Saens, and the fourth Schumann symphony. Miss Caroline Gardiner Clarke was the soloist and she sang the air "As When the Dove," from "Acis and Galatea," by George Frideric Handel and the aria, "Vineta," by Vincenz Lachner.

The Cherubini overture is a graceful and melodious writing, and considering the date of its composition, is notable for the variety and elaborateness of its orchestration. It was splendidly played last evening.

The symphonic poem by Saint-Saens is distinctly descriptive music and many of the passages are strikingly effective in suggesting the text of the composition, which deals with the temptation offered Hercules at the time when he was beset by nymphs and bacchantes who sought to lead him from the paths of virtue to the highways of pleasure and sin.

The first movement is remarkable for rich tone color, developed for the most part in soft harmonies. A melodious theme is sustained throughout this first part, and then comes a new theme which is developed with great elaboration, first by the wood-wind and later by the full orchestra. Especially delightful last evening was the work of the reed players. The latter portions of the work are exceedingly tempestuous in character and tax the resources of the full modern orchestra. Its performance was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The Schumann symphony was splendidly interpreted under Mr Paur's intelligent direction. It was a forceful, expressive and faithful performance. Rarely has a work by this composer been more satisfactorilly played by the symphony orchestra.

Miss Clarke, the soloist, was kindly received and generously applauded. She has a voice of good range and power and rather flexible and pleasing in quality. She sings with considerable expression, and generally uses her voice in a skilful manner. The aria by Lachner was heard here for the first time. It is an agreeable but not especially important writing.

The program for the next and last of the season's symphony concerts will be as follows:

Passacaglia .....Bach
Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) .....Beethoven
Overture, Melusine .....Mendelssohn
(a) Menuet des Feu-Follets .....Berlioz
(b) Valse des Sylphes .....Berlioz
From the Damnation of Faust.
Overture, Tannhaeuser .....Wagner

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-third concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night, with the following programme;

Overture, "Water Carrier,".....Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove,".....Handel
"The youth of Hercules,".....Saint-Saëns
Concert Aria, "Vineta,".....Lachner
Symphony No. 4, D minor.....Schumann
Soloist, Miss Caroline G. Clarke.

The brilliant Cherubini overture was brilliantly played and caused one to wonder why the fine opera, to which it is an introduction, is not played in our novelty seeking days; an opera that for interesting plot and music of a high quality might be imitated, but not equalled. Cherubini, like his operas, is too much neglected, but it may happen some day that when our eyes are accustomed to the blaze of Beethoven we many see some of the secondary stars that are now blazing unnoticed all around him.

Mr. Paur gave a fine reading of the Saint-Saens symphonic poem, but the brilliant work would be better enjoyed if we were allowed to forget the legend and so be saved the exasperation of watching the good Hercules struggling between the whispers of the virtuous clarinet and oboe, and the evil suggestions of the bad flute, drum and cymbals. Forcing the legend on the attention causes one to helplessly think of Shenstone's dreary poem and of the school days in which it was forced on one as a model of art and of conduct, and under the stress one's taste for music temporarily vanishes.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, who has a voice of fine quality, especially in its upper half, and whose singing is founded on a most excellent method, built on sound artistic principles. The Handel air was sung with taste and with a most praiseworthy absence of display for mere display's sake. Poor Handel has for so long been used as a test for screaming, roulading and trilling, that one joyously hails the artist who treats him with respect. Miss Clarke was equally excellent in Lachner's concert aria, which was interpreted with dignity, largeness and perfect taste, with fine expression and feeling, and with dramatic power. Miss Clarke's worth as an artist was speedily recognized by an enthusiastic audience, and after each song she was recalled again and again to bow her thanks.

The programme for the next concert is a Passacaglia, by Bach; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Mendelssohn's overture, "Melusine;" Berlioz's "Minuet des Feu-Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from his "Damnation of Faust," and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The symphony concert of last night opened with the overture to Cherubini's "The Water Carrier," which has not been heard here many times. It is characteristically Itanian and consists in large part of recitation-like passages with two principal themes intricately developed at different points. The overture is strongly dramatic and brilliant and was read with exquisite taste.

The gem of the evening, instrumentally, was Saint-Saen's symphonic poem, "La Jeunnesse d'Hercule," which was played with earnestness, spirit and the greatest care. The number is highly descriptive, and knowing the story on which the poem is based one does not need a key to follow the varying emotions, so happily and clearly are they expressed by the orchestration, which is rich and ful lat every point. The gradual development into the tempestuous and stormy climax was simply grand, and the whole, as already stated, was played in .. masterly and skilful manner.

The symphony was Schumann's No. 4 in D minor, played with one walt in the four movements. Though rich and effective, it is perhaps one of the least interesting written by this composer.

The soloist on this occasion was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke of this city. She was heard first in the Handel aria, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea," and she may be said to have been successful in this and in her second number, the concert aria, "Vineta," by Vincenz Lachuer, if cordial approval by the audience and recalls were an indication. She possesses a voice of great strength in the upper notes, albeit they are smitted with much explosiveness, which is made more prominent from the fact that her middle register is weak. The Lachner aria is a very difficult selection to render and requires an artist of more experience than Miss Clarke, who is a young singer, has yet gained. However, her singing showed her to possess much in the way of artistic ability, which promises well for the future.

The next concert, which is the last of the season, will include compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Wagner, whose overture to "Tannhaeuser" will be played as the final number.

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the twenty-third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Cherubini: Overture to "Les Deux Journées."
Handel: Air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea."
(Additional accompaniments by Otto Dresel.)
Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," opus 50.
Vincenz Lachner: Concert Aria, "Vineta," opus 80.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, opus 120.
Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the singer.

Cherubini's overture to "Les Deux Journées" came fresh, bright and beautiful after its few years' rest. The work is a masterpiece in its way, full of the most genial melodic invention and of that other inventiveness which is too often set down as mere skill. The second theme and its treatment will ever remain as a gem of beauty and perfection of style. The somewhat long, but very dramatic, introduction was admirably played; but, with the setting-in of the *Allegro*, we were astonished to find Mr. Paur suddenly begin beating a rapid *Alla breve*, instead of the four regular beats to a measure which are as fixed a tradition in this overture as anything in all music. The result was that the main body of the overture was taken at a tempo for which we doubt if there be any precedent. To us it well-nigh spoiled it. And where does Mr. Paur find authority for adding two trumpets to the score in the Coda? We had always considered the pecular sombreness of color, which comes from the union of three horns and one trombone as the only brass, one of the characteristic traits of the work.

Saint-Saëns's "Jeunesse d'Hercule" has always been rather a puzzling composition to us. When a piece sets out to illustrate a definite "programme," one can not well ignore it; and the way the music here illustrates the conflicting ideas of heroic duty and voluptuous pleasure seems hard to understand. It reminds us a little of something the elder Salvini once said about his acting in this country with English-speaking companies. He, who does not understand a word of English, said that everything would have been perfectly easy for him, but for one curious circumstance: he did not have to understand what the other people on the stage said in English, because he knew it already, knowing, as he did, the whole play in the original Italian; but the great trouble was that the difference between the English and the Italian emphasis and inflection of voice was so enormous, that the other people always *seemed to him* to be saying just the opposite of what he knew they really were saying. Just so, to our perception, in this symphonic poem of Saint-Saëns's: the "Duty-and-Virtue" themes seem to us to be of the most seductive sensuousness imaginable; whereas the "Bacchanalian Pleasure" theme has about as much seductiveness as a Jacobin mob. The whole musical treatment of the "programme" seems at cross purposes. Taken as pure music, there are many brilliant and beautiful moments in the work, although it does not seem to us to stand on quite as high a level as the composer's earlier symphonic poems, which are full of exquisite *trouvailles*.

Schumann's D-minor symphony was, it seemed to us, decidedly better and more sympathetically given than it was last season. There was less of disturbing meddling with the tempo, and the playing was full of fire and vim. At times it seemed as if it were impossible to persuade the violins and first wood-wind to play bits of *cantilena* in a true *piano*; to be sure, the second themes in the first and last movements are of a sort sorely to tempt the players to use a good deal of tone, but when passages are marked "*piano dolce*," one likes to hear them played so. Looking over Hanslick's criticism of the first performance of this symphony in Vienna in 1857, one is tempted to think that we nowadays incline to look at the work from a somewhat different point of view from that of musicians then, and that it means something different to us from it meant to them. Hanslick writes, "Full of genius and sparkle in the quick movements, delicately graceful in the moderate ones, this blooming web of tones stays in that happy earthly region where the lightly moved joy of life neither knocks too high at the gate of heaven nor forces its way too deep into dark abysses. In this gracious temperate zone does this fourth symphony show itself," etc. Now to our modern perception the work seems to be quite as full of intense passionate heat as of the "lightly moved joy of life," and allusions to "temperate zones" are somewhat hard for us to understand in connection with it. Perhaps the lack of delicacy in playing certain *cantabile* passages in the work, which we have felt in almost all performances of it for the last several years (especially under Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur) may come from players nowadays trying to put more of intense passion into the music than there is really there, and somewhat obliterating its "lightly moved" side.

Neither Miss Clarke's friends nor herself could have wished for a more brilliant success than she had last Saturday evening. Her singing of the air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was simply admirable. She was for years a member of Mr. Dresel's Monday evening Bach Club, and has plainly profited by what she learned there. Contrary to the confused and ever-degenerating English Handel traditions (the result of Handel's arias passing through the hands of generation upon generation of singers, each one more eager than the other for his or her own personal glory), Miss Clarke shows that she has well appreciated the truth of Robert Franz's criticism on the prevalent style of singing Bach and Handel: "As vocal music since Mozart has its centre of gravity in the *cantilena*, people think they may apply this to compositions of earlier periods also, which are almost without exception written polyphonically—whereby the remaining web of voices comes off badly enough." Miss Clarke sang the air in strict time, without any would-be-expressive *rubato*, and in a way to allow the voice part to maintain its supremacy as *prima inter pares*, but not so as to interfere with the autonomy of the very elaborate and intricate accompaniment. In the matter of expression, too, she showed a fine appreciation of the wholly general way in which Handel lets his music reflect the character of the text, and did not allow herself to be betrayed into trying to make special dramatic or expressive points, such as would be quite in place in a great deal of more modern music, but entirely out of place in Handel. She sang thoroughly musically, in which the beauty of her voice was of no little aid to her. It was remarkably good, too, to hear the ...

...followed Franz in plan with considerable mastery and, as it seemed to us, with somewhat a more delicate sense of specific orchestral color than he. Quite apart from the primary and more important element in his task, filling out the bare places in Handel's score in an appropriate polyphonic style, he has treated the secondary and less important element, that of orchestration *per se*, in a way that is no less than perfect. Orchestration at once so rich and so sober, so beautifully transparent and unclo...ing, is almost a lost art nowadays.

Vincenz Lachner is a composer of whom most of us have heard, but of whom few of us have ever heard the first note. His reputation has always been more or less overshadowed by that of his e'der and better known brother Franz—and Franz Lachner's glory is pretty nearly on its last legs by this time! The air "Vineta" was the one successful number in a deadly unsuccessful opera; the composer saved it from the general wreck of his work, and published it as a concert aria. Of its effectiveness there can be no doubt. Scrutinize it closely, and you find it to be little less than the broken meat from innumerable musical waste-baskets: there is not an original idea, not even an original trait, in it; but both in the matters of development and orchestration it is written with a certain dash and *savoir faire* that make it very telling—for once. Miss Clarke sang it admirably, with fine fire and dramatic force.

The next programme is—Bach, organ passacaglia, scored for orchestra by Esser; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," opus 55; Mendelssohn, overture to "Die schöne Melusine," opus 32; Berlioz, Menuet des Feufollets, and Valse des Sylphes, from "La Damnation de Faust," opus 24; Wagner, overture to "Tannhäuser."

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APR. 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Cherubini's "Deux Journees" Leads the Programme.

St. Saens' Symphonic Poem and a Schumann Symphony the Other Pieces.

If Mozart is regarded as a German who wrote Italian music, then it may be claimed, with equal show of justice, that Cherubini was an Italian, who wrote German music. Cherubini's works show a thorough appreciation of the classical spirit, combined with a warmth of tone-color that is remarkable in one who wrote so soon after Handel. The overture to "Les Deux Journees," which came first on Saturday's programme, was a good illustration of his power, and the first theme of the allegro was vivid enough to have been the work of any mriter of the modern schol. The overture as a whole was played in a very spirited maner, and the orchestra was held up to a pace that seemed presto rather than allegro, with scarcely any sacrifice of clearness.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the soloist of the evening. In her first number, Handel's aria, "As When the Dove," she sang with commendable sweetness and fullness of tone. But it was her other selection, Vincenz Lachner's concert aria, "Vineta," that she won the most recognition. This is a work of earnestness and power, and demands some dramatic fervor in its presentation. Miss Clarke was fully adequate in this respect, and made the aria very interesting, in spite of the fact that the audience were not permited to know the text. In both selections the richness of her tones showed out well, giving the lower register of her voice a somewhat contralto character. This richness was not always present in her upper notes, some of which seemed comparatively thin, but on the whole her voice was full and resonant, and she sang with thorough musicianship and won several recalls.

Saint-Saens' symphonic poem was a worthy exponent of the modern school of instrumental writing. Fervid tone-color and rich harmony are characteristic of this school, and were to be expected in the work; but this particular piece showed, besides these traits, an avoidance of direct programme music, and an unusual clearness and balance in the treatment and development of the themes. The middle part, the wild allegro, full of fury and suggestive of combat, is striking enough, but is rather too full of modern instrumental spice to be the equal of the other parts in musical worth. The work was given with appropriate dash and animation.

The orchestra showed at its best, however, in the Schumann symphony. Mr. Paur's readings of Schumann are always eminently beautiful, and this one was no exception to the rule. Every one of the four moyements was well played, the allegro and the finale being given with especial liveliness. This symphony is perhaps the least powerful of the four that Schumann wrote, and lacks the grandeur and massive strength of the B-flat or C-major symphony, but it displays consummate grace and brightness, and it formed a fitting climax for the concert.

The programme, while of shorter duration that usual, was very well arranged, and presented some excellent contrasts. The symphony suffered nothing by comparison with the more free symphonic poem, and the concert may well be taken as proof that the older form is still the standard of expression.

Arthur Elson.

The Boston Courier

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

CHERUBINI'S OVERTURE TO "LES DEUX JOURNEES" A FEATURE.

A Symphonic Poem by St. Saens and a Schumann Symphony—The Other Numbers—The Second Szumowska Recital.

The twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Overture to "The Water Carriers"...Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove," "Acis and Galatea" .....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule".....Saint Saens
Concert Aria, "Vineta".....V. Lachner
Symphony No. 4.....Schumann
Miss Caroline Gardner Clark was the soloist.

Cherubini's overture, which is familiar to our concert-goers, was read by Mr. Paur, and played by the orchestra with splendid success.

The Saint-Saens number, which is, perhaps, the least interesting of the set of Poems composed by this master, was, nevertheless, interesting enough to command the listeners' attention throughout its rendering. Saint-Saens is never dull; he always has something to say, and says it with eloquence. What a wonderful imagination has this famous composer; what a fund of spontaneous melody and rich and varied harmony; and then what infinite variety does his instrumentation present and how warm is the color that glows constantly from the marvelous and masterly combinations that flow from the fount of his inexhaustible resources in painting the emotions kindled by his subject matter. The performance of this work by the orchestra was little less than perfect under Mr. Paur's intelligent direction.

In the rendering of the Schumann Symphony, however, there was opportunity for criticism, for it was played in a too heavy and robust manner, that is the first and last movements, but there was much to commend in the manner in which the beauties of the middle movements were displayed. Mr. Paur always lays a heavy hand on Schumann, as if he would have the virility of this composer made more evident than the delightful romance which permeates all his works and touches them with a beauty that if but partially revealed must make them immortal. The orchestra played the symphony in a manner that was faultless, technically speaking.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clark is a new-comer on our concert stage. She has a good soprano voice and a deal of enthusiasm that causes her too often to overshoot the mark of artist command. This forced effort renders her voice dry in its quality and uncertain in its intonation; in fact, her process of voice production is erroneous in that it is not based upon a continuous flow rather than on a constant pushing and forcing of the column of air. The effort seems to be one of a constant desire to sing loud—consequently the middle tones are much emaciated and there is a tendency to "scoop" for intervals rather than to sing them with acute attack and in a sustained manner. In the Handel aria the constantly recurring upward interval always fell short of the pitch, and in the Lachner air the phrases were pumped or squeezed out. The articulation also suffers in such a case. If Miss Clark was to study to overcome these inartistic and false processes and thereby normally employ her voice, she ought to succeed in her art, particularly as she seems possessed of aesthetic instincts in a marked degree. The audience applauded loudly and recalled the singer after each number, but then one high note at the end of an aria, fierce and violent in its intensity, will often, yes, most always, evoke the most rapturous applause from even a Boston symphony audience, regardless of its bosted cultivation and its claimed artistic discrimination. It has been known to shout on such occasions when the singer has made a sad mess of what had been undertaken.

The concert next Saturday evening will close this season's series. The programme will include: Passacaglia, Bach; symphony No. 3, Beethoven; overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn; "Menuet des Fen-Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," Berlioz, and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser."

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-third concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, last night, with the following programme:

Overture, "Water Carrier,".....Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove,".....Handel
"The youth of Hercules,".....Saint-Saëns
Concert Aria, "Vineta,".....Lachner
Symphony No. 4, D minor.....Schumann
Soloist, Miss Garoline G. Clarke.

The brilliant Cherubini overture was brilliantly played and caused one to wonder why the fine opera, to which it is an introduction, is not played in our novelty seeking days; an opera that for interesting plot and music of a high quality might be imitated, but not equalled. Cherubini, like his operas, is too much neglected, but it may happen some day that when our eyes are accustomed to the blaze of Beethoven we many see some of the secondary stars that are now blazing unnoticed all around him.

Mr. Paur gave a fine reading of the Saint-Saens symphonic poem, but the brilliant work would be better enjoyed if we were allowed to forget the legend and so be saved the exasperation of watching the good Hercules struggling between the whispers of the virtuous clarinet and oboe, and the evil suggestions of the bad flute, drum and cymbals. Forcing the legend on the attention causes one to helplessly think of Shenstone's dreary poem and of the school days in which it was forced on one as a model of art and of conduct, and under the stress one's taste for music temporarily vanishes.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, who has a voice of fine quality, especially in its upper half, and whose singing is founded on a most excellent method, built on sound artistic principles. The Handel air was sung with taste and with a most praiseworthy absence of display for mere display's sake. Poor Handel has for so long been used as a test for screaming, roulading and trilling, that one joyously hails the artist who treats him with respect. Miss Clarke was equally excellent in Lachner's concert aria, which was interpreted with dignity, largeness and perfect taste, with fine expression and feeling, and with dramatic power. Miss Clarke's worth as an artist was speedily recognized by an enthusiastic audience, and after each song she was recalled again and again to bow her thanks.

The programme for the next concert is a Passacaglia, by Bach; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Mendelssohn's overture, "Melusine;" Berlioz's "Minuet des Feu-Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from his "Damnation of Faust," and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The symphony concert of last night opened with the overture to Cherubini's "The Water Carrier," which has not been heard here many times. It is characteristically Itanian and consists in large part of recitation-like passages with two principal themes intricately developed at different points. The overture is strongly dramatic and brilliant and was read with exquisite taste.

The gem of the evening, instrumentally, was Saint-Saen's symphonic poem, "La Jeunnesse d'Hercule," which was played with earnestness, spirit and the greatest care. The number is highly descriptive, and knowing the story on which the poem is based one does not need a key to follow the varying emotions, so happily and clearly are they expressed by the orchestration, which is rich and ful lat every point. The gradual development into the tempestuous and stormy climax was simply grand, and the whole, as already stated, was played in .. masterly and skilful manner.

The symphony was Schumann's No. 4 in D minor, played with one wait in the four movements. Though rich and effective, it is perhaps one of the least interesting written by this composer.

The soloist on this occasion was Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke of this city. She was heard first in the Handel aria, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea," and she may be said to have been successful in this and in her second number, the concert aria, "Vineta," by Vincenz Lachuer, if cordial approval by the audience and recalls were an indication. She possesses a voice of great strength in the upper notes, albeit they are emitted with much explosiveness, which is made more prominent from the fact that her middle register is weak. The Lachner aria is a very difficult selection to render and requires an artist of more experience than Miss Clarke, who is a young singer, has yet gained. However, her singing showed her to possess much in the way of artistic ability, which promises well for the future.

The next concert, which is the last of the season, will include compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Wagner, whose overture to "Tannhaeuser" will be played as the final number.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Cherubini: Overture to "Les Deux Journées."
Handel: Air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea."
(Additional accompaniments by Otto Dresel.)
Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," opus 50.
Vincenz Lachner: Concert Aria, "Vineta," opus 80.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, opus 120.
Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the singer.

Cherubini's overture to "Les Deux Journées" came fresh, bright and beautiful after its few years' rest. The work is a masterpiece in its way, full of the most genial melodic invention and of that other inventiveness which is too often set down as mere skill. The second theme and its treatment will ever remain as a gem of beauty and perfection of style. The somewhat long, but very dramatic, introduction was admirably played; but, with the setting-in of the *Allegro*, we were astonished to find Mr. Paur suddenly begin beating a rapid *Alla breve*, instead of the four regular beats to a measure which are as fixed a tradition in this overture as anything in all music. The result was that the main body of the overture was taken at a tempo for which we doubt if there be any precedent. To us it well-nigh spoiled it. And where does Mr. Paur find authority for adding two trumpets to the score in the Coda? We had always considered the pecular sombreness of color, which comes from the union of three horns and one trombone as the only brass, one of the characteristic traits of the work.

Saint-Saëns's "Jeunesse d'Hercule" has always been rather a puzzling composition to us. When a piece sets out to illustrate a definite "programme," one can not well ignore it; and the way the music here illustrates the conflicting ideas of heroic duty and voluptuous pleasure seems hard to understand. It reminds us a little of something the elder Salvini once said about his acting in this country with English-speaking companies. He, who does not understand a word of English, said that everything would have been perfectly easy for him, but for one curious circumstance: he did not have to understand what the other people on the stage said in English, because he knew it already, knowing, as he did, the whole play in the original Italian; but the great trouble was that the difference between the English and the Italian emphasis and inflection of voice was so enormous, that the other people always *seemed to him* to be saying just the opposite of what he knew they really were saying. Just so, to our perception, in this symphonic poem of Saint-Saëns's: the 'Duty-and-Virtue' themes seem to us to be of the most seductive sensuousness imaginable; whereas the "Bacchanalian Pleasure" theme has about as much seductiveness as a Jacobin mob. The whole musical treatment of the "programme" seems at cross purposes. Taken as pure music, there are many brilliant and beautiful moments in the work, although it does not seem to us to stand on quite as high a level as the composer's earlier symphonic poems, which are full of exquisite *trouvailles*.

Schumann's D-minor symphony was, it seemed to us, decidedly better and more sympathetically given than it was last season. There was less of disturbing meddling with the tempo, and the playing was full of fire and vim. At times it seemed as if it were impossible to persuade the violins and first wood-wind to play bits of *cantilena* in a true *piano;* to be sure, the second themes in the first and last movements are of a sort sorely to tempt the players to use a good deal of tone, but when passages are marked *"piano dolce,"* one likes to hear them played so. Looking over Hanslick's criticism of the first performance of this symphony in Vienna in 1857, one is tempted to think that we nowadays incline to look at the work from a somewhat different point of view from that of musicians then, and that it means something different to us from it meant to them. Hanslick writes, "Full of genius and sparkle in the quick movements, delicately graceful in the moderate ones, this blooming web of tones stays in that happy earthly region where the lightly moved joy of life neither knocks too high at the gate of heaven nor forces its way too deep into dark abysses. In this gracious temperate zone does this fourth symphony show itself," etc. Now to our modern perception the work seems to be quite as full of intense passionate heat as of the "lightly moved joy of life," and allusions to "temperate zones" are somewhat hard for us to understand in connection with it. Perhaps the lack of delicacy in playing certain *cantabile* passages in the work, which we have felt in almost all performances of it for the last several years (especially under Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur) may come from players nowadays trying to put more of intense passion into the music than there is really there, and somewhat obliterating its "lightly moved" side.

Neither Miss Clarke's friends nor herself could have wished for a more brilliant success than she had last Saturday evening. Her singing of the air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was simply admirable. She was for years a member of Mr. Dresel's Monday evening Bach Club, and has plainly profited by what she learned there. Contrary to the confused and ever-degenerating English Handel traditions (the result of Handel's arias passing through the hands of generation upon generation of singers, each one more eager than the other for his or her own personal glory), Miss Clarke shows that she has well appreciated the truth of Robert Franz's criticism on the prevalent style of singing Bach and Handel: "As vocal music since Mozart has its centre of gravity in the *cantilena*, people think they may apply this to compositions of earlier periods also, which are almost without exception written polyphonically—whereby the remaining web of voices comes off badly enough." Miss Clarke sang the air in strict time, without any would-be-expressive *rubato*, and in a way to allow the voice part to maintain its supremacy as *prima inter pares*, but not so as to interfere with the autonomy of the very elaborate and intricate accompaniment. In the matter of expression, too, she showed a fine appreciation of the wholly general way in which Handel lets his music reflect the character of the text, and did not allow herself to be betrayed into trying to make special dramatic or expressive points, such as would be quite in place in a great deal of more modern music, but entirely out of place in Handel. She sang thoroughly musically, in which the beauty of her voice was of no little aid to her. It was unspeakably good, too, to hear the air given with Otto Dresel's admirable *Bearbeitung* of the accompaniment. Here Dresel has followed Franz's plan with consummate mastery and, as it seemed to us, with somewhat a more delicate sense of specific orchestral color than he. Quite apart from the primary and more important element in his task, filling out the bare places in Handel's score in an appropriate polyphonic style, he has treated the secondary and less important element, that of orchestration *per se*, in a way that is no less than perfect. Orchestration at once so rich and so sober, so beautifully transparent and uncloying, is almost a lost art nowadays.

Vincenz Lachner is a composer of whom most of us have heard, but of whom few of us have ever heard the first note. His reputation has always been more or less overshadowed by that of his elder, and better known, brother Franz—and Franz Lachner's glory is pretty nearly on its last legs by this time! The air "Vineta" was the one successful number in a deadly unsuccessful opera; the composer saved it from the general wreck of his work, and published it as a concert aria. Of its effectiveness there can be no doubt. Scrutinize it closely, and you find it to be little less than the broken meat from innumerable musical waste-baskets: there is not an original idea, not even an original trait, in it; but both in the matters of development and orchestration it is written with a certain dash and *savoir faire* that make it very telling—for once. Miss Clarke sang it admirably, with fine fire and dramatic force.

The next programme is—Bach, organ passacaglia, scored for orchestra by Esser; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," opus 55; Mendelssohn, overture to "Die schöne Melusine," opus 32; Berlioz, Menuet des Feufollets, and Valse des Sylphes, from "La Damnation de Faust," opus 24; Wagner, overture to "Tannhäuser."

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APR. 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Cherubini's "Deux Journees" Leads the Programme.

St. Saens' Symphonic Poem and a Schumann Symphony the Other Pieces.

If Mozart is regarded as a German who wrote Italian music, then it may be claimed, with equal show of justice, that Cherubini was an Italian, who wrote German music. Cherubini's works show a thorough appreciation of the classical spirit, combined with a warmth of tone-color that is remarkable in one who wrote so soon after Handel. The overture to "Les Deux Journees," which came first on Saturday's programme, was a good illustration of his power, and the first theme of the allegro was vivid enough to have been the work of any mriter of the modern schol. The overture as a whole was played in a very spirited maner, and the orchestra was held up to a pace that seemed presto rather than allegro, with scarcely any sacrifice of clearness.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the soloist of the evening. In her first number, Handel's aria, "As When the Dove," she sang with commendable sweetness and fullness of tone. But it was her other selection, Vincenz Lachner's concert aria, "Vineta," that she won the most recognition. This is a work of earnestness and power, and demands some dramatic fervor in its presentation. Miss Clarke was fully adequate in this respect, and made the aria very interesting, in spite of the fact that the audience were not permited to know the text. In both selections the richness of her tones showed out well, giving the lower register of her voice a somewhat contralto character. This richness was not always present in her upper notes, some of which seemed comparatively thin, but on the whole her voice was full and resonant, and she sang with thorough musicianship and won several recalls.

Saint-Saens' symphonic poem was a worthy exponent of the modern school of instrumental writing. Fervid tone-color and rich harmony are characteristic of this school, and were to be expected in the work; but this particular piece showed, besides these traits, an avoidance of direct programme music, and an unusual clearness and balance in the treatment and development of the themes. The middle part, the wild allegro, full of fury and suggestive of combat, is striking enough, but is rather too full of modern instrumental spice to be the equal of the other parts in musical worth. The work was given with appropriate dash and animation.

The orchestra showed at its best, however, in the Schumann symphony. Mr. Paur's readings of Schumann are always eminently beautiful, and this one was no exception to the rule. Every one of the four movements was well played, the allegro and the finale being given with especial liveliness. This symphony is perhaps the least powerful of the four that Schumann wrote, and lacks the grandeur and massive strength of the B-flat or C-major symphony, but it displays consummate grace and brightness, and it formed a fitting climax for the concert.

The programme, while of shorter duration that usual, was very well arranged, and presented some excellent contrasts. The symphony suffered nothing by comparison with the more free symphonic poem, and the concert may well be taken as proof that the older form is still the standard of expression.

Arthur Elson.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

CHERUBINI'S OVERTURE TO "LES DEUX JOURNEES" A FEATURE.

A Symphonic Poem by St. Saens and a Schumann Symphony—The Other Numbers—The Second Szumowska Recital.

The twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Overture to "The Water Carriers"...Cherubini
Air, "As When the Dove," "Acis and Galatea" .....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule".....Saint Saens
Concert Aria, "Vineta".....V. Lachner
Symphony No. 4.....Schumann
Miss Caroline Gardner Clark was the soloist.

Cherubini's overture, which is familiar to our concert-goers, was read by Mr. Paur, and played by the orchestra with splendid success.

The Saint-Saens number, which is, perhaps, the least interesting of the set of Poems composed by this master, was, nevertheless, interesting enough to command the listeners' attention throughout its rendering. Saint-Saens is never dull; he always has something to say, and says it with eloquence. What a wonderful imagination has this famous composer; what a fund of spontaneous melody and rich and varied harmony; and then what infinite variety does his instrumentation present and how warm is the color that glows constantly from the marvelous and masterly combinations that flow from the fount of his inexhaustible resources in painting the emotions kindled by his subject matter. The performance of this work by the orchestra was little less than perfect under Mr. Paur's intelligent direction.

In the rendering of the Schumann Symphony, however, there was opportunity for criticism, for it was played in a too heavy and robust manner, that is the first and last movements, but there was much to commend in the manner in which the beauties of the middle movements were displayed. Mr. Paur always lays a heavy hand on Schumann, as if he would have the virility of this composer made more evident than the delightful romance which permeates all his works and touches them with a beauty that if but partially revealed must make them immortal. The orchestra played the symphony in a manner that was faultless, technically speaking.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clark is a new-comer on our concert stage. She has a good soprano voice and a deal of enthusiasm that causes her too often to overshoot the mark of artist command. This forced effort renders her voice dry in its quality and uncertain in its intonation; in fact, her process of voice production is erroneous in that it is not based upon a continuous flow rather than on a constant pushing and forcing of the column of air. The effort seems to be one of a constant desire to sing loud—consequently the middle tones are much emaciated and there is a tendency to "scoop" for intervals rather than to sing them with acute attack and in a sustained manner. In the Handel aria the constantly recurring upward interval always fell short of the pitch, and in the Lachner air the phrases were pumped or squeezed out. The articulation also suffers in such a case. If Miss Clark was to study to overcome these inartistic and false processes and thereby normally employ her voice, she ought to succeed in her art, particularly as she seems possessed of aesthetic instincts in a marked degree. The audience applauded loudly and recalled the singer after each number, but then one high note at the end of an aria, fierce and violent in its intensity, will often, yes, most always, evoke the most rapturous applause from even a Boston symphony audience, regardless of its bosted cultivation and its claimed artistic discrimination. It has been known to shout on such occasions when the singer has made a sad mess of what had been undertaken.

The concert next Saturday evening will close this season's series. The programme will include: Passacaglia, Bach; symphony No. 3, Beethoven; overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn; "Menuet des Fen-Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," Berlioz, and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser."

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1895.

FINAL SYMPHONY.

Tannhauser Overture Winds Up the Season.

The prpogram of the 24th Symphony Concert was as follows:

Passacaglia for Organ.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser.)
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Overture to "The Fair Melusina."...Mendelssohn
Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps.....Berlioz
Waltz of Sylphs .....Berlioz
From "The Damnation of Faust."
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

Mr. Paur may well plume himself on the success of the last Symphony Concert of the season. In previous concerts he has given ample proofs of his abilities as a disciplinarian. Last evening he revealed the higher characteristics of the great conductor: Fire, poetic feeling, enthusiasm that never ran to extravagance, and yet was contagious; in a word, he exposed fully the artistic temperament. The program was well chosen. It was logical from beginning to end. And in spite of the position of the symphony there was no anti-climax. A very large audience, applausive at the start, waxed steadily more and more enthusiastic. With sound sense Mr. Paur refused a repetition of the "Waltz of Sylphs." After the "Tannhauser" overture there was a storm of applause, and Mr. Paur was recalled again and again.

This enthusiasm was a just tribute to orchestra and conductor. Any review of the concert must be written largely in the superlative vein.

Orchestral arrangements of pieces written by Bach for solo instruments are not unwisely regarded as a rule with suspicion. There is Raff's arrangement of the D minor chaconne, and the hearer is obliged constantly to think of Raff. There is Abert's arrangement of the famous organ fugue, prefaced by a prelude and an interpolated chorale. There is Esser's arrangement of the great organ toccata. No one of these pieces seems so full of the spirit of Bach as this arrangement of the Passacaglia, written for the organ during Bach's second stay in Weimar. It is true that some question whether Bach ever intended this piece for the organ; whether it was not composed for a clavecin with two keyboards and pedals. The theme was a wandering melody, older than Bach; for it appears in the "Livre d' Orgue" of André Raison, who was organist at St. Genevieve, Paris, in 1687. Organists in Germany quarrel concerning the proper registration of the Passacaglia.

Some believe that there should be a gradual crescendo until the fugue is played with full organ. Others, and they are undoubtedly correct, see variations that demand contrasts of treatment. Now, Esser has arranged these variations with the same sense of color and dynamics that is displayed by several of the great organists of Europe. It would be a pleasing task to speak of the skill shown throughout by the arranger, but time and space forbid. Yet I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that Bach's music here tells of the great influence of Buxtehude, an organist who was far in advance of his time, a mighty contrapuntist with a romantic soul. The Passacaglia was read admirably. The tempo, a little faster than the old fashioned minuet, was observed steadily throughout. There was no trickery of rubato; there was no impertinent sentimentalism.

The other selections are familiar, and yet it seemed last evening as though there were passages of beauty and grandeur that had hitherto escaped the attention. Most impressive was the performance of the Funeral March, and the variations in the finale of the Symphony were admirably given. The wood-wind was most excellent in the overture by Mendelssohn, where the clarinets and flutes have a thankful task. The brilliant minuet by Berlioz was a triumph of orchestral playing, and Mr. Paur was very fortunate in the tempo chosen for the vaporous, dreamy waltz. Some might question the advantage of the effect gained in the first delivery of the Pilgrim chorus in the "Tannhäuser" overture by a slight retard and sudden diminuendo, as inconsistent with the flow of the rhythm, but there was no doubt of the effect itself. The rest of the overture was given with unusual largeness, sweep and passion.

The first concert of the fifteenth season will be given Oct. 19.

PHILIP HALE.

Review of the 14th Season of Symphony Concerts.

Comments on the Soloists and Programs and Conductors.

Foreign and Domestic News About Singers and Players.

Last evening Mr. Paur conducted the closing concert of the 14th season of the Symphony concerts in Music Hall. It was the final concert of his second yaar as conductor. It is therefore not impertinent to speak of the character of the programs and the performances.

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The soloist—although some protest earnestly against the word—is demanded by the general audience; for personality appeals more strongly to the majority than does absolute music played by an orchestra led by an untheatrical conductor. The manager of any orchestra knows this fact full well, and as bills must be paid, and as there is always hope of gain, the soloist has undue prominence in so-called classical concerts.

Now the singers at the Symphony concerts of the last season were, in order of appearance, Mrs. Juch, Mrs. Eaton, Miss Franklin, Mr. Schott, Mrs. Melba, Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Clarke. The violinists were Messrs. Ysaye, Loeffler, Thomson, Kneisel and Schnitzler. The pianists were Mr. Baermann, Mrs. Lent, Mr. Huss, Mrs. Beach, Miss Szumowska. The other soloists were Mr. Molé, the flute player, and Mr. Schroeder, the 'cellist. Of the nineteen soloists, five are members of the orchestra.

It may be said that this list, as a whole, may well excite comment. No one will quarrel with the choice of violinists, and Messrs. Molé and Schroeder have an indisputable right to a hearing. But the list of singers as well as the list of pianists is not distinguished. There was a time when an appearance at a Symphony concert was regarded as a great honor. The ability to say, "I sang," or, "I played the piano at a Symphony concert" was formerly the strongest recommendation an artist could give, so far as this section of the United States is concerned. It must be confessed that Mr. Paur did not always show keen judgment in his choice. There were soloists—it is not necessary to name them—who were not worthy of an appearance in the concerts. For neither in technical proficiency nor in display of temperament were they equal to the appointed task. To appear at a Symphony concert should be regarded as the goal of ambition, as a prize awarded to the most fit. Permission should not be granted as a gift of charity or as a token of friendship.

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Mr. Paur is not a skillful maker of programs. Several concerts were yawn-provoking, simply because he blundered in selection or in arrangement. True, the art of making a program is not learned by every one. When Mr. Gericke was here, complaints concerning the character of the programs were loud and frequent.

It is true that Mr. Paur evidently tried to show a catholic spirit in selection. Perhaps he looked too favorably on Leipsic, but the list of novelties, as well as the list of familiar pieces, is a proof that he was not parochial in his choice. Among the most important new works produced last season were Chabrier's Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline," Chadwick's 3d Symphony, Sgambati's 1st Symphony, Benoit's Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, Goldmark's overture "Sappho," Tschaikowsky's 6th Symphony, a piano concerto by Huss, Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, Loeffler's Divertimento for violin and orchestra, Straube's overture to "The Maid of Orleans," a serenade by Mozart for wind instruments and Parker's "Cahal Mohr."

If the reader, however, should look over the list of novelties played last season by the leading orchestras of Europe, he would find that many pieces which excited attention and were reviewed favorably were ignored utterly by Mr. Paur. In Boston our novelties come late, in orchestral music as well as in opera.

Mr. Paur has been blamed by some for introducing "dance music" and playing light overtures, as those by Auber. There is dance music that is worthy of performance in any concert of serious purpose. Mr. Paur is to be praised for his open acknowledgment of this fact. It is to be regretted that his choice of overtures by Auber, the great master of opéra-comique, the composer of several delightful overtures that are triumphs of graceful instrumentation, was singularly unfortunate.

In one respect at least Mr. Paur has shown good sense in his program making. He did not think it necessary to give all the symphonies of Beethoven or Schumann during the season. This, indeed, was a blessed relief. For there is nothing more unendurable, nothing more prejudicial to true musical cultivation than perfunctory familiarity with masterpieces. A season devoted exclusively to "great works" leads inevitably to weariness and consequent scepticism. No thoughtful reader wishes constantly to commune with the giants of literature.

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The performances have shown high technical proficiency. The ensemble has almost always been wholly admirable. The new first clarinet and the new first bassoon have strengthened materially the wood-wind, which is now most excellent. The virility of the strings is not as brutal as it was under the reign of the Romantic Hungarian; and yet no one can complain justly of any loss of force and power. No longer do the dealers in brass crack their cheeks and split the ceiling in response to a leader's imperious demand. In a word, the orchestra is a noble musical body of well-drilled musicians under a discipline that does not suggest the martinet. Its performance is seldom rigid; it is almost always free and elastic.

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There will always be dispute concerning the readings of a conductor, whether his name be Mottl, Weingartner, Lamoureux, Paur, or Thomas. Such dispute is inevitable. It is good for the musical public. It is good for the conductor. All this, provided of course that the discussion be fair and conducted with intelligence. Perhaps Mr. Paur is inclined a little too much toward conservatism; and yet he has led works of the romantic school with freedom, if not with heaven-illuminating brilliancy. He very seldom errs hopelessly in the choice of a tempo, and his treatment of the detail is not often so pedantic or finicky that the effect of the whole is frittered away.

Mr. Paur is not a révolutionnaire. He is not even a "brilliant" conductor. He is an earnest, sincere, industrious man, who believes that he has a duty to perform, according to the best of his ability. A good musician, an excellent drill-master, he performs his duties in simple, modest, manly manner. It is a marked tribute to his worth that the organization, which is an honor to the city, is now known as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, not "Paur's Orchestra."

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28.

Symphony Concert.

Last night the twenty-fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall. The following was the programme:

Passacaglia for organ, C-minor.....Bach
(Arranged for Orchestra by H. Esser.)
Symphony No. 3, E-flat major.....Beethoven
Overture, "Melusina," .....Mendelssohn
Minuet of Will o'-the-Wisps' Waltz of Sylphs.....} Berlioz
Overture, "Tannhauser" .....Wagner

Mr. Paur was greeted with unusual enthusiasm, which increased to the end of the concert, when it became tumultuous. Both he and the orchestra were determined to show the good that was in them, and the result was work of a very fine quality. The Bach Passacaglia received a faultless reading, though whether some of its color and beauty are not lost in the transcription is a question; still nobler was the interpretation of the Beethoven symphony, which, in its dignity, largeness and grandeur spoiled the ears for Berlioz's dainty, little musical jewels, and utterly incapacitated the hearer for the "Tannhauser" overture. The audience, however, was in its most amiable mood, and a trifle like a programme turned upside down—a fault presently to be considered—did not disturb it, and the applause was most liberally bestowed on the works played and on the players.

With this concert the Symphony Orchestra ended its labors for the current season. Indulging in a retrospect, it may be truthfully said that the work of this organization has been of a high art quality throughout. Mr. Paur has shown that he possesses rare skill as a conductor; the rendering of the works played demonstrates that he has broad catholic taste, and the efficiency of the orchestra that he is an excellent drill master. The work done, with some few exceptions, could not have been better done, and to this may be added that Mr. Paur has shown a sympathetic interest in American composers, and he has further practically proved that he does not literally believe that art begins and ends in Germany. Mr. Paur went still farther in his daring by twice putting Auber's name on his programme, and many worshippers of routine shook their heads ominously, as at the appearance of a world-threatening comet, but Music Hall remained firm on its foundation, and those who expected the statue of Beethoven to play a part similar to that of the Commandant in "Don Giovanni," were pleasantly disappointed.

The programmes, as the rule, were not remarkable for skilful arrangement; they were lacking in variety, and, as intellectual and emotional food, were not appetizing in their contrast. And then it frequently happened that Mr. Paur inverted the usual order of things; serving up an overture soup after a venison symphony, and ending with the oyster music with which the musical bill-of-fare should have begun. At first sight, it may seem hypercritical to object to this sequence; but the objection is based on sound physiological and psychological reasoning. A symphony coming first on the programme demands for its proper enjoyment the expenditure of so much energy, that very little is left for the items that follow; and then the emotion that it arouses are so deep and far reaching, that a lighter work coming after it is trivial by contrast. It is like looking at a huge altar picture by Rubens, and then turning to a cabinet study by Meissonier; in the one case the eye, in the other case, the ear has been exhausted by the large, and is, in consequence, prevented from enjoying the smaller work of art.

It is an exacting rule in æsthetics that pleasure must be aroused by contrasts and differences working outwards in crescendo manner from the small to the large. If an author were to give the climax of his story in his first chapter, and then work backward toward the causes that brought it about, he must do something similar to that which Mr. Paur does with his programmes. Mr. Paur fires off his doubly charged cannon first, and then asks you to admire the voice of the canary bird perched on his finger. It would seem as if programme making were a lost art, at least as far as our Symphony concerts are concerned; but there has been some improvement in the matter, and the visionary may solace themselves with the belief that the time is not far distant when an artistically arranged programme will be a reality, instead of a yearning aspiration.

Mr. Paur has been liberal with soloists and, with very rare exceptions, they have been worthy of the choice; the artists of the orchestra have received a large amount of this patronage, and it m ay reasonabl be contended that this is only just. Granting this, for the moment, it may still be asked what becomes of the orchestra artists who are not violinists or 'cellists? Why, every year, trot out the same fiddle players? Are there no other instruments fit to be heard in solo or concerto?

Then why not increase the number of soloists, so that native composers like Mr. McDowell, and native pianists like Mr. Perabo might be heard? Of course it is impossible to please everybody, and when art casts aside its conservatism, there is no telling on what unimagined height it may end; but, at the same time, there is no harm in asking questions which are stimulating to thought and to art. Perhaps, however, it would be more just to judge the orchestra and its conductor by the work done; and under these circumstances nothing but the most hearty and unstinted praise can be given. The work has been of the highest quality, and of all the conducters of the Symphony Orchestra Mr. Paur has demonstrated that he is the best, not only as a disciplinarian, but also in broadness of taste and largeness of sympathy with musical art generally and for special fitness for the position which he fills as master.

Boston Evening Transcript.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1895.

Last Symphony Concert of the Season.

The last of this season's symphony concerts was given yesterday evening. An immense throng was present to bid goodby to conductor Paur, and testify appreciation of the valuable services he has given during this, the second year of his leadership of the orchestra.

The audience at the Friday afternoon rehearsal was equally numerous and demonstrative in expression of good will. There was enthusiastic applause after the performance of each selection, and at the end of the concert Mr Paur was recalled again and again.

Mr Paur is thoroughly deserving of all the praises that have been lavished upon him. During the two years that he has been in charge of the orchestra he has not only kept the band up to its former standard of efficiency, but has actually improved it.

Lack of thorough discipline in the organization was becoming evident when he assumed control, but this was very soon corrected, and today the Boston symphony orchestra is without a peer.

While it is quite true that Mr Paur has not at all times pleased every patron of the concerts, it must be admitted that he has given general satisfaction.

It can be said of Mr Paur that every work played under his direction has received faithful and intelligent interpretation. He has always striven to present as clearly as possible the meaning of a conductor, never attempting to "improve" a work by the introduction of "original readings."

In the matter of program arrangement and selections there has naturally been more or less adverse criticism, but it is impossible to satisfy the taste of all. His selections have been chosen from a wide field, but he has always given prominence to works of recognized classic character.

From the summary published in the last program it is learned that 116 compositions, representing 52 composers, were performed. There were 24 symphonies, six suites and serenades, 37 overtures, preludes and symphonic poems, 14 concertos and instrumental solos, 14 scenas, arias, etc, and 21 miscellaneous works.

Wagner was given the most prominence, 15 of his works being performed. Beethoven came next with 10 works, then Berlioz, Handel, Mozart and Schubert, with 5 each. There were an unusually large number of novelties and most of them proved acceptable.

The soloists heard at the 24 concerts numbered 19, the majority of whom were heard with pleasure, but, generally speaking, Mr Paur cannot be warmly commended for his selection of soloists. None but the foremost artists of the day should be permitted to appear at the symphony concerts, and it is to be hoped that this will be remembered next year.

Following is the program played last evening:

Passacaglia for organ, in C minor .....
Johann Sebastian Bach
Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, Eroica, op 55
Ludwig van Beethoven
Overture to The Fair Melusina, op 32 .....
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(a) Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps..Hector Berlioz
(b) Waltz of Sylphs .....Hector Berlioz
From The Damnation of Faust, op 24.
Overture to Tannhauser .....Richard Wagner

The Bach passacaglia is a remarkably impressive work and is esteemed as one of the finest examples in existence of a theme and variations, but to the average auditor its performance is not especially entertaining. The arrangement for orchestra played yesterday is the work of Heinrich Esser.

Beethoven's magnificent "Heroic" symphony was magnificently played. In not a few respects it was the best performance of a Beethoven work ever given here under Mr Paur's direction. It was an intelligent, expressive, spirited and altogether artistic interpretation. The performance of the grandly impressive funeral march was indescribably beautiful, and the sumptuous harmonies of the final movement were superbly portrayed.

"The Fair Melusina" overture is a pleasing work, gracefully written and rich in simple melody. It was charmingly interpreted.

The lovely minuet and the dainty waltz from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" pleased the audience immensely. They were both played with exquisite grace and delicacy.

The "Tannhauser" overture, splendidly played, brought to an end the 14th season of the Boston symphony orchestra concerts.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1895.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

The Symphony Orchestra gave the closing concert of the season last evening. In selecting his programme Mr. Paur probably made up his mind to satisfy all sorts and kinds of music lovers, and the person who couldn't find in that programme something to like must be hard to suit, for it began with Bach and ended with Wagner, with Beethoven, Bartholdy and Berlioz between the extremes. It was an unusually good concert, and the audience, a trifle unappreciative at first, waxed more and more enthusiastic as the concert proceeded, until there was a perfect storm of applause as the last strains of the Tannhauser overture died away. Mr. Paur was forced to bow his acknowledgments many times before his audience was satisfied. It was a fitting close to a successful season.

Last night's programme began with a Passacaglia by Bach, written for the organ and arranged for the orchestra by Esser. It consists of a series of twenty variations on a single theme. No. 2 was Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, a great favorite with music lovers and well given under Mr. Paur's direction. No. 3 was Bartholdy's overture to "The Fair Melusina." It was enjoyable, but a trifle cloying with its sweetness. Then came two selections from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the dainty minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps and the gossamer-like waltz of sylphs. The concert closed with the Tannhauser overture.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1895.

FINAL SYMPHONY.

Tannhauser Overture Winds Up the Season.

The prpogram of the 24th Symphony Concert was as follows:

Passacaglia for Organ.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser.)
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" .....Beethoven
Overture to "The Fair Melusina,"...Mendelssohn
Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps.....Berlioz
Waltz of Sylphs .....Berlioz
From "The Damnation of Faust."
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

Mr. Paur may well plume himself on the success of the last Symphony Concert of the season. In previous concerts he has given ample proofs of his abilities as a disciplinarian. Last evening he revealed the higher characteristics of the great conductor: Fire, poetic feeling, enthusiasm that never ran to extravagance, and yet was contagious; in a word, he exposed fully the artistic temperament. The program was well chosen. It was logical from beginning to end. And in spite of the position of the symphony there was no anti-climax. A very large audience, applausive at the start, waxed steadily more and more enthusiastic. With sound sense Mr. Paur refused a repetition of the "Waltz of Sylphs." After the "Tannhauser" overture there was a storm of applause, and Mr. Paur was recalled again and again.

This enthusiasm was a just tribute to orchestra and conductor. Any review of the concert must be written largely in the superlative vein.

Orchestral arrangements of pieces written by Bach for solo instruments are not unwisely regarded as a rule with suspicion. There is Raff's arrangement of the D minor chaconne, and the hearer is obliged constantly to think of Raff. There is Abert's arrangement of the famous organ fugue, prefaced by a prelude and an interpolated chorale. There is Esser's arrangement of the great organ toccata. No one of these pieces seems so full of the spirit of Bach as this arrangement of the Passacaglia, written for the organ during Bach's second stay in Weimar. It is true that some question whether Bach ever intended this piece for the organ; whether it was not composed for a clavecin with two keyboards and pedals. The theme was a wandering melody, older than Bach; for it appears in the "Livre d' Orgue" of André Raison, who was organist at St. Genevieve, Paris, in 1687. Organists in Germany quarrel concerning the proper registration of the Passacaglia.

Some believe that there should be a gradual crescendo until the fugue is played with full organ. Others, and they are undoubtedly correct, see variations that demand contrasts of treatment. Now, Esser has arranged these variations with the same sense of color and dynamics that is displayed by several of the great organists of Europe. It would be a pleasing task to speak of the skill shown throughout by the arranger, but time and space forbid. Yet I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that Bach's music here tells of the great influence of Buxtehude, an organist who was far in advance of his time, a mighty contrapuntist with a romantic soul. The Passacaglia was read admirably. The tempo, a little faster than the old fashioned minuet, was observed steadily throughout. There was no trickery of rubato; there was no impertinent sentimentalism.

The other selections are familiar, and yet it seemed last evening as though there were passages of beauty and grandeur that had hitherto escaped the attention. Most impressive was the performance of the Funeral March, and the variations in the finale of the Symphony were admirably given. The wood-wind was most excellent in the overture by Mendelssohn, where the clarinets and flutes have a thankful task. The brilliant minuet by Berlioz was a triumph of orchestral playing, and Mr. Paur was very fortunate in the tempo chosen for the vaporous, dreamy waltz. Some might question the advantage of the effect gained in the first delivery of the Pilgrim chorus in the "Tannhäuser" overture by a slight retard and sudden diminuendo, as inconsistent with the flow of the rhythm, but there was no doubt of the effect itself. The rest of the overture was given with unusual largeness, sweep and passion.

The first concert of the fifteenth season will be given Oct. 19.

PHILIP HALE.

Review of the 14th Season of Symphony Concerts.

Comments on the Soloists and Programs and Conductors.

Foreign and Domestic News About Singers and Players.

Last evening Mr. Paur conducted the closing concert of the 14th season of the Symphony concerts in Music Hall. It was the final concert of his second year as conductor. It is therefore not impertinent to speak of the character of the programs and the performances.

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The soloist—although some protest earnestly against the word—is demanded by the general audience; for personality appeals more strongly to the majority than does absolute music played by an orchestra led by an untheatrical conductor. The manager of any orchestra knows this fact full well, and as bills must be paid, and as there is always hope of gain, the soloist has undue prominence in so-called classical concerts.

Now the singers at the Symphony concerts of the last season were, in order of appearance, Mrs. Juch, Mrs. Eaton, Miss Franklin, Mr. Schott, Mrs. Melba, Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Clarke. The violinists were Messrs. Ysaye, Loeffler, Thomson, Kneisel and Schnitzler. The pianists were Mr. Baermann, Mrs. Lent, Mr. Huss, Mrs. Beach, Miss Szumowska. The other soloists were Mr. Molé, the flute player, and Mr. Schroeder, the 'cellist. Of the nineteen soloists, five are members of the orchestra.

It may be said that this list, as a whole, may well excite comment. No one will quarrel with the choice of violinists, and Messrs. Molé and Schroeder have an indisputable right to a hearing. But the list of singers as well as the list of pianists is not distinguished. There was a time when an appearance at a Symphony concert was regarded as a great honor. The ability to say, "I sang," or, "I played the piano at a Symphony concert" was formerly the strongest recommendation an artist could give, so far as this section of the United States is concerned. It must be confessed that Mr. Paur did not always show keen judgment in his choice. There were soloists—it is not necessary to name them—who were not worthy of an appearance in the concerts. For neither in technical proficiency nor in display of temperament were they equal to the appointed task. To appear at a Symphony concert should be regarded as the goal of ambition, as a prize awarded to the most fit. Permission should not be granted as a gift of charity or as a token of friendship.

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It is true that Mr. Paur evidently tried to show a catholic spirit in selection. Perhaps he looked too favorably on Leipsic, but the list of novelties, as well as the list of familiar pieces, is a proof that he was not parochial in his choice. Among the most important new works produced last season were Chabrier's Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline," Chadwick's 3d Symphony, Sgambati's 1st Symphony, Benoit's Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra, Goldmark's overture "Sappho," Tschaikowsky's 6th Symphony, a piano concerto by Huss, Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, Loeffler's Divertimento for violin and orchestra, Straube's overture to "The Maid of Orleans," a serenade by Mozart for wind instruments and Parker's "Cáhál Mohr."

If the reader, however, should look over the list of novelties played last season by the leading orchestras of Europe, he would find that many pieces which excited attention and were reviewed favorably were ignored utterly by Mr. Paur. In Boston our novelties come late, in orchestral music as well as in opera.

Mr. Paur has been blamed by some for introducing "dance music" and playing light overtures, as those by Auber. There is dance music that is worthy of performance in any concert of serious purpose. Mr. Paur is to be praised for his open acknowledgment of this fact. It is to be regretted that his choice of overtures by Auber, the great master of opéra-comique, the composer of several delightful overtures that are triumphs of graceful instrumentation, was singularly unfortunate.

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The last of this season's symphony concerts was given yesterday evening. An immense throng was present to bid goodby to conductor Paur, and testify appreciation of the valuable services he has given during this, the second year of his leadership of the orchestra.

The audience at the Friday afternoon rehearsal was equally numerous and demonstrative in expression of good will. There was enthusiastic applause after the performance of each selection, and at the end of the concert Mr Paur was recalled again and again.

Mr Paur is thoroughly deserving of all the praises that have been lavished upon him. During the two years that he has been in charge of the orchestra he has not only kept the band up to its former standard of efficiency, but has actually improved it.

Lack of thorough discipline in the organization was becoming evident when he assumed control, but this was very soon corrected, and today the Boston symphony orchestra is without a peer.

While it is quite true that Mr Paur has not at all times pleased every patron of the concerts, it must be admitted that he has given general satisfaction.

It can be said of Mr Paur that every work played under his direction has received faithful and intelligent interpretation. He has always striven to present as clearly as possible the meaning of a composer, never attempting to "improve" a work by the introduction of "original readings."

In the matter of program arrangement and selections there has naturally been more or less adverse criticism, but it is impossible to satisfy the taste of all. His selections have been chosen from a wide field, but he has always given prominence to works of recognized classic character.

From the summary published in the last program it is learned that 116 compositions, representing 52 composers, were performed. There were 24 symphonies, six suites and serenades, 37 overtures, preludes and symphonic poems, 14 concertos and instrumental solos, 14 scenas, arias, etc, and 21 miscellaneous works.

Wagner was given the most prominence, 15 of his works being performed. Beethoven came next with 10 works, then Berlioz, Handel, Mozart and Schubert, with 5 each. There were an unusually large number of novelties and most of them proved acceptable.

The soloists heard at the 24 concerts numbered 19, the majority of whom were heard with pleasure, but, generally speaking, Mr Paur cannot be warmly commended for his selection of soloists. None but the foremost artists of the day should be permitted to appear at the symphony concerts, and it is to be hoped that this will be remembered next year.

Following is the program played last evening:

Passacaglia for organ, in C minor .....
Johann Sebastian Bach
Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, Eroica, op 55
Ludwig van Beethoven
Overture to The Fair Melusina, op 32 .....
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(a) Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps..Hector Berlioz
(b) Waltz of Sylphs .....Hector Berlioz
From The Damnation of Faust, op 24.
Overture to Tannhauser .....Richard Wagner

The Bach passacaglia is a remarkably impressive work and is esteemed as one of the finest examples in existence of a theme and variations, but to the average auditor its performance is not especially entertaining. The arrangement for orchestra played yesterday is the work of Heinrich Esser.

Beethoven's magnificent "Heroic" symphony was magnificently played. In not a few respects it was the best performance of a Beethoven work ever given here under Mr Paur's direction. It was an intelligent, expressive, spirited and altogether artistic interpretation. The performance of the grandly impressive funeral march was indescribably beautiful, and the sumptuous harmonies of the final movement were superbly portrayed.

"The Fair Melusina" overture is a pleasing work, gracefully written and rich in simple melody. It was charmingly interpreted.

The lovely minuet and the dainty waltz, from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" pleased the audience immensely. They were both played with exquisite grace and delicacy.

The "Tannhauser" overture, splendidly played, brought to an end the 14th season of the Boston symphony orchestra concerts.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1895.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

The Symphony Orchestra gave the closing concert of the season last evening. In selecting his programme Mr. Paur probably made up his mind to satisfy all sorts and kinds of music lovers, and the person who couldn't find in that programme something to like must be hard to suit, for it began with Bach and ended with Wagner, with Beethoven, Bartholdy and Berlioz between the extremes. It was an unusually good concert, and the audience, a trifle unappreciative at first, waxed more and more enthusiastic as the concert proceeded, until there was a perfect storm of applause as the last strains of the Tannhauser overture died away. Mr. Paur was forced to bow his acknowledgments many times before his audience was satisfied. It was a fitting close to a successful season.

Last night's programme began with a Passacaglia by Bach, written for the organ and arranged for the orchestra by Esser. It consists of a series of twenty variations on a single theme. No. 2 was Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, a great favorite with music lovers and well given under Mr. Paur's direction. No. 3 was Bartholdy's overture to "The Fair Melusina." It was enjoyable, but a trifle cloying with its sweetness. Then came two selections from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the dainty minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps and the gossamer-like waltz of sylphs. The concert closed with the Tannhauser overture.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
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VOL. XCVII., NO. 118.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1895.

THE FINAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Large Audience Bids the Musicians Adieu Until October.

The 24th and last of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was given last night before a very large audience. The programme was:

Passacaglia for organ, in C minor.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Esser.)
Symphony No 3, in E flat major, "Eroica" Beethoven
Overture to "Die Schone Melusine"..... Mendelssohn
"Menuet des Follets".....Berlioz
"Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust".....Berlioz
Overture "Tannhauser".....Wagner

The intention of Mr. Paur was evidently to mark the mutations in musical style from the time of Bach down to the present day. If so, he was particularly felicitous in his selections; but whether so or not, the programme was one of the best and most interesting of the season. The contrasts were admirable, and though there is a wide, almost an immeasureable, gap between Bach and Wagner, the progression from the one to the other was gradual, and did no violence to any canon of pure artistic taste. Esser's arrangement of the Bach work has been heard before at these concerts, and always with renewed admiration for the skill and fine judgment with which the arranger has done his by no means easy task.

The performance was faultless; in truth, through the whole evening the work of the orchestra was surpassingly magnificent, and as fine as its playing has been the entire season, the culminating concert excelled all the others in the splendid results achieved. The symphony had one of the most impressive and satisfying interpretations that has ever been given it at these concerts. Mr. Paur's reading was equally brilliant and masterly. The funeral march was taken a trifle faster than has been usual, but it lost nothing in impressiveness of effect thereby. The scherzo was given with stirring spirit, and the horn passages in the trio were played with a smoothness and a clearness that have been seldom equalled. There was a glorious fire in the reading of the finale, and for once the poco andante was accorded its proper movement and color instead of being taken too slow. The break into the joyous coda was beautifully managed, and the judicious tempo that was observed permitted the brilliant passages for the wind instruments to come out with perfect distinctness. Mr. Paur has done nothing more sympathetic in the way of Beethoven reading than his interpretation of this symphony.

The lovely "Melusine" overture was exquisitely rendered, especially by the wind instruments, which were heard to exceptional advantage. Here again Mr. Paur is to be complimented on his judgment in regard to tempo, which forbade him to avoid that sickly sentimentality of style that is conventionally imparted to the work. The "Will-o'-the Wisp" minuet has never been heard here when it was given with such striking beauty of color and such strength of effect as marked its presentation on this occasion. It was a perfect bit of tone-painting, and was wonderfully played, notably by the wind instruments in the rollicking presto.

The performance of the "Waltz of Sylphs" was exquisitely delicate. In fact, the occasion was a "field night" for both conductor and orchestra. The applause, which had been very enthusiastic after every selection, broke into a frenzied demonstration of delight after this number, and indicated a strong desire for an encore, but it was not accorded. The familiar Wagner overture was rendered with sumptuous richness of color and largeness of effect, bringing the season gloriously to a close. When all was over the audience thundered forth plaudits, and recalled Mr. Paur three times to receive their approval of his efforts and to bid him a cordial auf wiedersehen. He could not have wished a more hearty indorsement, nor a more emphatic proof of the high place he has fairly won in the esteem of the patrons of the Symphony concert.

The opening concert of the 15th season of the orchestra will take place on Saturday evening, Oct. 19.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1895.

END OF THE SYMPHONY SEASON, ETC.

The last concert of the fourteenth Symphony season was given last night according to this programme, which stood exactly as it had been announced:—Bach, Passacaglia, in the orchestration of Esser; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica); Mendelssohn, Overture, "Melusine"; Berlioz, a. "Menuet des Feux-Follets," b. "Valse des Sylphes," from the "Damnation of Faust"; Wagner, Overture, "Tannhauser."

That was a sufficiently standard and familiar provision, and no single number requires any examination on its own account. The symphony has been known ever since there were orchestras, or even groups of dilettante instrumentalists, in Boston, and each of the others came hither in its earliest days and has stood by us faithfully to this hour. Comment may then confine itself to the performance and express itself in commendation.

Mr. Paur directed and the men obeyed as if they wanted to leave the best of impressions as a hopeful anticipation for next autumn and even the kettle-drummer got a little more flexibility than usual into his wrists and a little more rebound to his blows. The rolling, resonant organ character of the Bach was kept all through the variations, and these spoke out clearly both in theme and counterpoint; there was a sense of passion in the funereal adagio of the symphony, and a light spirit for its final allegro and its genially gay scherzo; the sea-strains of the "Melusine," hinting faintly at their great congeners of "Fingal's Cave," sounded sweetly and the fuller romance was warmly read; in the Berlioz excerpts there were fantasy and nicety of shading, and the waltz was so daintily touched that it fairly melted away into silence; and the Wagner overture brought all to a conclusion with tremendous tonality and energy. The large audience was much delighted and called Mr. Paur forward several times.

A summing up of the season shows that although the concerts have seldom been long, about the usual number of separate selections has been performed, the list including one hundred and sixteen. Of these Germany had more than the just share of even a very able-bodied and sound-stomached lion—eighty-nine. France claimed the majority of the remainder—fifteen; America got six chances; Russia and Scandinavia five; Italy one and England, Spain and the rest of the world, none. Only eighteen numbers were heard for the first time, which was too small a proportion; and of these a few were more curious than meritorious. There were nineteen soloists, of whom these only could claim celebrity because of a European, or even an extended American, reputation,—M. Ysaye, M. Thomson, Mr. Baermann, Mme. Melba and Miss Juch. Miss Szumoska is as yet rather in "posse" than in "esse," and the members of the Kneisel Quartette are now going to London in search of fame against next season.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1895.

The Twenty-Fourth Concert of the Season Given in Music Hall.

The 24th and last of this season's series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Passacaglia in C minor.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser.)
Symphony No. 3.....Beethoven
Overture to "The Fair Melusina"....Mendelssohn
Minuet of "Will-o'-the-Wisp".....Berlioz
Waltz of Sylphs.....Berlioz
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

There are many that do not believe that the arrangement of Bach's organ compositions for the orchestra is an admirable undertaking, and the writer quite heartily agrees with this opinion. The distinctive character of the works is lost in such a proceeding, and as the repertoire of orchestral pieces is such an extensive one, there is no call for these selections, then it must be said to hear polyphony displayed there is a multiplicity of orchestral compositions that will furnish the desired opportunity.

If one accepts the Bach number in these selections then it must be said that Mr. Paur provided an excellent programme. In the matter of his reading of the numbers and the orchestra's renderings, nothing but praise can be accorded the performance. The audience was demonstrative throughout the evening, and after the magnificent performance of the "Tannhauser" overture recalled Mr. Paur many times.

The spirit of the applause was the effort on the part of the audience to impress Mr. Paur with its hearty approval of his work during the season just finished, and it was a sincere tribute to a modest, serious musician, devoid of any form of trickery; one with a musical soul and an artistic nature that stimulates him to the noblest purposes in his art. Mr. Paur may well be assured that he has gained the respect and confidence of the patrons of the symphony concerts after his two years' asssociation with the superb organization at his command.

Mr. Paur's least satisfactory work has been with the classics, which he has handled in a too robust and exaggerated manner. The performance of the third symphony of Beethoven on this occasion, however, was a decided improvement in the matter of a less boisterous interpretation and as regards a better gradation of dynamics. Could Mr. Paur study to be more delicate in the exposition of the classics and improve his ability as a programme maker, he would fill his position to the complete satisfaction of the more critical listeners, for he has few equals in the art of conducting modern compositions. At all events, Mr. Paur will be heartily welcomed when he presents himself on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 19, to begin his third season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a creation of our honored townsman, Mr. H. L. Higginson, whose munificence in founding and supporting this permanent organization has earned for him the gratitude of our musical community and made for him a niche high in the archives of public benefaction.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

STANDARD JUNIOR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.

MUSICAL BRIEFLETS.

An Old Boston Musician Talks About the Symphony Orchestra.

(Written for The Standard Junior.)

Now that you have been told, in a previous sketch, how many players constitute that great musical body, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, you, very naturally, would like to know something about the instruments that are used, what they are and how many of each separate kind are played up at these grand concerts.

There are lots of one kind—the strings—and not as many of the others, if taken separately. Now you all, of course, know what a violin is. A violin and a fiddle are generally supposed to be one and the same thing. The distinction is made only when it falls into different hands. There are violin players, and there are fiddlers. The latter will please pardon me when I say that I am now writing of violinists and true artists. Of the violins there are 16 first violins (violin primo), and 14 second violins (violin secondo).

All of the first violins sit at the left, and the second violins at the right hand of the conductor. Of violas there are 10, who sit in front and at the right of the conductor.

Now we come to the violoncellos, or 'cellos. Of these there are eight. The last of the stringed instruments, aside from the harp, which stands by itself an individual instrument, are the double basses (contra bass), of which there are eight. Then you see, including the harp, there are in all 57 stringed instruments in this immense orchestra.

Now we come to the wood-wind instruments, which are next in orchestral order. We will begin with the flutes, of which there are three—first, second, third. Often times the third flutetist has occasion to play the octave flute (kleine flöte, or piccalo, so-called in German and Italian. All the remaining wood-wind instruments are the reed instruments. Of these the first in order are the clarinets (clarinette). There are of this instrument usually two—first and second. Sometimes the score calls for three, or even four. The third is often the bass clarinet. Wagner's works often call for the later. The oboe (hautbois) is the next. There are two of these—first and second. Now follows the English horn (como-anglaise), a truly magnificent instrument.

Berlioz in his charming works uses it with most thrilling effects. The last of the woodwind is the bassoon (fagott or fagotto). This is also a splendid instrument. You will know this instrument when you go to hear a symphony concert, by seeing just front of the conductor a little in the rear, two, or perhaps three, round sticks like small smokestacks pointing to the roof. It has by some been vulgarly called the "horses' leg." When three are used the added one is the bass bassoon.

Now we come to the brass wind instruments. First of these are the trumpets (trompete), of which there are three, usually, first, second, third, though sometimes four are used. Next we find the horn. Of the French horn (corno), there are a quartet, first, second, third, fourth. Eight or a double horn quartet were used in a Wagner programme of the past season. The extra four horns were brought from New York expressly to play in a Wagner selection. I speak of this as an illustration of the perfect system upon which the symphony concerts are conducted. Neither pains nor money are spared in order to insure a perfect rendering of a musical work.

Next in order are the trombones (pasaune), of which there are three—tenor, alto and bass. Four are sometimes used, the last to be mentioned of the brass wind, but by no means the least, is the bass-tuba. This is like an organ in fullness of tone; and in the hands of an artist, as in this case it is, as in truth are all the others, is a truly grand instrument.

Finishing the wind choirs, so-called, we will take up the instruments of percussion, the last to be mentioned, but usually the first to be heard, as this department in the orchestra is the home of the writer; he feels that for very many years past he has made some noise in the world, and he anxiously hopes that he may be forgiven for creating such a hubbub. First in this department must be mentioned the kettle-drum (pauken tympani). In my description of some instruments in a future article I shall dwell particularly upon the tympani, as the use of this prominent instrument is but little known. Lastly we must mention the snare drum (kleine trommel), bass drum (grosse trommel), cymbals (piatta), triangle (triangolo), tambourin, castanetts, bells(glockenspiel), and gong. Thus we have all of the orchestral instruments entire. The array of percussion instruments has been the writer's constant companion for 35 years.

Now think of it, for herein is the wonder to many, but it is only the result of thought and perfect discipline. All of these players, of so many different instruments, move at once like a huge but well-oiled machine. But, like the machine, in order to produce good results there must be a clear, brainy head and a firm guiding hand at the lever.

This the symphony orchestra bar, and the lever which guides this immense human machine, is a simple little stick of hickory in the hands of a talented artist.

WILLIAM A. FIELD.

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-fourth symphony concert, the closing one of the season, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Bach: Passacaglia for Organ, in C minor.
(Arranged for Orchestra by Esser.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," opus 55.
Mendelssohn: Overture to "Die schöne Melusine," opus 32.
Berliez: Menuet des Follets and Valse des Sylphes, from "La Damnation de Faust," opus 24.
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Before saying anything about this concert, we would correct an error in our article on the preceding one. In speaking of the performance of Cherubini's overture to "Les Deux Journées," we said in last Monday's paper: "With the setting-in of the *Allegro* we were astonished to find Mr. Paur suddenly begin beating a rapid *Alla breve*, instead of the four regular beats to the measure which are as fixed a tradition in this overture as anything in all music." Mr. Paur has since proved to us that no such tradition exists, but that, on the contrary, conductors have always beaten two beats to the measure in this *Allegro*. What we should have said, to express our idea exactly, was that Mr. Paur's beat (*i. e.*, his tempo) was so rapid that it destroyed the *effect to the ear* of the movement's being in 4-4 time, and gave the impression of 2-2, or *alla breve*, time. To our question, "Where does Mr. Paur find authority for adding two trumpets to the score in the coda?" Mr. Paur replies that in his score of the overture, a very old MS. (not autograph) copy, there are two trumpet parts in the coda, and that there are printed trumpet parts among the published orchestral parts of the work. Moreover, that the overture has, certainly of late years, always been played here with trumpets. It is somewhat curious, however, that there are no trumpet parts in the original Paris (Gaveaux) edition of the full score, neither are there any in the more recent editions of Breitkopf and Härtel, and Peters. This seems to us to cast some doubt upon the authenticity of the trumpet parts. Their not being in the original edition is no decisive proof against them, for they might have been added later by the composer. But their not being included in the edition of such careful editors as Breitkopf and Härtel—even though they are included in the published "orchestral parts,"—looks as if there were some reason for doubting their authenticity. Their being in an old MS. copy of the score proves nothing; for it is well known what liberties of this sort opera conductors have taken, time out of mind. Sir Michael Costa added parts for three trombones, bass-tuba, and big-drum and cymbals to the score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and these spurious parts were at one time a tradition at Covent Garden in London; it is by no means unlikely that some other conductor may have taken upon himself to add trumpets to "Les Deux Journées," and that his additions have become traditional in the same way.

But, to our muttons! Esser's orchestral version of the great Bach passacaglia we have never wholly liked. No doubt the orchestra adds a good deal to an organ work of this sort; variety in coloring and at times something of greater clearness of effect in complex polyphonic passages. But it also tends to efface one of the primary features of the organ, its impassive evenness of tone and lack of accent. For one thing, it has no approximate substitute to offer for the inexhaustible solidity of tone of the organ pedals. Still, were this the only objection to Esser's arrangement, it might well be deemed unnecessarily hair-splitting; especially as an orchestral version of a work like the C minor passacaglia has the manifest advantage of bringing the stupendous composition within reach of a far larger public than would ever hear a note of it in its original shape. But we have another objection to it: considering it purely in the light of an arrangement, we find it a rather dreary and uneffective one. When Esser had made up his mind that it was really worth while to score the passacaglia for orchestra at all, we wish he had taken hold of his task more boldly and carried it out more brilliantly. He has stroked the nettle too tender-handed; his scoring, especially in the closing fugue, is too dull-sounding and devoid of brilliancy. His orchestration is like an organ with all the mixtures left out. On the organ, with the full power of the mighty instrument gradually coming on toward the end, the passacaglia is one of the most overwhelming things we know in all music; with Esser's orchestration it sounds comparatively tame.

The "Eroica" symphony was, upon the whole, grandly played. The tempo of the *Marcia funebre* was particularly good, and imparted no Victor Hugo-Wagnerian flavor of grandiosity to Beethoven's grandeur. Now and then Mr. Paur brings in a rather superfine effect of accent (especially in parts of the first movement), which jars one a little; not so much of and by itself as because its preciosity seems out of keeping with his generally simple and straightforward conception of the work. But it is the fashion nowadays for conductors, so to speak, to carve their initials on every great trunk they climb in the musical forest; and perhaps we should thank Mr. Paur for carving his as inconspicuously as he has on the "Eroica," instead of covering the whole bark with them.

It was good to hear Mendelssohn's "Melusine" again. As a whole, we should hardly rank the overture with those to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," let alone the incomparable "Hebrides"; it is a less perfectly rounded whole than any of these. But, although we find a good deal of Mendelssohn's "perishable" side in the F minor theme and the ensuing *cantilena* in A-flat major, "all the fresh-water mermaid" music is a dream of poetic beauty and sensuous color. And it was just these mermaid portions of the overture that the orchestra played especially well; that delicious arpeggio figure is seldom played so smoothly and flowingly and with so little obtrusive accent. The other parts seemed a thought over-hurried, and were at times rather raggedly played. The first violins added nothing to their reputation by some ungracefully jerky phrasing in the *cantilena* of the third theme.

The two little pieces from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" were simply delightfully given; nothing could have been finer than the playing, in conception as well as in execution.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture brought the concert to a glorious close, and was, for the most part, splendidly played. Mr. Pourtau did wonders with the episodic clarinet passage in the middle. Now and then, to be sure, Mr. Paur would take a dip into the superfine, as he did in parts of the "Eroica." That sudden *pianissimo* on the D-sharp major chord in the twelfth measure—making the chord come in a trifle late, to clinch the effect—is, we believe, to be credited to von Bülow; it is not indicated by Wagner (at least not in the first edition), but produces so fine an effect as to be fairly permissible. Mr. Paur perhaps overdid it a little, but that would not have mattered much, had he not taken all the zest out of the effect by unaccountably anticipating it on the F-sharp minor chord, two measures earlier. Twice is too much. But the final apotheosis of the pilgrims' chant on the six brass instruments in unison against the whirlwind in the violins was superbly done. We missed Mr. Nikisch's forcing of the horn on the F-double-sharp in the D-sharp major chord (already mentioned), which seems to us an inspiration worth perpetuating; but this, too, is an effect not down in the score, and its omission is not criticisable.

The audience's "farewell and *au revoir*" to Mr. Paur at the close of the concert was of the heartiest and pertinaciously expansive description. He was repeatedly called out, and with the greatest enthusiasm. We shall allow ourselves some summarizing remarks on the entire past season in a day or two.

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The last concert of the fourteenth Symphony season was given last night according to this programme, which stood exactly as it had been announced:—Bach, Passacaglia, in the orchestration of Esser; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica); Mendelssohn, Overture, "Melusine"; Berlioz, a. "Menuet des Feux-Follets," b. "Valse des Sylphes," from the "Damnation of Faust"; Wagner, Overture, "Tannhauser."

That was a sufficiently standard and familiar provision, and no single number requires any examination on its own account. The symphony has been known ever since there were orchestras, or even groups of dilettante instrumentalists, in Boston, and each of the others came hither in its earliest days and has stood by us faithfully to this hour. Comment may then confine itself to the performance and express itself in commendation.

Mr. Paur directed and the men obeyed as if they wanted to leave the best of impressions as a hopeful anticipation for next autumn and even the kettle-drummer got a little more flexibility than usual into his wrists and a little more rebound to his blows. The rolling, resonant organ character of the Bach was kept all through the variations, and these spoke out clearly both in theme and counterpoint; there was a sense of passion in the funereal adagio of the symphony, and a light spirit for its final allegro and its genially gay scherzo; the sea-strains of the "Melusine," hinting faintly at their great congeners of "Fingal's Cave," sounded sweetly and the fuller romance was warmly read; in the Berlioz excerpts there were fantasy and nicety of shading, and the waltz was so daintily touched that it fairly melted away into silence; and the Wagner overture brought all to a conclusion with tremendous tonality and energy. The large audience was much delighted and called Mr. Paur forward several times.

A summing up of the season shows that although the concerts have seldom been long, about the usual number of separate selections has been performed, the list including one hundred and sixteen. Of these Germany had more than the just share of even a very able-bodied and sound-stomached lion—eighty-nine. France claimed the majority of the remainder—fifteen; America got six chances; Russia and Scandinavia five; Italy one and England, Spain and the rest of the world, none. Only eighteen numbers were heard for the first time, which was too small a proportion; and of these a few were more curious than meritorious. There were nineteen soloists, of whom these only could claim celebrity because of a European, or even an extended American, reputation,—M. Ysaye, M. Thomson, Mr. Baermann, Mme. Melba and Miss Juch. Miss Szumoska is as yet rather in "posse" than in "esse," and the members of the Kneisel Quartette are now going to London in search of fame against next season.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1895.

The Twenty-Fourth Concert of the Season Given in Music Hall.

The 24th and last of this season's series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Passacaglia in C minor.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser.)
Symphony No. 3.....Beethoven
Overture to "The Fair Melusina"....Mendelssohn
Minuet of "Will-o'-the-Wisp".....Berlioz
Waltz of Sylphs.....Berlioz
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

There are many that do not believe that the arrangement of Bach's organ compositions for the orchestra is an admirable undertaking, and the writer quite heartily agrees with this opinion. The distinctive character of the works is lost in such a proceeding, and as the repertoire of orchestral pieces is such an extensive one, there is no call for these selections, then it must be said to hear polyphony displayed there is a multiplicity of orchestral compositions that will furnish the desired opportunity.

If one accepts the Bach number in these selections then it must be said that Mr. Paur provided an excellent programme. In the matter of his reading of the numbers and the orchestra's renderings, nothing but praise can be accorded the performance. The audience was demonstrative throughout the evening, and after the magnificent performance of the "Tannhauser" overture recalled Mr. Paur many times.

The spirit of the applause was the effort on the part of the audience to impress Mr. Paur with its hearty approval of his work during the season just finished, and it was a sincere tribute to a modest, serious musician, devoid of any form of trickery; one with a musical soul and an artistic nature that stimulates him to the noblest purposes in his art. Mr. Paur may well be assured that he has gained the respect and confidence of the patrons of the symphony concerts after his two years' asssociation with the superb organization at his command.

Mr. Paur's least satisfactory work has been with the classics, which he has handled in a too robust and exaggerated manner. The performance of the third symphony of Beethoven on this occasion, however, was a decided improvement in the matter of a less boisterous interpretation and as regards a better gradation of dynamics. Could Mr. Paur study to be more delicate in the exposition of the classics and improve his ability as a programme maker, he would fill his position to the complete satisfaction of the more critical listeners, for he has few equals in the art of conducting modern compositions. At all events, Mr. Paur will be heartily welcomed when he presents himself on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 19, to begin his third season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a creation of our honored townsman, Mr. H. L. Higginson, whose munificence in founding and supporting this permanent organization has earned for him the gratitude of our musical community and made for him a niche high in the archives of public benefaction.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

STANDARD JUNIOR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.

MUSICAL BRIEFLETS.

An Old Boston Musician Talks About the Symphony Orchestra.

(Written for The Standard Junior.)

Now that you have been told, in a previous sketch, how many players constitute that great musical body, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, you, very naturally, would like to know something about the instruments that are used, what they are and how many of each separate kind are played up at these grand concerts.

There are lots of one kind—the strings—and not as many of the others, if taken separately. Now you all, of course, know what a violin is. A violin and a fiddle are generally supposed to be one and the same thing. The distinction is made only when it falls into different hands. There are violin players, and there are fiddlers. The latter will please pardon me when I say that I am now writing of violinists and true artists. Of the violins there are 16 first violins (violin primo), and 14 second violins (violin secondo).

All of the first violins sit at the left, and the second violins at the right hand of the conductor. Of violas there are 10, who sit in front and at the right of the conductor.

Now we come to the violoncellos, or 'cellos. Of these there are eight. The last of the stringed instruments, aside from the harp, which stands by itself an individual instrument, are the double basses (contra bass), of which there are eight. Then you see, including the harp, there are in all 57 stringed instruments in this immense orchestra.

Now we come to the wood-wind instruments, which are next in orchestral order. We will begin with the flutes, of which there are three—first, second, third. Often times the third fluteist has occasion to play the octave flute (kleine flote, or piccalo, so-called in German and Italian. All the remaining wood-wind instruments are the reed instruments. Of these the first in order are the clarinets (clarinette). There are of this instrument usually two—first and second. Sometimes the score calls for three, or even four. The third is often the bass clarinet. Wagner's works often call for the later. The oboe (hautbois) is the next. There are two of these—first and second. Now follows the English horn (como-anglaise), a truly magnificent instrument.

Berlioz in his charming works uses it with most thrilling effects. The last of the woodwind is the bassoon (fagott or fagotto). This is also a splendid instrument. You will know this instrument when you go to hear a symphony concert, by seeing just front of the conductor a little in the rear, two, or perhaps three, round sticks like small smokestacks pointing to the roof. It has by some been vulgarly called the "horses' leg." When three are used the added one is the bass bassoon.

Now we come to the brass wind instruments. First of these are the trumpets (trompete), of which there are three, usually, first, second, third, though sometimes four are used. Next we find the horn. Of the French horn (corno), there are a quartet, first, second, third, fourth. Eight or a double horn quartet were used in a Wagner programme of the past season. The extra four horns were brought from New York expressly to play in a Wagner selection. I speak of this as an illustration of the perfect system upon which the symphony concerts are conducted. Neither pains nor money are spared in order to insure a perfect rendering of a musical work.

Next in order are the trombones (pasaune), of which there are three—tenor, alto and bass. Four are sometimes used, the last to be mentioned of the brass wind, but by no means the least, is the bass-tuba. This is like an organ in fullness of tone; and in the hands of an artist, as in this case it is, as in truth are all the others, is a truly grand instrument.

Finishing the wind choirs, so-called, we will take up the instruments of percussion, the last to be mentioned, but usually the first to be heard, as this department in the orchestra is the home of the writer; he feels that for very many years past he has made some noise in the world, and he anxiously hopes that he may be forgiven for creating such a hubbub. First in this department must be mentioned the kettle-drum (pauken tympani). In my description of some instruments in a future article I shall dwell particularly upon the tympani, as the use of this prominent instrument is but little known. Lastly we must mention the snare drum (kleine trommel), bass drum (grosse trommel), cymbals (piatta), triangle (triangolo), tambourin, castanetts, bells(glockenspiel), and gong. Thus we have all of the orchestral instruments entire. The array of percussion instruments has been the writer's constant companion for 35 years.

Now think of it, for herein is the wonder to many, but it is only the result of thought and perfect discipline. All of these players, of so many different instruments, move at once like a huge but well-oiled machine. But, like the machine, in order to produce good results there must be a clear, brainy head and a firm guiding hand at the lever.

This the symphony orchestra bar, and the lever which guides this immense human machine, is a simple little stick of hickory in the hands of a talented artist.

WILLIAM A. FIELD.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-fourth symphony concert, the closing one of the season, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Bach: Passacaglia for Organ, in C minor.
(Arranged for Orchestra by Esser.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," opus 55.
Mendelssohn: Overture to "Die schöne Melusine," opus 32.
Berlioz: Menuet des Follets and Valse des Sylphes, from "La Damnation de Faust," opus 24.
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Before saying anything about this concert, we would correct an error in our article on the preceding one. In speaking of the performance of Cherubini's overture to "Les Deux Journées," we said in last Monday's paper: "With the setting-in of the *Allegro* we were astonished to find Mr. Paur suddenly begin beating a rapid *Alla breve*, instead of the four regular beats to the measure which are as fixed a tradition in this overture as anything in all music." Mr. Paur has since proved to us that no such tradition exists, but that, on the contrary, conductors have always beaten two beats to the measure in this *Allegro*. What we should have said, to express our idea exactly, was that Mr. Paur's beat (*i. e.*, his tempo) was so rapid that it destroyed the *effect to the ear* of the movement's being in 4-4 time, and gave the impression of 2-2, or *alla breve*, time. To our question, "Where does Mr. Paur find authority for adding two trumpets to the score in the coda?" Mr. Paur replies that in his score of the overture, a very old MS. (not autograph) copy, there are two trumpet parts in the coda, and that there are printed trumpet parts among the published orchestral parts of the work. Moreover, that the overture has, certainly of late years, always been played here with trumpets. It is somewhat curious, however, that there are no trumpet parts in the original Paris (Gaveaux) edition of the full score, neither are there any in the more recent editions of Breitkopf and Härtel, and Peters. This seems to us to cast some doubt upon the authenticity of the trumpet parts. Their not being in the original edition is no decisive proof against them, for they might have been added later by the composer. But their not being included in the edition of such careful editors as Breitkopf and Härtel—even though they are included in the published "orchestral parts,"—looks as if there were some reason for doubting their authenticity. Their being in an old MS. copy of the score proves nothing; for it is well known what liberties of this sort opera conductors have taken, time out of mind. Sir Michael Costa added parts for three trombones, bass-tuba, and big-drum and cymbals to the score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and these spurious parts were at one time a tradition at Covent Garden in London; it is by no means unlikely that some other conductor may have taken upon himself to add trumpets to "Les Deux Journées," and that his additions have become traditional in the same way.

But, to our muttons! Esser's orchestral version of the great Bach passacaglia we have never wholly liked. No doubt the orchestra adds a good deal to an organ work of this sort; variety in coloring and at times something of greater clearness of effect in complex polyphonic passages. But it also tends to efface one of the primary features of the organ, its impassive evenness of tone and lack of accent. For one thing, it has no approximate substitute to offer for the inexhaustible solidity of tone of the organ pedals. Still, were this the only objection to Esser's arrangement, it might well be deemed unnecessarily hair-splitting; especially as an orchestral version of a work like the C minor passacaglia has the manifest advantage of bringing the stupendous composition within reach of a far larger public than would ever hear a note of it in its original shape. But we have another objection to it: considering it purely in the light of an arrangement, we find it a rather dreary and uneffective one. When Esser had made up his mind that it was really worth while to score the passacaglia for orchestra at all, we wish he had taken hold of his task more boldly and carried it out more brilliantly. He has stroked the nettle too tenderhanded; his scoring, especially in the closing fugue, is too dull-sounding and devoid of brilliancy. His orchestration is like an organ with all the mixtures left out. On the organ, with the full power of the mighty instrument gradually coming on toward the end, the passacaglia is one of the most overwhelming things we know in all music; with Esser's orchestration it sounds comparatively tame.

The "Eroica" symphony was, upon the whole, grandly played. The tempo of the *Marcia funebre* was particularly good, and imparted no Victor Hugo-Wagnerian flavor of grandiosity to Beethoven's grandeur. Now and then Mr. Paur brings in a rather superfine effect of accent (especially in parts of the first movement), which jars one a little; not so much of and by itself as because its preciosity seems out of keeping with his generally simple and straightforward conception of the work. But it is the fashion nowadays for conductors, so to speak, to carve their initials on every great trunk they climb in the musical forest; and perhaps we should thank Mr. Paur for carving his as inconspicuously as he has on the "Eroica," instead of covering the whole bark with them.

It was good to hear Mendelssohn's "Melusine" again. As a whole, we should hardly rank the overture with those to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," let alone the incomparable "Hebrides"; it is a less perfectly rounded whole than any of these. But, although we find a good deal of Mendelssohn's "perishable" side in the F minor theme and the ensuing *cantilena* in A-flat major, "all the fresh-water mermaid" music is a dream of poetic beauty and sensuous color. And it was just these mermaid portions of the overture that the orchestra played especially well; that delicious arpeggio figure is seldom played so smoothly and flowingly and with so little obtrusive accent. The other parts seemed a thought over-hurried, and were at times rather raggedly played. The first violins added nothing to their reputation by some ungracefully jerky phrasing in the *cantilena* of the third theme.

The two little pieces from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" were simply delightfully given; nothing could have been finer than the playing, in conception as well as in execution.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture brought the concert to a glorious close, and was, for the most part, splendidly played. Mr. Pourtau did wonders with the episodic clarinet passage in the middle. Now and then, to be sure, Mr. Paur would take a dip into the superfine, as he did in parts of the "Eroica." That sudden *pianissimo* on the D-sharp major chord in the twelfth measure—making the chord come in a trifle late, to clinch the effect—is, we believe, to be credited to von Bülow; it is not indicated by Wagner (at least not in the first edition), but produces so fine an effect as to be fairly permissible. Mr. Paur perhaps overdid it a little, but that would not have mattered much, had he not taken all the zest out of the effect by unaccountably anticipating it on the F-sharp minor chord, two measures earlier. Twice is too much. But the final apotheosis of the pilgrims' chant on the six brass instruments in unison against the whirlwind in the violins was superbly done. We missed Mr. Nikisch's forcing of the horn on the F-double-sharp in the D-sharp major chord (already mentioned), which seems to us an inspiration worth perpetuating; but this, too, is an effect not down in the score, and its omission is not criticisable.

The audience's "farewell and *au revoir*" to Mr. Paur at the close of the concert was of the heartiest and pertinaciously expansive description. He was repeatedly called out, and with the greatest enthusiasm. We shall allow ourselves some summarizing remarks on the now past season in a day or two.

[12?]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APR. 29, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

A Brilliant Concert Closes the Winter's Series.

Bach's Passacaglia in C Minor, and Beethoven's Heroic Symphony Given.

Blessings brighten as they take their flight. The last concert of the symphonic series of 1894-5 seemed one of the most attractive of the season. Spite of the fact that no soloist was present, the audience was of great size, and not only remained until the end, but gave a degree of applause that grew with a steady crescendo, culminatin at the close with three enthusiastic recalls of Mr. Paur. Surely such signs are unmistakeable, the public are more than ever interested in these concerts and are satisfied with the conductor.

The programme was not made up with a view to any especial significance, but represented many schools, was chronologically progressive from Bach to Wagner, and was calculated to display the many-sided talents of the conductor and the versatility of the orchestra in a thorough fashion. It began with Esser's arrangement of Bach's "Passacaglia" in C minor, which, doleful though the theme might be, was yet very interesting in its contrapuntal devices and served to pass each department of the orchestra in review in the different variations. Bach seems to have had an affection for the slow-paced Passacaglia although he never gives the inflated style of the old dance. The Passacaglia has been much misunderstood ;when one remembers that it was a posturing dance rendered by one or two Spanish grandees at the court, and given in full costume, with plumed hat, velvet mantle, belted sword and spurred boots, one can readily understand that the Spanish words, "Passer Calle" ("running the streets") do not give the origin of the movement. The name is probably of Latin or Italian origin, and if we derive it from "Passo Gallo" ("Rooster step") we shallb e much nearer its true spirit, which was decidedly bombastic, a more emphatic and grandiloquent Sarabande.

The work, which is excellently scored, was remarkably well performed and received much applause.

Then came Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," which was given a most spirited performance. This work might be called the beginning of the modern symphonic school as well as the first revelation of the true Beethoven. Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony,"the loftiest symphony of the 18th century, still leans to the antique spirit in its fugal touches, and Beethoven's first and second symphonies still cling to the skirts of Hadyn. The first movement was the best read of the work; here Mr. Paur gave all the struggleand combat that any one could desire, yet with good discretion, too, for that disonant entrance of the horn, with the chief figure against an irreconcileable harmony in the strings, was toned down by making the former prominent and the violins almost inaudible.

The second movement (the Funeral March) was taken at a brisk pace, more rapid that we have yet heard it; compared with Mr. Henschel's reading in years gone by, it was a greyhound against a snail. There were no tears in the interpretation, spite of the excellent playing of that instrument of grief, the oboe. One cannot but admire the discretion with which the oboe is employed; a tearful maiden is indicated, but no Mrs. Gummidge, and the feminine sorrow of the oboe is immediately contrasted with the masculine brooding of the cello. It is strange that Beethoven never used the true instrument of melancholy, the English horn(his Trio, Op. 87, scarcely worth the playing, probably had an Oboe di Caccia, instead of English horn, for its bass), for here he would have found one appropriate use for this greater oboe, and in the horn-calls after the thunder-storm of the Pastoral symphony (another). The mourners in this performance of the Funeral March planted their hero with a haste that suggested a death from Asiatic cholera, and that final sigh of the whole orchestra was made emphatic enough to fulfil Pope's sigh "from Indus to the pole;" it was a cyclonic upheaval of grief.

Then came the Scherzo, splendidly played, bright as summer and clear as an Italian lake; a puzzling Scherzo in so earnest a work, but perhaps Berlioz's solution is right, and it represents the chattering world going on with its bargaining, its hilarity, its everyday pleasures, after the hero is dead, but one can hear the clash of swords in some of its measures spite of the Frenchman's estimate. The horn trio was again more rapid than it is generally performed, and it was rather powerful than pensive, but there were no breaks to condone in these difficult measures. Yet these same measures cannot be heard today with the Beethoven tone-color. The reviewer may heave one sigh (as strong as that which blew out the Funeral March) for the natural horn (Wald-horn) which was in vogue in the early part of the century; today the players do not even set their ventil-horns in E flat, but transpose the whole affair upon their horns in F, thus giving key-tones (always poorer than those played on brasses as natural tones, without the use of keys) almost all through the passage.

A powerful and generally well-played finale followed. A few slips of ensemble were noticeable, but not enough to spoil the undoubted virility of the reading. Mr. Paur brought out the latent heroism of this movement much more than mny conductors do. Generally one wonders why Beethoven did not fit the Finale of the fifth symphony (trombones and all) to this warlike work. We have not often heard the variations so clearly given as they were on this occasion. Delightfully contrasted with such stern measures was the "Melusina" overture, which followed. Here everything was daintiness and grace, and the wood-wind (which is largely in the foreground) distinguished itself. It spoke volumes for the versatility of both conductor and orchestra that they could turn from the "Eroica" to such an overture and make a success in both. Here is programme music in the best guise; one need not follow Schumann and see coral-caves, marine monsters and singing mermaids in its measures, nor need one accept the dry and sarcastic remark of its composer, Mendelssohn, (rebuking the preceding opinion)—"It only pictures a mesalliance!"—but steer between these two extremes and enjoy its suggestions and its romantic themes and the symmetery of their treatment.

Now came Berlioz's Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, which we have heard much more daintily given in these concerts. Everything was clear, but those will-o'-the-wisps were as powerful and prosaic as New Jersey mosquitoes, although one must pay tribute to the crisp, spicy performance of the piccolo. The Waltz of the Sylphs went much better, although it began rather loudly, but the work of the muted violins and the harp deserves enthusiastic adjectives, and the ending was ineffably dainty.

That splendid example of the wedding of classical form and dramatic fervor, the "Tannhaeuser" overture, closed the concert and the season. It was finely played, its only fault being that in the great climax (one of the finest in all the overture repertoire) the violins anticipated the conductor's beat and were disposed to hurry the pace, and they were somewhat overshadowed by the great force of the trombones. But it was an inspiring performance altogether, and at its end the audience recalled Mr. Paur to the platform three times with every indication of appreciation and gratitude. One would have been glad to have seen the founder of these concerts, who has unostentatiously done so much for our musical progress, by his side.

It is scarcely necessary to sum up the results of the orchestral season since Mr. Paur's work stands for itself. Lacking Mr. Gericke's hand of iron in a glove of velvet(and Mr. Gericke must ever be remembered as the man who weeded our mucical garden and first made a Boston orchestra that was really great) without the caprice and elasticity of Nikisch, not possessing the programme-making power of a Henschel, fightin against peculiar difficulties unknown to any of these conductors and scarcely dreamed of by the public, Mr. Paur has still made definite progress and has elevated the orchestra from the slough into which it was falling; its discipline is restored, its ensemble has returned. Mr. Paur is not a man who is likely to stand still; constant growth is one of his characteristics, and our orchestra and symphonic programmes are likely to grow with him as the difficulties in his path grow less. The chief points in which one might expect betterment in the immediate future are in the matter of programme-making (for some of the lists have been very heterogeneous) and in a display of greater care, or of less good-heartedness, in the selection of soloists for such dignified concerts as are given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Louis C. Elson.

STANDARD JUNIOR.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1895.

MUSICAL BRIEFLETS.

An Old Boston Musician Talks About the Symphony Orchestra.

(Written for The Standard Junior.)

Music!—the tender child of rudest times,—
The gentle native of all land and climes,—
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot or peals along the wave.
—Norton.

As one who, for a number of years, has been a player in that grand musical organization famously known as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I desire for the benefit and, as well, for the information of the readers of The Junior to herein relate some doings of interest regarding this great body of musicians which it is hoped will serve both to amuse and instruct. In this series of sketches I shall describe many things which you really ought to know, provided you desire to keep posted on prominent affairs.

First, I shall inform you how the orchestra is made up, or, technically speaking, its ensemble. In subsequent sketches I shall speak of other interesting matters, as for example, the many and various nations that are represented therein; the instruments used and something about them; its great and world-renowned directors and conductors; its concerts at home and in distant cities; the orchestra on its southern trips, and all about how we travel, together with incidents of the same. In fact, such will be related concerning the great orchestra as will interest not only those of a musical turn of mind but all of the young readers who desire information regarding one of the grandest instrumental organizations in the known world.

The Symphony orchestra numbers 85 performers, and is consequently the largest concrete body of musicians under one lead in the United States or in all America. Extra players are sometimes added, augmenting it to 90 or more. The latter number is sometimes required in the works of Wagner (pronounced Varkner), Berlioz—the latter a famous French composer—and others.

Now, for one to say that our little—so called by New Yorkers—village of Boston has, in this musical body of men, one of the very best orchestras in the country, seems like big talk, doesn't it? Well, if the words of many of the great musical artists and critics as well are to be believed, such is the fact. Moreover, many who have travelled abroad, and as well many European musicians—Paderewski the great pianist being one of the number— say that the magnificent and finished playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has never been surpassed by any orchestra in the world.

Now, my young friends, are you not proud of the fact that, through the untiring energy and the persistent efforts of a highly distinguished and noble hearted citizen of Boston, we have here, in slow going New England, in the capital city of glorious old Massachusetts, a permanent musical institution in the Boston Symphony Orchestra which, as well as being a lasting honor to its generous founder, is the pride of the citizens of our grand old commonwealth.

W. A. FIELD.
Stoneham, Mass.

STANDARD JUNIOR.
TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1895.

MUSICAL BRIEFLETS.

An Old Boston Musician Talks About the Symphony Orchestra.

Now, that we have given the several different choirs of musicians, with their respective instruments, their positions in this great orchestra, it is fitting that our readers should be made acquainted with some of the prominent personages.

We will begin with the officials who are in charge of the business end of the organization, and upon whom rests much of the responsibility regarding its movements.

The first, whom courtesy demands should be mentioned is Boston's public-spirited citizen, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, who, at great personal sacrifice, established this great musical body and made it what it now is, a permanent Boston institution, whose mission it is, and ever has been, to both entertain and educate.

Mr. Higginson's first officer and a thoroughly efficient one, is Mr. Charles A. Ellis. His duties are manifold and are of a nature that requires most skilful judgment and executive ability, both of which he possesses in full. Mr. Ellis as a grand concert manager is well and widely known.

The next in command as second officer and assistant manager is Mr. F. R. Comee, whose duty is principally to act as manager of the out-of-town concerts, and those of the trips. Upon these occasions the managerial mantle well becomes him, and he bears it in a manner which is creditable both to his superior officer, Mr. Ellis, and to himself. Genial and facetious Fred! Long may he live to "trip" it!

Now we will return to the orchestra. Before proceeding further, allow me, please, to introduce one, who of all others is the central figure of the orchestra and upon whom rests responsibilities that but few would care to be encumbered with—Mr. Emil Paur.

Now, please don't call this name Pawr. Give the a u the same sound as o w; add an e, and you have it—Power. And a power he most assuredly is when he stands before the orchestra with that wee little stick, his baton, in hand. Mr. Paur, as all must know, is the orchestral director or conductor.

In Germany the conductor of a grand concert is called Kappelle-meister. But this title, I am told, is in most cases applied to conductors of the court orchestras in concerts and theatres that are patronized by the royal families and the nobility. It may not be out of place at this point to state that the former conductor, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, holds the position of court orchestra conductor at Budapest, Hungary.

Of Mr. Pauer's great ability as a conductor and of his kindly nature I shall speak in future sketches.

Next I will introduce Mr. Kneisel. Now some pronounce it "Nisel," others "Neesel." Properly, it is nither nor nether, but it is "Ka-nisel," as if one would say ka-nife in the place of "nife." I am not a German tutor, or even scholar, but I desire to post the readers of The Junior on German names in order that they may be up with the times.

Mr. Kneisel, who, as a violinist, ranks among the first and best of the world's great artists, is the concert-meister or concert leader, and is, as well, the leading solo violinist. Many of you, presumably, have listened to his delightful and soulful playing.

We will now bring forward the name of one, who from the nature of his duties, is but seldom seen, but who is, none the less, a very essential personage, Mr. Johann Sanerquell! There's a name for you, my young friends. As the English translation of it is not quite as sweet as some, I will ask you to look it up. Quell translated is spring-of-water, and sour is not sweet.

It is Mr. Sanerquell who has the entire charge of the enormous library of music, and, in consequence, is the librarian. Room No. 10 is his workshop, the library. In this room are to be seen all of the works which are performed at the Symphony concerts. There are large shelves loaded down with scores and orchestral parts each and every one catalogued. So methodically arranged are they that our friend, the librarian, could go in the dark and select, at a moment's notice, any work which might hastily be required.

The orchestral parts and the scores,—the latter are used by Mr. Paur to conduct from,—each have their separate shelves. The system is absolutely perfect. Mr. Sanerquell is very sedate and earnest, when attending to his duties. But, when off duty is as hilarious and frolicsome as a youth.

As we have now everything ready I think we might have a rehearsal. We will appoint our rehearsal—on paper—for next Friday morning, and we hope all of the Junior readers will be on hand to attend it.

W. A. FIELD.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1895.

BOSTON, Mass., April 28, 1895.

THIS was the program of the 24th and the last concert of the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony concert, the second year of the reign of Mr. Emil Paur: Passacaglia for organ, Bach-Esser; Eroica Symphony, Beethoven; overture, The Fair Melusina, Mendelssohn; Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps, and Waltz of Sylphs, from Damnation of Faust, Berlioz; overture to Tannhäuser, Wagner.

* * *

The last concert of the Symphony Orchestra is regarded as the end of the season. It is true the Cecelia will give a concert with a miscellaneous program next week, and there may be a scattering of pianists or singers who will chirp now that the rage and the fury of the storm are over.

It is generally the custom to review the season. The day may come when such reviews will be on the stage and not in print. Thus the last Symphony concert of a series might be devoted to a good natured burlesque of the more striking features of preceding concerts, imitations of Thomson and Ysaye, view of the kettledrum man at practice or Mr. Paur in the act of imitating himself. Was there not such a custom in the free days of antiquity on the Island of Selpos after a trilogy had moved mightily the men and quickened women? Such a review would disarm all retroactive or reminiscent criticisms, promote general hilarity and insure the delights of Jamaica Plain to Mr. Paur. For if anybody—some foreigner, some stray critic from New York—should say, "But don't you find your Mr. Paur a little logy, pardon me, just a little awkward in the impassioned moments, and I don't see how the players always understand his beat," the Bostonian could say to the envious man, "Don't you suppose Mr. Paur knows all this? You should see his imitation of himself directing a romantic tone picture."

Of course preparations should be made very carefully for this summing up. A variety star should be in Music Hall during the season, whenever a woman sings or plays, that the imitations may be particular, not general. The prices of admission should of course be raised. I wonder why Mr. Higginson has not thought of such an entertainment. I fear he is too conservative. Just because there has never been such a review in the Gewandhaus, we are now deprived of the pleasure.

* * *

Looking over the files of a newspaper in order to sum up the results of a musical season is dreary work, not unlike the perfunctory attention paid to mutton the third day by the victim of harassing domesticity. These artists, the talk of the hour, are so quickly forgotten! These masterpieces of composition are soon so vague and shadowy! You start in conscientiously, and rub your eyes, and say, "Why, did Jones play that concerto? I had no recollection of it." You find you wrote warm paragraphs about Smith's great symphonic poem Oscar Wilde, and for the life of you you cannot remember the first theme or the canon recte et retro that so pleased the professors.

Now it would be a far more delightful task to review Pansebêia, or a View of all Religions in the World, by Alexander Ross. I picked up a sixth edition the other day. It has a fleur-de-lis on each cover. As it appeared in 1683 a detailed criticism might appear as belated to those weak in understanding. And yet the account of John Buckhold or John of Leyden might be used in commenting on the revival of Meyerbeer's Prophet. It would be a pleasure to recall the adventures of John Tuysent-Schrever, who went sounding a trumpet through all the streets, thereby inviting to Buckhold's palace, and how when the guests were assembled, the great prophet "gave to everyone a loaf of unleavened bread, saying, 'Take, eat and celebrate the Lord's death'; which done, the Queen in like manner carried about a cup, by which ceremony, the Supper of the Lord, or rather that Scene of pleasure, wantonness, and temerity, was certainly very frolickly celebrated."

Or I should like to talk about a "Dissertation on the Art of Singing and its Teaching" that I read the other day. Here are one or two extracts from this learned work:

"For the piano, one must examine the bearing, and the mechanism which gives vigor, and the skill necessary to arrive at good execution.

"Many people, if asked, discountenance singing in a young girl, with the excuse that she is weak in the chest.

"The pupil is tired even in speaking. The professor becomes afraid, accuses his temperament or some other cause. Error!!! It is he who is the author of all these disorders, by his ignorance and his indelicacy in teaching what he has never understood.

"I come to establish myself in——. I wished in this manner to announce my intention. The experience and the results I obtained, as an artist and as a professor, enable me to dispense with all false modesty. I am, and I know, and shall prove it here, or elsewhere."

* * *

We do not prepare ourselves artistically for the hearing of music. The concert is at 8. The hearer is full of meat. Unless he has his own carriage or is fond of walking, and so has an earlier dinner, he is the sport of the street car. Nine cases out of ten he enters the hall flurried, with arrested, complaining digestion. The hall—say it is Music Hall, Boston. There are draughts, or the air still retains the athletic flavor of the panting crowd that saw violently the tenth round between "The Red Eyed Whirlwind" and "Mysterious Billy Smith"; for Music Hall, oh! foreign wondering reader, is not exclusively the Temple of Music. At concerts men come out upon the platform. They are all in swallow-tail coats. They wear white neckties. The leader appears. The hearer is pitched suddenly into a sea of music.

There is an artist—painter, not tonsorial, not chiropodical—by the name of Simmons—Edward Emerson Simmons. He lives in New York, I believe, and you would probably find him this very night at the Players.' Simmons was fond of saying that the sight of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the stage of Music Hall was profoundly inartistic. Costume, arrangement, background, the obtrusiveness of the instruments—all these almost prevented any genuine æsthetic enjoyment. Call him not whimsical. Quote not Pudor and say "Plagiarist"; for Simmons formulated these thoughts before Pudor's book excited the ridicule of the conventional. Simmons is right. Music is enjoyed in spite of its conditions.

Now I do not say that Mr. Otto Roth should wear a red wig, or that the legs of Mr. Timothée Adamowski should be incased in bloom-colored breeches, or that Mr. Paur should wear a sword (for ornament, of course, not discipline); but it would be fairer and better for music if the players were not seen. Not that they should be buried; but let them play behind tapestry or thick folds of stage-gauze and in a half-light. The applause, the flowers, the bowing and the scraping, the gossip, the flutter caused by the knowledge that the conductor's hair was cut during the week, the sight of men with puffed cheeks blowing into instruments of brass and wood, the juggler with drumsticks, the gloved hand of the tuba player—all these, and such as these, rob music of its subtle and pervasive power.

The hearer should prepare himself for the concert; he should chasten or stimulate his body and his mind. Is the orchestra to play the overture Phèdre or Sakuntala? Champagne and oysters should precede; or a midday breakfast at a French restaurant and an afternoon spent with a French novelist of the school that delighted Gray. If you see announced on the program a 'cello concerto by Johannes Losbein (cadenza by Carl Reinecke), eat a boiled New England dinner at 1, smoke a pipe of perique, sleep till 6:30, then take an absinthe. The better music of Beethoven should be heard near the ocean. The Pastoral symphony would be heard to complete advantage in Putney, Vermont. I have never been there, but the town and the symphony surely go together.

* * *

Crack! We are far away from the Symphony concert, the twenty-fourth, the last of the season. Mr. Paur, by the way, goes to Europe in a fortnight, and his wife goes with him. The Promenade concerts will begin Saturday evening, May 11. Mr. Antonio De Novellis will be the conductor. The program will no doubt be well chosen, and the orchestra, made up of Symphony players, will surely be be excellent. I have great faith in Mr. De Novellis. I hope that the beer will be better, and it should be cheaper. But as regards beer Boston is a village, in spite of its arrogant boast that it is the musical centre of the universe. I know of only two places in town where the beer is fit to drink, and in one of these it is imported.

* * *

Apropos of beer, let me call your attention to the fact that Mr. Paur ended his second year with a pyrotechnical display in which he was the chief figure. The orchestra played superbly and the conductor showed a fire as well as a poetic spirit that surprised me. He was momentarily possessed of a large stock of temperament.

"Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

I hear Mr. Krehbiel murmuring "A dallier with dances," and the *Tribune* sage goes back to his beloved volumes on folk lore. As for Mr. Henderson, he would not believe this statement concerning temperament were I to send on sworn affidavits of some of the most respectable citizens of Boston.

The concert was really a fine one. So far, it was the best of the season. Perhaps it is unfortunate, then, that it was the last.

* * *

Bach's Passacaglia in its original form is a stumbling block to many organists, not so much for the difficulty of performance as for the problem of registration. I do not believe the piece was written for the organ, but let us waive that question. In Germany there is a quarrel about the variations. Some say, "Make a gradual crescendo from the beginning, and play the Thema fugatum with full organ." Stuff and nonsense! In the first place, is there any fugue that should be proclaimed as to its dux with full organ, 16 foot stops and mixtures? Perish the thought! To me Esser solved his problem admirably without introducing impertinent modernity. The discreet instrumentation furnishes sufficient contrasts without inducing forgetfulness of Bach.

How Buxtehudisch this Passacaglia is! Do you know the Passacaglio (sic), the ciacona in C minor, and the ciacona in E minor by Dietrich Buxtehude, the Dane, born in Elsinor, of a father who was organist of Saint-Olaf? No wonder that Dietrich was a romanticist, born out of due time. How modern, for instance, are measures 86–93 of the ciacona in E minor; how full of vague longing, twilight confessions, unconscious sensuousness are passages in fugues, as well as in the freer pieces!

"Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things."

And does anyone claim for a moment that these pieces by Buxtehude should be played in the full organ throughout? Yes there are German pedants, with dust stuffed eyes and horny ears, that so insist.

In some of the music of the father I hear the complaining voice of the daughter. Here is the title of the story for you: "The Love-Longings of Miss Buxtehude." You remember that whoever succeeded the father as organist at Lubeck was obliged to marry the organist's daughter. Händel, Mattheson, Bach were all in Lubeck; no one of them yearned for the place. When the two first saw her she was thirty-four years old; when Bach went to Lubeck she was thirty-six. Was the poor girl fair or foul? Did she care for organ playing? Think of her lot. She was set apart, reserved for an organist. Mattheson was a dashing blade; did she not cast favorable eyes on him? Perhaps the man she really loved played so badly that the father shook his head. There was one that was braver than the others, Johann Christian Schieferdecker. She did not long survive the marriage.

But I am wandering again. 'Tis the spring.

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir."

* * *

A man named Pirro has written an interesting book entitled "L'Orgue de Jean-Sebastian Bach." It is published by the Libraire Fischbacher, Paris, 1895, and Widor has contributed to it a capital preface.

* * *

I have heard organists—and good ones—make in the Passacaglia an accelerando, very gradually, of course. Mr. Paur was wiser. With the exception of a natural ritard the tempo, a little slower than that of the old fashioned minuet, was inexorably maintained.

* * *

Admirable, thoroughly admirable was the performance of the Eroica. The pieces played were all familiar. To speak of the performance of them in detail would be to indulge in eulogy. And the music itself is after all of more importance than the manner in which it was played, unless the performance stultifies the music and makes it a vain thing.

* * *

I intended to write you a long review of the season. Perhaps you will receive it next week. Perhaps you will never receive it. For the season was in the main uneventful. The soloists at the symphony concerts were: Singers, Miss Juch, Mrs. Eaton, Miss Franklin, Mr. Schott, Mrs. Melba, Mr. Max Heinrich, Moss Clarke; pianists, Mr. Baermann, Mrs. Lent, Mr. Huss, Mrs. Beach, Miss Szumowska; violinists, Messrs. Ysaye, Thomson, Loeffler, Kneisel, Schnitzler; flutist, Mr. Molé; 'cellist, Mr. Schroeder. Of these nineteen soloists, five are members of the Symphony orchestra. The list of singers as well as that of pianists is remarkably weak. To name names would be unnecessarily unkind, but several who appeared on the stage of Music Hall had no business to take part in a Symphony concert.

Mr. Paur is not a skillful program maker. At one time he seems to be a victim to the belief that a concert should be an educational matter, and so there is the idea of "epoch grouping" and "the history of music told in an evening." At another time he draws apparently at random, and, like the bassoonist in the minstrel show, when asked "What are you going to play?" he answers, "Anything that comes out."

The music heard for the first time at these concerts was: Chadwick—Symphony No. 3. Sgambati—Symphony No. 1. Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique). Benoit—Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra. Smetana—Symphonic poem, Sarka. Goldmark—Overture, Sappho. Dvorák—Overture, Carneval. Strube—Overture, Maid of Orleans. Reinecke—Overture, Der Gouverneur von Tours. Goetz—Overture, Spring. Schubert—Overture in Italian style, in D. Auber—Overture, Le Part du Diable. Auber—Overture, L'Enfant Prodigue. Marschner—Overture, Hans Heiling. Langer—Introduction to opera, Dornroschen. Mozart—Serenade for wind instruments. Brahms—Serenade for small orchestra. Huss—Concerto for piano, B major. Loeffler—Divertimento for violin, A minor. Kahn—Elegy, in C minor. H. W. Parker—Cahal Mór. Dvorák—Waldesruhe, for 'cello. Klengel—Capriccio for 'cello. Monsigny—Chaconne and Rigodon. Strauss—Moto Perpetuo. Knorr—Variations on Ukraine folk song.

You see our novelties come late.

Mr. Paur was applauded most enthusiastically last evening. The tribute was undoubtedly sincere. The Symphony audience respects his sincerity, modesty, industry and sound musical qualities. They that do not join in this tribute are certain composers and certain members—one or two of them prominent—of the orchestra.

PHILIP HALE.

BRATTLE HALL, : : CAMBRIDGE.

:::::1895:::::

Monday Evening, April 15, at 8.

Second Concert

BY

The :: Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL. L. SVECENSKI.
OTTO ROTH. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Programme.

SGAMBATI. QUARTET in D-flat major, op. 17.
Adagio. — Vivace ma non troppo. — Prestissimo. — Andante sostenuto. — Allegro.

C. M. LOEFFLER. QUINTET (in one movement) for three VIOLINS, VIOLA, and VIOLONCELLO.
Third Violin, Mr. WILLIAM KRAFFT.

SCHUBERT. QUARTET in D minor, op. posth.
Allegro. — Andante con moto. — Molto vivace. — Presto.

The Third and last Concert is Tuesday, April 23.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

PAINE. SYMPHONIC POEM. "An Island Fantasy." op. 45.
This composition was suggested by the remembrance of summer days at the sea-side, amid the varying moods of ocean-life:—the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm.

SCHUBERT. UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.

BEETHOVEN. *a*) CLÄRCHEN'S DEATH, from "Egmont," op. 84,
b) MARCIA ALLA TURCA, from "Die Ruinen von Athen," op. 113.

LISZT. RHAPSODIE HONGROISE No. 2, in D minor.
(Scored for ORCHESTRA by LISZT and DOPPLER).

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

WEBER. OVERTURE. "Der Freischütz."

HANDEL. RECITATIVE AND ARIA. "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Waft Her Angels."

RAFF. SYMPHONY No. 3, in F major. "In the Woods."
PART I. IN THE DAYTIME. Impressions and sensations: Allegro.
PART II. AT TWILIGHT. *a*) Revery: Largo.
b) Dance of Dryads: Allegro assai. — Poco meno mosso.
PART III. AT NIGHT. Silent rustling of the woods at night. Entrance and exit of the Wild Hunt, with FRAU HOLLE (Hulda) and WOTAN. Daybreak: Allegro.

GOUNOD. ARIA. "Salve Dimora," from "Faust."

DELIBES. BALLET MUSIC. "Sylvia."
a) Prelude, Les Chasseuresses.
b) Intermezzo et Valse lente.
c) Pizzicati.
d) Cortege de Bacchus.

Soloist:

Mr. BEN. DAVIES.

The Piano is a Steinway.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of a principal player, the "Island Fantasy," announced for this Concert, cannot be performed. The Overture "Der Freischütz" is substituted.

Tenth and last Concert, Thursday, April 25.

BRATTLE HALL, : : CAMBRIDGE.

:::::1895:::::

Wednesday Evening, March 27, at 8.

First Concert

BY

The : : Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL. L. SVECENSKI.
OTTO ROTH. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Mr. Leon Pourtau, assisting.

Programme.

BORODINE. QUARTET in D major.
Allegro moderato.—Scherzo (Allegro).—Notturno (Andante).—Finale (Andante: Vivace.)

BRAHMS. QUINTET FOR CLARINET, TWO VIOLINS, VIOLA, AND VIOLONCELLO, in B minor, op. 115.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Andantino.—Con moto.

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in C minor, op. 18.
Allegro ma non tanto.—
Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto.—
Scherzo (Allegretto).—Allegro.

The date of the next Concert is April 15.

City Hall, Portland.

SEASON 1894--95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

(HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN PORTLAND.)

ONLY CONCERT.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, AT 8.

Programme.

J. K. PAINE. SYMPHONIC POEM, "An Island Fantasy," op. 45.
(By request.)

This composition was suggested by the remembrance of summer days at the seaside, amid the varying moods of ocean-life:—the soothing calm and murmur of the sea, gentle breezes and rippling waves, alternating with surge and storm.

WAGNER. PRIZE SONG from "Die Meistersinger."

DVOŘÁK. SYMPHONY in E minor, op. 95, "From the New World."
I. Adagio. — Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace, — Trio.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

GOUNOD. ARIA. "Salve Dimora," from "Faust."

WAGNER. *a*) PRELUDE TO ACT III., "Tannhäuser."

WAGNER. *b*) PRELUDE TO ACT III., "Lohengrin."
(By request.)

LISZT-DOPPLER. HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY, No. 2.

Soloist:

Mr. BEN DAVIES.

EDWARD BRADBURY, PRINTER, 248 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, April 8, at 8.

Eighth Concert

[The Last of the Season.]

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin. L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin. ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

Mrs. Emil Paur assisting.

Programme.

ROBERT KAHN. PIANO TRIO in E major, op. 19,
Allegro. — Andante. — Allegro con fuoco.
(First time.)

SCHUBERT. FANTASIE for PIANO and VIOLIN, in C major, op. 159.
Andante molto. — Allegretto. — Andantino. — Allegro.

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in C-sharp minor, op. 131,
Adagio ma non troppo e molto espressivo;
Allegro molto vivace; Allegro moderato;
Andante ma non troppo e molto cantabile. —
Presto; Adagio quasi un poco andante; Allegro.

The Piano is a Steinway.

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METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, March 12, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 20, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

6

Single tickets for the sixth concert, at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall. . . . . .

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, March 18, at 8.

Seventh Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin.
L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

ASSISTING ARTISTS:

Miss Gertrude Franklin, Soprano,
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, Pianist.

Programme.

SCHUMANN. — QUARTET in A major op. 41, No. 1.
Assai sostenuto. — Allegro molto moderato.— Assai agitato. — Adagio molto. — Molto allegro.

SONGS WITH PIANO.

a) EMIL PAUR. — HUETE DICH.
b) BIZET. — AUBADE.
c) BIZET. — CHANSON D' AVRIL.
d) HENSCHEL. — SPRING.

DVOŘÁK. — PIANO QUINTET in A major, op. 81.
Allegro ma non tanto. — Dumka, (Andante con moto). — Scherzo, (Furiant, molto vivace.) — Finale. (Allegro).

THE PIANO IS A KNABE.

Eighth and Last Concert, Monday, April 8.

BRATTLE HALL
CAMBRIDGE

Wednesday, March 27
Monday, April 15
Tuesday, April 23
} Evenings at 8 o'clock

Three Concerts
by the
Kneisel Quartet

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
L. SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of three concerts, $3.00. On sale at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, on and after Saturday, March 23.

C. A. ELLIS,

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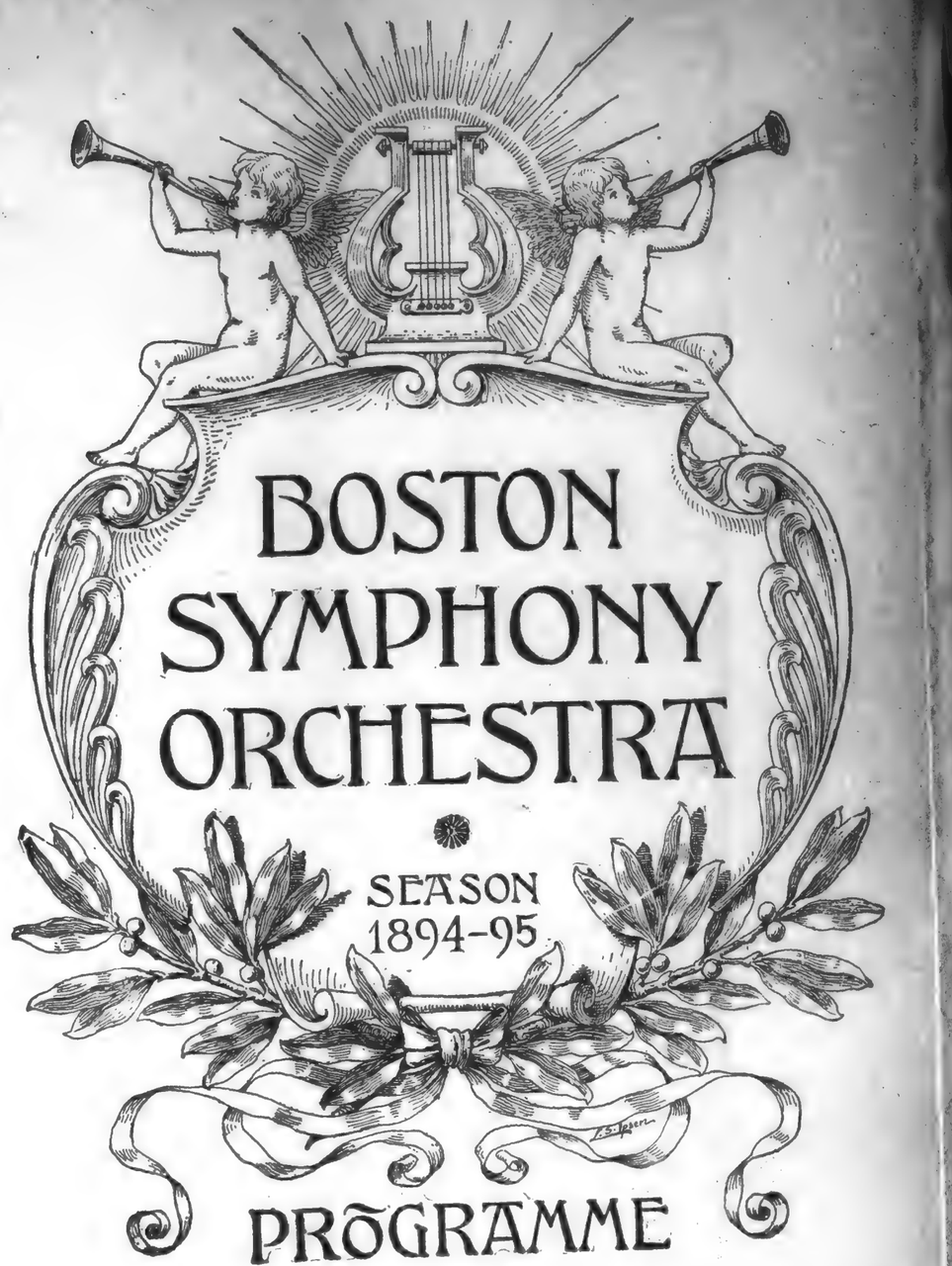

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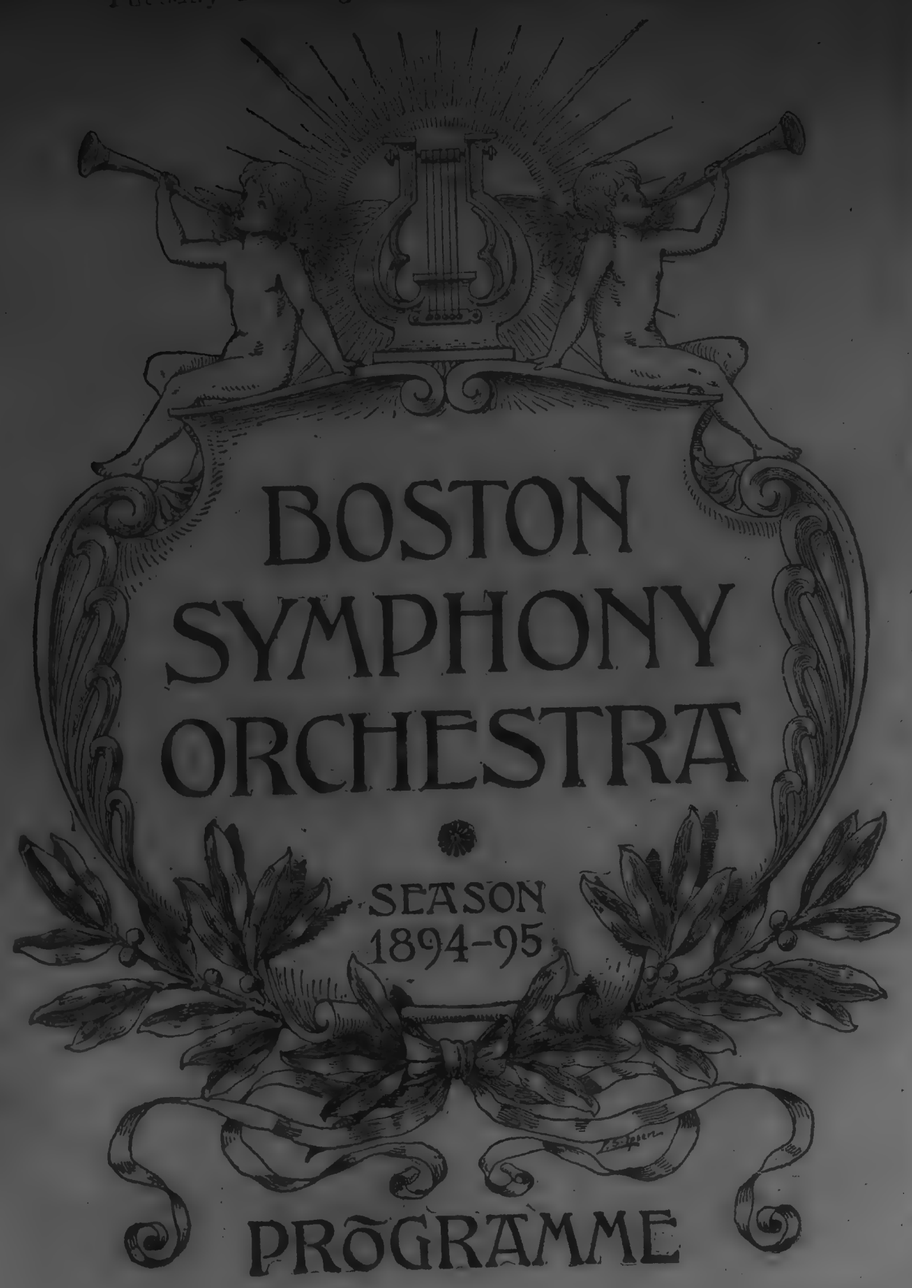

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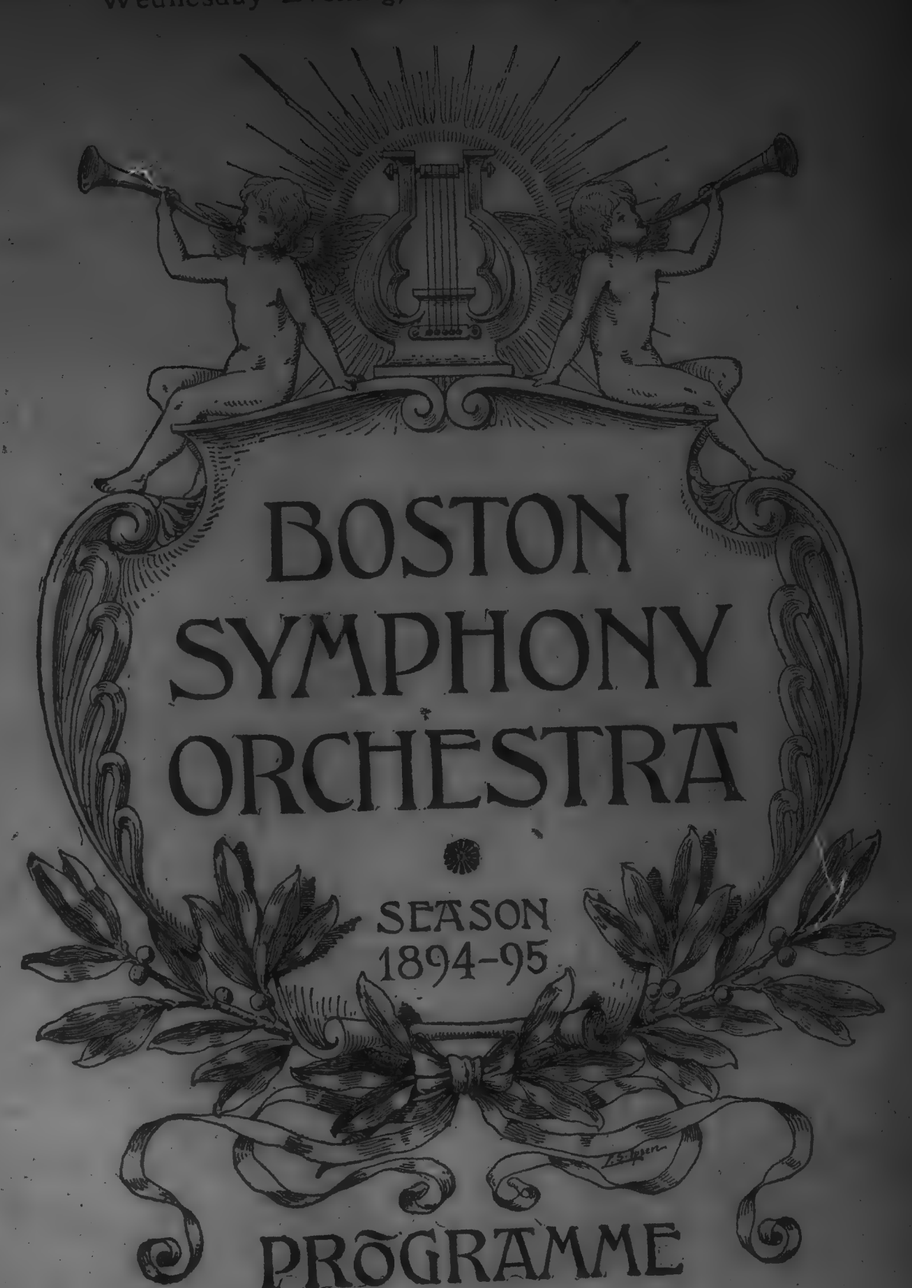
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

5

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 20, at 8 o'clock.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

6

Single tickets for the sixth concert, at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall. . . . . .

"In all these works the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his fellows was quite beyond praise, altogether lovely in tone and sentiment, and finished in execution. The audience was rapturous in its applause, after each movement."— *N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is not too much to say that the Beethoven quartet was played divinely."— *N. Y. Times.*

"This Quartet [Kneisel] is the greatest in America; and, allied to its beauty of tone production,— a true quartet tone,— its interpretations are always significant and truthful."— *N. Y. Recorder.*

"Everything that Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski, and Schroeder select is sure to be well played."— *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The fifth quartet of the series which forms Beethoven's Op. 18 was given with a perfection that aroused the audience (which was as large as the hall would allow) to the most fervid applause at the end of each movement. Such marvellous ensemble, such exquisite shading, require something more graphic than type for adequate description."— *Boston Advertiser.*

"The Dvořák quartet was given with a perfection that makes all criticism ridiculous. Never have the Kneisels done a finer piece of artistic work."— *Boston Transcript.*

"It is no hyperbole to say that the playing of the Kneisel Quartet at their fourth concert was perfect."— *Boston Beacon.*

I. CONCERT.

Wednesday Evening, March 27.

PROGRAMME.

BORODINE . . . . . Quartet in D major

Allegro moderato — Scherzo (Allegro) — Notturno (Andante) — Finale (Andante; Vivace).

BRAHMS Quintet for Clarinet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, in B minor, Op. 115

(Clarinet, Mr. LEON POURTAU.)

Allegro — Adagio — Andantino — Con moto.

BEETHOVEN . . . . . Quartet in C minor, Op. 18

Allegro ma non tanto — Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto — Scherzo (Allegretto) — Allegro.

II. CONCERT.

Monday Evening, April 15.

PROGRAMME.

SGAMBATI . . . . . Quartet in D-flat major, Op. 17

C. M. LOEFFLER Quintet (in one movement) for three Violins, Viola, and Violoncello

(Third Violin, Mr. WM. KRAFFT.)

SCHUBERT . . . . . Quartet in D minor, Op. posth.

III. CONCERT.

Tuesday Evening, April 23.

PROGRAMME.

HANS KOESSLER . . . . . Quartet

BEETHOVEN . . . . . Quartet in E-flat major, Op. 47

SCHUMANN . . . . Quartet in A major, Op. 41, No. 3

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, March 13, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

5

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles Street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, March 11, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

5

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN.

Friday Afternoon, Mar. 15, at 3; Saturday Evening, Mar. 16, at 8.15.

Under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

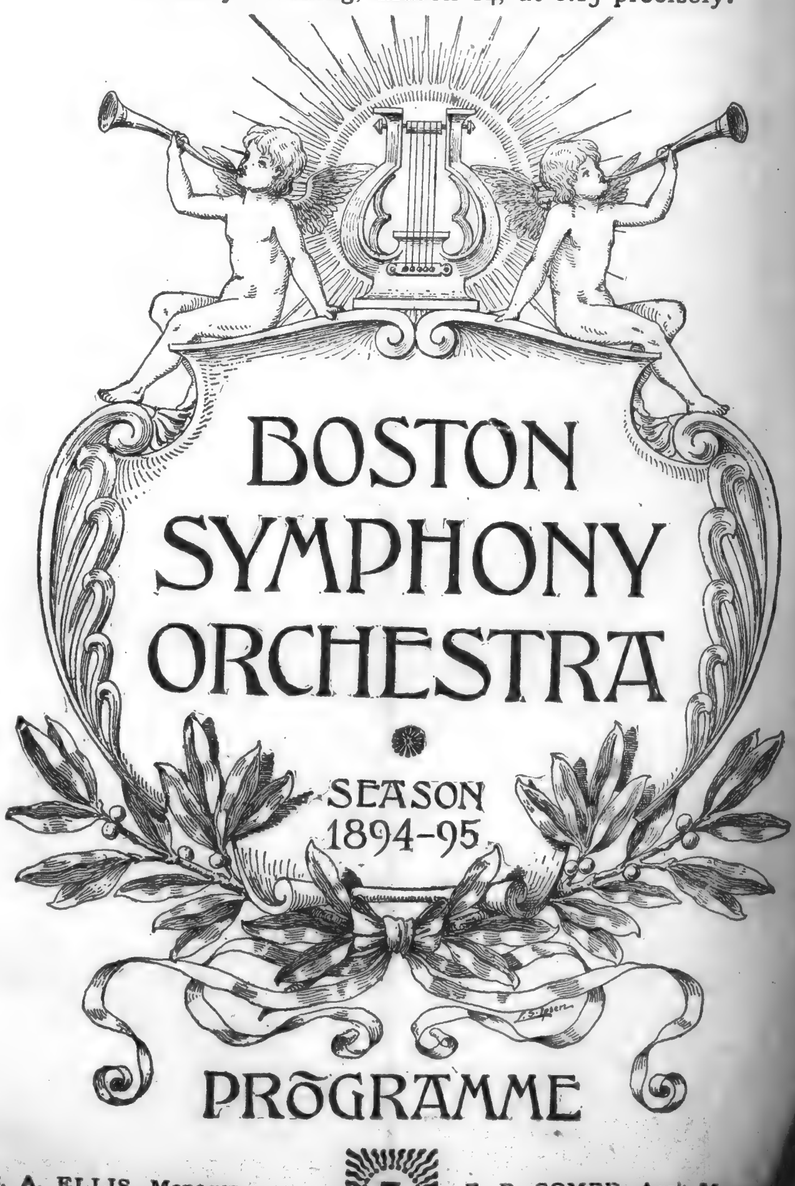
4

Tickets at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street. : : : :

[129]

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, March 14, at 8.15 precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

5

F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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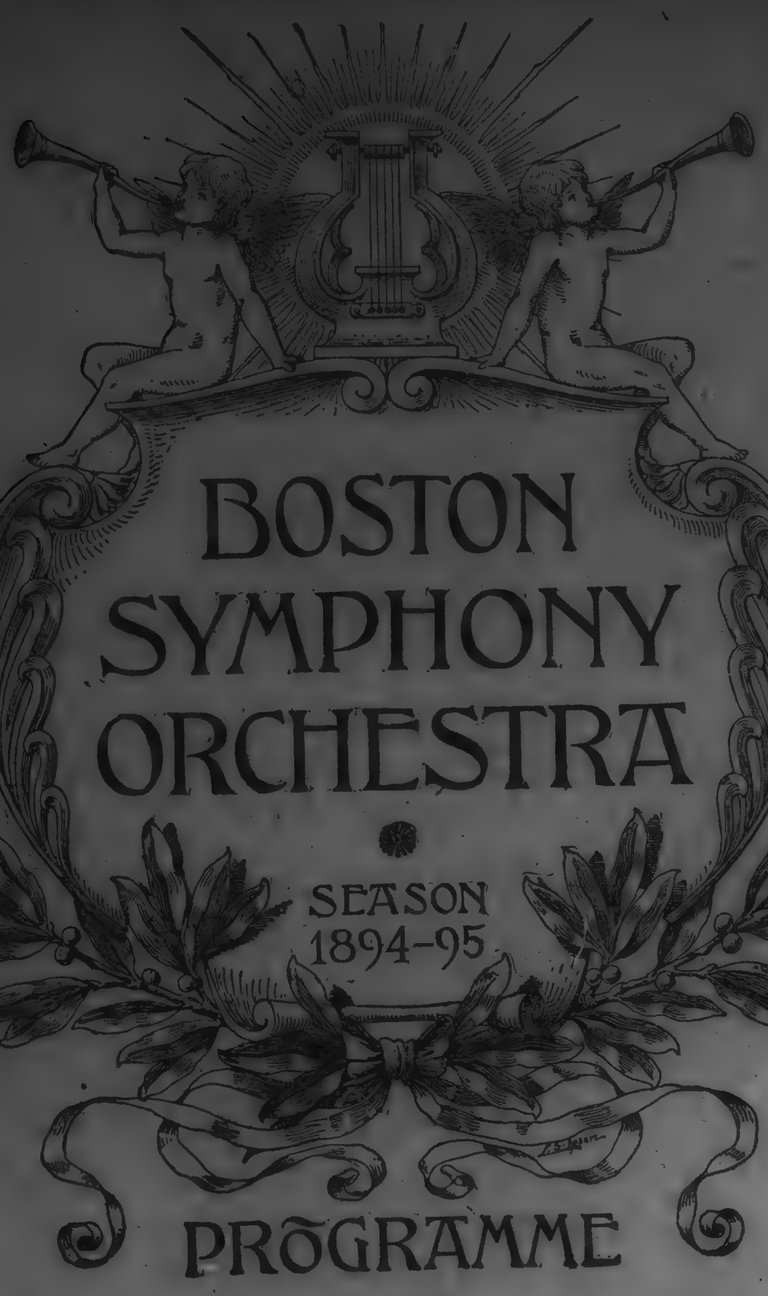
INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, February 20, at 8 o'clock.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

5

Single tickets for the fifth concert, at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall. . . . . .

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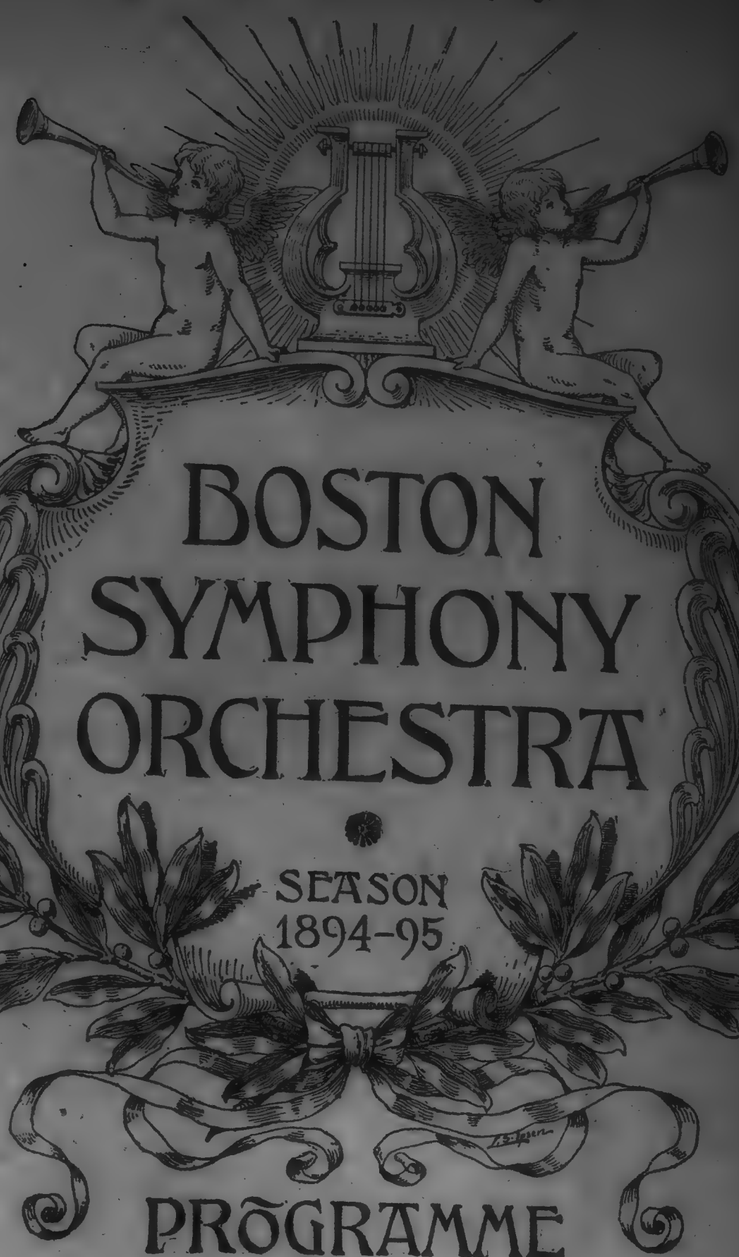
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... FALL RIVER.

Monday Evening, February 25, at 8.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Mendelssohn Glee Club
Hall
(119 West 40th Street)

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15
AT 8.15

LAST CONCERT OF THE SERIES BY

The Kneisel Quartet of Boston

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
L. SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

Assisting Artists
Messrs. POURTAU, LITKE,
HACKEBARTH, and GOLDE

Tickets, with reserved seats, $1.50, now on sale at SCHUBERTH'S, 23 Union Square.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

C. P. EMANUEL BACH. SYMPHONY in D major.
I. Allegro di molto.
II. Largo.
III. Presto.

HAYDN. ARIA from "The Creation."

J. SEBASTIAN BACH. SINFONIA. "Hirten-Musik," from the "Christmas Oratorio."

HAYDN. SYMPHONY in G major. (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).
I. Adagio. — Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto: Allegretto. — Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

MOZART. ZERLINA'S ARIA. "Batti, batti." from "Don Giovanni."

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE. "Egmont."

Soloist:

Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN.

Ninth Concert, Thursday, April 4.

[130]

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, February 20, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager

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SEASON 1894-95

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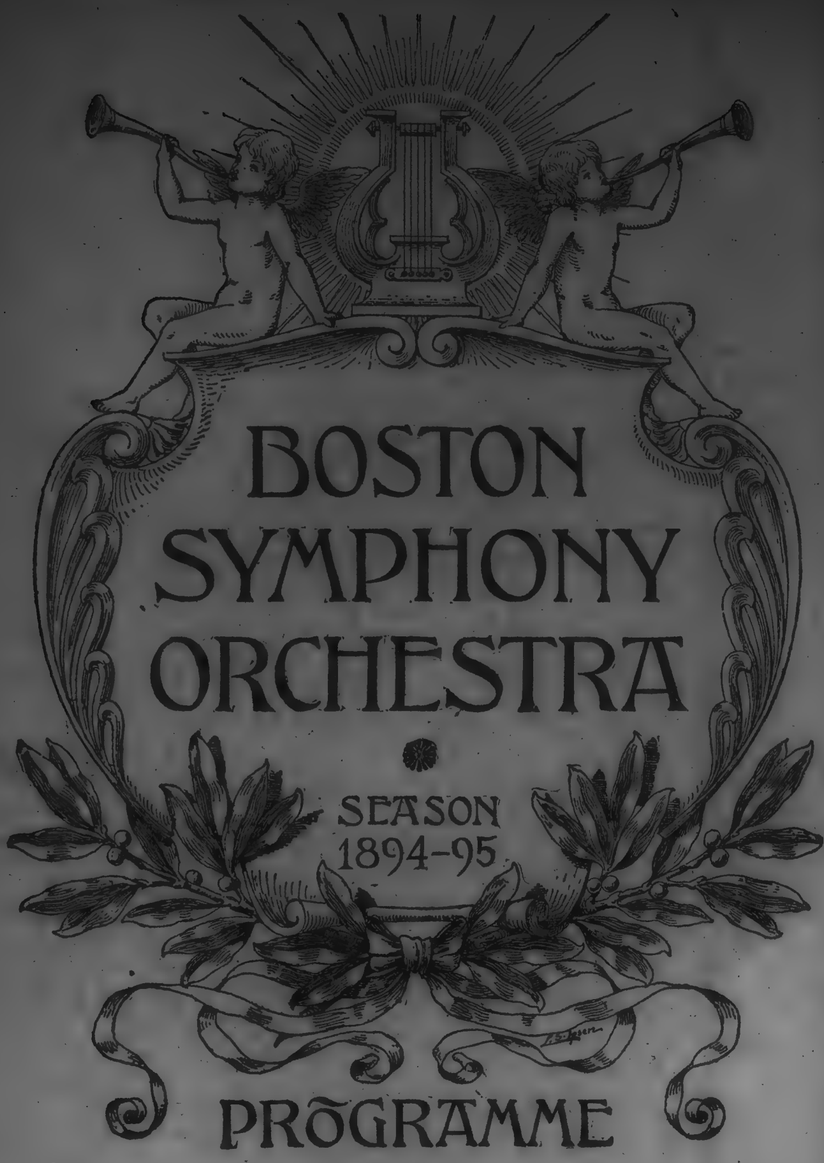

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

5

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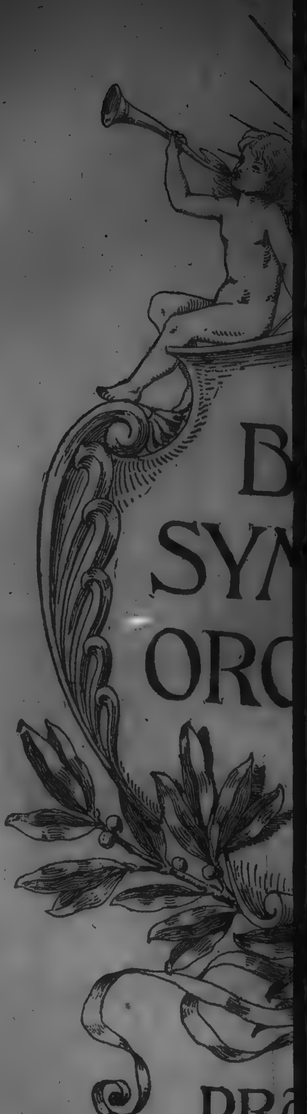
ACADEMY OF MU

Monday



B
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PR

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

PRESS NOTICES.

"The superlative qualities of the players as a body were admirably displayed in a superb performance of the great Beethoven A minor quartet. Rich tone, great elasticity of tempo, allied to a perfect surety, a sentiment that never became petty any more than it became individual,— for every nuance of expression colored the four parts simultaneously,— insight of the composition, and perfect technical execution, all contributed to the beautiful rendering of what is a colossal imaginative creation."— *N. Y. Herald.*

"It would be idle, indeed, to attempt to characterize anew the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his colleagues. Superlatives are the only terms that can be used, and they have been applied so often that they seem in danger of losing their virtue. Nevertheless it may be said of last night's concert that, in comparison with the concerts of preceding seasons, it showed an improvement in richness and nobility of tone on account of the change of instruments in the hands of the leader. Mr. Kneisel's new Stradivarius is a marvellous instrument,— one of the finest specimens of the famous lutier's art; and its superb tone supplies the one want which was noticeable in the club's ensemble last year. The voices of the quartet are now delightfully homogeneous and opulent."— *N. Y. Tribune.*

"Last night's concert was in every respect delightful. . . . These players have a wonderful variety of styles, and each is correct. They play Beethoven and Haydn as they ought to be played, and their work is a constant source of delight. In the words of Rip Van Winkle, may they 'live long and prosper.'" — *N. Y. Times.*

"The large hall was filled with the admirers of this superb organization. The enthusiastic applause and appreciative comments that followed the rendering of each number showed that no one had been disappointed, and that the coming concerts of the Boston players will be looked forward to as a musical treat of the highest order."— *N. Y. Evening Post.*

Kneisel Quartet
of Boston

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1895

AT 8.15

PROGRAMME

BORODINE . . . . . Quartet in D major

Allegro moderato — Scherzo (Allegro) —
Notturno (Andante) — Finale (Andante — Vivace)

SCHUBERT . . . . . Quartet in D minor, Op. posth.

Allegro — Andante con moto —
Molto vivace — Presto

BEETHOVEN . . Septet for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double-bass

Adagio — Allegro con brio — Adagio cantabile —
Tempo di menuetto — Andante con moto alla marcia —
Presto

Clarinet, Mr. LEON POURTAU

Horn, Mr. ALBERT HACKEBARTH

Bassoon, Mr. HUGO LITKE

Double-bass, Mr. EMIL GOLDE

[130]

Sanders The

SEAS

BOSTON SYMP

Mr. EMIL P

VIII. C

THURSDAY, MAR

PROG

C. P. EMANUEL BACH. SYMPHO
I. Allegro di
II. Largo.
III. Presto.

HAYDN. ARIA from

J. SEBASTIAN BACH. SINFONIA
Oratorio."

HAYDN. SYMPHON
13; Peters, N
I. Adagio. — Al
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto: Al
IV. Finale: Alleg

MOZART. ZERLINA'S
Giovanni."

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE.

Soloi

Miss GERTRUDE

Ninth Concert, Thursday, April 4.

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK

Thursday Evening, February 7, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager. **4** F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

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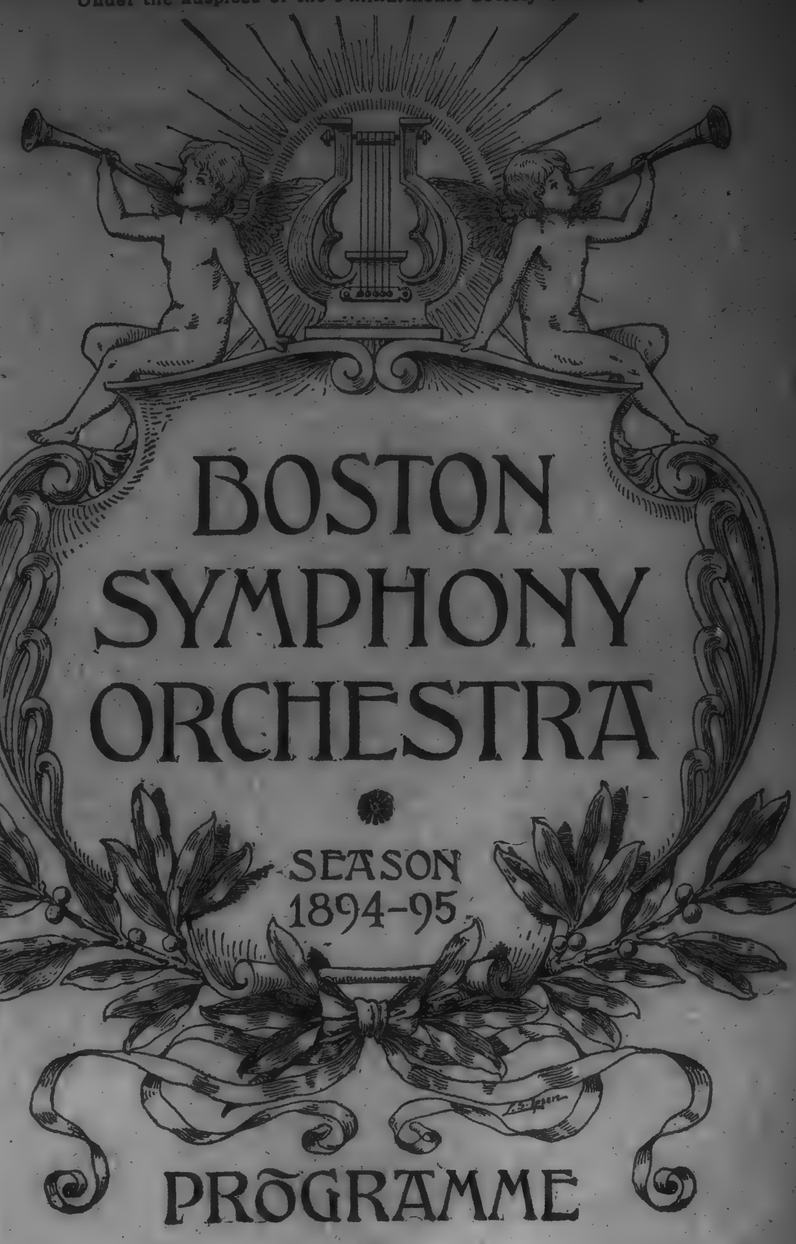
Under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3 Tickets at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street. : : : :

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, February 18, at 8.

Sixth Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin. L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin. ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

Programme.

SCHUBERT. QUARTET in D minor. op. posth.
Allegro. — Andante con moto. — Molto vivace. — Presto.

C. M. LOEFFLER. QUINTET (in one movement) for three VIOLINS, VIOLA, and VIOLONCELLO.
(MS. First time.)
Third Violin, Mr. WILLIAM KRAFFT.

BEETHOVEN. SEPTET for VIOLIN, VIOLA, CLARINET, HORN, BASSOON, VIOLONCELLO, and DOUBLE-BASS,
Adagio. — Allegro con brio. — Adagio cantabile. — Tempo di menuetto. — Andante con moto alla marcia. — Presto.
Clarinet, Mr. LEON POURTAU.
Horn, Mr. ALBERT HACKEBARTH.
Bassoon, Mr. HERMAN LITKE.
Double-bass, Mr. EMIL GOLDE.

Seventh Concert, Monday, March 18.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE. "Leonore," No. 2, op. 72.

GOUNOD. ARIA from "Sappho."

LACHNER. SUITE No. 1, in D minor, op. 113.
I. Praeludium: Allegro non troppo.
III. Variations and March.
IV. Introduction and Fugue.

IOMELLI. SONG. "Chi vuol comprar la bella Calandrina."

DVOŘÁK. SYMPHONY No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95.
I. Adagio. — Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. — Trio.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

Soloist:

Mrs. JULIE L. WYMAN.

Eighth Concert, Thursday, March 7.

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ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager. 3

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UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, February 18, at 8.

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SCHUBERT. QUARTET in D minor. op. posth.
Allegro. — Andante con moto. —
Molto vivace. — Presto.

C. M. LOEFFLER. QUINTET (in one movement) for three VIOLINS, VIOLA, and VIOLONCELLO.
(MS. First time.)
Third Violin, Mr. WILLIAM KRAFFT.

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Adagio. — Allegro con brio. — Adagio cantabile. —
Tempo di menuetto. — Andante con moto alla marcia. —
Presto.
Clarinet, Mr. LEON POURTAU.
Horn. Mr. ALBERT HACKEBARTH.
Bassoon, Mr. HERMAN LITKE.
Double-bass, Mr. EMIL GOLDE.

Seventh Concert, Monday, March 18.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 18[illegible]95

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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VII. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, AT 7.45, P.M.

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GOUNOD. ARIA from "Sappho."

LACHNER. SUITE No. 1, in D minor, op. 113.
I. Praeludium. Allegro ma [illegible]
III. Variations and Marcia.
IV. Introduction and Fugue.

TOMELLI. SONG. "Chi vuol comprar la bella Colombina."

DVOŘÁK. SYMPHONY No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95.
I. Adagio. — Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. — Trio.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

Soloist:

Mrs. JULIE D. WYMAN.

Eighth Concert, Thursday, March 7.

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TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, January 21, at 8.

Fifth Concert

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OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin.
L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. LEO SCHULZ, 2d Violoncello.

Programme.

BORODINE. QUARTET in D major.
Allegro moderato.—Scherzo (Allegro).
Notturno (Andante).—Finale, (Andante.—Vivace.)
(First time.)

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in B-flat major, op. 18.
Allegro con brio.—Adagio ma non troppo.—
Scherzo, (Allegro).—La Malinconia (Adagio).—
Allegretto quasi Allegro.

HORATIO W. PARKER. QUINTET in D minor, op. 38.
Allegro moderato.—Andante lento.—
Allegro.—Finale.
(MS.) First time.)

Sixth Concert, Monday, February 18.

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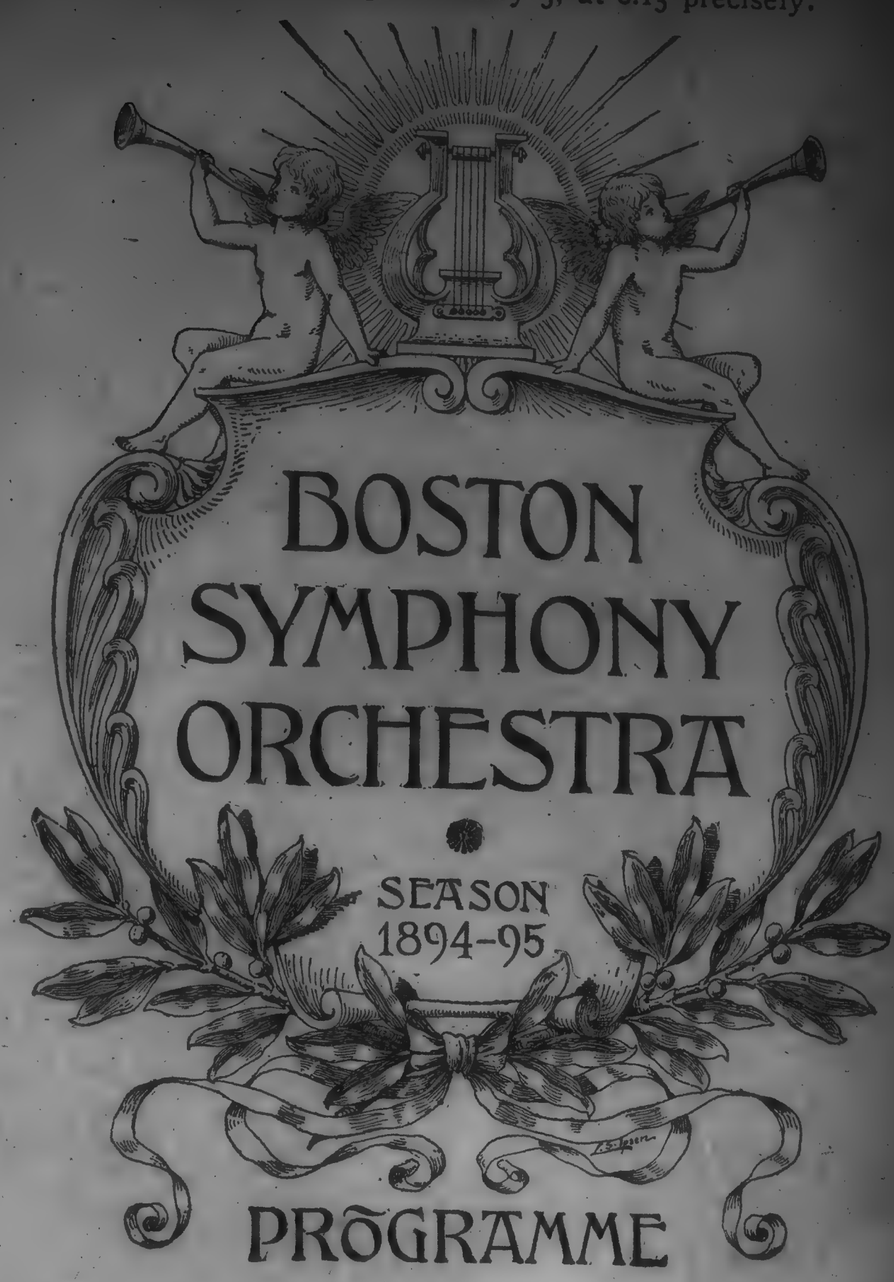
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, February 5, at 8.15 precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... PHILADELPHIA.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

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[132]

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

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(First time.)

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Allegretto quasi Allegro.

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Allegro moderato.—Andante lento.—
Allegro.—Finale.
(MS.) First time.)

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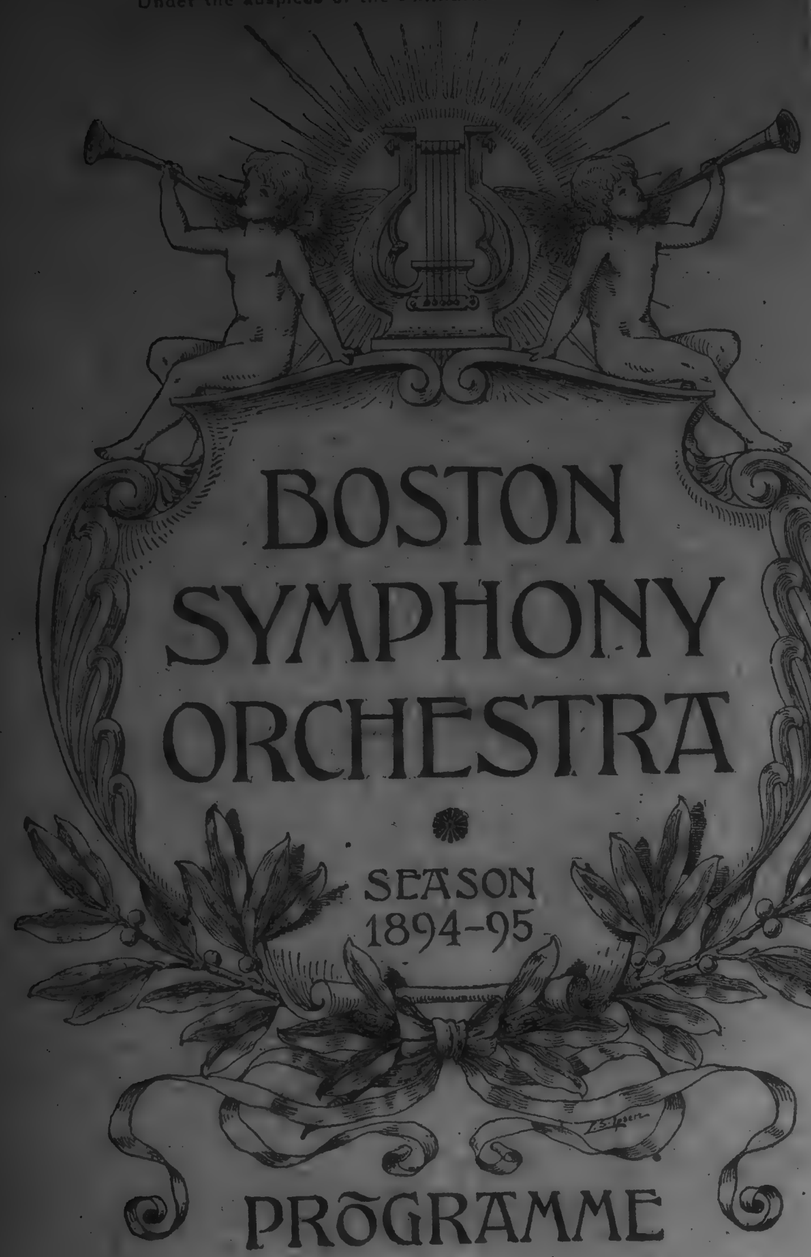
Under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street. : : : :

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, January 10, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

3

F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Copies of this Programme-Book, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed can be obtained, free of charge, at Schuberth's Music Store, 23 Union Square.

Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN.	SYMPHONY No. 4, in A major. "Italian." Allegro vivace.—Andante con moto.— Con moto moderato.—Saltarello: Presto.
	SOLI for VIOLONCELLO.
a) DVOŘÁK.	"WALDESRUHE,"
b) KLENGEL.	CAPPRICCIO.
SCHUBERT.	BALLET-MOVEMENT and ENTR' ACTE, from "Rosamunde." I. BALLET: Andantino. II. ENTR' ACTE: Andantino.
DVOŘÁK.	OVERTURE. "Carnival."

Soloist:

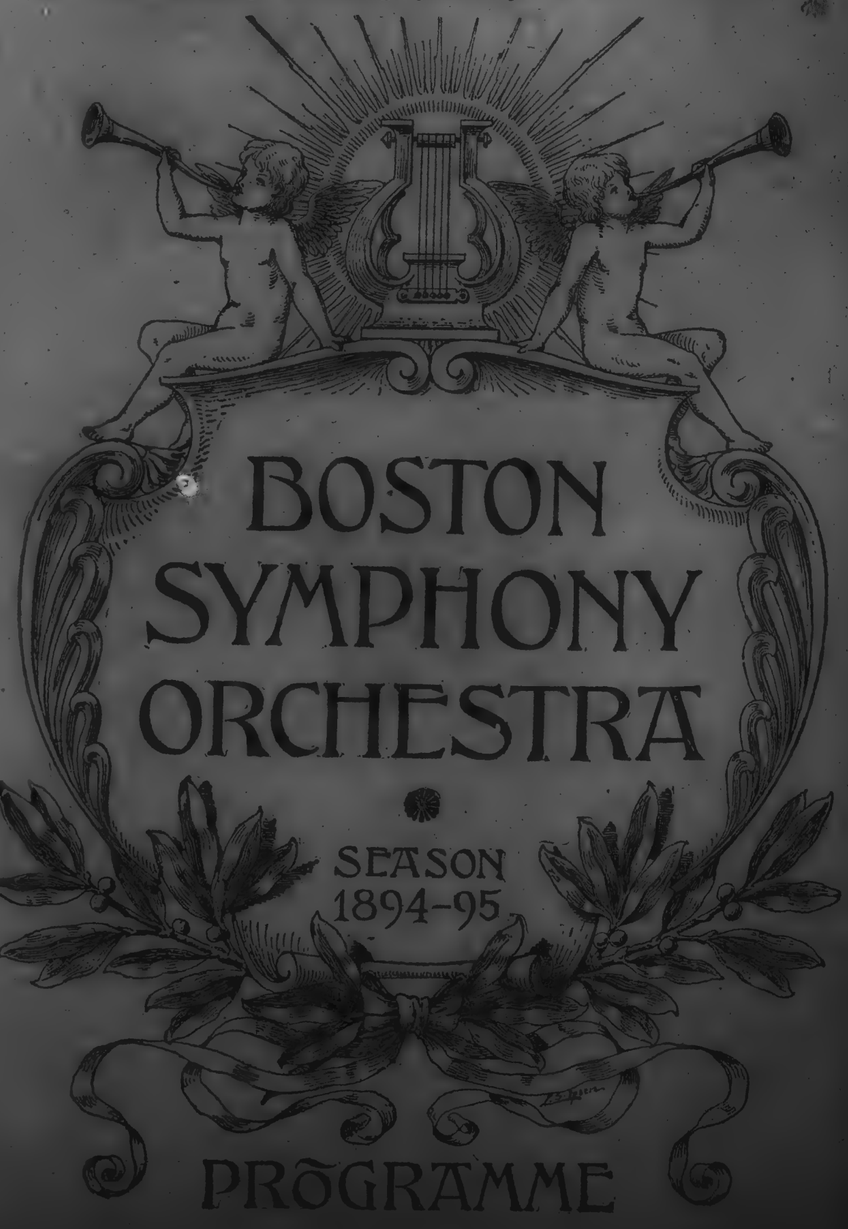
Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Seventh Concert, Thursday, February 14.

[133]

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, January 16, at 8 o'clock.



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SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager

4

Single tickets for the fourth concert at Shepard's on sale as follows:

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN.

Friday Afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3. Saturday Evening, Jan. 12, at 8.15.

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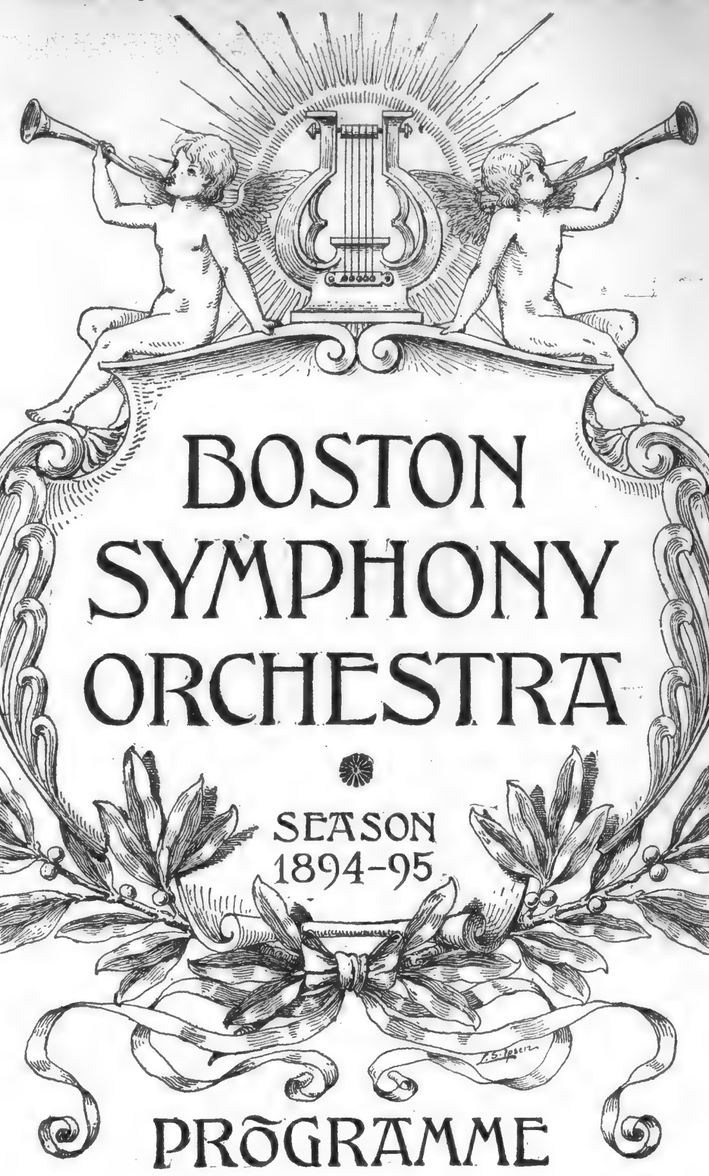

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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Single tickets for the fourth concert, at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall.

Kneisel Quartet Concerts

Arrangements have been made for three concerts of Classical and Modern Chamber Music to be given by

The Kneisel Quartet of Boston

in the hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, No. 119 West Fortieth Street, on the evenings of the following days, namely:

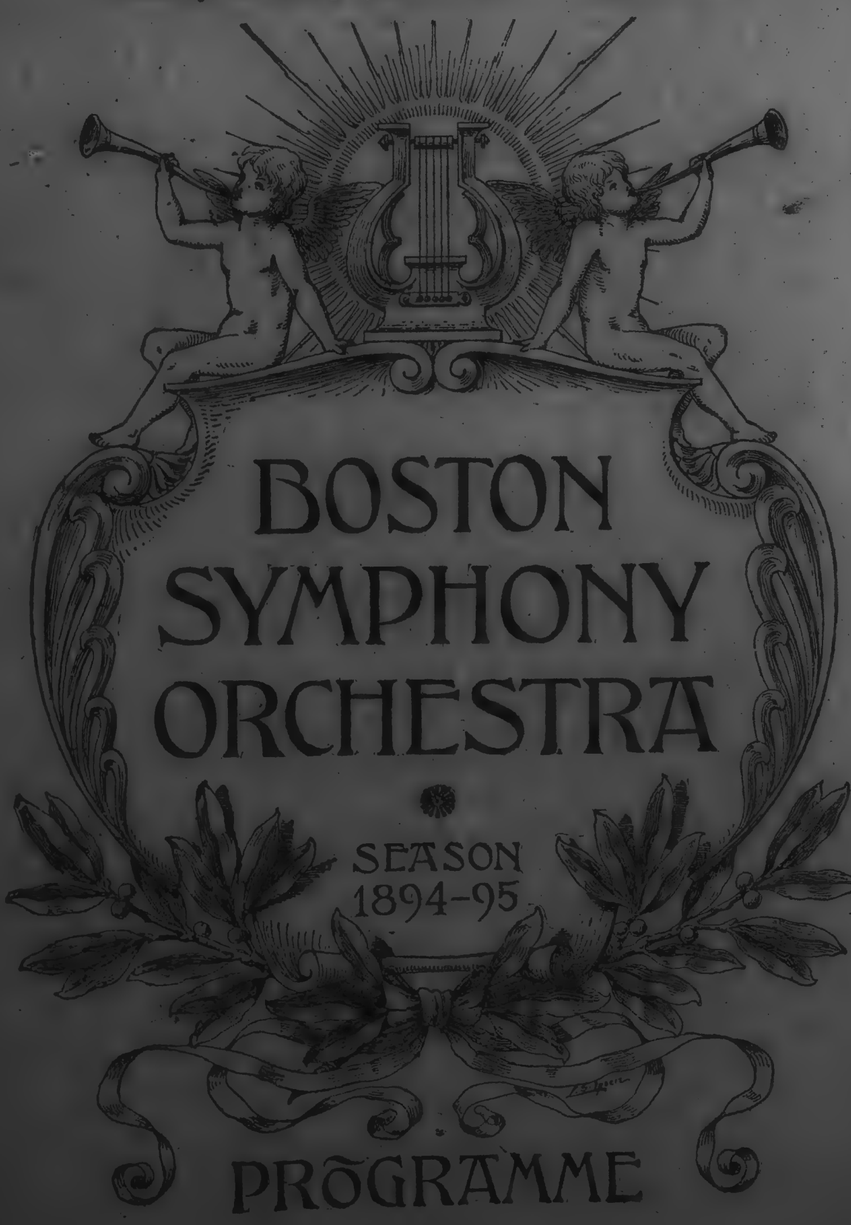
Friday, January 11
Friday, February 8
Friday, March 15

Beginning at 8.15 o'clock.

- COVER ONLY -
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, January 8, at 8.15 precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

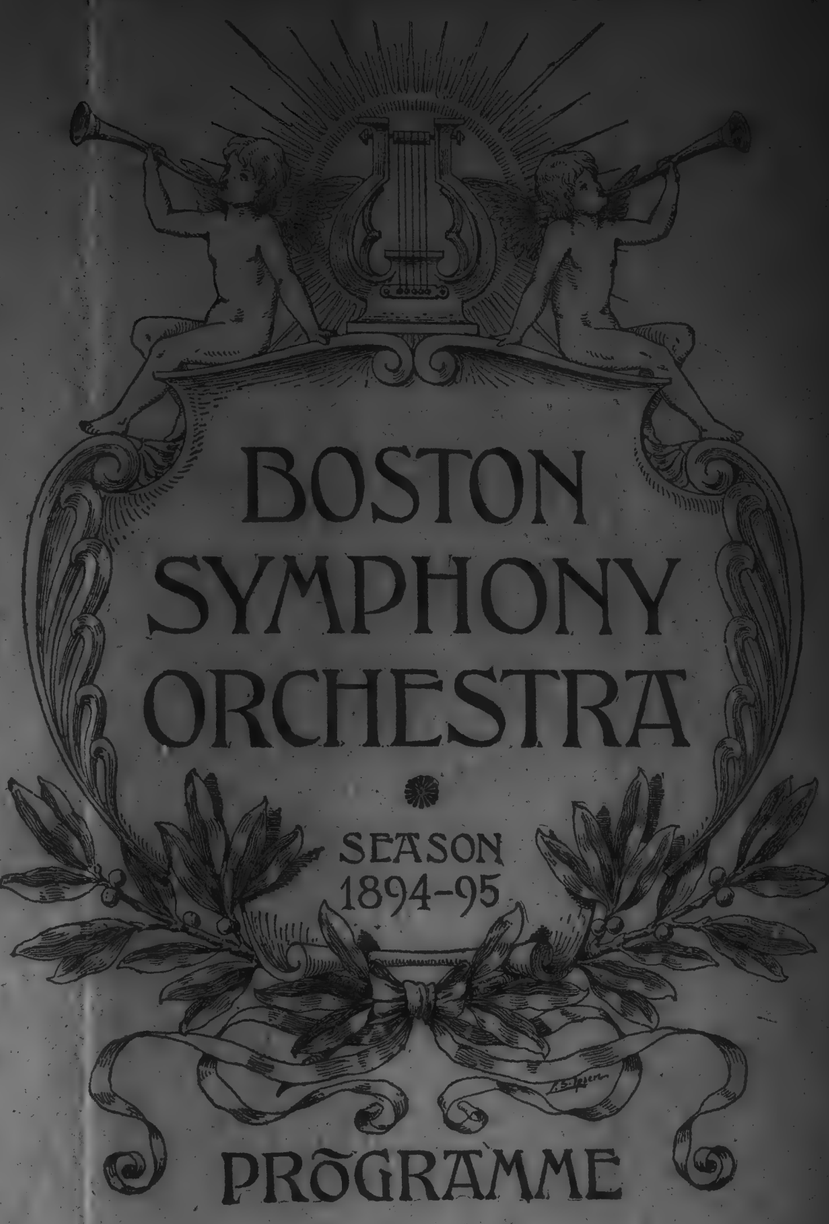
Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

[134]

- COVER ONLY -
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, January 7, at 8.15 precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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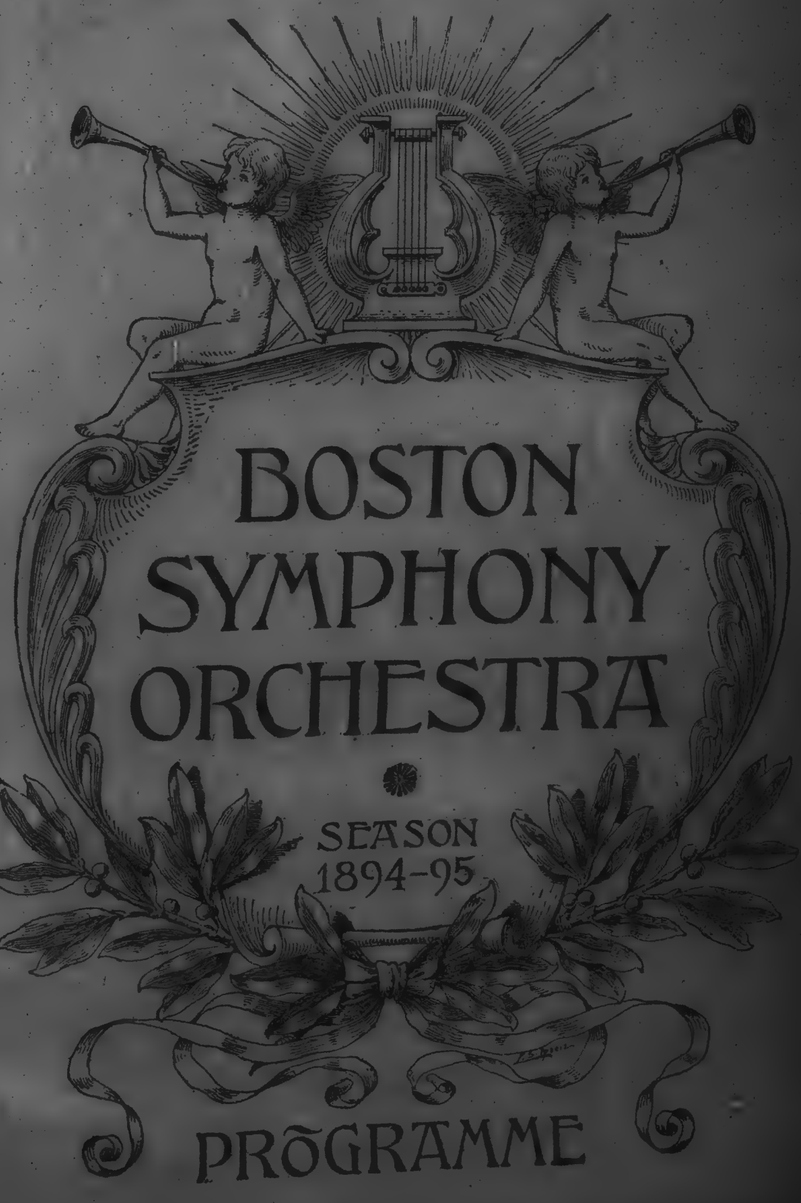
MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, January 9, at 8.15 precisely.



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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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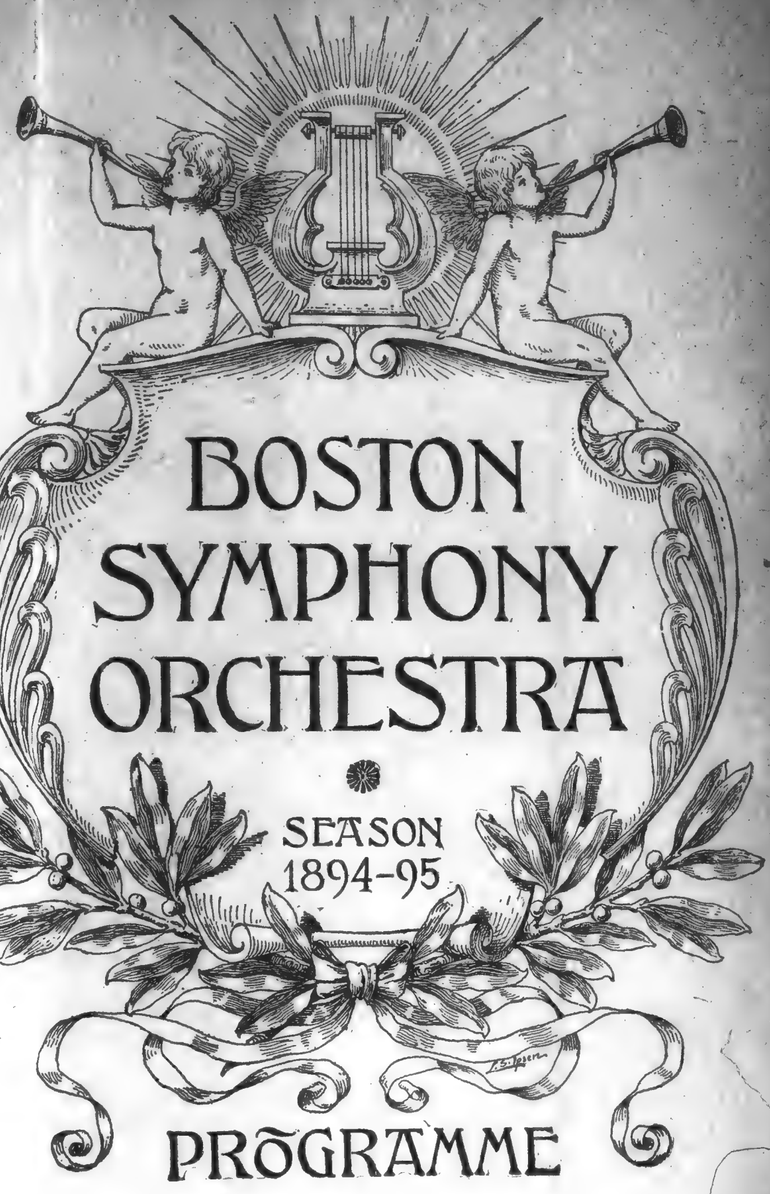

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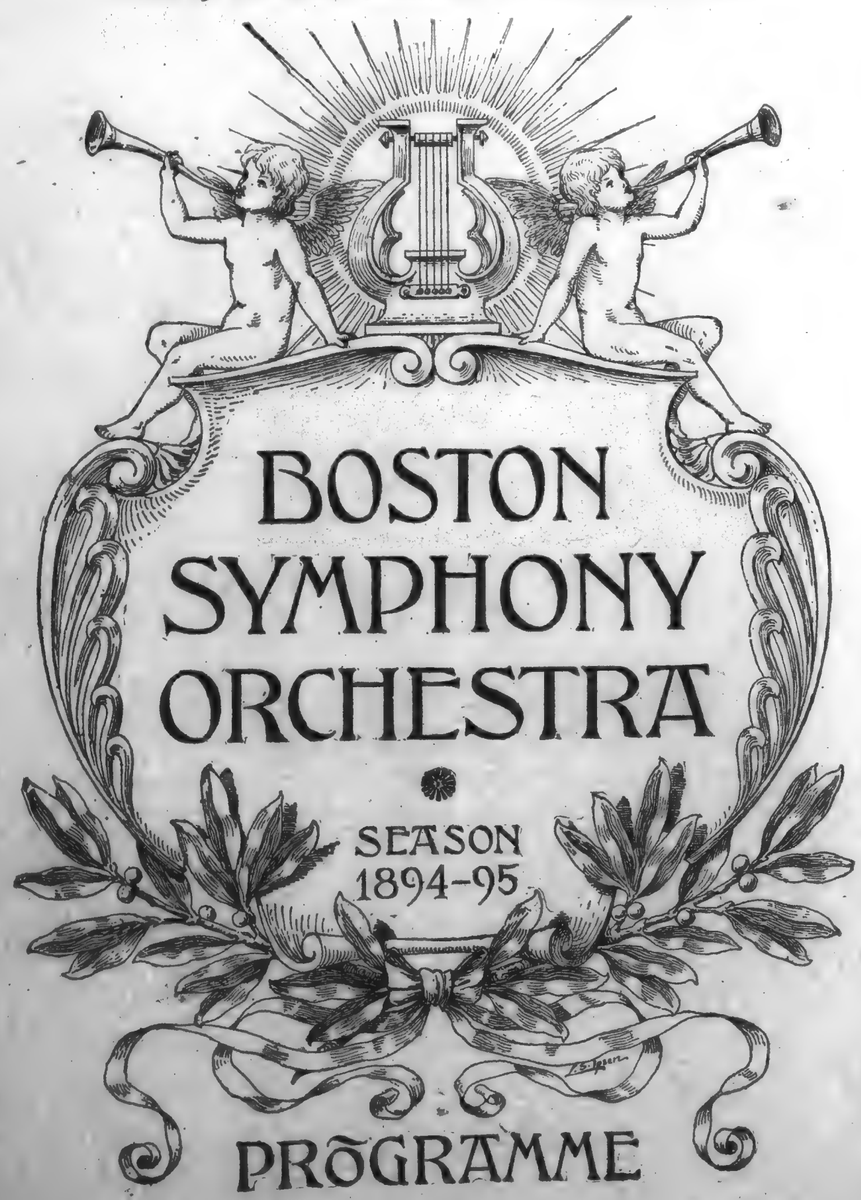

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[134]

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles Street.

For these concerts subscriptions will be received at Schuberth's, No. 23 Union Square, where single tickets may also be had. The Kneisel Quartet has achieved recognition as the leading chamber music organization in the United States. Its members have devoted themselves with great assiduity and earnestness to the study of this highest form of absolute music; and, since it is well-known that a love for chamber music is the truest touchstone of a community's musical culture, it is urgently requested by those who have been instrumental in bringing about the projected concerts that the music-lovers of New York shall unite in making the venture a success.

Price of the subscription, $4.00. Single tickets with reserved seats, $1.50.

PRESS NOTICES.

"In all these works the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his fellows was quite beyond praise, altogether lovely in tone and sentiment, and finished in execution. The audience was rapturous in its applause, after each movement."— *N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is not too much to say that the Beethoven quartet was played divinely."— *N. Y. Times.*

"This Quartet [Kneisel] is the greatest in America; and, allied to its beauty of tone production,— a true quartet tone,— its interpretations are always significant and truthful."— *N. Y. Recorder.*

"Everything that Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski, and Schroeder select is sure to be well played."— *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The fifth quartet of the series which forms Beethoven's Op. 18 was given with a perfection that aroused the audience (which was as large as the hall would allow) to the most fervid applause at the end of each movement. Such marvellous ensemble, such exquisite shading, require something more graphic than type for adequate description."— *Boston Advertiser.*

"The Dvořak quartet was given with a perfection that makes all criticism ridiculous. Never have the Kneisels done a finer piece of artistic work."— *Boston Transcript.*

"It is no hyperbole to say that the playing of the Kneisel Quartet at their fourth concert was perfect."— *Boston Beacon.*

Kneisel Quartet

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11

DVORAK . . . . . Quartet in F major. Op. 96
Allegro ma non troppo.
Lento.
Molto vivace.
Finale (Vivace).

CHERUBINI . Larghetto and Scherzo from the Quartet in D minor

BEETHOVEN . . . . Quartet in A minor. Op. 132
Assai sostenuto; Allegro.
Allegro ma non tanto.
Molto adagio (Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness).
Alla marcia, assai vivace.
Allegro appassionato.

II. CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8

HAYDN . . . . . Quartet in D major. Op. 64, No. 5
Allegro moderato.
Adagio cantabile.
Menuetto (Allegretto).
Vivace.

MOZART . . . . . Quartet in G major
Allegro vivace assai.
Menuetto (Allegretto).
Andante cantabile.
Molto allegro.

BEETHOVEN . . . Quartet in E minor. Op. 59, No. 2
Allegro.
Molto adagio.
Allegretto.
Presto.

III. CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15

BRAHMS . . . Quartet in B-flat major. Op. 67, No. 3
Vivace.
Andante.
Agitato (Allegretto non troppo).
Poco allegretto con variazioni.

SCHUBERT . . Variations from the Quartet in D minor. Op. post

BEETHOVEN . Septet in E-flat major, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Horn, Clarinet, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Bass
Adagio; Allegro con brio.
Adagio cantabile.
Scherzo; Allegro molto e vivace.
Andante con moto a la marcia.
Presto.

ASSISTING ARTISTS { Mr. A. HACKEBARTH, Horn. Mr. H. LITKE, Bassoon.
{ Mr. L. POURTAU, Clarinet. Bass.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Monday Evening, Janua

BOST
SYMPH
ORCHE

SEAS
1894

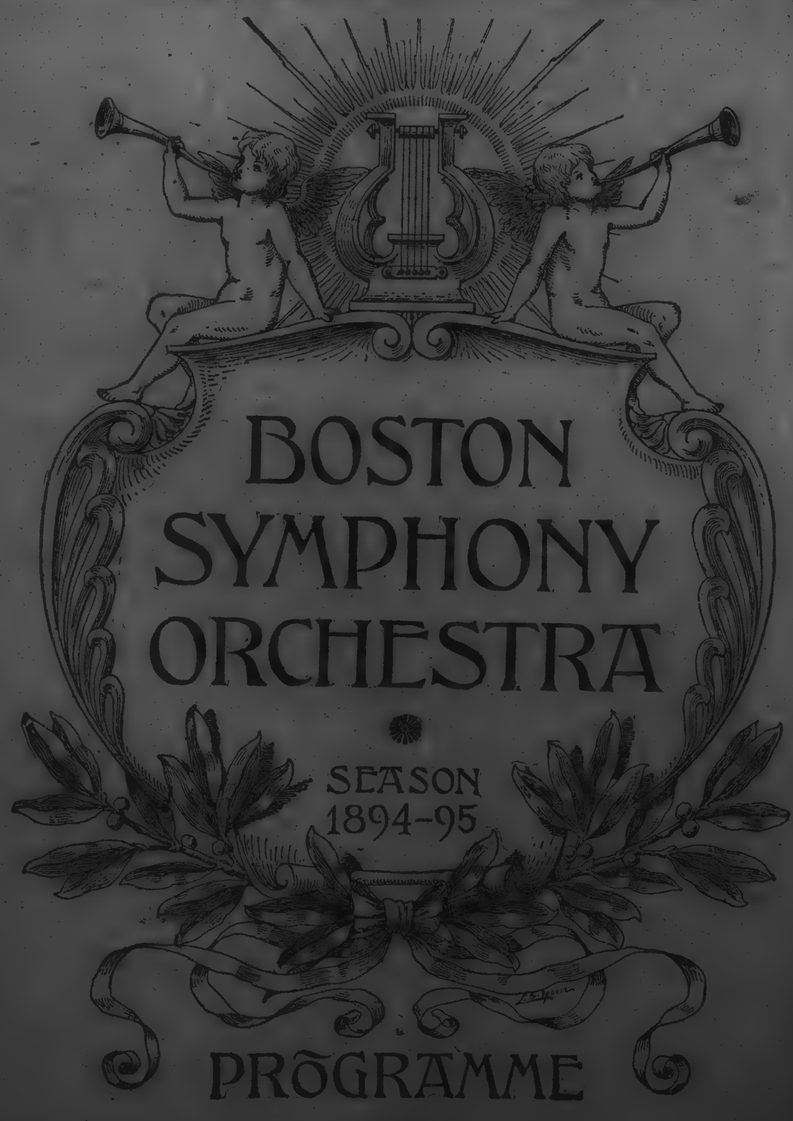
PROGR

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, January 8, at 8.15 precisely.



BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

SEASON
1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

MUSIC HALL,

Wednesday Evening, Jan

BOST
SYMPH
ORCHES

SEASO
1894-9

PROGRA

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager

3

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, December 31, at 8.

Fourth Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin. L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin. ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Arthur Whiting.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in A minor, op. 132.
Assai sostenuto.—Allegro.—
Allegro ma non tanto.—
Molto adagio. (Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness.
Alla marcia assai vivace—Allegro appassionato.

HANS PFITZNER. SONATA for PIANOFORTE and VIOLONCELLO. op. 1.
Sehr bewegt.—
Langsam.—
Sehr schnell.—
Nicht zu schnell mit Humor
(First time.)

HAYDN. QUARTET in D major, op. 64, No. 5.
Allegro moderato.—Adagio cantabile.—
Menuetto (Allegretto).—Vivace.

The Piano is a Steinway.

Fifth Concert, Monday, January 21.

INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, December 19, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Single tickets for the third concert at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

RIENZI — OVERTURE.

TANNHAEUSER. *a*) ACT II. ELIZABETH'S ARIA. *b*) ACT III. PRELUDE.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. OVERTURE.

LOHENGRIN. *a*) ACT II. BALCONY SCENE. *b*) ACT III. PRELUDE.

DIE MEISTERSINGER. *a*) ACT III. PRELUDE. *b*) ACT I. WALTHER'S PREISLIED.

RHEINGOLD. PROCESSION OF THE GODS.

DIE WALKÜRE. SPRING SONG.

SIEGFRIED AND DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG. *a*) WALDWEBEN. *b*) SIEGFRIED'S PASSAGE TO BRÜNNHILDE'S ROCK, MORNING DAWN AND RHINE JOURNEY. (Richter Arrangement.)

Soloists:

Miss ELSA KUTSCHERRA.
Mr. ANTON SCHOTT.

Sixth Concert, Thursday, January 24.

Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall

(119 West 40th Street)

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, AT 8.15
FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, AT 8.15
FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, AT 8.15

Three Concerts

by the

Kneisel Quartet

....of Boston

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
L. SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

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[135]

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ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Arthur Whiting.

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BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in A minor, op. 132.
Assai sostenuto.—Allegro.—
Allegro ma non tanto.—
Molto adagio. (Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness.
Alla marcia assai vivace—Allegro appassionato.

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Sehr bewegt.—
Langsam.—
Sehr schnell.—
Nicht zu schnell mit Humor
(First time.)

HAYDN. QUARTET in D major, op. 64, No. 5.
Allegro moderato.—Adagio cantabile.—
Menuetto (Allegretto).—Vivace.

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

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TANNHAEUSER — a) ACT II. ELIZABETH'S ARIA. b) ACT III. PRELUDE.
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN — OVERTURE.
LOHENGRIN. — a) ACT II. BALCONY SCENE. b) ACT III. PRELUDE.
DIE MEISTERSINGER. — a) ACT III. PRELUDE. b) ACT I. WALTHER'S PREISLIED.
RHEINGOLD. — PROCESSION OF THE GODS.
DIE WALKURE. — SPRING SONG.
SIEGFRIED AND DIE GOTTERDAMMERUNG. — a) WALDWEBEN. b) SIEGFRIED'S PASSAGE TO BRUNNHILDE'S ROCK, MORNING DAWN AND RHINE JOURNEY. (Richter Arrangement.)

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, December 19, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
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OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin.
L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Arthur Whiting.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in A minor, op. 132.
Assai sostenuto.—Allegro.—
Allegro ma non tanto.—
Molto adagio. (Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness.
Alla marcia assai vivace—Allegro appassionato.

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Langsam.—
Sehr schnell.—
Nicht zu schnell mit Humor
(First time.)

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Allegro moderato.—Adagio cantabile.—
Menuetto (Allegretto).—Vivace.

The Piano is a Steinway.

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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Kneisel Quartet

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11

DVORAK . . . . . Quartet in F major. Op. 96
Allegro ma non troppo.
Lento.
Molto vivace.
Finale (Vivace).

CHERUBINI . Larghetto and Scherzo from the Quartet in D minor

BEETHOVEN . . . . Quartet in A minor. Op. 132
Assai sostenuto; Allegro.
Allegro ma non tanto.
Molto adagio (Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness).
Alla marcia, assai vivace.
Allegro appassionato.

II. CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8

HAYDN . . . . Quartet in D major. Op. 64, No. 5
Allegro moderato.
Adagio cantabile.
Menuetto (Allegretto).
Vivace.

MOZART . . . . . Quartet in G major
Allegro vivace assai.
Menuetto (Allegretto).
Andante cantabile.
Molto allegro.

BEETHOVEN . . . Quartet in E minor. Op. 59, No. 2
Allegro.
Molto adagio.
Allegretto.
Presto.

III. CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15

BRAHMS . . . Quartet in B-flat major. Op. 67, No. 3
Vivace.
Andante.
Agitato (Allegretto non troppo).
Poco allegretto con variazioni.

INCOMPLETE

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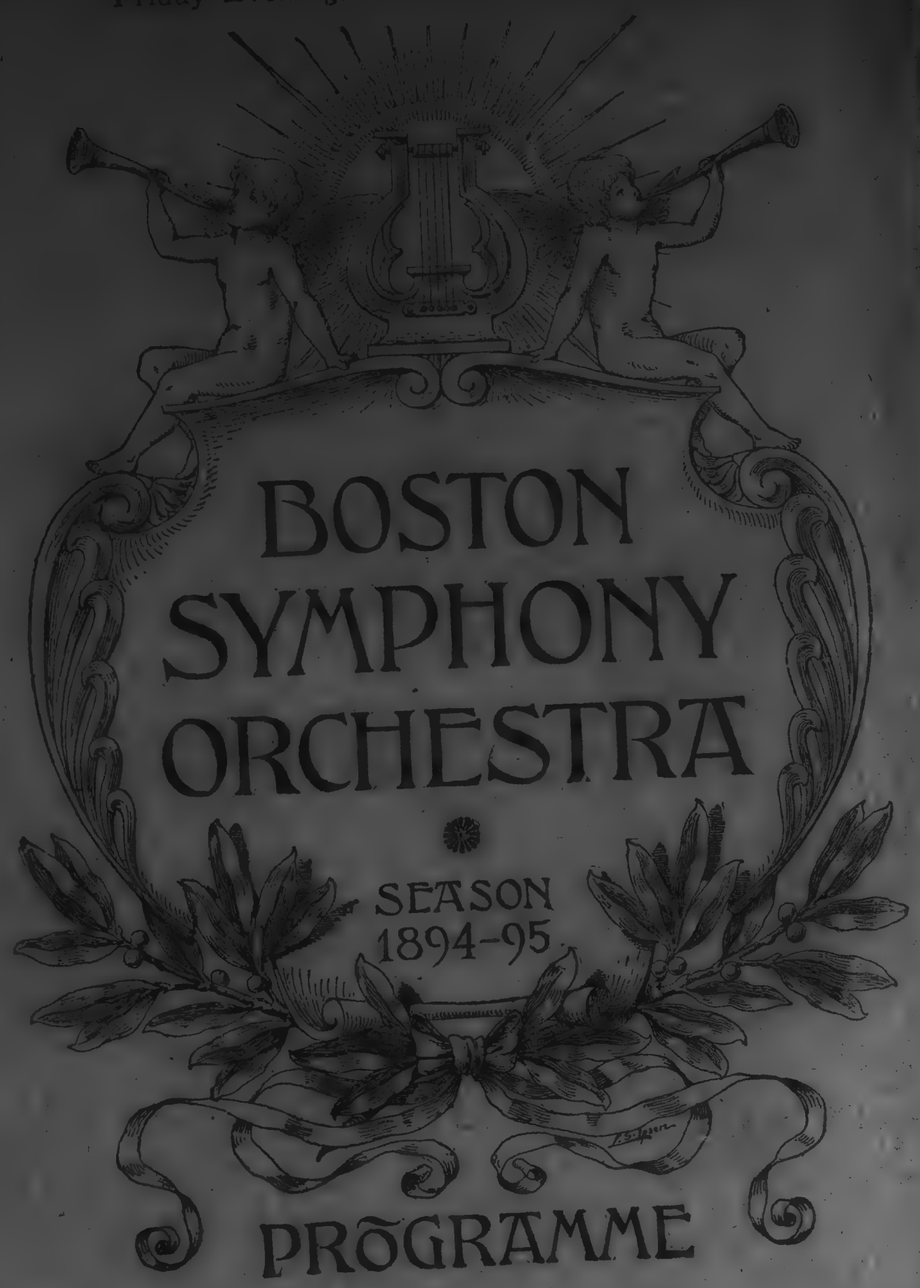
FOOT GUARD HALL, . . . HARTFORD.

Friday Evening, December 7, at 8 o'clock.



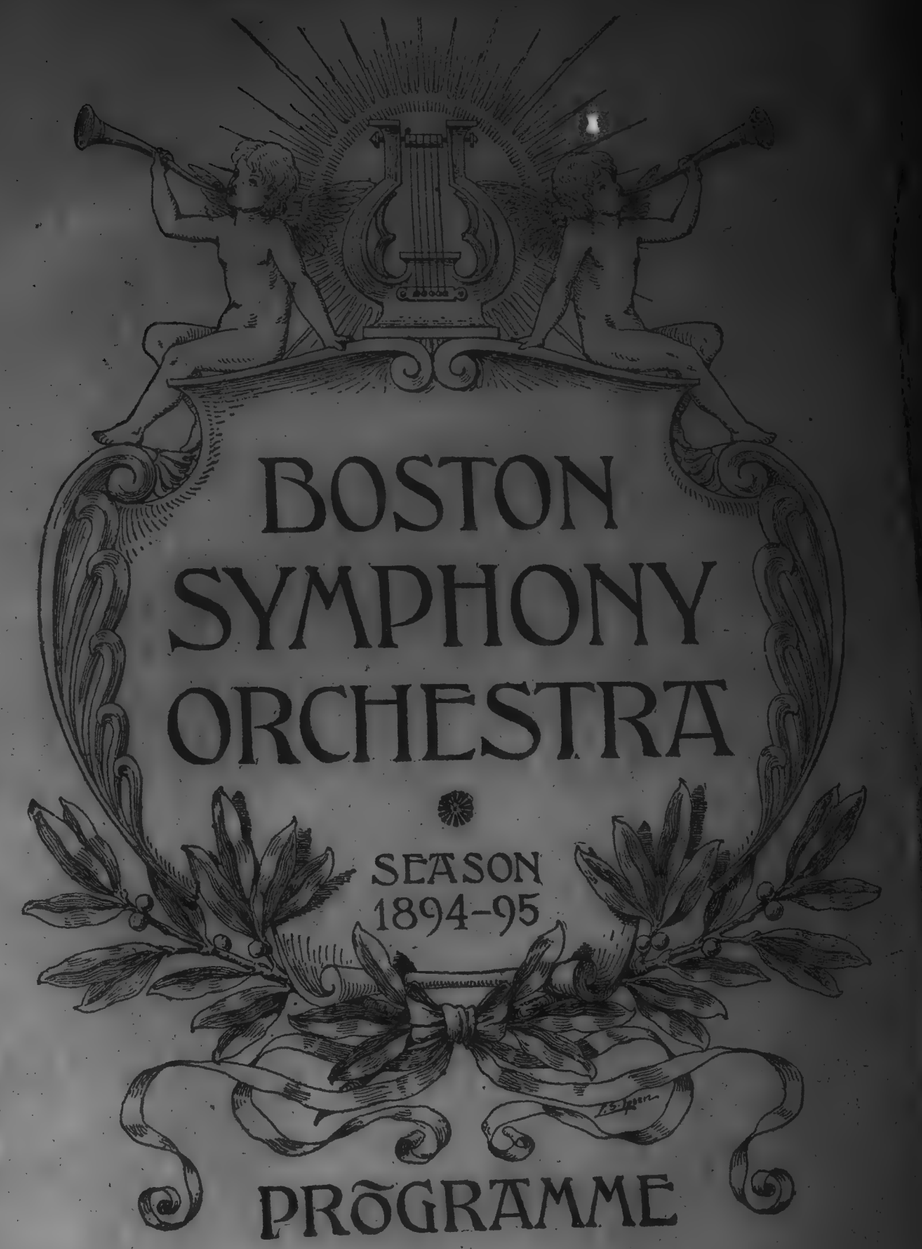
C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 1 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Tickets on sale at Gallup & Metzger's Music Store, 201 Asylum Street,

HYPERION THEATRE, . . . NEW HAVEN

Under the auspices of The Department of Music of Yale University.

Saturday Evening, December 8, at 8 o'clock.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 1 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, December 10, at 8.

Third Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin. L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin. ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Carl Baermann and Mr. Leon Pourtau.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN. QUARTET in D major, op. 44, No. 1.
Molto allegro vivace.—Menuetto (un poco allegro).—Andante espressivo ma con moto.—Presto con brio.

BEETHOVEN. PIANO TRIO in B flat major, op. 97.
Allegro Moderato.—Scherzo (Allegro).—Andante cantabile, ma però con moto.—Allegro moderato.

BRAHMS. QUINTET for CLARINET, TWO VIOLINS, VIOLA AND VIOLONCELLO, in B minor, op. 115.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Andantino.—Con moto.

The Piano is a Steinway.

Fourth Concert, Monday, December 31.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART. OVERTURE. "Magic Flute."

SCHUMANN. SYMPHONY in C major, No. 2. op. 61.
I. Sostenuto assai.—Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace.—Trio I.—Trio II.
III. Adagio espressivo.
IV. Allegro molto vivace.

BIZET. SUITE. "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.
I. Prélude: Allegro deciso.—Andante molto.—Un peu moins lent.
II. Menuetto: Allegro giocoso.
III. Adagietto: Adagio.
IV. Carillon: Allegretto moderato.

SMETANA. OVERTURE. "Die Verkaufte Braut."

Fifth Concert, Thursday, January 3.

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FOOT GUARD HALL, ... HARTFORD.

Friday Evening, December 7, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 1 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, December 3, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, December 4, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, December 6, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

2

F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

[137]

Copies of this Programme-Book, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, can be obtained, free of charge, at Schuberth's Music Store, 23 Union Square.

Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall

(119 West 40th Street)

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 27, AT 8.15

The . . .

Kneisel Quartet

. . . . of Boston

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin

OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin

L. SVECENSKI, Viola

ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SGAMBATI. **SYMPHONY No. 1, in D major, op. 16.**
I. Allegro vivace, non troppo.
II. Andante mesto.
III. Scherzo; Presto.—Trio: Un poco meno.
IV. Serenata: Andante,
V. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.
(First time at these Concerts.)

PETER BENOÍT. **SYMPHONIC POEM, for FLUTE and ORCHESTRA.**
I. Mélancolie.
II. Feux Follets.

MONSIGNY. **CHACONNE and RIGODON from SUITE "Aline Reine de Golconde"**

AUBER. **OVERTURE to "Carlo Broschi."**

RUBINSTEIN. **BALLET MUSIC, from "Der Dämon."**
I. FIRST DANCE: Allegro non troppo.
II. SECOND DANCE: Allegro.

Soloist:

Mr CHARLES MOLÉ.

Fourth Concert Thursday, December 13.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

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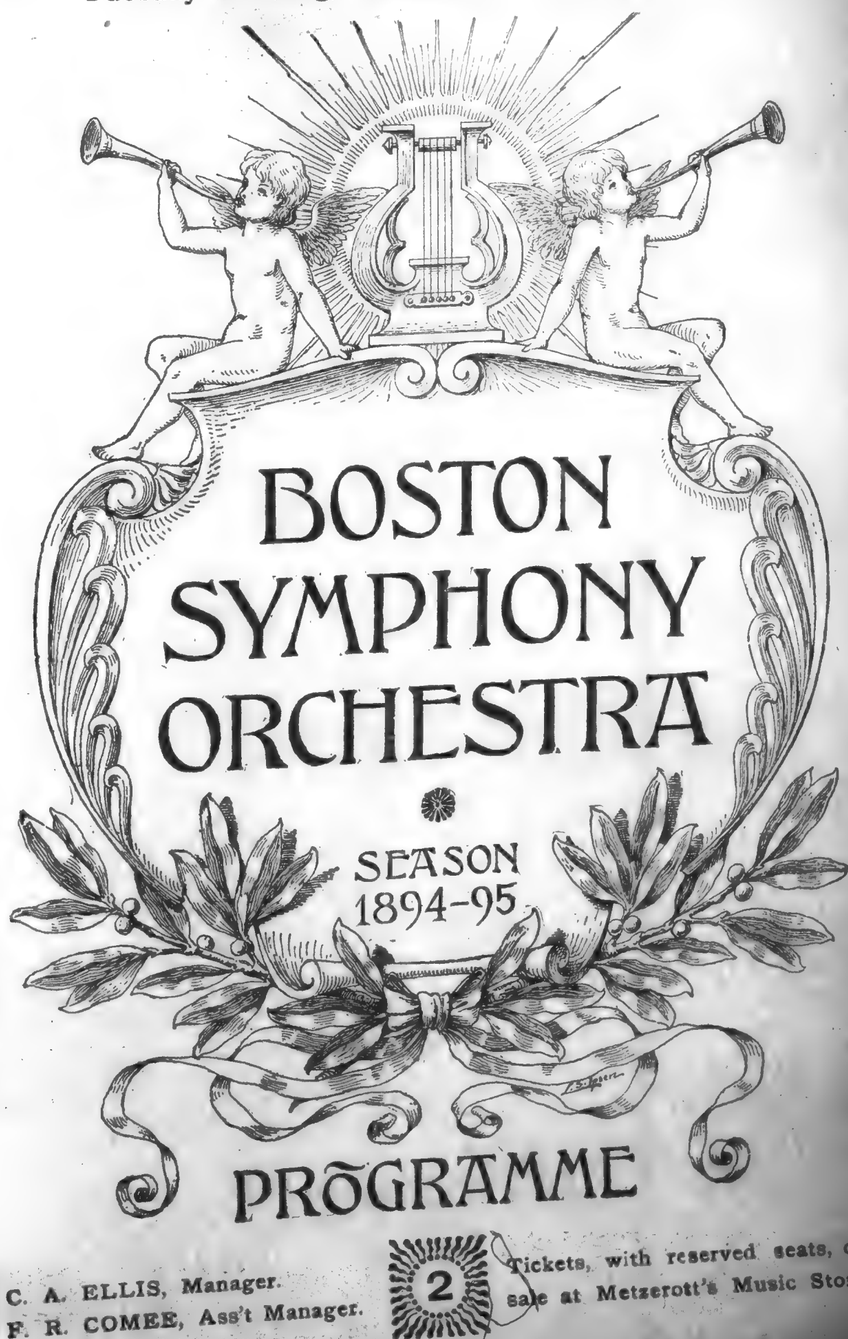

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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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PRESS NOTICES.

"In all these works the playing of Mr. Kneisel and his fellows was quite beyond praise, altogether lovely in tone and sentiment, and finished in execution. The audience was rapturous in its applause, after each movement."— *N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is not too much to say that the Beethoven quartet was played divinely."— *N. Y. Times.*

"This Quartet [Kneisel] is the greatest in America; and, allied to its beauty of tone production,— a true quartet tone,— its interpretations are always significant and truthful."— *N. Y. Recorder.*

"Everything that Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski, and Schroeder select is sure to be well played."— *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The fifth quartet of the series which forms Beethoven's Op. 18 was given with a perfection that aroused the audience (which was as large as the hall would allow) to the most fervid applause at the end of each movement. Such marvellous ensemble, such exquisite shading, require something more graphic than type for adequate description."— *Boston Advertiser.*

"The Dvorák quartet was given with a perfection that makes all criticism ridiculous. Never have the Kneisels done a finer piece of artistic work."— *Boston Transcript.*

"It is no hyperbole to say that the playing of the Kneisel Quartet at their fourth concert was perfect."— *Boston Beacon.*

Kneisel Quartet

. . . . of Boston

TUESDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER 27, 1894
AT 8.15

. . . Programme . . .

BEETHOVEN . . . Quartet, B-flat major. Op. 18

1. Allegro con brio.
2. Adagio ma non troppo.
3. Scherzo (Allegro).
4. La Malinconia (Adagio) — Allegretto quasi Allegro.

SGAMBATI . . . Quartet, D-flat major. Op. 17

1. Adagio — Vivace ma non troppo.
2. Prestissimo.
3. Andante Sostenuto.
4. Allegro.

(First time.)

HAYDN . . . . . Quartet, G major. Op. 77

1. Allegro Moderato.
2. Adagio.
3. Minuetto (Presto).
4. Finale (Presto).

Sanders Th

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BOSTON SYMP

Mr. EMIL

III.

THURSDAY, NOVE

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SGAMBATI. SYMP
I. Allegr
II. Andant
III. Scherz
IV. Serenat
V. Finale:
(First t

PETER BENOÎT. SYMP
I. Mélanc
II. Feux F

MONSIGNY. CHAC
Reine

AUBER. OVER

RUBINSTEIN. BALL
I. First
II. Secon

Mr CH

Fourth Concert Thursday, Dece

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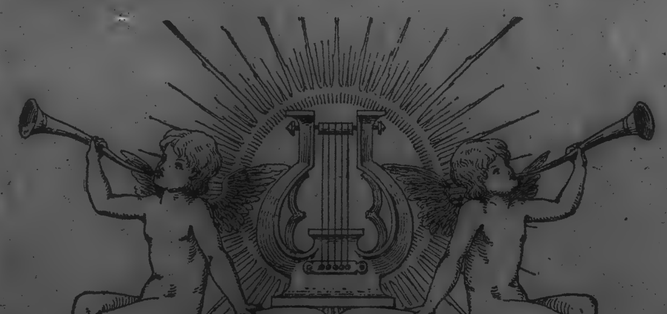

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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METZEROTT MUSIC

Tuesday Evening

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manag

[138]

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, AT 7.45, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 7, in A major, op. 92.
I. Poco sostenuto.—Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Scherzo: Presto.—Trio: Assai meno presto.
IV. Finale: Allegro con brio.

MACDOWELL. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 1, in A minor, op. 15.
Maestoso.—Andante tranquillo.—Presto.

GOLDMARK. OVERTURE. "Sappho."
(First time.)

WAGNER. KAISERMARSCH.

Soloist:

Mr. E. A. MAC DOWELL.

The Piano is a Steinway.

Third Concert Thursday, November 22.

UNION HALL, 48 BOYLSTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

Monday Evening, November 12, at 8.

Second Concert

BY

The Kneisel Quartet.

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin. L. SVECENSKI, Viola.
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin. ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. Ernst Perabo.

Programme.

CHERUBINI. QUARTET in D minor.
Allegro commodo.—Larghetto sostenuto.—
Scherzo (Allegro).—Allegro risoluto.
(First time at these concerts.)

BEETHOVEN. QUARTET in E-flat major, op. 74.
Poco Adagio.—Allegro.—Adagio ma non troppo.—
Presto. Allegretto con variazioni.

RUBINSTEIN. PIANO TRIO, in A minor.
Moderato.—Allegro non troppo.—
Andante.—Allegro molto.
(First time at these concerts.)

The Piano is a Chickering.

Third Concert, Monday, December 10.

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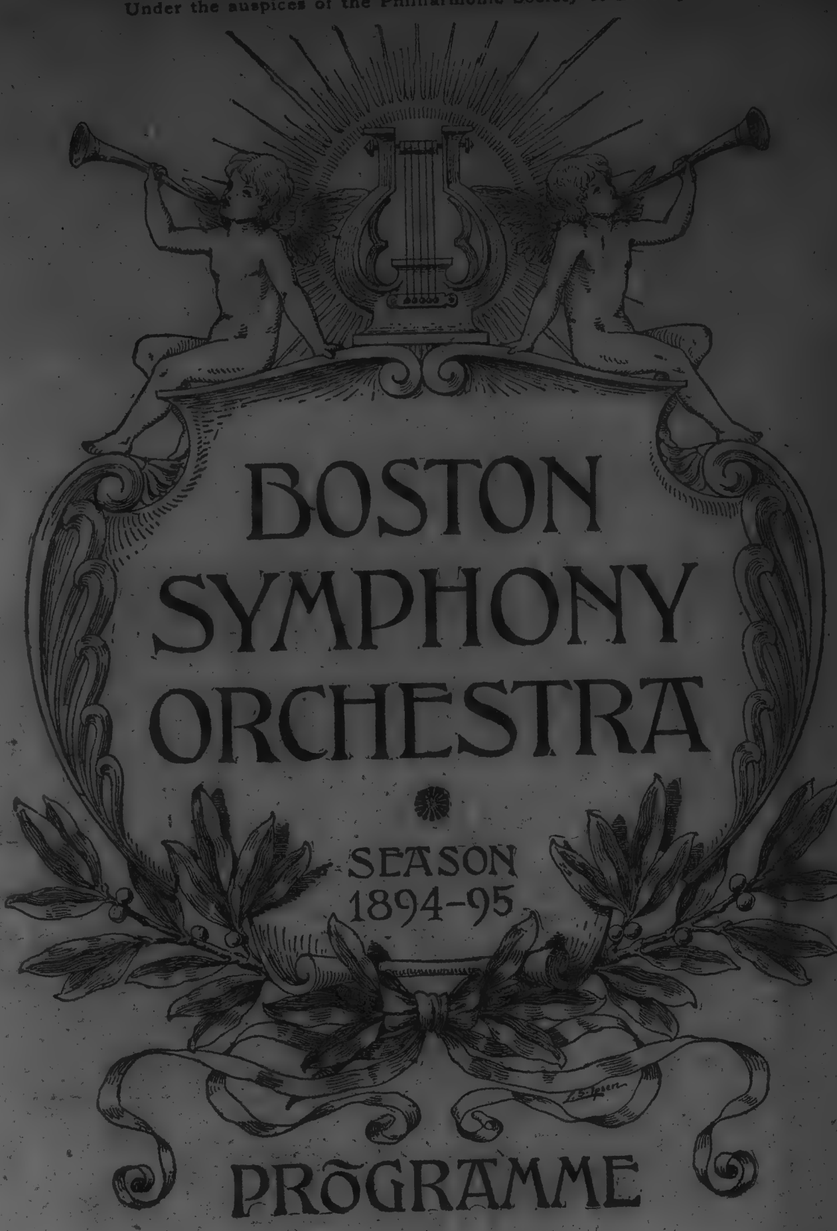

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

Tickets at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street.

INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE,

Wednesday Evening, November 14, at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1894-95.

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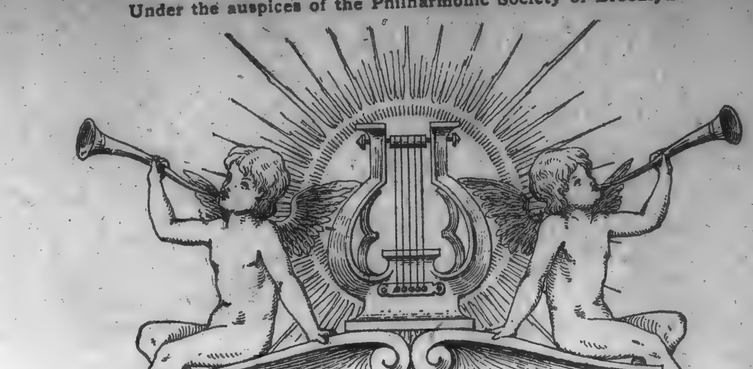

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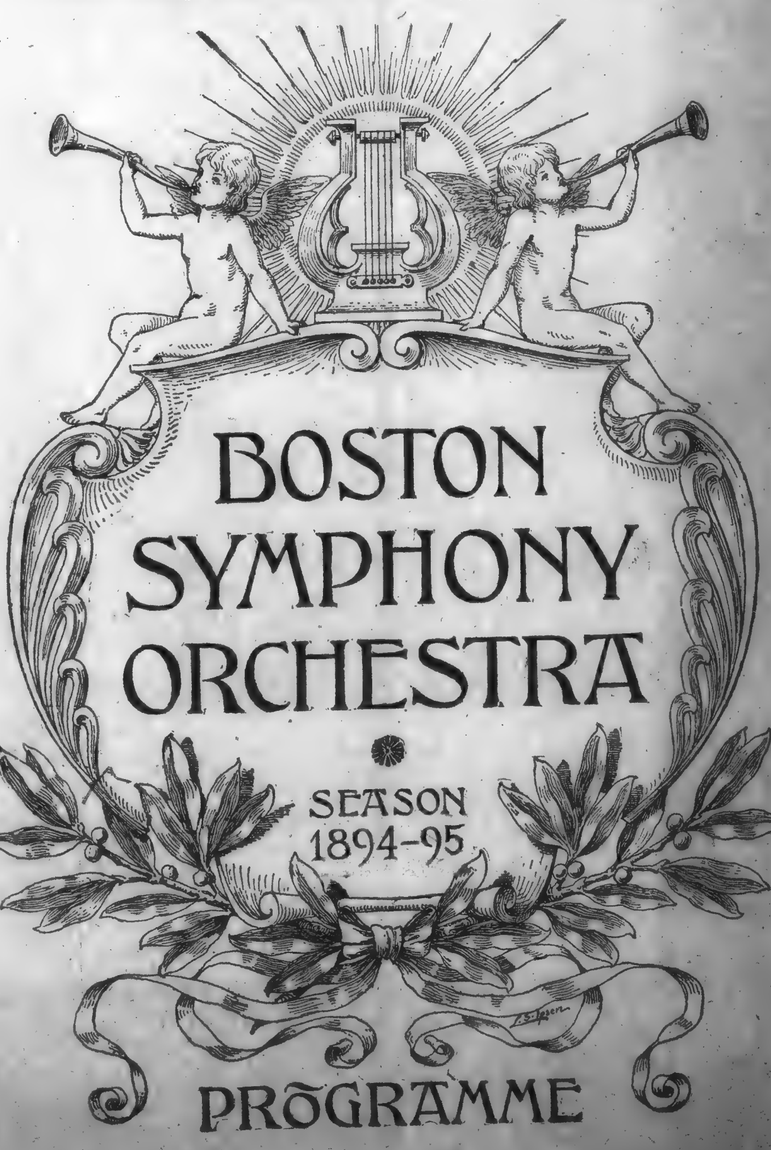

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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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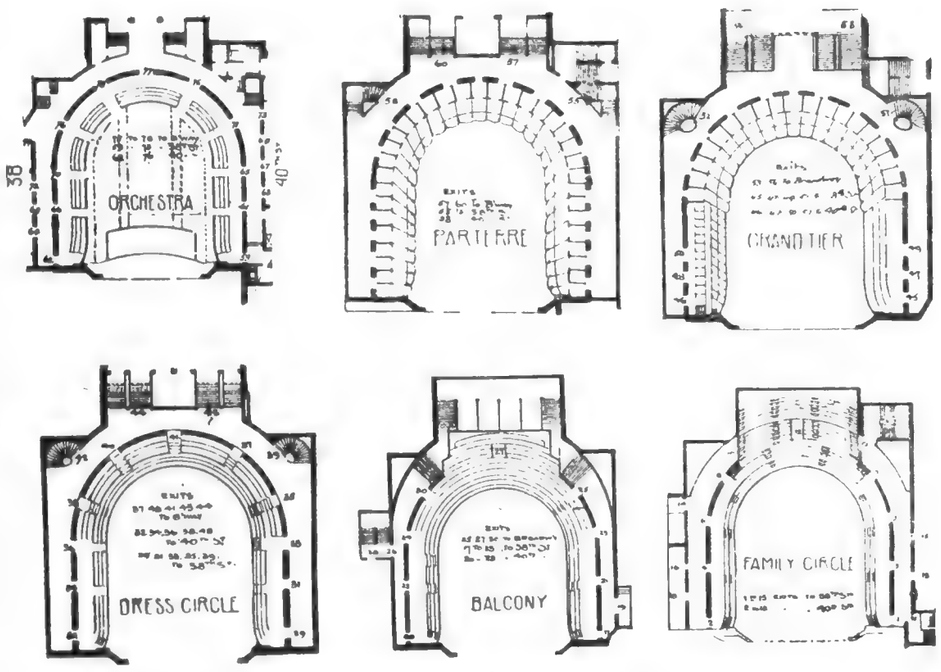

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CLAY.

"We are but clay," the preacher saith;
"The heart is clay and clay the brain,
And soon or late there cometh death
To blend us with the earth again."

Well, let the preacher have it so.
And clay we are and clay shall be:—
Well, so be it! for this I know,
That clay does very well for me.

When clay has such red mouths to kiss,
Strong hands to grasp it is enough;
How can I take it aught amiss
We are not made of rarer stuff?

And if one tempt you to believe
His choice would be immortal gold,
Question him, can you then conceive
A warmer heart than clay can hold.

Or richer joys than clay can feel?
And when perforce he falters Nay,
Bid him renounce his wish and kneel
In thanks for this same common clay.

The Pall Mall Gazette.

WINDS TO-DAY.

Winds to-day are large and free,
Winds to-day are westerly;
From the land they seem to blow
Whence the sap begins to flow,
And the dimpled light to spread
From the country of the dead.

Ah, it is a wild, sweet land
Where the coming May is planned;
Where such influences throb
As our frosts can never rob
Of their triumph, when they bound
Through the tree and from the ground:

Great within me is my soul,
Great to journey to its goal,
To the country of the dead;
For the cornel tips are red,
And a passion rich in strife
Drives me toward the home of life.

Oh, to keep the spring with them
Who have flushed the cornel stem,
Who imagine at its source
All the year's delicious course,
Then express by wind and light
Something of their rapture's height?

Michael Field, in Boston Budget.

List of Boxholders for the Opera Season.

PARTERRE.

1 Ogden Goelet.
W. E. Strong. Wednesdays.
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W. M. Kingsland. Matinees.
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5 George P Wetmore.
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Charles Carroll Jackson.
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Cornelius Vanderbilt. Matinees.
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G. K. Clark, Jr. Wednesdays.
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J. F. Kernochan. Even Nights and Odd Matinees.
4 Captain Beach. Odd Night and even Matinees.
Miss De Forest. Even Nights and Odd Matinees.
6 Mrs. Paran Stevens.
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M. C. D. Borden.
10 George F. Baker,
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14 Mrs. George H. Warren. Mondays Fridays and Matinees.
Mrs. M. B. Carpenter. Wednesdays.
16 Levi P. Morton,
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22 W. Seward Webb.
24 Robert Goelet.
26 S. D. Babcock. Mondays, Fridays and Matinees.
Mrs. J. T. Farish. Wednesdays.
28 W. Bayard Cutting. Mondays, Wednesdays and Matinees.
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30 Anson Phelps Stokes. Mondays.
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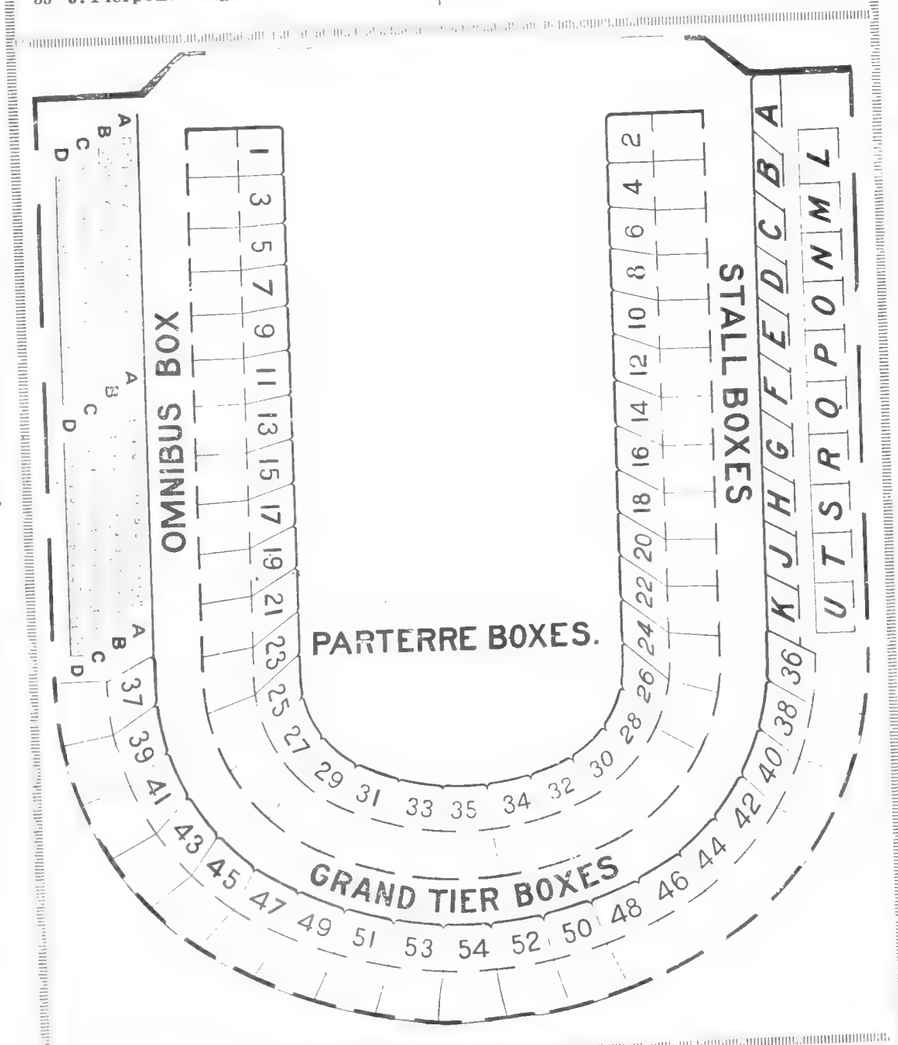
32 Elisha Dyer. Mondays.
W. F. Burden. Mondays.
Frederick Gallatin. Wednesdays.
Miss E. C. Whitney. Fridays.
Luther Kountze. Matinees.
34 Heber R. Bishop.
Sir Roderick Cameron. Wednesdays.



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GARDENS.

The wide fair gardens, the rich lush gardens,
Which no man planted, and no man tills,
Their strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom lifted,
Near and far over vales and hills;
Sip the bees from their cups of sweetness,
Poises above them the wild free wing,
And night and morn from their doors are borne
The dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts sing.

The waving gardens, the fragrant gardens
That toss in the sun by the broad highway,
Growing together, gorse and heather,
Aster and golden rod all the day.
Poppies dark with the wine of slumber,
Daises bright with the look of dawn,
The gentian blue, and the long year through
The flowers that carry the seasons on.

And the dear old gardens, the pleasant gardens
Where mother used to potter about,
Trying and pulling, and sparingly culling,
And watching each bud as its flower laughed out:
Hollyhocks here, and the prince's feather,
Larkspur and primrose, and lilies white
Sweet were the dear old fashioned gardens
Where we kissed the mother and said "Good-night."

Margaret E. Sangster.

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The Wonderful Weber Tone

The WEBER PIANO

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5th Ave. & 16th St.

MAMMY'S HUSHABY.

Hushaby, hushaby, lil' baby boy,
Shet yo' eyes tight an' drap off ter sleep;
Coon was a-pacin' 'long at a mighty jog
When he seed a 'possum curled up on a lawg;
"Good eb'nin', Brer Possum, I'se glad you a'n't a dawg"—
Hushaby, lil' baby boy.

All de lil' mawkin' birds asleep in dar nes'
When night comes den sleepin' is de best,
Tek up m' honey boy an' hug him ter m' bres',
Hushaby, lil' baby boy.

Hushaby, hushaby, lil' baby boy,
Watch dawg bark an' booger man run:
Down in the medder lil' bunnies race,
Frolickin' an' jumpin' all about de place—
Jess yo' quit dat laffin' right in yo' mammy's face—
Hushaby, lil' baby boy.

Ol' brindle cow's a-calling, "goo' night, goo' night," she said,
Time all lil' chilluns fer ter be in bed;
Tight shet go dem bright eyes, down drap dat curly head—
Hushaby, lil' baby boy.

Chicago Times.

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New Metropolitan Opera House

Sole Lessees and Managers,
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Boston Symphony Orchestra

EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Season of 1894–95.

FIRST CONCERT,

Thursday Eve'g, November 1,

At 8:15 o'clock.

SOLOIST:

MR. POL PLANCON.

PROGRAMME.

Sgambati - - - - - Symphony No. 1

I.	Allegro vivace, non troppo (D major) -	3–4
II.	Andante mesto (G minor) - -	6–4
III.	Scherzo: Presto (B-flat major) - -	3–4
	Trio: Un poco meno (G flat major) -	3–4
IV.	Serenata: Andante (D minor) - -	2–4
V.	Finale: Allegro con fuoco (D major) -	4–4
	(First time.)	

Continued on Page 6.

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KEEP A-GOIN'!

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to-sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out' o' every dime?
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like sighin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

—Frank L. Stanton.

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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
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Are the Finest Toned and Most Powerful Reed Organs made, and are an indispensable auxiliary of the piano-forte in the drawing-room.

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136 Fifth Avenue.

AUTUMN.

Ladies fair; the end is near;
Soon will lie upon its bier
Every lovely blossom here.
Posies e'en with which the Year
Strives to hide her swift decay,
Now must pass from us away,
And in death be laid beside
Flowerets that in summer died.
Zinnias, flashing fire's bright hue;
Marigolds, whose buds pursue
Golden Sol from east to west;
Lilies, of all blossoms best
For the dying season's shroud;
Daisies, to St. Michael vowed;
Dahlias, set in order prim;
Asters, loaded to the brim
With the weight of tears unshed;
Hollyhocks, pink, white, and red;
Dainty columns wreathed with bloom:
Violets of rare perfume;
Roses, pallid, aye, and wan,
Yet so sweet; all will have gone!
Ladies fair, the end is near;
Dying is the sylvan year!

St. James' Gazette.

A. JAECKEL,

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FALL TIME.

Fall time in Georgia
Comes but onct a year;
Ketch the 'possum by the tail,
Or ketch him by the ear!

But ketch him!
O ketch him!
An' 'crost the griddle stretch him!
Be certain that you fetch him,
For it's only onct a year!

Fall time in Georgia—
Speakers on the stump!
Ketch the rabbit by the tail,
Or ketch him on the jump!

But ketch him!
O ketch him,
An' skin him quick, an' stretch him!
Be certain that you fetch him,
For it's only onct a year!

Fall time in Georgia—
Hear the partridge call!
When the hound dogs bay the buck,
Just ketch him—horns an' all!

But ketch him!
O ketch him!
An' on the hickory stretch him!
Be certain that you fetch him—
For it's only onct a year!

F. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

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GRAND PRIX,

Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1889.

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Park & Tilford, New York,

Sole Agents in the United States.

Continued from Page 4.

Haydn - Aria, "The Seasons" (Le Laboreur)

Gluck - - Tambourin, Gavotte, and Chaconne

I. Tambourin from "Iphigenie en Aulide" (D major) - - - - - - 2-2

II. Gavotte from "Armide" (F major) - 2-2

III. Grand Chaconne from "Iphigenie en Aulide" and "Orphee" (D major) - 3-4

Saint Saens - Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton"

Wagner - "Pogner's Address," from "Die Meistersinger."

Goldmark - - - Overture, "Sappho"
(First time.)

SECOND CONCERT,

Thursday Evening Dec. 6th

SOLOIST:

MR. CÉSAR THOMSON.

The Knabe Pianos used at the Metropolitan Opera House and by the Artists of the Company.

Mason & Hamlin Liszt Organ used.

The only authorized edition of the Opera Libretto to be had in the Opera House. Price 25c.

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Ever seen in this or any other country.
Many Special Novelties Displayed.

BEGIN IT.

The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.

Selected.

THE ISLE OF BOREDOM.

As you sail through life take pains and steer
Away from the Island that lies too near—
The Isle of Boredom, which all men fear.

The Island sets up like a shelf of rock,
But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock
And offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night and they talk all day,
And try as you will to get away,
They pin you down and they *make* you stay.

They talk of the things they have done and said,
They talk you awake and they talk you to bed,
Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the queerest thing, and the one to deplore,
About the dwellers upon that shore—
Not one of them knows that he *is* a bore.

So steer away from that Island shelf,
That is governed they say by a wicked elf
Lest *you* be a bore and not know it yourself,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
in Youth's Companion.

Announcement.

THE opening night of Grand Italian and French Opera for the Season 1894-95 will be Monday, November 19, in the New Me ropolitan Opera House. The season will consist of thirteen weeks, comprising thirty-nine night and thirteen matinee performances.

The cause of the remarkable success of opera last season has given the keynote for all operatic enterprises in the Metropolis for the future—the works of the great composers, old and new, presented magnificently by the greatest lyric artists of the day in one of the great opera houses of the world. The management of the New Metropolitan Opera House, after expressing its thanks for the generous support by which it was sustained last season, desires to show its appreciation of that favor in the most effective manner possible. Nearly all of the great favorites of last year have been re-engaged. In addition, the names of several famous artists have been added to the list. The company, therefore, engaged for the Opera Season of 1894-95, will form a more complete organization than has yet been brought together in this or any other country.

The composition of the orchestra, as well as its conductors, will be the same as that of last year, an announcement which, it is hoped, will be warmly received by all lovers of good music.

The chorus will be strengthened by a number of young, fresh voices. The ballet has also been reinforced and increased by several valuable additions to its ranks.

An unusually brilliant season is anticipated. Not only will the repertory consist of the operas which were heard last season, but a number of new operas, with revivals of some of the famous old works, will be presented during the winter. They will be put upon the stage with the same attention to detail in scenery, costumes and properties which characterized last season's productions.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

Season tickets, with reserved seats, $5, and single tickets for the first concert at $1.25 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.
Monday Evening, October 29, at 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1894-95

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

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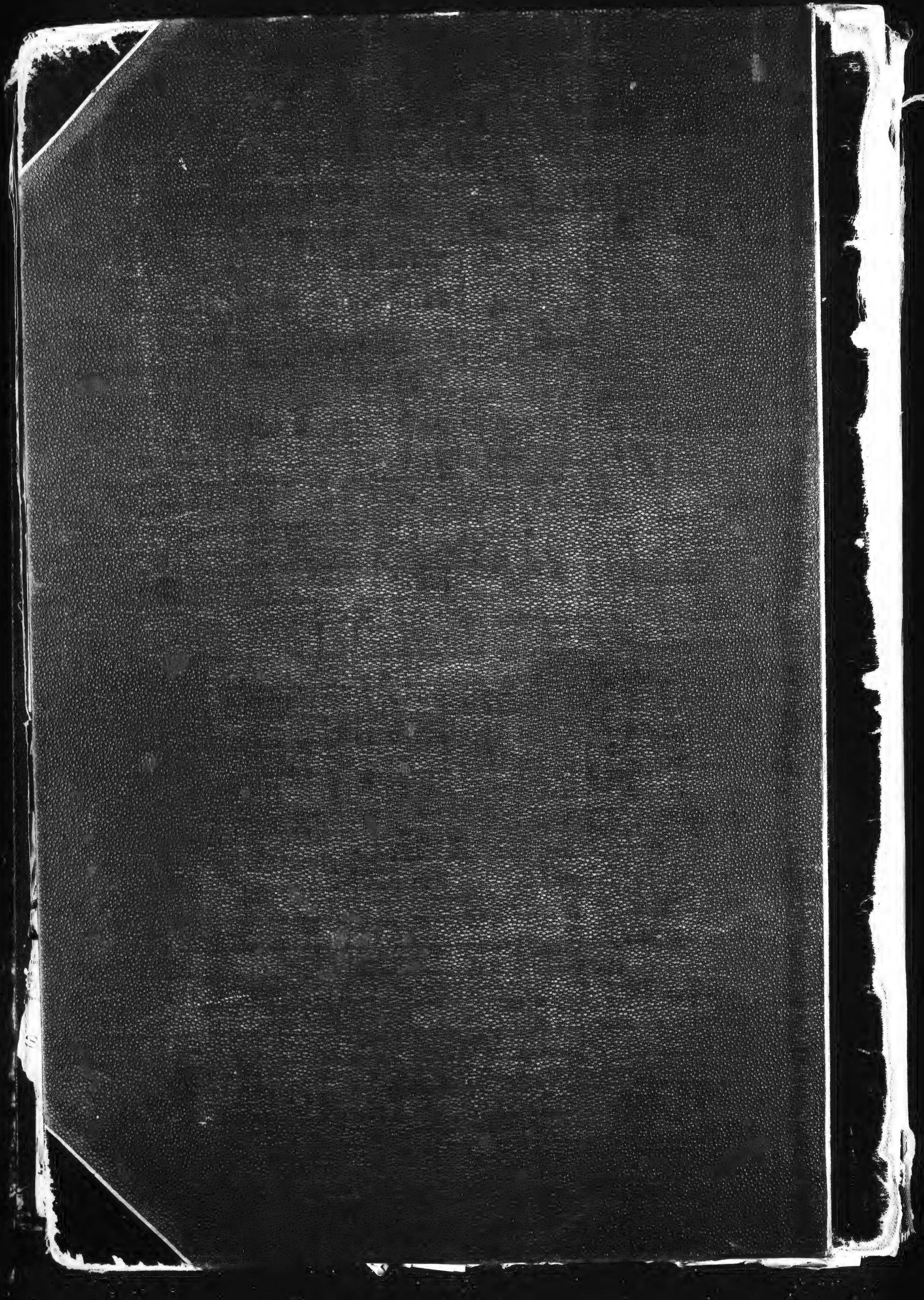

END OF VOLUME

VOLUME 8

BSO

1895 - 1896

SHIPMAN'S
Invoice & Scrap
BOOK

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

NOVEMBER ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, November 10, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia Monday, November 11, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia Tuesday, Novem. 12, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 9.30 A.M.
Arrive New York, 11.45 A.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, at 8.15. P.M.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of New Jersey, Ferry foot of Liberty Street, Wednesday, November 13, at 10 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 2.40 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, at 8, P.M.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Thursday, November 14, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.40 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, November 16.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, November 16, at 10 A. M
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Matinee at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, November 17, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, November 9, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

DECEMBER ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, December 15, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, December 16, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1334th Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, Decem. 17, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, December 17, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
1335th Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1336th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, Wednesday, December 18, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Thursday, December 19, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
1337th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1338th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, December 20, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, December 21.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, December 21, at 10 A. M
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1339th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, December 22, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, December 14, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

JANUARY ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, January 19, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, January 20, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1352d Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 21, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, January 21, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M.
1353d Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1354th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral St., Wednesday, January 22, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Wednesday, January 22, at midnight. Sleeping Cars ready at 10, P.M.
Arrive New York, Depot Central R. R. of N. J., Thursday, January 23, at 7, A.M.
NEW YORK ADDRESS, SCHUBERTH'S MUSIC STORE, 23 UNION SQUARE.
1355th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1356th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, January 24, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, January 25.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, January 25, at 10 A. M.
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1357th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, January 26, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, January 18, 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

MARCH ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, March 22, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, March 23, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Rehearsal at Academy of Music, at 12 o'clock, noon.
1385th Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 24, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, March 24, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
1386th Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1387th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral St., Wednesday, March 25, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Wednesday, March 25, at midnight. Sleeping Cars ready at 10, P.M.
Arrive New York, Depot Central R. R. of N. J., Thursday, March 26, at 7, A.M.
NEW YORK ADDRESS, SCHUBERTH'S MUSIC STORE, 23 UNION SQUARE.
1388th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1389th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, March 27, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, March 28.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, March 28, at 10 A. M.
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1390th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6.50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, March 29, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.
Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, March 21, 1896.

SHIPMAN'S
Invoice & Scrap
BOOK

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

NOVEMBER ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, November 10, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia Monday, November 11, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia Tuesday, Novem. 12, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 9.30 A.M.
Arrive New York, 11.45 A.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, at 8.15. P.M.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of New Jersey, Ferry foot of Liberty Street, Wednesday, November 13, at 10 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 2.40 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, at 8, P.M.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Thursday, November 14, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.40 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, November 16.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, November 16, at 10 A. M
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Matinee at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, November 17, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.

Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, November 9, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

DECEMBER ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, December 15, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, December 16, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1334th Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, Decem. 17, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, December 17, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
1335th Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1336th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal and Maryland Avenues, Wednesday, December 18, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Thursday, December 19, at 8.50, A.M.
Arrive New York, 1.55 P.M.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL.
1337th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1338th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, December 20, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, December 21.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, December 21, at 10 A. M
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1339th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, December 22, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.

Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, December 14, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

JANUARY ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, January 19, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, January 20, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1352d Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 21, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, January 21, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M.
1353d Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1354th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral St., Wednesday, January 22, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Wednesday, January 22, at midnight. Sleeping Cars ready at 10, P.M.
Arrive New York, Depot Central R. R. of N. J., Thursday, January 23, at 7, A.M.
NEW YORK ADDRESS, SCHUBERTH'S MUSIC STORE, 23 UNION SQUARE.
1355th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1356th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, January 24, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, January 25.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, January 25, at 10 A. M.
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1357th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6·50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, January 26, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.

Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, January 18, 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

MARCH ITINERARY.

Leave Boston Sunday, March 22, at 7, P.M. Providence Depot.
Arrive Philadelphia, Broad St. Station Penna. R.R., Monday, March 23, at 7 A.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
Rehearsal at Academy of Music, at 12 o'clock, noon.
1385th Concert at Academy of Music at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 24, Philadelphia and Reading Depot, 12th and Market Streets, 10.16 A.M.
Arrive Baltimore, Camden St. Station, B. & O. R. R. at 12.50 P.M.
CARROLLTON HOTEL.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station B. & O. R. R., Tuesday, March 24, at 6 P.M.
Arrive Washington 7.05 P.M
1386th Concert at Metzerott's Music Hall, 1110 F Street, at 8 P.M.
Leave Washington, B. & O. R. R., at 10.30 P.M.
Arrive Baltimore, at 11.30 P.M.
1387th Concert at Music Hall, Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral St., Wednesday, March 25, at 8, P.M.
Hotel baggage not ready directly after the concert will be moved at owner's expense.
Leave Baltimore, Camden Street Station, B. & O. R. R., Wednesday, March 25, at midnight. Sleeping Cars ready at 10, P.M.
Arrive New York, Depot Central R. R. of N. J., Thursday, March 26, at 7, A.M.
NEW YORK ADDRESS, SCHUBERTH'S MUSIC STORE, 23 UNION SQUARE.
1388th Concert at Metropolitan Opera House, at 8 P.M.
1389th Concert at Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Friday, March 27, at 8 P.M.
Hotel Baggage will be left in New York and forwarded to Boston on Saturday, March 28.
Leave New York, Central R. R. of N. J., Ferry foot of Liberty St., Saturday, March 28, at 10 A. M.
Arrive Philadelphia, 12th and Market Streets, 12.20 P.M.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
1390th Concert (Matinee) at Academy of Music, at 2.30 P.M.
Leave Philadelphia, Broad St. station Penna. R. R., at 6.50 P.M.
Arrive Boston, Sunday, March 29, at 7 A.M. Providence Depot.

Instruments must be ready and marked to-night, (Saturday), after the Concert.

C. A. ELLIS, MANAGER.
F. R. COMEE, ASS'T MANAGER.

SATURDAY, March 21, 1896.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor,

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

24 CONCERTS,

On Consecutive Saturday Evenings, from Oct. 19, 1895, to May 2, 1896, Omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, 1895, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28, 1896, and

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS,

ON CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, from Oct. 18, 1895, to May 1, 1896, Omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, 1895, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27, 1896.

SOLOISTS: Mme. MELBA, Mrs. HENSCHEL, Miss BREMA, Mme. DE VERE, Miss BLAUVELT, Miss SZUMOWSKA, Messrs. BEN DAVIES, HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, MacDOWELL, FAELTEN, ONDRICEK, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and Others.

TICKETS for the Series of Concerts and for the Series of Rehearsals, **$12.00** *and* **$7.50,** *according to location.*

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Monday,** Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Tuesday,** Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Thursday,** Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **Friday,** Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets Will Be Delivered in the Hall, and Must Be Paid for as Soon as Bought or They Will Be Resold.

THE SUNDAY HERALD | BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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Tickets Will Be Delivered in the Hall, and Must Be Paid for as Soon as Bought or They Will Be Resold.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Fifteenth Season. 1895-96.

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS,

On Consecutive Saturday Evenings, from Oct 19, 1895, to May 2, 1896, omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, 1895, Jan. 25, Feb. 29, and March 28, 1896, and

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Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals $12 and $7.50 according to location.

The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction at Music Hall **MONDAY,** Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction at Music Hall **TUESDAY,** Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.

The $12 seats for the concerts will be sold by auction at Music Hall on **THURSDAY,** Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.

The $7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on **FRIDAY,** Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1895.

MUSIC HALL. | BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUL, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27).

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb 29 and March 28).

Soloists: Mme. MELBA, Mrs. HENSCHEL, Miss MARIE BREMA, Mme. Clementine DE VERE-SAPIO, Miss LILLIAN BLAUVELT, Miss ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, Messrs. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHELL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MacDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and others.

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MUSIC HALL. | BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON, September 23, 1895.

Auction Sale of $12 Season Tickets for the Friday Afternoon **Public Rehearsals** at Music Hall this (Monday) Morning, beginning at **Ten o'clock.**

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE— SEPTEMBER 15, 1895—

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor,

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

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MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
Fifteenth Season. 1895-96.
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Fifteenth Season. 1895-96.
TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS
On Consecutive Saturday Evenings, from Oct. 19, 1895, to May 2, 1896, omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, 1895, Jan. 25, Feb. 29, and March 28, 1896, and
TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS
On Consecutive Friday Afternoons, from Oct. 18, 1895, to May 1, 1896, omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28, and March 27, 1896.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction at Music Hall, **MONDAY,** Sept. 23, at 10 a. m.

The $7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction at Music Hall, on **TUESDAY,** Sept. 24, at 10 a. m.

The $12 seats for the concerts will be sold by auction at Music Hall on **THURSDAY,** Sept. 26, at 10 a. m.

The $7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on **FRIDAY,** Sept. 27, at 10 a. m.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

THE SUNDAY HERALD BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895 -

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR,

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

24 CONCERTS,

On Consecutive Saturday Evenings, from Oct. 19, 1895, to May 2, 1896, Omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, 1895, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28, 1896, and

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS,

ON CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, from Oct. 18, 1895, to May 1, 1896, Omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, 1895, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27, 1896.

SOLOISTS: Mme. MELBA, Mrs. HENSCHEL, Miss BREMA, Mme. DE VERE, Miss BLAUVELT, Miss SZUMOWSKA, Messrs. BEN DAVIES, HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, MacDOWELL, FAELTEN, ONDRICEK, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and Others.

TICKETS for the Series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, **$12.00** *and* **$7.50,** *according to location.*

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Monday,** Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Tuesday,** Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Thursday,** Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **Friday,** Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets Will Be Delivered in the Hall, and Must Be Paid for as Soon as Bought or They Will Be Resold.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1895.

MUSIC HALL. | **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

Mr. EMIL PAUL, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.
24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS
on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 11 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27).
24 CONCERTS
on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb 29 and March 28).

Soloists: Mme. MELBA, Mrs. HENSCHEL, Miss MARIE BREMA, Mme. Clementine DE VERE-SAPIO, Miss LILLIAN BLAUVELT, Miss ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, Messrs. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHELL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MacDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and others.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the Series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **MONDAY,** Sept. 23, at 10 A.M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **TUESDAY,** Sept. 24, at 10 A.M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **THURSDAY,** Sept. 26, at 10 A.M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **FRIDAY,** Sept. 27, at 10 A.M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.
Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. s16-6t

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MUSIC HALL. | **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.
24 Public Rehearsals
on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27).
24 Concerts
on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28).

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Monday,** Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Tuesday,** Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **Thursday,** Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **Friday,** Sept. 27, at 10 A.M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.
Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON, September 23, 1895.

Auction Sale of $12 Season Tickets for the Friday Afternoon **Public Rehearsals** at Music Hall this (Monday) Morning, beginning at **Ten o'clock.**

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

TRANSCRIPT.
SEPTEMBER 19, 1895

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27.)

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25 Feb. 29, and March 28.)

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ, and others.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **MONDAY**, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **TUESDAY**, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **THURSDAY**, Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **FRIDAY**, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.
Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON. 1895-96.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at Music Hall Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 o'Clock.

Auction	Sale	of	$7.50	Seats	for	Rehearsals,	Tuesday,	Sept.	24,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	12.00	Seats	for	Concerts,	Thursday,	Sept.	26,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	7.50	Seats	for	Concerts,	Friday,	Sept.	27,	at 10 A. M.

BOSTON JOURNAL—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON. 1895-96.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at Music Hall Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 o'Clock.

Auction	Sale	of	$7.50	Seats	for	Rehearsals,	Tuesday,	Sept.	24,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	12.00	Seats	for	Concerts,	Thursday,	Sept.	26,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	7.50	Seats	for	Concerts,	Friday,	Sept.	27,	at 10 A. M.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (MONDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUCH THE DAY.

Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals Tomorrow (TUESDAY). Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

1t sep23

SUNDAY GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895—THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-1896.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at Music Hall Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 O'Clock.

Auction	Sale	of	$7.50	Seats	for	Rehearsals,	Tuesday,	Sept.	24,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	12.00	Seats	for	Concerts,	Thursday,	Sept.	26,	at 10 A. M.
Auction	Sale	of	7.50	Seats	for	Concerts,	Friday,	Sept.	27,	at 10 A. M.

DAILY GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 25,

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, tomorrow (Thursday), beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRAVELER, TUESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, Thursday, Sept. 26, beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRANSCRIPT. MONDA
SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL TOMORROW (TUESDAY) MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.
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Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (TUESDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

1t sep24

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 86.

MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (MONDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUCH THE DAY.

Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals Tomorrow (TUESDAY). Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

THE BEACON: BOSTON,
SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27)

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28)

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and others.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **MONDAY**, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **TUESDAY**, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **THURSDAY**, Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **FRIDAY**, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold
Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

BOSTON COURIER,
SUNDAY MORNING,
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 Public Rehearsals

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27).

24 Concerts

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28).

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULTZ, and others.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Monday**, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, **Tuesday**, Sept. 24, at 10 A. M.
The $12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on **Thursday**, Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **Friday**, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.
Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

TRANSCRIPT. TUES
SEPTEMBER 24, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26. AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR CONCERTS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27.

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ING TRANSCRIPT
SEPTEMBER 19. 1895

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27.)

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25 Feb. 29, and March 28.)

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE, DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ, and others.

Tickets for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals, $12 and $7.50, according to location.

The $12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, MONDAY, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, TUESDAY, Sept. 24, at 10 A.M.
The $12 seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on THURSDAY, Sept. 26, at 10 A. M.
The $7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on FRIDAY, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.
Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

5t[A] s17

ON JOURNAL—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at Music Hall Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 o'Clock.

Auction Sale of	$7.50	Seats for	Rehearsals,	Tuesday,	Sept.	24,	at	10	A. M.
Auction Sale of	12.00	Seats for	Concerts,	Thursday,	Sept.	26,	at	10	A. M.
Auction Sale of	7.50	Seats for	Concerts,	Friday,	Sept.	27,	at	10	A. M.

JOURNAL—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (MONDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE DAY.

Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals Tomorrow (TUESDAY). Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

1t sep22

SUNDAY GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895—THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-1896.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at Music Hall Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 O'Clock.

Auction Sale of	$7.50	Seats for	Rehearsals,	Tuesday,	Sept.	24,	at	10	A. M.
Auction Sale of	12.00	Seats for	Concerts,	Thursday,	Sept.	26,	at	10	A. M.
Auction Sale of	7.50	Seats for	Concerts,	Friday,	Sept.	27,	at	10	A. M.

DAILY GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 25,

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, tomorrow (Thursday), beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRAVELER, TUESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, Thursday, Sept. 26, beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRANSCRIPT. MONDA
SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL TOMORROW (TUESDAY) MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

[A] s28

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (TUESDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

1t sep24

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 86.

MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL THIS (MONDAY) MORNING, AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE DAY.

Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals Tomorrow (TUESDAY). Auction Sale of $12 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Sept. 26. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

THE BEACON : BOSTON,
, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27)

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28)

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ and others.

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Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

BOSTON COURIER,
SUNDAY MORNING,
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 Public Rehearsals

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27).

24 Concerts

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29 and March 28).

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULTZ, and others.

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Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

TRANSCRIPT. TUES
SEPTEMBER 24, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26. AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR CONCERTS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27.

[A] s24

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SATURDAY, March 21 1896.

ING TRANSCRIPT.
SEPTEMBER 19, 1895

MUSIC HALL. **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

on Friday Afternoons, beginning Oct. 18 (omitting Nov. 15, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27.)

24 CONCERTS

on Saturday Evenings, beginning Oct. 19 (omitting Nov. 16, Dec. 21, Jan. 25 Feb. 29, and March 28.)

Soloists: MME. MELBA, MRS. HENSCHEL, MISS MARIE BREMA, MME. CLEMENTINE, DE VERE-SAPIO, MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT, MISS ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, MESS. BEN DAVIES, GEORG HENSCHEL, JOSEFFY, ONDRICEK, MACDOWELL, FAELTEN, KNEISEL, LOEFFLER, ADAMOWSKI, SCHROEDER, SCHULZ, and others.

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5t(A) s17

ON JOURNAL—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

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BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra.
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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1t sep22

SUNDAY GLOBE—SEPTEMBER 22, 1895—THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-1896.

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DAILY GLOBE—SEPTEMBER 25,

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, tomorrow (Thursday), beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRAVELER, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra.
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, Thursday, Sept. 26, beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts Friday, Sept. 27.

TRANSCRIPT. MONDA
SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT MUSIC HALL TOMORROW (TUESDAY) MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

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[A] s26

Boston Journal.
TEN PAGES.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra.
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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1t sep24

BOSTON HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 86.

MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1895.

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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THE BEACON: BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

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BOSTON COURIER, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

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Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

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TRANSCRIPT. TUES
SEPTEMBER 24, 189

BOSTON
Symphony Orchestra
FIFTEENTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF $12 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26. AUCTION SALE OF $7.50 SEATS FOR CONCERTS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27.
s24

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ING TRANSCRIPT
SEPTEMBER 19. 1895

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

15th Season, 1895-96.

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5t[A] s17

ON JOURNAL—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

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JOURNAL—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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1t sep22

SUNDAY GLOBE-
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895—THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

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DAILY GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 25,

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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TRAVELER, TUESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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TRANSCRIPT. MONDA
SEPTEMBER 23, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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[A] s26

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

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BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

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THE BEACON: BOSTON,
, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

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BOSTON COURIER,
SUNDAY MORNING,
SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

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TRANSCRIPT. TUES
SEPTEMBER 24, 189

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

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[A] s24

[3]

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

TEN CONCERTS IN

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE.

Thursday Evening, October 31.

Thursday Evening, November 21.

Thursday Evening, December 12.

Thursday Evening, January 2.

Thursday Evening, January 16.

Thursday Evening, February 6.

Thursday Evening, February 20.

Thursday Evening, March 12.

Thursday Evening, April 9.

Thursday Evening, April 30.

AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. DEVERE-SAPIO. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Miss MARIE BREMA.

Miss ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of ten concerts, $7.50.

The sale of season tickets will open at the University Book Store, **Saturday morning, October 26,** at 8 o'clock.

A limited number of reserved seats have been reserved for college officers and invited guests.

CUT-OUT

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

BOSTON

Symphony Orchestra.

FIFTEENTH SEASON.

Auction Sale of $12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Music Hall, this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock. Auction Sale of $7.50 Seats for Concerts tomorrow (Friday).

sep26

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE

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Offices Westminster, Eddy and

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor. *Fifteenth Season, 1895-96.*

6 GRAND CONCERTS

—IN—

Infantry Hall, *WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, Oct. 23, Nov. 27, Jan. 8, Feb. 12, March 18 and April 22.*

SOLO ARTISTS—

MME. DEVERE-SAPIO, MISS SZUMOWSKA,
MISS BLAUVELT, MR. BEN DAVIES
AND MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Season Tickets with reserved seats for the series of six concerts, $5. Programme books with descriptive notes on the works to be performed will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets. The sale of season tickets will open at the box office, Infantry Hall, MONDAY MORNING, October 14, at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

Providence Journal

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

6 GRAND CONCERTS
IN INFANTRY HALL,
Wednesday Evenings,
Oct. 23, Nov. 27, Jan. 8, Feb. 12, March 18 and April 22.
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[4]

LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN		Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
BEETHOVEN		Symphony No. 4
SCHUMANN		Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
DVORAK		Symphony in D minor
BRAHMS		Symphony No. 2, in D major
HAYDN		Symphony
GOETZ		Symphony in F, Op. 9
TSCHAIKOWSKY	(FIRST TIME.)	Symphony No. 6
MOZART		Symphony No. 9
BEETHOVEN		Overture, "Coriolanus"
HUMPERDINCK	(FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Hansel and Gretel"
WEBER		Overture, "Freischuetz"
CORNELIUS		Overture, "Barber of Bagdad"
ROSSINI		Overture, "William Tell"
BERLIOZ	(FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Corsair"
DVORAK	(FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Nature"
DVORAK		Capriccio
GOLDMARK		Overture, "Sakuntala"
VOLKMANN		Fest Overture
REZNICECK	(FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Donna Diana"
GODARD	(FIRST TIME.)	Suite
HAENDEL		Largo
MOZART		Turkish March
MOZART	(FIRST TIME.)	Variations
RICHARD STRAUSS	(FIRST TIME.)	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram"
TSCHAIKOWSKY		Variations
TSCHAIKOWSKY		"Elegie and Valse"
WAGNER		"Ride of the Valkyries"
WEBER–BERLIOZ		"Invitation to Dance"
HAYDN		Variations
JOH. STRAUSS	(FIRST TIME.)	Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo"

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

BOSTON

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oc7 J&B12t

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

FOURTEENTH SEASON IN PROVIDENCE.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

SIX CONCERTS IN
INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, October 23.

Wednesday Evening, November 27.

Wednesday Evening, January 8.

Wednesday Evening, February 12.

Wednesday Evening, March 18.

Wednesday Evening, April 22.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, PRECISELY.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. DEVERE-SAPIO. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Miss LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Miss ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of six concerts, $5.00. Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

The sale of season tickets will open at the box office, Infantry Hall, **Monday morning, October 14,** at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats, no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TENTH SEASON IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

90 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, November 11.

Monday Evening, December 16.

Monday Evening, January 20.

Monday Evening, February 24.

Monday Evening, March 23.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. MELBA. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Forty-six new Private Boxes, twenty on the parquet floor and twenty-six in the first balcony, have been placed in the Academy of Music during the past summer. Proscenium boxes seating eight, and the new boxes seating six and four, will be sold at $75, $63, and $42, respectively, for the series of five concerts.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7, $5, and $3.50, according to location.

The sale of tickets will open **Monday morning, November 4,** at Fischer's Music Store, 1221 Chestnut Street.

Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

INCOMPLETE

CUT-OUT

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER, 'Cello,
And Others.

DATES OF CONCERTS:

I. Tuesday Even'g, Nov. 12.
II. Friday Even'g, Dec. 20.
III. Friday Even'g, Jan. 24.
IV. Friday Even'g, Feb. 28.
V. Friday Even'g, Mch. 27.

SOLOISTS AT THE FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12,
Mme. MELBA, Soprano,
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto,
M. D'AUGIGNE, Tenor,
M. CAMPANARI, Basso.

COURSE TICKETS TO THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Sale of Course tickets begins on TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, at 8 o'clock, at the Art Galleries, 174 Montague street, next door to the Academy of Music, and will continue on and after October 16, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. and from 7:30 to 10 evenings, at 174 Montague st. Tickets may also be purchased at the office of the Institute, 502 Fulton st, on and after October 16, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. and from 7:30 to 10 evenings, and at 300 Fulton st (Chandler's) from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

The RESERVED SEAT TICKETS for the Course are $7.00, $5.00 and $4.00, according to location, as in former years.

SINGLE TICKETS TO THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The sale of Tickets for Single Concerts will be as follows: To the first concert (November 12), on and after SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2; to the remaining concerts after the concert next preceding at the same places and hours as the Course Tickets.

RESERVED SEATS to Single Concerts are $1.50 and $1.00, according to location.

Not more than Six Course Tickets can be purchased by one person in the line at the opening sale.

[5]

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

FOURTEENTH SEASON IN PROVIDENCE.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

SIX CONCERTS IN
INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, October 23.

Wednesday Evening, November 27.

Wednesday Evening, January 8.

Wednesday Evening, February 12.

Wednesday Evening, March 18.

Wednesday Evening, April 22.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, PRECISELY.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. DEVERE-SAPIO. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Miss LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Miss ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of six concerts, $5.00. Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

The sale of season tickets will open at the box office, Infantry Hall, **Monday morning, October 14,** at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats, no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TENTH SEASON IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

90 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, November 11.

Monday Evening, December 16.

Monday Evening, January 20.

Monday Evening, February 24.

Monday Evening, March 23.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. MELBA. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Forty-six new Private Boxes, twenty on the parquet floor and twenty-six in the first balcony, have been placed in the Academy of Music during the past summer. Proscenium boxes seating eight, and the new boxes seating six and four, will be sold at $75, $63, and $42, respectively, for the series of five concerts.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7, $5, and $3.50, according to location.

The sale of tickets will open **Monday morning, November 4,** at Fischer's Music Store, 1221 Chestnut Street.

Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

INCOMPLETE

Mr. TIMOTHEE ADAMOWSKI,
Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER, 'Cello,
And Others.

DATES OF CONCERTS:

I. Tuesday Even'g, Nov. 12.
II. Friday Even'g, Dec. 20.
III. Friday Even'g, Jan. 24.
IV. Friday Even'g, Feb. 28.
V. Friday Even'g, Mch. 27.

SOLOISTS AT THE FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12,
Mme. MELBA, Soprano,
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto,
M. D'AUGIGNE, Tenor,
M. CAMPANARI, Basso.

COURSE TICKETS TO THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

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CUT-OUT

[5]

LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
SCHUMANN	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
MENDELSSOHN	Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"
BRAHMS	Symphony No. 2, in D major
TSCHAIKOWSKY	Symphony No. 6 (FIRST TIME.)
WAGNER	Overture, "Flying Dutchman"
WAGNER	A Faust Overture
VOLKMANN	Fest Overture
REZNICECK	Overture, "Donna Diana" (FIRST TIME.)
DELIBES	Suite, "Sylvia"
GODARD	Suite (FIRST TIME.)
HAENDEL	Largo
MOZART	Turkish March
DVORAK	Capriccio
RICHARD STRAUSS	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram" (FIRST TIME.)

LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
SCHUMANN	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
BRAHMS	Symphony No. 2, in D major
TSCHAIKOWSKY	Symphony No. 6 (FIRST TIME.)
BEETHOVEN	Overture, "Dedication of the House"
HUMPERDINCK	Overture, "Hansel and Gretel (FIRST TIME.)
CORNELIUS	Overture, "Barber of Bagdad"
BERLIOZ	Overture, "Corsair" (FIRST TIME.)
BERLIOZ	"Menuet des Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"
REZNICECK	Overture, "Donna Diana" (FIRST TIME.)
GODARD	Suite (FIRST TIME.)
HAENDEL	Largo
MOZART	Variations
DVORAK	Capriccio
RICHARD STRAUSS	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram" (FIRST TIME.)
WAGNER	Kaisermarsch
WAGNER	"Ride of the Valkyries"

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER, 'Cello,
And Others.

DATES OF CONCERTS:

I. Tuesday Even'g, Nov. 12.
II. Friday Even'g, Dec. 20.
III. Friday Even'g, Jan. 24.
IV. Friday Even'g, Feb. 28.
V. Friday Even'g, Mch. 27.

SOLOISTS AT THE FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12,
Mme. MELBA, Soprano,
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto,
M. D'AUGIGNE, Tenor,
M. CAMPANARI, Basso.

COURSE TICKETS TO THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

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CUT-OUT

[5]

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

TO PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON.

Thursday Evening, November 14.

Tuesday Evening, December 17.

Tuesday Evening, January 21.

Tuesday Evening, February 25.

Tuesday Evening, March 24.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mr. G. CAMPANARI. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Mr. BEN DAVIES.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7 and $5, according to location.

The sale of tickets will open **Tuesday morning, November 5,** at 9 o'clock, at Metzerott's Music Store, 1110 F Street.

Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

ELEVENTH SEASON IN NEW YORK.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

87 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Friday Evening, November 15.

Thursday Evening, December 19.

Thursday Evening, January 23.

Thursday Evening, February 27.

Thursday Evening, March 26.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mme. MELBA. Mr. E. A. MACDOWELL.

Mr. BEN DAVIES. Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

And others to be announced.

Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7.50, $6, $5, and $3, and boxes, $50, $40, and $30, according to location, will be on sale at Schuberth's, 23 Union Square, and at the Box Office, Metropolitan Opera House, on and after **Monday, October 28.**

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TWELFTH SEASON IN BALTIMORE.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

87 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN MUSIC HALL,

Wednesday Evening, November 13.

Wednesday Evening, December 18.

Wednesday Evening, January 22.

Wednesday Evening, February 26.

Wednesday Evening, March 25.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

Mr. G. CAMPANARI.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7 and $5, according to location. Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

The sale of season tickets will open at Albert's Ticket Office, 13 North Charles Street, **Tuesday morning, November 5,** at 9 o'clock. To secure a fair distribution of seats, no more than ten tickets will be sold to one person.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

70 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON.

Thursday Evening, November 14.

Tuesday Evening, December 17.

Tuesday Evening, January 21.

Tuesday Evening, February 25.

Tuesday Evening, March 24.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mr. G. CAMPANARI. Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

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And others to be announced.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers of last season may secure their subscription tickets for the five concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House in advance of the public sale, by applying at Schuberth's, 23 Union Square, from Monday, Oct. 21, to Saturday, Oct. 26, inclusive.

C. A. ELLIS, *Manager.*

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TWELFTH SEASON IN BALTIMORE.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

87 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN MUSIC HALL,

Wednesday Evening, November 13.

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AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

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Mr. G. CAMPANARI.

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FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

70 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

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Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN	. . .	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
BEETHOVEN	. . . .	Symphony No. 4
SCHUMANN	. .	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
SCHUBERT	. . . . .	Unfinished Symphony
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . .	Symphony No. 6 (FIRST TIME.)
BEETHOVEN	. .	Overture, "Dedication of the House"
HUMPERDINCK	. .	Overture, "Hansel and Gretel" (FIRST TIME.)
CORNELIUS	. . .	Overture, "Barber of Bagdad"
BERLIOZ	. . . .	Overture, "Corsair" (FIRST TIME.)
BERLIOZ	.	"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"
REZNICECK	. . .	Overture, "Donna Diana" (FIRST TIME.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . . .	Variations
RICHARD STRAUSS	.	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram" (FIRST TIME.)
ZÖLLNER	. . .	"Midnight of Sedan" (FIRST TIME.)
WAGNER	. . . . .	Kaisermarsch

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TWELFTH SEASON IN BALTIMORE.

THE

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87 PERFORMERS

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LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN	. . . .	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
SCHUBERT	. . . .	Symphony in C major
HAYDN	. . . .	Symphony
BRAHMS	. . . .	Symphony No. 2, in D major
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . . (FIRST TIME.)	Symphony No. 6
BEETHOVEN	. .	Overture, "Dedication of the House"
HUMPERDINCK	. . . (FIRST TIME.)	Entr'acte, "Hansel and Gretel"
AUBER	. . . . (FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Carlo Broschi"
BERLIOZ	. "Menuet des Follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"	
REZNICECK	. . . (FIRST TIME.)	Overture, "Donna Diana"
DELIBES	. . . . .	Suite, "Sylvia"
HAENDEL	. . . . .	Largo
MOZART	. . . . .	Variations
MOZART	. . . . .	Turkish March
DVORAK	. . . . .	Capriccio
RICHARD STRAUSS	. (FIRST TIME.)	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram"
WAGNER	. . . . .	Kaisermarsch
WAGNER	. . . . .	"Ride of the Valkyries"
JOH. STRAUSS	. . . . .	Musical Joke, "Perpetuo Moto"
HAYDN	. . . . .	Variations
LISZT	. . . . .	Rhapsody No. 2

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

TWELFTH SEASON IN BALTIMORE.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

87 PERFORMERS

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

FIVE CONCERTS IN MUSIC HALL,

Wednesday Evening, November 13.

Wednesday Evening, December 18.

Wednesday Evening, January 22.

Wednesday Evening, February 26.

Wednesday Evening, March 25.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SOLO ARTISTS:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY. Mr. BEN DAVIES.

Mr. G. CAMPANARI.

And others to be announced.

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FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

ELEVENTH SEASON IN NEW YORK.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

87 PERFORMERS

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FIVE CONCERTS IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Friday Evening, November 15.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

70 PERFORMERS

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FIVE CONCERTS IN METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON.

Thursday Evening, November 14.

Tuesday Evening, December 17.

Tuesday Evening, January 21

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OSEFFY.

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, Manager.

LIST OF WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

BEETHOVEN	. . . .	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
SCHUMANN	. . .	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
MENDELSSOHN	. .	Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"
HAYDN	. . . . .	Symphony
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . . .	Symphony No. 6 (FIRST TIME.)
WAGNER	. . . . .	Overture, "Rienzi"
WAGNER	. . . . .	"Ride of the Valkyries"
AUBER	. . . . .	Overture, "Carlo Broschi"
SCHUBERT	. . . .	Overture, "Rosamunde"
REZNICECK	. . . .	Overture, "Donna Diana" (FIRST TIME.)
BERLIOZ	.	"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"
BERLIOZ	. . . . .	"Carneval" Overture
WEBER	. . . . .	Overture, "Oberon"
DELIBES	. . . . .	Suite, "Sylvia"
BEETHOVEN		"Claerchen's Death" and "Turkish March," from "Ruins of Athens"
GODARD	. . . . .	Suite (FIRST TIME.)
HAENDEL	. . . . .	Largo
MOZART	. . . . .	Turkish March
DVORAK	. . . . .	Capriccio
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . . .	Variations
TSCHAIKOWSKY	. . . . .	Elegie and Valse
LISZT	. . . . .	Rhapsody

...EVENING, NOV. 1, 1895.

THE SALE OF SINGLE TICKETS FOR THE FIRST CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, at the Brooklyn Institute, 502 Fulton St., and at Chandler's, 300 Fulton St.

ASSISTING ARTISTS:

MME. MELBA,
MME. SCALCHI,
MR. D'AUBIGNE,
MR. CAMPANARI.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE-FRIDAY.

NOVEMBER 1, 189...

THE SALE OF SINGLE TICKETS FOR THE FIRST CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, at the Brooklyn Institute, 502 Fulton St, and at Chandlers', 300 Fulton St.

ASSISTING ARTISTS:

MME. MELBA,
MME. SCALCHI,
MR. D'AUBIGNE,
MR. CAMPANARI.

Special Announcement.

Appreciating most sincerely the hearty and successful co-operation of the

Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

AND THE

Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn

in the series of concerts now drawing to a close, the management of the

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor, takes great pleasure in announcing a similar series of Five Concerts at the Academy of Music for the season of 1896–97, under the same auspices. Further details will be announced in due season.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET --

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
LOUIS SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

11th Season, 1895-96

EIGHT CONCERTS

In Association Hall, Boylston and Berkeley Sts.,

ON MONDAY EVENINGS, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 39, Jan. 12, Feb. 17, March 9, April 6, and April 27.

ASSISTING ARTISTS: Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Gesselschap, Messrs. Baerman, MacDowell, Perabo, Arthur Foote, and Pourtau.

The following is a partial list of the works to be performed:

BEETHOVEN,	Quartets: Op. 18, 59, 29, 130; and Quintet, F minor, op. 95.
MOZART,	Quintet with Clarinet; Quartet for Piano and Strings in G minor.
HAYDN,	Quartets in G major and D major.
SCHUBERT,	Quintet in C major.
RUBINSTEIN,	Quartet in C minor.
BRAHMS,	Sextet in B-flat, op. 18; Quartets in B-flat, op. 67, and G major, op. 111; Quartet for Piano and Strings in F minor.
DVOŘAK,	Quartet in E major, op. 80; Quintet in E-flat major, op. 97.

NOVELTIES.

(First time in Boston.)

CÆSAR FRANK,	Quartet in D major.
EMILE BERNARD,	Suite, op. 34.
BRAHMS,	Clarinet Sonatas (Piano and Clarinet).
HÆNDEL,	Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra.
BACH,	Concerto Grosso for String Orchertra (MS.)
C. M. LOEFFLER,	Octet.
DVOŘAK,	Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, "Dumki."

Subscription Tickets, with reserved seats for the series, $8.00, on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Monday October 21, at 9 A. M.

J. SAUERQUELL, Sec'y.

THE STANDARD UNION.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 1, 1895.

THE SALE OF SINGLE TICKETS FOR THE FIRST CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, at the Brooklyn Institute, 502 Fulton St., and at Chandler's, 300 Fulton St.

ASSISTING ARTISTS:

MME. MELBA,
MME. SCALCHI,
MR. D'AUBIGNE,
MR. CAMPANARI.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—FRIDAY.

NOVEMBER 1, 1895

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ASSISTING ARTISTS:

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MME. SCALCHI,
MR. D'AUBIGNE,
MR. CAMPANARI.

Special Announcement.

Appreciating most sincerely the hearty and successful co-operation of the

Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

AND THE

Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn

in the series of concerts now drawing to a close, the management of the

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor, takes great pleasure in announcing a similar series of Five Concerts at the Academy of Music for the season of 1896–97, under the same auspices. Further details will be announced in due season.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET --

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin
OTTO ROTH, 2d Violin
LOUIS SVECENSKI, Viola
ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

11th Season, 1895-96

EIGHT CONCERTS

In Association Hall, Boylston and Berkeley Sts.,

ON MONDAY EVENINGS, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 39, Jan. 12, Feb. 17, March 9, April 6, and April 27.

ASSISTING ARTISTS: Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Gesselschap, Messrs. Baerman, MacDowell, Perabo, Arthur Foote, and Pourtau.

The following is a partial list of the works to be performed:

BEETHOVEN,	Quartets: Op. 18, 59, 29, 130; and Quintet, F minor, op. 95.
MOZART,	Quintet with Clarinet; Quartet for Piano and Strings in G minor.
HAYDN,	Quartets in G major and D major.
SCHUBERT,	Quintet in C major.
RUBINSTEIN,	Quartet in C minor.
BRAHMS,	Sextet in B-flat, op. 18; Quartets in B-flat, op. 67, and G major, op. 111; Quartet for Piano and Strings in F minor.
DVOŘAK,	Quartet in E major, op. 80; Quintet in E-flat major, op. 97.

NOVELTIES.

(First time in Boston.)

CÆSAR FRANK,	Quartet in D major.
EMILE BERNARD,	Suite, op. 34.
BRAHMS,	Clarinet Sonatas (Piano and Clarinet).
HÆNDEL,	Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra.
BACH,	Concerto Grosso for String Orchertra (MS.)
C. M. LOEFFLER,	Octet.
DVOŘAK,	Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, "Dumki."

Subscription Tickets, with reserved seats for the series, $8.00, on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Monday October 21, at 9 A. M.

J. SAUERQUELL, Sec'y.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor

Comments of the New York Press on the concert given in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Thursday evening, March twenty-sixth, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six

Fifteenth Season, 1895–96

Beginning October 15, 1895, 1306th Performance

Ending May 2, 1896, 1404th Performance

The Sun.

Full almost to the point of surfeit as has been the present musical season in New York, it was yet with feelings of genuine regret that all true lovers of orchestral music last night bade farewell for a season to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston orchestra is ever the same, from conductor unto conductor, and, under whatever conditions of leadership, still remains **the standard by which all other like musical bodies must be measured in this country.** By years of association these Boston men have attained not only a precision and unanimity of purpose not surpassed in the world perhaps, but there shines through all this work the light of individual enthusiasm and pure devotion to high ideals, so that they compel, invariably, admiration and respect.

The Herald.

It was simply the perfection of orchestral playing that one heard last evening. Such tonal beauty — *Klangschönheit*, as the Germans have it — has not been listened to in a long while. The strings sounded simply intoxicating, and the brass and wood-winds were hardly less fine.

À bientôt, ye Boston Symphonists! You will not be readily forgotten; for last night you played like mastersingers, all of you.

The Tribune.

Last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New York has enjoyed this season. Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end, that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number. The enthusiasm broke out with the first number, and was continued in each brief intermission, rolling now high, now lower, like the huge waves of the sea. The orchestra played superbly. Mr. Paur conducted finely.

The Recorder.

The orchestra is still the finest body of its kind on this side of the water; and last evening it fully justified its reputation. The various selections were rendered in a manner entirely beyond cavil.

The Press.

The performance was a fit ending to an extremely successful season; and we promise a hearty welcome next fall to this fine band of players, and trust that they will fiddle and blow harmoniously for many years to come.

The Times.

The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be.

Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most *blasé* concert-goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic.

The Mail and Express.

The final Boston Symphony concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was one of the best concerts New Yorkers have had the privilege of hearing this season. Mr. Paur was on his mettle. He led with enthusiasm and energy last night, and his men responded with an *esprit de corps* that could not have been more unanimous.

In quality and tone, in unanimity and precision, and in delicacy of effect and fineness of shading the Boston orchestra easily leads here.

The Staats-Zeitung.

There seems to be nothing left for us New Yorkers to do but to imitate the Bostonians. It is impossible to imagine a higher standard; and, if the Boston Symphony could be heard to-day in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, there is hardly a doubt but what the critics there would surpass anything that has been said in praise of the orchestra in this country. To make it short, let the reader think of every conceivable superlative of praise, and use them in connection with last night's concert of the Boston Symphony, and he will have done all that we could do.

The Independent.

The Boston Symphony gave an extraordinary concert of Wagner numbers on Thursday evening. Nothing could surpass the sonorous, thrilling vitality of such playing,— the precision, the articulation, so to say, the emotional coloring of the work. It was the last concert by the Bostonians for this season, its fifteenth season at home, its tenth in New York, its forty-seventh concert with us, and its one thousand three hundred and eighty-eighth concert since organizing! Think of what such a record means in such a case! The hearer came from the hall convinced that it is — under any conductor, and by its own superb making-up, its own aggregate of superior musicians — the "greatest" orchestra in virtuosity that the musical world knows.

COLORED PAPER

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
SEASON 1895-96. 492
CONCERTS.
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
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BOSTON MUSIC HALL 740
Boston Symphony Orchestra
MR. EMIL PAUR
Conductor
PUBLIC REHEARSAL
Friday Afternoon, October 18, at 2.30 o'clock
ADMIT ONE C. A. Ellis Manager

INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE.
Boston Symphony Orchestra.
MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12,
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18,
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.
EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
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FLOOR
CC 38

COLORED PAPER

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1895-96.

CONCERTS.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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CONCERTS.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1895-96. 700

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SEASON 1895-96. 418

REHEARSALS.

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL 740

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Conductor

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Friday Afternoon, October 18, at 2.30 o'clock

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EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

1	2	3	4	5	6

FLOOR

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 77.
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

Programmes of Some of the Earlier Concerts.

Noted Artists Whose Engagement Is Announced—Fifteenth Year of the Famous Orchestral Organization—Dates for the Sales of Tickets—Performances in Other Cities.

The annual announcement of the Boston Symphony orchestra is awaited with eager curiosity each autumn by thousands of music lovers, who find enjoyment in the faultless performances of this great organization. No topic possesses more interest in musical circles at present than the arrangements for the approaching season. For the 15th consecutive year will be given a series of high class concerts, which can be equalled in no other city. It is impossible at this early date to give all details of a series of performances lasting from October to May. The experience of 14 years has shown that the confidence of the public in this enterprise has never been misplaced, and that whatever is undertaken is carried out in the most perfect manner possible. Enough is known to justify the statement that the season of 1895-96 will be one of the most brilliant in the career of the orchestra.

The orchestral forces will number 87 players, including all the principal artists, whose efforts have added so much to the prestige of the concerts in recent years. This constitutes the largest permanent orchestra maintained exclusively for concert purposes in the

MME. MELBA.

world. Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The dates of the first performances will be Oct. 18 and 19.

While the primary object and the chief attraction of the concerts is the performance of great orchestral works, the solo artists constitute an important feature in the minds of many. During the approaching season the orchestra will have the co-operation of the greatest vocal and instrumental artists that are available, including several who hold a very high place in the esteem of the public and who have not been heard here for several years. Among those engaged are: Mme. Melba, Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mme. Clementine De Vere, Miss Lillian Blau-

MISS SZUMOWSKA.

velt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, E. A. MacDowell, Carl Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz. Others will be added to this list later.

Conductor Paur has been in Europe during the summer, and it is expected that he will bring a portfolio of novelties when he returns late in September.

The programmes of some of the earlier concerts are as follows:

I. Concert, Saturday, Oct. 19.

Symphony No. 1 ..... Brahms
Andante and variations ..... Mozart
Cappriccio ..... Dvorak
Overture, "Leonore" No. 3 ..... Beethoven

II. Concert, Saturday, Oct. 26.

Overture, "Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner
Aria.

Miss De Vere.

GEORG HENSCHEL.

Suite ..... MacDowell
Aria.

Miss De Vere.

Symphony No. 5 ..... Beethoven

III. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Symphony, "Harold in Italy" ..... Berlioz
(Viola obligato, Mr. Kneisel.)
Aria.

Miss Blauvelt.

Variations ..... Tschaikowsky
Aria.

Miss Blauvelt.

Overture, "Sakuntala" ..... Goldmark

IV. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 9.

Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber
Aria.
Scotch symphony ..... Mendelssohn
Aria.
Huldigungsmarsch ..... Wagner

V. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Symphony No. 8 ..... Beethoven
Aria (Miss Brema).
Overture, "In der Natur" ..... Dvorak
(First time.)
Prelude, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Aria (Miss Brema).
Hungarian rhapsody ..... Liszt
Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini" .....
(First time.) ..... Tschaikowsky
Symphony ..... Goetz

Season tickets will be sold by auction, as has been the custom for several years past. There will be two prices for each series, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. The $12 seats for

EMIL PAUR.

the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold at Music Hall on Monday, Sept. 23. The $7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 24. The $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Sept. 26, and the $7.50 concert seats will be sold on Friday, Sept. 27. The sales will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

The payment of premiums conveys

MARIE BREMA.

to many the idea of high cost, but it should be borne in mind that $12 and $7.50 for 24 high-class performances are only nominal prices, and that the seating capacity of the hour at these rates would yield but a small proportion of the outlay for the concerts.

The orchestra's season outside of Boston will include a series of concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Music Hall, Baltimore; Metzerott Hall, Washington; Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Infantry Hall, Providence; Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and occa-

JOSEFFY.

sional performances in several other cities.

ANDREW LANG AND EVE.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

Andrew Lang brags that he has never read "The Heavenly Twins," and that only one man of his acquaintance has read it. He asserts that he has never been able to learn what it was all about. The men that he knew couldn't tell him, and the ladies wouldn't. Most people read novels for one of two reasons—if the novels are known to be good they read them for pleasure, and if they are known to be improper they read them out of curiosity. Mr. Lang seems to be superior to curiosity of that sort. He is a fortunate and well regulated man. He wants to know only what he has reason to believe is worth knowing.

MRS. HENSCHEL.

Would that our mother Eve had more of his self-contained moderation!

DON'T.

(From Harper's Round Table.)

"I'm tired of 'don'ts'," said Margaret H,
"Just as tired of 'don'ts' as I can be,
For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
'Don't' mumble your words, 'don't' say I won't,
Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't'!
Some time or other I hope—don't you?
Some one or other will say, 'Please do'!"

SUNDAY GLOBE—SEPTEMBER 15, 1895

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Announcement of the Next Symphony Season.

"Martha" at the Castle Sq Theater—"The Trigane" and "Madeleine."

Coming Concert Events and Gossip About Singers and Players.

The Boston symphony orchestra will begin its 15th season, Oct 18. For years the weekly public rehearsals and concerts of this organization have been in high favor with all classes of music lovers, and the arrangements, now nearly completed, for 1895-96, insure a continuance of their great popularity. The orchestra, made up of the same players as last year, will number 87 men, constituting the largest permanent orchestra maintained exclusively for concert purposes in the world. Composed of picked men of the profession, it has reached a degree of proficiency only to be acquired through years of training, and at its hands the great orchestral works receive interpretations that cannot be surpassed.

Twenty-four concerts will be given on Saturday evenings and 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons at Music hall. It is impossible to give in advance all details of a series of performances lasting from October to May. The programs will include a wide variety of standard works of old and modern composers and many attractive novelties. All worthy schools of music will be represented and all tastes will be considered.

While the solo numbers are a secondary consideration in this scheme, they form a very important feature, in the opinion of a considerable portion of the public. The services of the greatest artists available, both vocal and instrumental, have been secured, and their cooperation will add greatly to the brilliancy of the concerts. Engagements have been made with Mme Melba, Miss Brema, Mrs Henschel, Miss De Vere, Miss Szumowska, Mr Ben Davies, Messrs George Henschel, Emil Fischer, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz. Others will be added to the list later.

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In addition to the Boston concerts the orchestra will give a series in the Metropolitan opera house, New York, the academy of music, Philadelphia, Music hall, Baltimore, Metzerott hall, Washington, the academy of music, Brooklyn, Infantry hall, Providence, Sanders theater, Cambridge, and single concerts in several other cities.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, 1895.

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Boston Transcript
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1895.

The Symphony Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, during 1895-96, will give forty-eight performances in Music Hall—twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings. The dates of the first performances will be Oct. 18 and 19. All details of so extended a series cannot be given now, but the arrangements for the season promise the usual attractive concerts. The orchestra will number eighty-seven players, and, with one or two exceptions, will be made up of the same players as last year. The list of solo artists engaged includes Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Schulz and others. The programmes of some of the earlier concerts are as follows:

I. Concert, Saturday, Oct. 19.

Symphony No. 1 ..... Brahms
Andante and variations ..... Mozart
Cappriccio ..... Dvorak
Overture "Leonore No. 3." ..... Beethoven

II. Concert, Saturday, Oct. 26.

Overture "Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner
Aria (Mme. De Vere-Sapio).
Suite ..... MacDowell
Aria (Mme. De Vere-Sapio) ..... Beethoven
Symphony No. 5.

III. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Symphony "Harold in Italy" ..... Berlioz
(Solo Viola, Mr. Kneisel.)
Aria (Miss Blauvelt) .....
Variations ..... Tschaikowsky
Aria (Miss Blauvelt).
Overture "Sakuntala" ..... Goldmark

IV. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 9

Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber
Aria.
Scotch Symphony ..... Mendelssohn
Aria.
Huldigungsmarsch ..... Wagner

V. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Symphony No. 8 ..... Beethoven
Aria (Miss Brema).
Overture, "In der Natur" ..... Dvorak
(First time.)
Prelude, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Aria (Miss Brema).
Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt

The auction sales of season tickets will be held at Music Hall next week, full particulars being given in our advertising columns.

THE BOSTON TIMES
BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 18, and will consist of twenty-four rehearsals and twenty-four concerts at Music hall. The seats will be sold at auction at Music hall, as follows: The $12.00 seats for rehearsals, on Monday Sept. 23, at 10 a. m; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals, on Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 10 a. m.; the $12.00 seats for concerts, on Thursday, Sept. 26, at 10 a. m; the $7.50 seats for concerts, on Friday, Sept. 27, at 10 a. m.

Bids will be accepted in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately re sold.

The conductor, Mr. Paur, has devoted him self during the summer to the preparation of the programmes, and the examination and selection of numerous new and interesting works by famous composers.

The performance of the orchestra will be supplemented by those of a brilliant array of solo artists, both vocal and instrumental. Among them are, Mme. Melba, Mrs. George Henschel, and Joseffy, the famous pianist, and the season in this particular promises to be of the very highest merit and interest.

The orchestra will also give a series of concerts in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brookiyn, Providence and Cambridge, and occasional concerts in other cities.

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

Century

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St. Paul, MN 55119

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SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 77.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON.

Programmes of Some of the Earlier Concerts.

Noted Artists Whose Engagement Is Announced—Fifteenth Year of the Famous Orchestral Organization—Dates for the Sales of Tickets—Performances in Other Cities.

The annual announcement of the Boston Symphony orchestra is awaited with eager curiosity each autumn by thousands of music lovers, who find enjoyment in the faultless performances of this great organization. No topic possesses more interest in musical circles at present than the arrangements for the approaching season. For the 15th consecutive year will be given a series of high class concerts, which can be equalled in no other city. It is impossible at this early date to give all details of a series of performances lasting from October to May. The experience of 14 years has shown that the confidence of the public in this enterprise has never been misplaced, and that whatever is undertaken is carried out in the most perfect manner possible. Enough is known to justify the statement that the season of 1895-96 will be one of the most brilliant in the career of the orchestra.

The orchestral forces will number 87 players, including all the principal artists, whose efforts have added so much to the prestige of the concerts in recent years. This constitutes the largest permanent orchestra maintained exclusively for concert purposes in the

MME. MELBA.

world. Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The dates of the first performances will be Oct. 18 and 19.

While the primary object and the chief attraction of the concerts is the performance of great orchestral works, the solo artists constitute an important feature in the minds of many. During the approaching season the orchestra will have the co-operation of the greatest vocal and instrumental artists that are available, including several who hold a very high place in the esteem of the public and who have not been heard here for several years. Among those engaged are: Mme. Melba, Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mme. Clementine De Vere, Miss Lillian Blau-

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Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Aria.

Miss De Vere.

Fantasie, "Francesca da Rimini".....Tschaikowsky
(First time.)
Symphony.....Goetz

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(From Harper's Weekly.)

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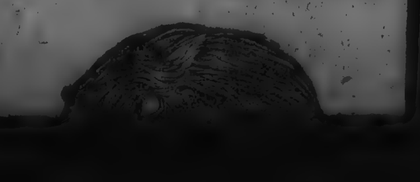

N SUNDAY GLOBE—SEPTEMBER 15, 1895

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Announcement of the Next Symphony Season.

"Martha" at the Castle Sq Theater—"The Tzigane" and "Madeleine."

Coming Concert Events and Gossip About Singers and Players.

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Boston Transcript

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Aria (Mme. De Vere-Sapio).....
Suite.....MacDowell
Aria (Mme. De Vere-Sapio).....
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Symphony "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
(Solo Viola, Mr. Kneisel.)
Aria (Miss Blauvelt).....
Variations.....Tschaikowsky
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Overture "Sakuntala".....Goldmark

IV. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 9

Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Aria.....
Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn
Aria.....
Huldigungsmarsch.....Wagner

V. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
Aria (Miss Brema).....
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Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

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Boston Sunday Globe.

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THE BOSTON TIMES

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The performance of the orchestra will be supplemented by those of a brilliant array of solo artists, both vocal and instrumental. Among them are, Mme. Melba, Mrs. George Henschel, and Joseffy, the famous pianist, and the season in this particular promises to be of the very highest merit and interest.

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Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

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Aria.

Miss De Vere.

GEORG HENSCHEL.

Suite .....MacDowell
Aria.

Miss De Vere.

Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

III. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Symphony, "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
(Viola obligato, Mr. Kneisel.)
Aria.

Miss Blauvelt.

Variations .....Tschaikowsky
Aria.

Miss Blauvelt.

Overture, "Sakuntala".....Goldmark

IV. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 9.

Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Aria.
Scotch symphony.....Mendelssohn
Aria.
Huldigungsmarsch.....Wagner

V. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
Aria.
Overture, "In der Natur".....Dvorak
(First time.)
Prelude, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Aria.

Miss Brema.

Hungarian rhapsody.....Liszt

VI. Concert, Saturday, Nov. 30.

Overture, "Richard III."....Liszt
Concerto for violin.

Mr. Kneisel.

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MRS. HENSCHEL.

Would that our mother Eve had more of his self-contained moderation!

DON'T.
(From Harper's Round Table.)

"I'm tired of 'don'ts'," said Margaret B,
"Just as tired of 'don'ts' as I can be,
For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
'Don't' mumble your words, 'don't' say 'I won't.'
Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't'!
Some time or other I hope—'don't' you?
Some one or other will say, 'Please do't.'"

Coming Concert Events and Gossip About Singers and Players.

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Coming Concert Events and Gossip About Singers and Players.

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Twenty-four concerts will be given on Saturday evenings and 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons at Music hall. It is impossible to give in advance all details of a series of performances lasting from October to May. The programs will include a wide variety of standard works of old and modern composers and many attractive novelties. All worthy schools of music will be represented and all tastes will be considered.

While the solo numbers are a secondary consideration in this scheme, they form a very important feature, in the opinion of a considerable portion of the public. The services of the greatest artists available, both vocal and instrumental, have been secured, and their cooperation will add greatly to the brilliancy of the concerts. Engagements have been made with Mme Melba, Miss Brema, Mrs Henschel, Miss De Vere, Miss Szumowska, Mr Ben Davies, Messrs George Henschel, Emil Fischer, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz. Others will be added to the list later.

Season tickets will be sold by auction, as has been the custom for several years past. There will be two prices for each series, $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. The $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold Monday, Sept 23, the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, Sept 24, the $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts Thursday, Sept 26, and the $7.50 concert seats Friday, Sept 27. All the sales will be held in Music hall and will begin each day at 10 a m. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be resold.

In addition to the Boston concerts the orchestra will give a series in the Metropolitan opera house, New York, the academy of Music, Philadelphia, Music hall, Baltimore, Metzerott hall, Washington, the academy of Music, Brooklyn, Infantry hall, Providence, Sanders theater, Cambridge, and single concerts in several other cities.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 15th season Oct. 18. The weekly concerts of this great organization, perfect in every detail, provide musical entertainment of the highest order, and the arrangements for the coming season insure a continuance of the favor in which they are held by all classes of the musical public. The high standard of musicianship required in every player long ago gave it a membership which can hardly be improved, and few changes are made from year to year. The season will comprise as usual 48 performances, 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The programs have been arranged with care by Mr. Paur during the summer. They embrace a wide variety of standard works by old and modern composers and many attractive novelties. All worthy schools of music are represented and all tastes have been considered. Some of the works which will have a first hearing during the season are the following:

Overture, "In der Natur" ..... Dvorak
Fantasie, "Francesca da Rimini" ..... Tschaikowsky
Prelude, "Der Rubin" ..... D'Albert
Prelude, "Guntram" ..... Richard Strauss
Fantasie in F minor, op. 103 ..... Schubert
(Orchestrated by Felix Mottl).
Ballet Suite ..... Rameau
Symphony No. 4 ..... Glazounow
Symphonic Poem ..... Zellner
Overture, "Kuss" ..... Smetana

The list of solo artists engaged is as follows: It includes the names of Mrs. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Davies, Henschel, Fischer, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

The sales of season tickets will be by auction. There will be two classes of tickets for each series, $12 and $7 50, according to location of seats. The $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 23; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 24; the $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Sept. 26 and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 27.

The sales will all be held in Music Hall and will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold. In addition to the Boston concerts the orchestra will give a series during the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Metzerott Hall, Washington; Music Hall, Baltimore; the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Infantry Hall, Providence; Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and single concerts in several other cities.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The fifteenth season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. The orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Josseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The auction sales of season tickets will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 26 and 27.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 15th season on Oct. 18, and will give its usual series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts at Music Hall.

This fine organization has long been firmly established in the favor of the musical public and its coming concerts promise to be in all respects as brilliant and successful as in past seasons. Engagements have been made with a number of distinguished solo artists whose appearance will add greatly to the attractiveness of the concerts. The list includes Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Schulz and others.

The auction sales of season tickets for both series will be held at Music Hall next week. The prices will be the same as last year; $12 and $7.50, according to location of seats. The $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 23; the $7.50 seats for rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 24; the $12 for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Sept. 26, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 27. The sales will begin each day at 10 A.M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be resold.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15. 1895.

MUSIC.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The fifteenth season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and the indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. The orchestra will be the same in size and membership as that of last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes, which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works. The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroder and Schulz. Twenty-four concerts will be given in Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The auction sales of season tickets will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 26 and 27.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The 15th season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. The Orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The auction sales of season tickets will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 26 and 27.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

Next Monday morning begins the auction sale of the seats for the Symphony Rehearsals, and next Thursday morning the auction sale of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts. It is not hazarding much to say that the interest and the competition for seats will prove as great as usual, and that it will be the part of wisdom to make up one's mind now what one wants and at what figures. Certainly, the special attractions set forth in the prospectus for the season have rarely been excelled. The orchestra will be nearly ninety strong, and under the direction of the experienced and devoted Paur. For soloists, there are Mme. Melba, Miss Marie Brema, the Henschels, Mr. Joseffy, the pianist; Mr. Ondricek, the violinist; and other distinguished stars. But a good wine needs no bush.

The announcements made concerning the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will awaken pleasant anticipations in the minds of the admirers of this organization. The appearance of many famous solo artists will add variety and attractiveness to the performances of the orchestra. Melba will be heard in one concert; Joseffy and the Henschels will be warmly welcomed after an absence of several years; Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, will make his Boston debut with the orchestra; and the names of Miss Brema, Madame De Vere-Sapio, Miss Blauvelt, Miss Szumowska, Ben Davies, E. A. McDowell, Carl Faelten, and others complete a notable list of artists. The auction sales of season tickets for the public rehearsals and concerts will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. Full particulars are given in our advertising columns.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The 15th season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. The Orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The auction sales of season tickets will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 26 and 27.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1895

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give during the season of 1895-96 forty-eight performances in Music Hall—twenty-four so-called public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and twenty-four concerts Saturday evenings. October 18 and 19 will be the dates of the first two performances. With their customary liberality the management has provided a series of attractive concerts that will be notable even in the annals of this organization. While minor details of the extended series are not fully developed, the arrangements are so far completed that already success is assured and the music-loving public of Boston is only awaiting the opening of the box-office to attest their appreciation of the inimitable "Symphony."

The orchestra includes eighty-seven, and with few exceptions they will be the same players as last season. The list of solo artists engaged includes Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Schulz and others.

Tickets for the series of concerts and for the series of rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to location. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Monday, September 23, at 10 A. M.; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, September 24, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, September 26, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, September 27, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The first and most important of the musical announcements of the year is that of the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose series of concerts at Boston Music Hall will include 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 18, and 24 evening concerts on Saturdays, beginning Oct. 19, all under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, who is about to arrive from a summer spent in Europe, during which the most important works of the later writers were brought to his attention. To the performances of this unrivaled orchestra will be added those of a notable list of soloists, which comprises the reigning dramatical musical star, Mrs. Melba, and many well-known artists, among whom are Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. DeVere-Sapio and Rafael Joseffy, who reappears after several seasons of complete retirement. The sale of tickets will be by auction at Music Hall for the rehearsals, on Monday and Tuesday next, and for the evenings on Thursday and Friday next.

Boston Journal.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The 15th season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. With their customary liberality the management has provided a series of attractive concerts that will be notable even in the annals of this organization. The Orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Tickets for the series of concerts and for the scries of rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to location. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Monday, September 23, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, September 24, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, September 26, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, September 27, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 84.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The facts that have been published concerning the approaching season of the Boston Symphony orchestra have occasioned much favorable comment in musical circles, and the opinion seems general that the announcement for 1895-96 is one of the most attractive ever made by the management. The list of solo artists engaged seems particularly well chosen, and the programmes, as far as announced, leave nothing to be desired. The number of inquiries received at Music Hall has been very large, and the ticket brokers report more orders for seats than in the last two years. There is every indication that the entire capacity of the hall will be disposed of at the auction sales. The plan adopted of selling the seats by auction creates a wide variety of prices and suits all purses. While there is usually sharp competition for places in certain parts of the hall, there has never yet been a year when hundreds of good seats have not been sold at merely nominal premiums, and intending purchasers will do well to attend the auctions in person, if possible. The sales will begin tomorrow (Monday) morning, in Music Hall, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The $7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday. The $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts on Thursday, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday. Full particulars of the terms of the sale may be found in the advertisement in another column.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 22, 1895.

Sale of Symphony Seats.

The prospectus of the 15th season of the Boston symphony orchestra will be read with interest by all lovers of music. This superb orchestra, under the accomplished leadership of Mr Emil Paur, will be heard at Boston Music hall during its usual series of 24 public rehearsals, to take place on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct 18, and of 24 Saturday evening concerts, beginning Oct 19. Commendation of this splendid body of musicians is superfluous. It has long been recognized as the standard in this country, and has no reason to fear comparison with the most noted orchestras of the old world.

Liberal provision has been made for soloists, the list of names including those of Miss Marie Brema, Mrs Georg Henschel, Mme de-Vere-Sapio, Miss Lilian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mr Ben Davies, Mr Georg Henschel, and others, and being notable for its inclusion of the renowned Melba, and the old favorite, Joseffy, whose reappearance after a long period of seclusion will be gladly hailed.

The auction sale of course tickets will be held at Music hall next Monday and Tuesday for the rehearsals, and next Thursday and Friday for the evenings.

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1895

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE.

Every indication points to a large attendance and a brisk rivalry among the patrons of the Symphony Orchestra to secure their favorite seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals at the auction sale of tickets to be held in Music Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock. Only $12 seats will be offered today.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) at the same hour the $7 50 seats will be sold. The sale will be continued on Thursday and Friday, when the concert tickets will be sold.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 15th season Oct. 18. The weekly concerts of this great organization, perfect in every detail, provide musical entertainment of the highest order, and the arrangements for the coming season insure a continuance of the favor in which they are held by all classes of the musical public. The high standard of musicianship required in every player long ago gave it a membership which can hardly be improved, and few changes are made from year to year. The season will comprise as usual 48 performances, 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The programs have been arranged with care by Mr. Paur during the summer. They embrace a wide variety of standard works by old and modern composers and many attractive novelties. All worthy schools of music are represented and all tastes have been considered. Some of the works which will have a first hearing during the season are the following:

Overture, "In der Natur" .....Dvorak
Fantasie, "Francesca da Rimini" .....Tschaikowsky
Prelude, "Der Rubin" .....D'Albert
Prelude, "Guntram" .....Richard Strauss
Fantasie in F minor, op. 103 .....Schubert
(Orchestrated by Felix Motti).
Ballet Suite .....Rameau
Symphony No. 4 .....Glazounow
Symphonic Poem .....Zellner
Overture, "Kuss" .....Smetana

The list of solo artists engaged is as follows: It includes the names of Mrs. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Davies, Henschel, Fischer, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

The sales of season tickets will be by auction. There will be two classes of tickets for each series, $12 and $7 50, according to location of seats. The $12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 23; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 24; the $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Sept. 26 and the $7 50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 27.

The sales will all be held in Music Hall and will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold. In addition to the Boston concerts the orchestra will give a series during the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Metzerott Hall, Washington; Music Hall, Baltimore; the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Infantry Hall, Providence; Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and single concerts in several other cities.

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Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15. 1895.

MUSIC.

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Boston Courier.

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Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

Next Monday morning begins the auction sale of the seats for the Symphony Rehearsals, and next Thursday morning the auction sale of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts. It is not hazarding much to say that the interest and the competition for seats will prove as great as usual, and that it will be the part of wisdom to make up one's mind now what one wants and at what figures. Certainly, the special attractions set forth in the prospectus for the season have rarely been excelled. The orchestra will be nearly ninety strong, and under the direction of the experienced and devoted Paur. For soloists, there are Mme. Melba, Miss Marie Brema, the Henschels, Mr. Joseffy, the pianist; Mr. Ondricek, the violinist; and other distinguished stars. But a good wine needs no bush.

The announcements made concerning the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will awaken pleasant anticipations in the minds of the admirers of this organization. The appearance of many famous solo artists will add variety and attractiveness to the performances of the orchestra. Melba will be heard in one concert; Joseffy and the Henschels will be warmly welcomed after an absence of several years; Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, will make his Boston debut with the orchestra; and the names of Miss Brema, Madame De Vere-Sapio, Miss Blauvelt, Miss Szumowska, Ben Davies, E. A. McDowell, Carl Faelten, and others complete a notable list of artists. The auction sales of season tickets for the public rehearsals and concerts will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. Full particulars are given in our advertising columns.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The 15th season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. The Orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Twenty-four concerts will be given at Music Hall on Saturday evenings, and twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The auction sales of season tickets will be held in Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 26 and 27.

The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1895

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give during the season of 1895-96 forty-eight performances in Music Hall—twenty-four so-called public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and twenty-four concerts Saturday evenings. October 18 and 19 will be the dates of the first two performances. With their customary liberality the management has provided a series of attractive concerts that will be notable even in the annals of this organization. While minor details of the extended series are not fully developed, the arrangements are so far completed that already success is assured and the music-loving public of Boston is only awaiting the opening of the box-office to attest their appreciation of the inimitable "Symphony."

The orchestra includes eighty-seven, and with few exceptions they will be the same players as last season. The list of solo artists engaged includes Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelten, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Schulz and others.

Tickets for the series of concerts and for the series of rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to location. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Monday, September 23, at 10 A. M.; the $7 50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, September 24, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, September 26, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, September 27, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The first and most important of the musical announcements of the year is that of the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose series of concerts at Boston Music Hall will include 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 18, and 24 evening concerts on Saturdays, beginning Oct. 19, all under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, who is about to arrive from a summer spent in Europe, during which the most important works of the later writers were brought to his attention. To the performances of this unrivaled orchestra will be added those of a notable list of soloists, which comprises the reigning dramatical musical star, Mrs. Melba, and many well-known artists, among whom are Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. DeVere-Sapio and Rafael Joseffy, who reappears after several seasons of complete retirement. The sale of tickets will be by auction at Music Hall for the rehearsals, on Monday and Tuesday next, and for the evenings on Thursday and Friday next.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The first and most important of the musical announcements of the year is that of the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose series of concerts at Boston Music Hall will include 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 18, and 24 evening concerts on Saturdays, beginning Oct. 19, all under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, who is about to arrive from a summer spent in Europe, during which the most important works of the later writers were brought to his attention. To the performances of this unrivaled orchestra will be added those of a notable list of soloists, which comprises the reigning dramatical musical star, Mrs. Melba, and many well-known artists, among whom are Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. DeVere-Sapio and Rafael Joseffy, who reappears after several seasons of complete retirement. The sale of tickets will be by auction at Music Hall for the rehearsals, on Monday and Tuesday next, and for the evenings on Thursday and Friday next.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra long ago became a leading feature of each musical year. The 15th season of this organization will begin on Oct. 18, and many indications justify the belief that it will be of exceptional interest. With their customary liberality the management has provided a series of attractive concerts that will be notable even in the annals of this organization. The Orchestra will be the same in size and membership as last season. Mr. Paur has devoted much time during the summer to the arrangement of programmes which will include many interesting novelties, in addition to a great variety of standard works.

The list of soloists already engaged is very attractive. It includes the names of Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, MacDowell, Faelten, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

Tickets for the series of concerts and for the scries of rehearsals will be $12 and $7.50, according to location. The $12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Monday, September 23, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the rehearsals Tuesday, September 24, at 10 A. M.; the $12 seats for the concerts Thursday, September 26, at 10 A. M.; the $7.50 seats for the concerts Friday, September 27, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 84.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The facts that have been published concerning the approaching season of the Boston Symphony orchestra have occasioned much favorable comment in musical circles, and the opinion seems general that the announcement for 1895-96 is one of the most attractive ever made by the management. The list of solo artists engaged seems particularly well chosen, and the programmes, as far as announced, leave nothing to be desired. The number of inquiries received at Music Hall has been very large, and the ticket brokers report more orders for seats than in the last two years. There is every indication that the entire capacity of the hall will be disposed of at the auction sales. The plan adopted of selling the seats by auction creates a wide variety of prices and suits all purses. While there is usually sharp competition for places in certain parts of the hall, there has never yet been a year when hundreds of good seats have not been sold at merely nominal premiums, and intending purchasers will do well to attend the auctions in person, if possible. The sales will begin tomorrow (Monday) morning, in Music Hall, when the $12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The $7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday. The $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts on Thursday, and the $7.50 concert seats on Friday. Full particulars of the terms of the sale may be found in the advertisement in another column.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 22, 1895.

Sale of Symphony Seats.

The prospectus of the 15th season of the Boston symphony orchestra will be read with interest by all lovers of music. This superb orchestra, under the accomplished leadership of Mr Emil Paur, will be heard at Boston Music hall during its usual series of 24 public rehearsals, to take place on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct 18, and of 24 Saturday evening concerts, beginning Oct 19. Commendation of this splendid body of musicians is superfluous. It has long been recognized as the standard in this country, and has no reason to fear comparison with the most noted orchestras of the old world.

Liberal provision has been made for soloists, the list of names including those of Miss Marie Brema, Mrs Georg Henschel, Mme de-Vere-Sapio, Miss Lilian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mr Ben Davies, Mr Georg Henschel, and others, and being notable for its inclusion of the renowned Melba, and the old favorite, Joseffy, whose reappearance after a long period of seclusion will be gladly hailed.

The auction sale of course tickets will be held at Music hall next Monday and Tuesday for the rehearsals, and next Thursday and Friday for the evenings.

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1895

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE.

Every indication points to a large attendance and a brisk rivalry among the patrons of the Symphony Orchestra to secure their favorite seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals at the auction sale of tickets to be held in Music Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock. Only $12 seats will be offered today.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) at the same hour the $7 50 seats will be sold. The sale will be continued on Thursday and Friday, when the concert tickets will be sold.

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THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 22, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, during 1895-96, will give forty-eight performances in Music hall—twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and twenty-four concerts on Saturday evenings. The dates of the first performances will be Oct. 18 and 19. The orchestra of eighty-seven players, will be made up of the same players as last year with a few exceptions. The list of solo artists engaged includes Mme. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, Ondricek, MacDowell, Faelton, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Schulz and others. The programme of the first concert Saturday, Oct. 19, is as follows:

Symphony No. 1.....Brahms
Andante and variations.....Mozart
Cappriccio.....Dvorak
Overture "Lenore No. 3".....Beethoven

The auction sales of season tickets will be held at Music hall, Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, full particulars being given in our advertising columns.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1895.

$80 PREMIUM.

Highest Paid for Symphony Rehearsal Ticket.

As interesting a performance as takes place during the symphony season began at 10 a.m. in Music Hall. It was the auction for the $12 seats at the rehearsals.

Long before the hour there was a great crowd collected. Nearly every one there had their eye on some particular seat.

There were a few men and women scattered over the hall whose faces were stamped with that grim expression of dire determination which plainly said, "Let come what will, I will have this seat so long as there is a dollar left on my bank account."

Those who had come prepared for a long stay were there with a book or a paper, and one sweet Dorothea brought along Jack's last European letter which had come in the morning mail, and was entertaining a bevy of friends with bright scraps of where he was and what he was doing now.

If a stranger had suddenly appeared on the scene, having already been informed of Boston's leaning toward mental gymnastics (and where, even in heathendom, is there a person who has not) he would have thought sure enough a select and highly cultured audience had gathered there for the purpose of indulging in an advanced mathematical contest.

For there they sat, earnestly gazing at the stupendous array of figures which was placed before them on the platform.

READY FOR BIDS.

The auctioneer stood just in front with a baton in hand ready for their most enthusiastic ventures. So lofty was the figure diagram that a very tall and shaky step-ladder had to be employed in order that the numbers might be properly checked off.

The first seat sold brought a premium of $9, and as this was an increase of $2.50 over the sale of the same seat last year, the management was jubilant.

It was an auspicious beginning, and the bidding kept right up in a lively kind of a way that made things seem cheerful, even if a few did look disconsolate and finally left with a half muzzled grumble on their lips.

When section G was reached the premiums quickly run up to $20.50. The next four went for $36, and right beside those seats went one for $42.

L centre rushed the price up to $51, and then again the sides cooled off at the respectable price of $30.

M and N went throughout at prices averaging about $40 50.

And just at the noon hour the highest premium of the morning came at $76.

All agree that rehearsal tickets went at a better figure than last year.

The highest premium of the day was $80 for N, 17. The three ladies who bought 1, 2 and 3 in S for $19 hugged themselves for joy when the next seat just beside went for $35.

The speculators were there in great numbers.

The Boston Traveler

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

SYMPHONY SALE STILL ON.

Cheaper Class of Seats Sold at a Premium This Morning.

The sale of symphony concert seats was continued in Music Hall this morning. The audience that faced Auctioneer Jackson was not so large as that which assembled there yesterday, numbering about 700. Younger faces were the rule and men were even less in evidence than yesterday.

Today $7.50 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsal were sold at a premium. There were about 600 of them marked upon the diagram upon the stage. The prices were a little higher on an average than were obtained last year.

Most of the seats sold this morning were located under the balcony in the rear of the hall. The first seat sold at $9 premium, and soon afterwards one was disposed of at $14. The lowest price was $6.50. Most of the purchasers were bidders, and the speculators took but little part in the proceedings. The sale began at 10.10 o'clock, ten minutes later than the time advertised.

Boston Daily Globe.

MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1895.

CROWD FANNED AND BID FOR SEATS.

Smaller Gathering at Sale of Symphony Rehearsal Seats Than Last Year—Mrs "Jack" Gardner Paid Highest Premium.

Twelve dollar seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston symphony orchestra were sold today at various premiums, ranging from $7 and $8 up to $80, the highest price paid up to 1 o'clock. These two seats which brought the highest money were 16 and 17 J, Mrs "Jack" Gardner's particular choice always in seasons past. Mrs Gardner was present in Music hall this morning, and it is safe to assume that these same two seats were purchased this year by the society leader.

The sale in Music hall this morning was but another evidence of "better times." The man who is interested figured for a few moments and announced that the premiums were averaging 20 percent more than they did last year. The highest figure a year ago was $92.50, and while the top figure this season fell $10 short of that, the seats as a whole brought larger premiums.

The gathering which perspired and fanned itself was not so large as those of former years—reasonably accountable to the condition of the weather—and agents and speculators were conspicuous as the buying portion of the assemblage. Blocks of "fours" were taken up at good, stiff prices by these speculators, and Herrick, Hurd, Thayer or Connelley were names which frequently fell from the lips of Mr Jackson, who acted as auctioneer.

The first seat, 1A, was started at $1, and knocked down to a Mr Reynolds for $9. From $7 to $10 was the premium paid on seats in A, but B, the second row from the stage, raised this considerably, the premiums ranging form $10 to $21.50. The best price paid for a seat in C was $24 for No. 19.

There was brisk bidding for chairs in D. Gen W. W. Blackmar paid $18.50 each for 4, 5, 6 and 7. Mr Connelley bid $25 for 14, 15, 16 and 17, and Mr Richards wanted three, about in the center of the row, badly enough to pay a premium of $40 each. Mr Richards' three were numbered 18, 19 and 20. The next seat, 21, brought but $20. Mr Herrick bought a block of three in D at a premium of $27.

The highest premium in E was for 17, which was sold for $51. One and two, on the end, sold for $12, and the rest brought from $29 to $40.

Mr Herrick bought 1 and 2 in F for $18.50, and Mr Rantoul secured 3 for $26. Seats 18, 19 and 20 were bought by Mr Wilson at a premium of $42.

Six, 7, 8 and 9 in G were knocked down to Mr Thayer for $32. In H seats 15, 16 and 17 were sold to Mr Wadsworth, who was presumably acting as an agent, for $69, while Mr Harlow paid a premium of $76 each on seats numbered 18, 19, 20 and 21 in the same row.

In I some of the best prices of the day were obtained. Seats 11, 12, 13 and 14 sold at a premium of $58, and 15, 16, 17 and 18 were knocked down to Mr Wadsworth for $70.

In J, seats 3, 4 and 5 sold for $26, 6, 7, 8 and 9 to Mr Herrick for $42, 10 and 11 for $35, 12, 13, 14 and 15 for $34.

In K, L, M and N the premiums bid ranged from $20 to $60, the majority selling for $40. In O, 1, 2, 3 and 4 sold for $25, 10 for $41, 11 and 12 for $40, 13 and 14 for $41, 15 for $41, 20 and 21 for $42, 24 and 25 for $47. In P, 1 and 2 sold for $22, and Henry D. Hyde paid a premium of $47 on 8.

In Q, 8 and 9 brought $44, 10 and 11 $43, 12, 13, 14 and 15 $40, 18 and 19 $54 and 20 $41.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

SYMPHONY SHOPPERS AT MUSIC HALL.

An Unusually Large Attendance at the Second Day's Sale of Concert Tickets.

Boston's much admired institution, the Symphony girl, was decidedly in evidence at Music Hall today. She may be a frivolous creature on ordinary social occasions, but she is seriously in earnest when the important matter of buying tickets for the concerts is on her programme. She was intensely business-like this morning, so much so that she bid against herself over and over again; but she betrayed no agitation as she took the little green ticket and passed on to deposit the money, not dreaming that she might have had several dollars for candy between the numbers and ice cream sodas afterward, if she had been less eager.

This morning the $7.50 seats were offered, and it is safe to say that the average premium was from thirty to forty per cent higher than that of last year. There were more people present, the bidding was more brisk, and with the exception of the most desirable seats, which, strangely enough, brought less, the prices were much higher. This was especially noticeable when the bidding began on the section under the balcony. Experienced buyers waited for the last rows, remembering that formerly the premiums ranged from fifty cents to two or three dollars. They found out their mistake, and the management reaps the benefit. The first seats went at a premium of $9 each; others in the next row, $12.50, while some brought $15. Prices in the row against the wall ranged from $5.50 to $9.50; remarkable prices, considering the location.

Aisle seats in the balconies sold for nearly double the price of last year. From $14 to $20 was the average premium, while many brought $26 and $27.

Said a stranger who happened into Music Hall while the auction was in progress, "I perceive that the young women of Boston are great lovers of music." "Perhaps they are," said the cynic beside him, "but I'll wager that half the girls here don't know G natural from a quart of blueberries!"

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1895.

SYMPHONY PREMIUMS HIGHER.

Tickets for the Friday Rehearsals Sold This Morning at Prices Noticeably Better Than Those of Last Season.

The sale of seats for the Symphony Orchestra performances is really a social event in Boston. It may not be counted so on everybody's list, but it is so, in fact. There were plenty of purchasers at the sale of tickets for Friday rehearsal seats in the Music Hall this forenoon. The shirt-waist girls were there in great numbers, and although they said little so far as bidding is concerned, they talked to each other about all the time.

When the bidding started the two short sections of seats on each side the stage sold at premiums of from $9 to $12.50. The premiums on section B ranged from $7.50 to $18, and those in C and D ran from $13 and $15 to $19, $26 and $29.50.

"Why, that's a good deal higher than the prices for rehearsal seats last year," exclaimed a girl who had been to Symphony sales before. And prices certainly were higher. End seats in C brought $13, and side seats in E brought $28.50. Centre section seats in E went easily at $30, $32 and even $42, and they hovered around the thirty-dollar mark all the while that a clerk was drawing his blue chalk through the numbers in the two following sections. The first seat inside the aisle in H went off promptly for $41. Others farther along in the same section brought $69 to $76. Bids then began to be started at $50. In section I the first two seats went for $34 each, and four centre seats brought $72. "Just think," droned out one girl in an awestruck whisper, "that's $84 for a seat, counting in the twelve, you know. And four times $84—well, it's no use for me to stay here now."

There is to be no sale on Wednesday. On Thursday the $12 concert seats will be sold by auction, and on Friday the sale will be completed by the disposal of the $7.50 concert seats. The people who collected the money in the office just outside the entrance to Music Hall were jubilant this noon. They could not give an exact comparison with the prices of last year, but they said that this morning's figures not only started in better but that they averaged much higher.

The highest premium paid today was for a seat in J, which cost $80. As the back rows were reached there was almost a scramble for seats. Those in X ranged from $25 to $31, and bids frequently started at $25. Seat in Y cost as much as $26, and in Z they were about the same. In the last row in front of the gallery the prices ran around an average of $18. A considerable number of bidders, driven away from the seats farther forward by the lofty prices, had waited for the seats under the gallery, and as these seats were placed on sale the bidding was almost too fast to follow. The average prices were, for the first row, $15; for the second, $11.50, and for the third, $10. All these are much above those for the same seats last year. One man who had been making strenuous efforts to secure a seat for $5 or $6, said to a neighbor, as the auctioneer closed his day's work:

"Never saw such prices! The seat I bought last year for two dollars went for $8.50."

Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1895

SECOND DAY OF SYMPHONY SALE.

Bidding Brisk and Greater Premiums Obtained—One Agent Has $17,000 to Invest.

Well, of course, it was a typical Symphony assembly at Music hall yesterday, when the sale of seats for the Friday rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra performances were continued from Monday.

Shortly before 10 there was such a procession of fashionably dressed girls hurrying along Tremont st down to the Hamilton pl entrance of Music hall that had you, too, not the same errand on your list you might have imagined the Symphony rehearsal show was arranged for the morning.

There was the regular symphony shopper, who knew just the seats she wanted, and got them, too, although she paid 50 percent more for them than she did last year.

One agent said his orders for seats had increased at least 25 percent over last year. He had $17,000 to invest in orders.

"I never saw such prices," he remarked. "I paid this morning $20 for the very seat I got last year for $11.50."

The last row of seats under the balcony brought premiums of $5, $6, $8 and $9.50. The highest premium on the back row of seats was $14. The average premium on these seats was $5.50.

Last year many of these cane seats under the balcony were sold at a premium of $1 and $2.

The sale of seats in the first balcony was very interesting, and the bidders most enthusiastic. Premiums of $20, $18, $17.50, $19.50, $27 and $26 were paid for aisle seats, and those who delayed purchasing, hoping the prices would fall, were doomed to disappointment.

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1895

The Symphony Rehearsal Seats Sold.

Highest Price Was $80 by Mrs. Wilson.

Happened To Be Same as Last Year's Highest.

The auction sale of seats for the Symphony rehearsals was held in Music Hall Monday forenoon, and while there had not been any appreciable change in the weather from Sunday, and it was unquestionably too hot for many people to go to church on Sunday, it was not so hot on Monday that an audience was not able to gather in Music Hall, the equal of which would have gladdened the heart of any of the preachers of the day before.

As might have been expected of the sale for the Friday afternoon concerts, the feminine element was in a large majority, and light colored shirt waists and fans were very much in evidence. Most of these women were evidently not new at such a scene. They knew what they wanted, and about how much they ought to pay, and when they were ready to bid they generally made their voices heard quite as well as the men.

The sale was a little late in beginning, and it was 10.15 A. M. when Auctioneer Jackson walked on the platform, and the checker-off, blue chalk in hand, climbed cautiously up on a step-ladder so tall and rickety that it threatened momentarily to precipitate him into the audience.

This sale was simply of seats for Friday afternoon. The price, as usual, was $12 plus whatever premium was bid, and the seats were sold in order. Seat No. 1, in Row A, the front seat nearest the Hamilton Place entrance, was the first sold, and brought a premium of $9.

A is only a partial row. In B, the first complete row, the best seats brought a premium of $21, and from here the price mounted rapidly to $40 in D, and more than $50 in E. The bidding was brisk, and, thanks to Mr. Jackson's energy, the sale proceeded more expeditiously than could have been expected. Rows H, I and J seemed to be the favorites, and premiums ranged here from $70 to $80. The highest figure paid was a premium of $80 each, paid by Mrs. Wilson, for seats 16 and 17, the two seats on the right hand side of the middle aisle in row J. This happens to be just exactly the same as the highest figure paid last year for two seats, but those were much farther back.

On the whole, the premiums ran rather higher than last year, and the average price of about $40 was kept up considerably farther back in the hall than last year, so that the total receipts of this sale must be considerably larger.

The speculators were out in full force, and most of them bought briskly, usually at good prices. Individual limitations were interesting to watch.

One young man evidently had a commission to execute, as he regularly and systematically started every seat within a certain limit at $10, no matter if the one beside it had sold for $75. One woman kept up good courage until the seats she sat in last year, for which she paid $26 premium, sold this year for $40. Another woman was evidently determined to sit in the middle aisle, and equally determined to pay but $50 bonus for doing so. Time after time as the middle seats were reached, she bid steadily up to $50, only to lose. Finally, when row R was reached, she evidently thought the case was becoming desperate, for she went to $52, and secured the chairs.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1895.

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

The second day's auction sale of $7.50 season tickets for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, yesterday morning, was fully as exciting as on Monday, when the $12 seats were sold.

Every seat was sold and at premiums averaging higher than last year. Only the Saturday evening concert tickets now remain to be sold, and the auction for these seats will take place on Thursday and Friday of this week. The first day the $12 seats will be offered and on Friday the $7 50 seats.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1895.

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

The second day's auction sale of $7.50 season tickets for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, yesterday morning, was fully as exciting as on Monday, when the $12 seats were sold.

Every seat was sold and at premiums averaging higher than last year. Only the Saturday evening concert tickets now remain to be sold, and the auction for these seats will take place on Thursday and Friday of this week. The first day the $12 seats will be offered and on Friday the $7 50 seats.

[12]

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

MATTERS MUSICAL.

Coming Season Promises to Be One of Unusual Interest.

The inauguration of each series of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra virtually marks the beginning of the musical season in Boston, and that now announced, the 15th series, promises to be a most interesting and brilliant one, embracing not only the unrivalled performances of the superb orchestra of 87 players, but also an array of eminent soloists that will serve in enhancing the pleasure and gratification of the patrons in a greater degree than during any previous season.

Among the soloists announced, none will be more welcome to the critical listeners than our townsmen, E. A. MacDowell and Carl Faelten, both of whom hold the highest positions in their profession.

* * *

A great novelty in these concerts will be the reappearance here of Mr. Joseffy, the eminent pianist.

Mr. Joseffy, after a most brilliant career upon the concert stage in this country, retired from the public some years ago, and in a mysterious manner isolated himself from all musical society. Very few knew of his whereabouts after his retirement, or the cause for his sudden disappearance. Some said he sought repose to avert a serious condition of nervious prostration arising from overwork in his professional duties. Others said that the difficulty was a case of hypochondria. Whatever the reason, let us rejoice that he has now come forth from his seclusion, and will again display his rare aoilities before the public.

* * *

Franz Orducck, the Bohemian violin virtuose, will be another novelty upon our concert stage. This eminent performer has played with the greatest success before the critical audiences of all the European centres of music. He has an enormous repertoire, embracing both the classic school and that of modern brilliancy and romance.

* * *

Among the vocalists will be Melba, Brema, Mrs. Henschel and Clementine De Vere, the latter of whom has been abroad for the past two or three years, where she has sung with success in concerts in the principal cities of Europe.

If we add to this brilliant array of soloists the performance of numerous novelties in the way of orchestral compositions that Conductor Paur has collected during his summer's sojourn abroad it will be seen that every inducement is offered for a continued interest in the success of our symphony orchestra which now enters upon its 15th consecutive season.

* * *

In the great privilege that these concerts offer we must not forget the benefactor whose munificence has made it possible to enjoy such opportunities to hear music of the highest class performed in the most perfect manner. Had it not been for the generosity of Henry L. Higginson in establishing this superb body of players, and his courage and liberality in upholding the enterprise for the benefit of his townsmen, we should today be without the opportunity, except at long intervals, of hearing symphonic music in this city of cultured tastes. All praise to Mr. Higginson, our benefactor.

* * *

SYMPHONY AUCTION.

The race for Symphony tickets is on, the start having been made yesterday at Music Hall with much eclat. In fact, the affair, as usual on these annual occasions, amounted to quite a social function.

Yesterday morning at the hour of 10 was the time for the first gathering of those who wished to make their bids for the choice of seats for the coming Symphony Orchestra performances. Yesterday's sale was limited to the disposal of the $12 seats for the Friday afteroon rehearsals, and about 1000 people were present, the ladies being much in the majority.

The bidding this year, judging from yesterday's sale, promises to be higher and more brisk than last season. As Auctioneer Jackson stepped upon the platform at 10:15 and offered the first seat there seemed to be a foreboding of high bids. They continued commensurate with the rising temperature of Music Hall.

The first seat brought $10 premium. It was numbered A 1, and was bought by A. M. Reynolds. A 2 went to a Mr. Whitcomb for $7.50, and, the seats being sold in regular order, the prices ranged from $6.50 premium to $40 in the first three rows. E 17 sold at $51 premium and the next seat beyond it at $42. Auctioneer Jackson was quite as dignified as the occasion demanded, and so business-like that he disposed of nearly 300 seats in an hour and a half. The highest price brought was $80 each for T 16 and 17, a Mr. Wilson being the purchaser. Last year these seats sold for $60 each. T 18 and 19 brought $40 premium each. This remarkable fluctuation in the prices of adjoining seats was paralleled in several other instances. Seats H 18, 19, 20 and 21 sold at $76 premium each; H 15, 16 and 17 at $69; G 17 at $45; G 24, 25, 26 and 27 at $42, E 17 at $51; E 18 at $42.

Today $7.50 seats for the Friday rehearsal will be sold at a premium; on Thursday $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned off, and on Friday $7.50 seats for the latter event will be disposed of.

BOSTON HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 86.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1895.

MUSIC STILL HAS ITS CHARM

Symphony Ticket Sale Brought Out Crowd of Purchasers.

Seats in First Two or Three Rows Were Not Much in Favor—Prices Paid for Choice Locations, However, Averaged Considerably Better Than Those of Last Year.

The sale of Symphony tickets began yesterday morning in Music Hall, and during the day the whole of the $12 seats for the public rehearsals was auctioned off.

Mr. Jackson, as always, was the auctioneer, and George Hartshorn, the veteran, moved the step-ladder up and down the stage, marking off on the huge plot each seat as it was sold.

The auctioneer stepped forward at about quarter past 10, and, after explaining the rules of the sale, put seat No. A 1 at the mercy of the bidders. It was almost immediately knocked down to a Mr. Reynolds for $9 premium.

Seats in the first two or three rows ruled, of course, comparatively low, bringing less than $25 at the highest; but it was easily seen, even by these prices, that the bids were averaging considerably higher than last year.

When D was reached prices began to grow firmer, and from then on they rose gradually during the whole of the morning's sale. D 1, 2 and 3 sold for $13.50, and Gen. W. W. Blackmer bought the next four for $18.50—making a total, that is, of $30.50 a seat.

Connelly got 14, 15, 16, 17 on a bid of $25, and the next four went to Mr. Richards for $40, while the next seat, 21, brought hardly more than half that premium.

In E, 13, 14, 15, 16 brought $39 each; 17 brought $51; 18, $42, and 19, $32.

Many of the bids went on orders or for speculation. Herrick taking perhaps the most, and a number of other seats being knocked down to Connelly and Hurd.

In F, No. 3 was sold at a premium of $26; 6, 7, 8, 9 for $27; 21 and 22 for $31; and 23, 24, 25 and 26 for $33.

Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 in G brought $32 each; 22 and 23 for $34.50, and 28 and 29 for $37 each.

In H prices began to boom in earnest. Nos. 15, 16 and 17 brought $69, and the next four $76—or a total for the four, reckoning in the original $12 for each, of $352.

In I prices receded a trifle—11, 12, 13 and 14 going for $58 apiece; 15, 16, 17 and 18 for $70. Nos. 28 and 29 brought $40.

Row J ruled lower, except for Mrs. Gardner's old seats—16 and 17—which brought the highest price of the day, $80 premium, or a total of $92 apiece, against the record of over $100 last year. Other seats in this row brought $30 to $42.

K averaged about $40, and L and M about the same. N brought a few prices which were higher—$52 for 18 and 19; $61 for 16 and 17, and $63 for 20 and 21.

In the next three rows $40 to $50 were the average of the good prices. Henry D. Hyde bought 8 in P for $47. In Q 18 and 19 brought $54.

From Q back, the prices gradually decreased, until the maximum in the last rows was about $25. In the first row under the gallery prices were almost invariably $14 or $15. In the two rows behind they were usually $9 or $10.

In the front rows of the gallery, which were put up after the intermission, prices were as a rule about $25 or $30. Nos. 35 and 36, on the right hand side, brought $60.

The sale yesterday was very successful. Throughout, seats brought from $5 to $10 more than last year.

Today—at 10 A. M.—the $7.50 rehearsal tickets are sold; Thursday, the $12 Saturday evening concert tickets; and, Friday, $7.50 concert tickets.

The Bo[illegible]

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1895.

A Thousand Persons At end the Sale of Symphony Concert Seats.

ANXIOUS TO HEAR REHEARSALS.

The Highest Premium Paid Was $80 Per Seat for Each of Two in Row T—Prices a Trifle Higher Than Last Year.

Nearly 1,000 persons were in Music Hall at 10 o'clock this morning, the hour announced as the beginning of the sale of $12 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Seventy per cent of those present were women. There were stately matrons, blushing society buds and types of the coming as well as the going woman galore. It was a representative Boston audience: quietly dressed and undemonstrative. The conversation that preceded the sale was subdued in volume, though general.

A composite photograph of the faces of the assemblage should afford an ideal countenance for the face of Minerva. Boston culture is no myth, nor are its exponents rara avis. Doubters should attend the next sale of seats at Music Hall tomorrow at 10 o'clock, or as much later as the elect in charge of the affair—it might almost be termed a function—see fit to begin business.

It was just 10.15 o'clock this morning when Mr. H. T. Jackson, the auctioneer, stepped upon the platform. The delay had been exasperating to some of the gentlemen in the audience, who had been entrusted by feminine relatives and friends with the weighty task of buying symphony tickets, and were anxious to get to their business offices. But the impatient persons were too well bred to manifest their perturbation by the methods so generally adopted to hurry the curtain up in a theatre. They simply looked at their watches every 30 seconds, fidgeted a bit and complained of the heat, which was really lurid enough to suit a salamander. Bostonians are not always so cold as Philistines from other towns are fond of saying.

Upon the stage was a diagram of the first floor of the auditorium. It was affixed to the face of a high board barricade that entirely concealed from view the melancholy face and draped figure of the immortal Beethoven. The numbers of seats were in big type and black figures; letters designating aisles being painted in red.

Auctioneer Jackson explained the terms of the sale very briefly. The seats were sold at auction to the highest bidders, and the bids in each and every case were premiums added to the regular price of $12 a seat. No bids of less than 25 cents would be entertained, and not more than four seats were to be sold at one time to one person.

Behind the auctioneer and perched at the top of an Eiffel tower of a stepladder was Chief Usher George Hartshorn, who crossed the numbers of the seats upon the diagram as fast as they were sold. His aerial exploits seemed so risky that the attention of the audience was at times distracted from the bidding to watch what is billed by circuses as "lofty tumbling." Mr. Hartshorn got there, all the same.

The bidding opened briskly and never lagged a moment during the morning. The first seat brought $10 premium. It was numbered A 1, and was bought by A. M. Reynolds. A 2 went to a Mr. Whitcomb for $7.50, and, the seats being sold in regular order, the prices ranged from $6.50 premium to $40 in the first three rows. E 17 sold at $51 premium and the next seat beyond it at $42. A lady bid $5 for E 19 and the auctioneer thought she said $25, and disposed of the seat to her for that price, whereupon she raised a low and pleasant voice in expostulation, and it was sold again and to another person. Auctioneer Jackson dispensed with all the facetiousness that has come to be considered characteristic of his profession by those who have never attended a symphony race. He was quite as dignified as the occasion demanded, and so business-like that he disposed of nearly 300 seats in an hour and a half. Up to 12 o'clock the highest price brought was $80 each for T 16 and 17, a Mr. Wilson being the purchaser. Last year these seats sold for $60 each. T 18 and 19 brought $40 premium each. This remarkable fluctuation in the prices of adjoining seats was paralleled in several other instances. Seats H 18, 19, 20 and 21 sold at $76 premium each; H 15, 16 and 17 at $69; G 17 at $45; G 24, 25, 26 and 27 at $42; E 17 at $51; E 18 at $42. At the start the prices ranged below the standard of last year's sale, but after the first half hour the bids averaged considerably higher than at the auction of twelve months ago.

Tomorrow $7.50 seats for the Friday rehearsal will be sold at a premium; on Thursday $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned off, and on Friday $7.50 seats for the latter event will be disposed of.

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The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 24, 1895.

SYMPHONY SALE.

Auctioneering for Premiums on Seats---Good Figures.

The symphony girls, the dear creatures who delight in attending the afternoon rehearsals, have discovered that it is infinitely proper to take in the auction sale of seats for these performances. They were in evidence yesterday between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon in Music Hall, and their flute-like voices were heard bidding for tickets, so they might not miss the opportunity of being seen at any of the twenty-four rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which begins Friday afternoon, Oct. 18.

When Auctioneer H. T. Jackson arrived there were all of 1000 persons assembled, 70 per cent of them being women. The music-craving Hubites, who enjoy a rare treat such as this Symphony Orchestra offers, with such an eminent leader as Emil Paur, were out in force. Such an opportunity could not be lost. They listened patiently to the explanations of the auctioneer, who informed them that the seats to be sold for the twenty-four rehearsals would cost them $12 apiece.

On top of this they were to bid for premiums to be added to the regular price, $12. The man with a deep bass voice informed them also that no bids less than 25 cents would be entertained, and only four seats were to be sold to any one person. The smallest bid was $5, but in each case this was increased.

The first seat brought $10 premium; it was A 1, and was sold to A. M. Reynolds.

Mrs. Demesque was the one who bid in T 16 and 17, and the premiums cost $80 each.

Seventeen sold for $51 premium, and the next seat brought $42. All the seats in the auditorium were sold at higher bids than were offered last year. In the afternoon all seats in the first balcony were disposed of, and the front row brought a large price. Mr. Condon paid $39 each for three seats, Mr. Tyler $32 for three seats, Mrs. Lowry $35 for three seats, Mr. Condon $35 each for four seats, Mr. Robinson $32 each for two seats, Mr. Hurd $26 for four seats, Mr. Cunningham $21 each for four seats, Mrs. Herrick $21 each for four seats and Mr. Carr $29 for two seats. The rear seats in the balcony were sold for prices ranging from $10 to $25 premium.

Today $7.50 seats for the Friday rehearsals will be sold at premium; Thursday, $12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts, begining Oct. 19, and on Friday, $7.50 seats for the concerts will be auctioned off.

Boston Journal.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1895.

People Desiring to Attend the Regular Performances of the Symphony Orchestra Bid.

Thursday the $12 seats for the regular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, to be given on Saturday evenings, were sold by auction in Music Hall, beginning at a few minutes after 10 o'clock. At the beginning the bidding dragged somewhat, and the premiums did not range very high, but it was not long before bids came thick and fast, and the seats began to sell at remarkably high premiums. Even after the best seats had been disposed of, there were occasional bursts of brisk and spirited bidding, and high premiums were still reached now and then. The highest premium paid was $41 for the seat numbered 19, in section J, which was probably desired by the same bidder who had already paid $38 apiece for the four adjoining seats numbered 15 to 18, in the same section, two of which, 17 and 18, are aisle seats. Other seats in section J that brought high premiums were 20, 21 and 22, which went for $33, 9 and 10 and the aisle seat numbered 27 for $26 apiece, 23 and 24 for $25 apiece, 11 to 14 for $22 each, and 3 to 8 for $20 each. The next to the highest premium paid was $39 for the seats numbered 8 and 9 in section L, the former being an aisle seat. The seat numbered 7 on the opposite side of the same aisle in this section sold for $35, another aisle seat numbered 17, with the three adjoining it numbered 14 to 16, went for $31 apiece, the two aisle seats 27 and 28, with those numbered 26 and 29 to 31, for $29 each, 20 to 23 for $24 each, and 10 to 13, 24 and 25 for $21 each.

In section K a premium of $36 apiece was paid for the seats numbered 20 and 21, $34 each for the aisle seat 17 and the three next to it numbered 14 to 16, $32 for 22, $29 each for the aisle seat numbered 28 and its neighbor numbered 29, and $24 for those numbered 23 to 26. The aisle seat numbered 8 in section M, and the next one numbered 9 sold for $36 apiece; other seats in this section that brought high premiums were 16 and 17, $25 each; 18, 19, 28 and 29, $24 each; 12 to 15, $23.50 each; and 4 to 7, 10 and 11, $23 apiece. Across the broad transverse aisle on the floor the highest premium paid was $35 for the aisle seat numbered 18, and in this same section $29 premium each was paid for 20 and 21, $25 each for the aisle seats 7, 8, 17 and 27, and $24 apiece for 9 to 11. Back in section S $33 premium was paid for the aisle seat numbered 18, $26 each for 20 and 21, and $22 each for aisle seats 17 and 28.

The final sale will take place today at 10 o'clock.

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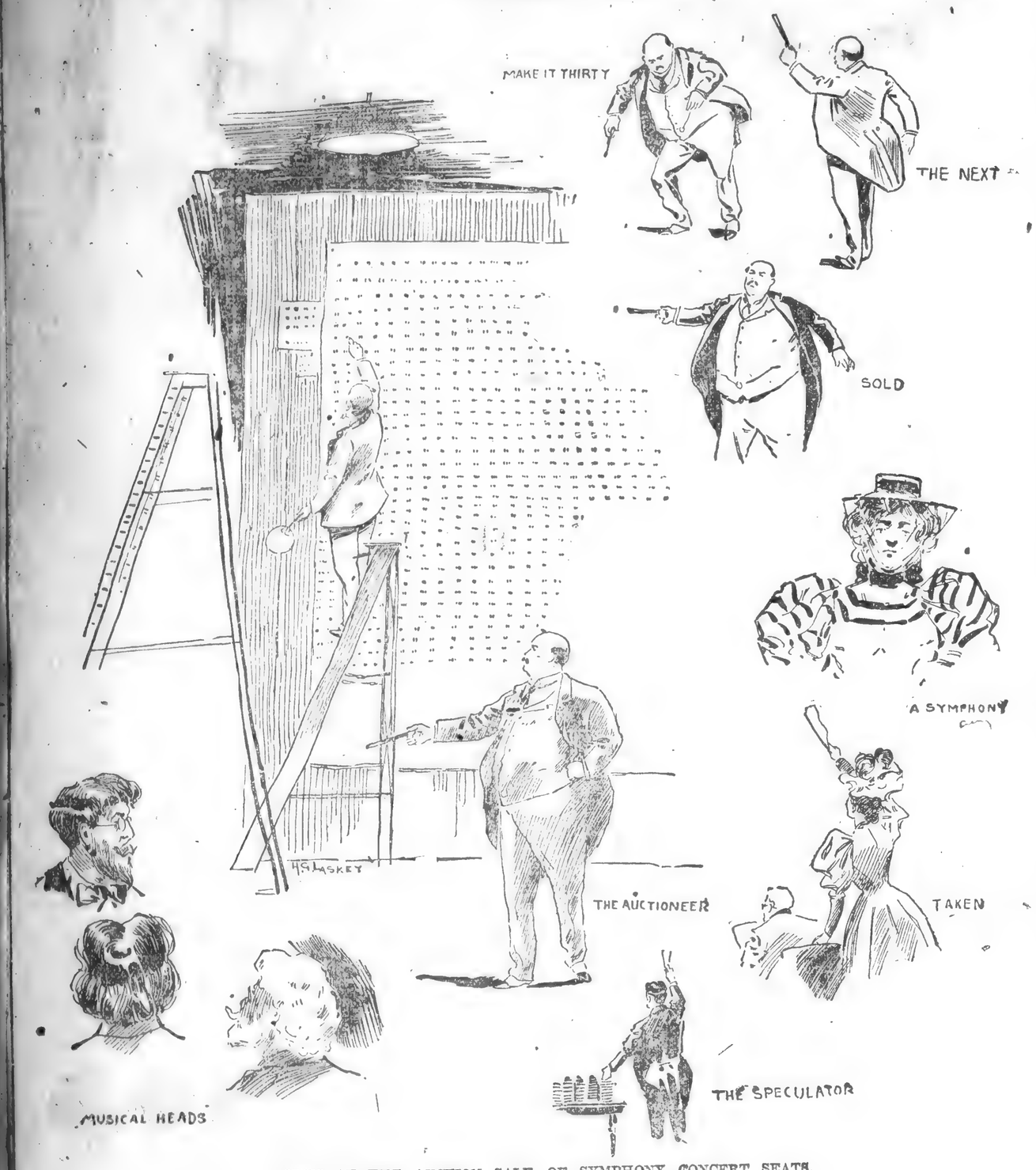
TON HERAL[illegible]

GOOD PRICES FOR SYMPHONY SEATS.

The $12 Lot Disposed of in a Few Hours and at Comparatively Large Premiums.



SEEN AT THE AUCTION SALE OF SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS.

The sale of the $12 seats for the Saturday evening Symphony concerts began yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, under the auspices of Auctioneer Jackson, and all these seats were sold by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Today the closing sale will take place, when the last of the seats at $7.50 will be disposed of.

As a whole the sale showed a very satisfactory improvement over that of last year, which is in itself a strong indication of a more prosperous condition of affairs. It is safe to assert that no series of entertainments give better satisfaction than these concerts, and there is a feeling that purchasers of tickets are sure to get their money's worth.

It was amusing to watch the different types of buyers as they came up to the box office to get their seats. Some of them, especially those who had never purchased tickets for these concerts before, were very nervous. The old patrons, who have for years patronized the Symphony series, came up and passed in their checks or paid their money in the most nonchalant manner. One gentleman remarked that he had purchased "these seats"—referring to those he had in his hand—last year for $9 premium and the year before at an advance of $11, and this year at $13.

Several hundred people were present, and the bidding was briskly carried forward. The universal absence of the matinee girl, however, deprived the occasion of the vivaciousness which attached to the rehearsal sales of Monday and Tuesday.

The concert seats have always sold lower than those for the rehearsals, and always will until it becomes the custom for women to attend evening entertainments unaccompanied. This year is, of course, no exception, but the prices received ruled conspicuously higher than those which prevailed at last year's corresponding sale. This was particularly noticeable in the end seats, under the right-hand balcony, which brought from $10 to $16 in good rows, while last year they sold for only $5 or $6, or even lower. Throughout the average increase in price might be fairly put at $4 or $5.

Seats in the broken front row—A—brought as low as a couple of dollars, and, again, as high as $10 or $11. B, 4 sold for a dollar; 6, for $3, and 7, for $2, the better seats bringing $15 or $16.

Prices grew higher back to and including J, K, L and M, from which point they gradually declined. In D, 20 and 21 sold for $16, and 24, 25 and 26 for $12.50. In E, 21 and 22 brought $18; in F, 16, 17, 18 and 19, in two lots, for $31; in G, 8 and 9, for $27; 13 and 14, for $24, and 15, 16, 17 and 18 for $32. The highest price in H was $28—for 20, 21 and 22. I 20 brought $28, and J 15, 16, 17 and 18 for $38—the latter batch, including the two seats, 16 and 17, which brought the highest premium, $80 each, at the rehearsal sale. The next seat, 19, brought the highest premium attained today, or $41.

K 20 and 21 sold for $36; L 8 and 9 for $39, and M 8 and 9 for $36—from which point, as has been said, they gradually declined.

Boston Transcript

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY CONCERTS

People Desiring to Attend the Regular Performances of the Symphony Orchestra Bid at the Auction Sale in Music Hall.

Today the $12 seats for the regular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, to be given on Saturday evenings, were sold by auction in Music Hall, beginning at a few minutes after ten o'clock. The forward half of the seats on the floor was well filled with prospective bidders, and there were a few onlookers in the first balcony. At the beginning the bidding dragged somewhat, and the premiums did not range very high, but it was not long before bids came thick and fast, and the seats began to sell at remarkably high premiums. Even after the best seats had been disposed of, there were occasional bursts of brisk and spirited bidding, and high premiums were still reached now and then. The highest premium paid was $41 for the seat numbered 19, in section J, which was probably desired by the same bidder who had already paid $38 apiece for the four adjoining seats numbered 15 to 18, in the same section, two of which, 17 and 18, are aisle seats. Other seats in section J that brought high premiums were 20, 21 and 22, which went for $33, 9 and 10 and the aisle seat numbered 27 for $26 apiece, 23 and 24 for $25 apiece, 11 to 14 for $22 each, and 3 to 8 for $20 each. The next to the highest premium paid was $39 for the seats numbered 8 and 9 in section L, the former being an aisle seat. The seat numbered 7 on the opposite side of the same aisle in this section sold for $35, another aisle seat numbered 17, with the three adjoining it numbered 14 to 16, went for $31 apiece, the two aisle seats 27 and 28, with those numbered 26 and 29 to 31, for $29 each, 20 to 23 for $24 each, and 10 to 13, 24 and 25 for $21 each.

In section K a premium of $36 apiece was paid for the seats numbered 20 and 21, $34 each for the aisle seat 17 and the three next to it numbered 14 to 16, $32 for 22, $29 each for the aisle seat numbered 28 and its neighbor numbered 29, and $24 for those numbered 23 to 26. The aisle seat numbered 8 in section M and the next one numbered 9 sold for $36 apiece; other seats in this section that brought high premiums were 16 and 17, $25 each; 18, 19, 28 and 29, $24 each; 12 to 15, $23.50 each; and 4 to 7, 10 and 11, $23 apiece. Across the broad transverse aisle on the floor the highest premium paid was $35 for the aisle seat numbered 18, and in this same section $29 premium each was paid for 20 and 21, $25 each for the aisle seats 7, 8, 17 and 27, and $24 apiece for 9 to 11. Back in section S $33 premium was paid for the aisle seat numbered 18, $26 each for 20 and 21, and $22 each for aisle seats 17 and 28.

In the remaining sections in front of the broad cross aisle the highest premium was $33 for the aisle seat 18 in section H. Of the other seats in this section 20 to 22 sold for $28 each, 14 to 17, 23 and 24 for $26 each, and 10 to 13 for $24 apiece. A laugh was caused at the beginning of the sale of seats in this section by the attendant inadvertently crossing off the H instead of the 1 when the first seat was sold, thus disposing of the section for $16, the premium bid. The auctioneer increased the momentary merriment by remarking that the section was "certainly worth it." In section G the highest premium paid was $32 for the aisle seats 17 and 18; $27 was bid for 8, 9 and 19; $25 was paid for 28 on the aisle; and $24 was bid for 10 to 14 and 20 to 27. The aisle seats numbered 17 and 18 in section F brought $31 premium, as did also the aisle seat 18 in section I. In the latter section the aisle seat 17 sold for $27 and the aisle seat 28 for $26. In section E $26 premium was also paid for the aisle seat 18 after a spirited contest in bidding.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 27, 1895.

BROUGHT BIG PREMIUMS.

From the Evening Record.

Symphony Saturday night concert tickets sold today at a humming rate, and at an average of fully 50 p. c. higher than last year.

There were a few seats right on the front row that went very low—the first in A for $3. But with this slight exception the premiums reached a good figure.

The average premium from the second to the fifth row was $20; from the seventh to the twelfth row, $28, and from there back to R about $22.

There were a few seats which sold last year for 50 cts. premium which went today for $11.50.

The highest premium, $44, was paid by a speculator for end seats in L.

Conspicuous among those deeply interested was R. M. Cushing, who secured fine seats on the left centre.

Among others buying were A. W. Apthorp, M. E. W. Blake, Clarence Humphries, Robert Winthrop, B. L. Whelpley, the organist; Mr. Cummings of Cummings & Sears; Arthur Pickering, Dr. Fifield, A. P. Blake, Walter Brackett, the artist; C. E. Lauriet and M. Gangengigl.

Mrs. J. L. Gardner w[illegible] again occupy her favorite seats in the [illegible]cony.

Next to the highest p[illegible]ium was $39, paid by a man represer[illegible]g some stock exchange men, for 8 an[illegible] in L. These seats last year went for $[illegible]50.

Nos. 16 and 17 in F th[illegible] year brought $31; last year they were sol[illegible]l for $16. So, too, 1 and 2 in H was sold for $16, when last year they went for the modest sum of $5.

K, 16 and 17, went for $36; last year $20. J, 23 and 24, were started at $20 by Miss Goring, and bought by her at $25.

Throughout M many of the bids were started at $15.

Friday is the last day of the sale of $7.50 tickets.

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BOSTON HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 89.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1895.

LAST OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

Triumphant and High-Priced Conclusion of the Four Days' Sale.

The auctioneer, Mr. Jackson, disposed of the last of the Symphony seats this morning and afternoon, bringing the four days' sale to a triumphant and high-priced conclusion.

Only $7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts were offered, i. e., those in the last rows of the floor and first balcony and all in the second balcony. The sale began at 10 and ended at about 2:45.

More people were present than at any previous sale. Very many were those who had been disappointed on account of the high prices in obtaining for $12 such seats as they had been accustomed to buy in previous years.

The sale opened with the fourth row under the first balcony, and some of the prices were higher (adding the premium to the nominal price) than the $12 seats immediately in front had aggregated. The row of $12 seats numbered from 1112 to 1150 had sold at premiums ranging from $3 to $4 or $5, making a total of from $15 to $16 or $17.

The row of $7.50 seats from 1151 to 1189 brought from $4.50 to $9, a total of from $11 to $16.50.

Prices became considerably lower, however, as the row next to the wall was reached. No. 1287 brought $1.75, a very usual price. Nos. 1293 and 1294 were sold for $1.50. 1300 for $1. 1314 for 50 cents and 1345 to 1352 for an even quarter each, the lowest bid possible under the rules of the auction. Last year, however, at this same sale, similar seats were in even worse luck, and had to be sold at par at the box office.

In the last row, the occupants of which have a broad transverse aisle all to themselves in which to stretch their legs, the bids grew a bit firmer—an average of a dollar or so being obtained.

When the first balcony was reached, however, prices took a sudden bound. The first seat sold, No. 103, in the second row immediately to the right of the stage, brought $17.50 premium, and 109 brought $18. Nos. 127 to 130, inclusive, sold for $13 apiece; 35, 36 and 37 for $16.50; 146, 147, 148 and 149, in two lots, for $17. Prices then began to fall off, averaging however, down the whole third row, from $8 to $12.

In the left-hand balcony bids, ruled lower, perhaps $6 being the most usual for seats in the third row, but in the little portion of the second row, over the stage, which was offered, they were even higher than for corresponding seats across the hall—$21 being paid for Nos. 570, 571 and 572. In the third row the only unusually high bid had been $14; the aisle seats 543 and 544.

In the last rows of the centre of the first balcony the best seats sold for $6 or $7.

All these prices were surprisingly high in comparison with sales in former years, but bids for the first row of the second galary were so high that they must have astonished the wildest expectations of the management.

Nos. 12, 13 and 14, on the right hand side, sold for $7.50, and 15 and 16 and 19 to 22, inclusive, for $13. Nos. 23, 24, 25 and 26 sold at $16, and the climax was reached when the aisle seats, 27 and 28, which brought $7.50 last year, brought this morning no less than $27.

Toward the end of the row $8 or $9 was the usual figure, and in the two back rows, $3 or $4.

On the left hand side, prices were higher for the rear rows, but considerably lower for the first row. Nos. 367 and 368, aisle seats in the middle of the second row, brought $7.50. In the row in front, the best seats brought from $7.50 to $9, with those over the stage $4 or $5.

A good deal of confusion was caused among bidders for seats in the third row of this balcony by their misunderstanding of the position of the piers which support the ceiling. It was a frequent occurence for the purchaser of two seats to find that they were completely separated in this way, so that the occupant of one could not see the occupant of the other.

In such cases, where it was discovered in time (as was not always the case), the auctioneer good naturedly resold the seats.

A great many people were still unsupplied with seats when the sale concluded with those in the central position of the balcony, owing to the high price which practically every desirable seat in the hall had brought.

The last seat sold was 273, which was knocked down to a bidder, who called, with a sigh of relief, for two seats. When the laugh subsided, the seat was resold.

Boston Transcript
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1895.

FINAL SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

Premiums Bid Today for the $7.50 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts.

In Music Hall this morning the final auction sale of seats for the regular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday evenings began at ten o'clock. The front seats on the floor were largely occupied by the bidders, and parties of two and three or more persons wandered about at the extreme rear of the floor or in the balconies, picking out the seats for which they wished to bid. It was the $7.50 seats that were disposed of today, and the sale was slower, owing to the fact that so many purchasers bought only single seats.

The seats at the rear on the main floor sold for $5, $6, $7 and $8 premium for those in the forward rows, and for as low as fifty cents premium for those in the last two rows, for some of which, indeed, there were no bidders. In the first balcony the rear seats were sold at premiums ranging from $6 up to $21, the latter premium being paid for the end seat numbered 572 in the second row on the left side, and the three neighboring ones numbered 569 to 571. Two seats on the right side sold for $18 premium each.

In the second balcony $27 premium was paid for the end seat numbered 27 in the front row on the right. Aside from this one, the premiums did not rise higher than $16, and most of them ranged from $5 to $10. The bidding as a rule was brisk, but the advances were usually small.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 91.
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA LEADER.

The latest number of the Detroit Song Journal makes the following pointed remarks: "A great deal of interest centres in the Boston Symphony orchestra, or rather in its conductor. A little while ago wisacres who pretended to be behind the scenes asserted that Mr. Paur would no longer wield the baton. This malicious rumor pleased a certain number of people, for Mr. Paur is not a favorite, and this for several reasons. In the first place, he attends to his own business, and believes that when his hours of work are over he has the right to enjoy his leisure in his own way, and that is with his family. To understand the immorality of this you must remember that it is women who are the chief patrons of music in Boston, and they insist upon patronizing artists as well as art. They like to have clever people in their drawing rooms, to put them through their paces before admiring and envious friends. Mr. Paur objected to being patronized in this way; he unwisely thought that there was no reason why he should be bored that strangers might have the satisfaction of staring at him. His obstinacy turned Society against him—Society written with a big S, please remember—and so he became a species of pariah celebrity, doomed to a purgatory where kid gloves and violets are unknown. He antagonized lovely women, and the apothecary store hath no bitterness like a woman's scorn. Another mistake made by Mr. Paur was in not allowing the members of his orchestra to rule him. A symphony orchestra is crowded with genius from the first fiddlers down to the cymbal players. Our Boston Symphony orchestra is particularly filled with genius, and there is not a man in it who is not persuaded that he knows more than any conductor set over him. Our first fiddle players are firmly convinced of this fact, and so when Mr. Paur first appeared before them they very generously went out of their way to give him advice, which he ungratefully refused to follow. In fact, he so far forgot his place as to fine, or threaten to fine, a first fiddle player for persistently coming late to rehearsals. Imagine the threatening to fine a combination of Paganini, Ysaye and Thompson! But, as in the fairy stories, Nemesis speedily followed the bad action with a cruel whip. When the Symphony orchestra went to New York the fiddle players, or rather some of the fiddle players, whispered certain secrets to the critics, and so there appeared the startling news that Mr. Paur was a poor conductor, and that he had been dismissed. One of the knowing ones, however, has confided to me that Mr. Paur has not been dismissed, but that he has been deprived of all authority, having no right to engage a soloist or discharge a recalcitrant musician, and so on through a long and foolish list. I am not a blind admirer of Mr. Paur, but there is not the slightest doubt that he is a most able and conscientious conductor. Thanks to a thousand and one little meannesses, his life has not been a pleasant one, but Boston has yet to see a more capable orchestra leader."

The concerts of the Kneisel quartet will be given this season in Association Hall, the auditorium of which has undergone some important changes to fit it better for chamber music. There will be eight concerts, as usual, the dates of which are the Mondays Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 30, Jan. 30, Feb. 17, March 9, April 6 and April 27. Among the novelties to be performed are a string quartet by Cesar Franck, a suite for piano and violin by Emil Bernard, two sonatas for clarinet and piano by Brahms, a concerto for strings by Handel and a MS. quartet by Hermann Graedener. The sale of season tickets will be announced at an early date.

Boston Transcript
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

FINAL SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

Premiums Bid Friday for the $7.50 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts.

In Music Hall Friday morning the final auction sale of seats for the regular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday evenings began at ten o'clock. The front seats on the floor were largely occupied by the bidders, and parties of two and three or more persons wandered about at the extreme rear of the floor or in the balconies, picking out the seats for which they wished to bid. It was the $7.50 seats that were disposed of Friday, and the sale was slower, owing to the fact that so many purchasers bought only single seats.

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Boston Journal.
TEN PAGES.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

LAST SYMPHONY SEATS.

Premiums Bid Friday for the $7 50 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts.

In Music Hall Friday morning the final auction sale of seats for the regular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday evenings began at 10 o'clock. The front seats on the floor were largely occupied by the bidders, and parties of two and three or more persons wandered about at the extreme rear of the floor or in the balconies, picking out the seats for which they wished to bid. It was the $7 50 seats that were disposed of today, and the sale was slower, owing to the fact that so many purchasers bought only single seats.

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, SEPT. 29, 1895.

Symphony Season.

The sales of season tickets for the public rehearsals and concerts of the Boston symphony orchestra were held last week, and the results clearly show the esteem in which this famous organization is held by the musical public. All seats for both series of performances were sold and the supply was not equal to the demand.

This season's concerts promise to be even more attractive than in the past, as several of the great soloists who will appear have not been heard here for some years. The program for the first rehearsal and concert, Oct 18 and 19, will be as follows: Symphony No. 1, Brahms; andante and variations, Mozart; capriccio, Dvorak; overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 68.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1895.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel quartet will begin its 11th season of chamber concerts in Boston on Monday evening, Oct. 28, at Association Hall, corner Boylston and Berkeley streets. It is a significant fact that a large proportion of the audience on that evening will also begin its 11th season as patrons of these concerts. To all lovers of the very best music, the annual announcement of the Kneisel quartet is most interesting. This season the assisting artists will be Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Miss Gesellschap, Mr. Carl Baermann, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. Arthur Foote and Mr. Pourteau. Among the novelties to be performed are a quartet in D major by Caesar Franck, a suite by Emil Bernard, Brahm's clarinet sonatas, a concerto grosso for string orchestra by Handel, a trio for piano, violin and 'cello by Dvorak, an octet by C. M. Loeffler and a concerto grosso for string orchestra (MS.) by Bach. Other works will include quartets, op. 18, 29, 59 and 130, and a quintet, op. 95, by Beethoven; a sextet, op. 18, quartets, op. 67 and 111, and a quartet in F minor for piano and strings by Brahms; two quartets, op. 80 and 97, by Dvorak; two quartets by Haydn, a piano quartet and clarinet quintet by Mozart; Rubinstein's C minor quartet, and the C major quintet of Schubert.

The sale of season tickets opens at the box office, Music Hall, Monday, Oct. 21.

THE BOSTON TIMES
BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 6, 1895.

The prices that prevailed at the sales of the Symphony tickets were on an average nearly thirty-three per cent higher than last season.

There will be eight concerts in the Kneisel quartette course, the dates of which are Mondays, Oct, 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 30, Jan. 30, Feb. 17. March 9, April 6 and April 27. They will be given in Association hall, which has been newly fitted up with special reference to the requirements of chamber music. Among the novelties promised are a string quartette by Cæsar Franck, a suite for piano and violin by Emil Bernard, two sonatas for clarinet and piano by Brahms, a concerto for strings by Handel and an MS. quartette by Herman Græ-dener.

Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1895.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERTS.

The Kneisel Quartet is now in the West, for concerts in Chicago, Evanston and Milwaukee.

The tenth series of concerts in Boston will be given in Association Hall, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley. There will be changes made in the hall for the aid of the acoustics.

The dates of the concerts are Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 30, Jan. 13, Feb. 17, March 9, April 6 and 27.

The following works will be performed: Beethoven's quartets op. 18, 59, 130 (B flat), 29, and quintet F min. op. 95; Brahm's sextet B flat op. 18, quartet B flat op. 67, and G maj. op. 111, quintet F minor for piano and strings; Dvorak, quartet op. 80; quintet E flat major op. 97; Haydn, quartets G major and D major; Mozart, G minor piano quartet, clarinet quintet; Rubinstein C minor quartet; Schubert C major quintet.

These novelties will be performed: César Franck, D maj. quartet; Emil Bernard, suite op. 34; Brahm's clarinet sonatas; Handel concerts grosso; Bach concerto grosso MS.; Dvorak, trio for piano, violin and 'cello; C. M. Loeffler, octet.

Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Beach, Miss Gesellschap, Messrs. Pourtau, MacDowell, Perabo, Baermann and Foote will assist.

Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1895.

THE CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONIES.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Paur, will give a series of concerts this season the following Thursday nights at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge: Oct. 31, Nov. 21, Dec. 12, Jan. 2, 16, Feb. 6, 20, March 12, April 9, 30. Among those who will appear as soloists are Mrs. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Brema, Miss Szumowska, Joseffy, Ben Davies. The sale of reserved seats will begin at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, Monday, Oct. 26, at 8 A. M. Tickets for the season will be $7 50. The concerts will begin at 7.45 o'clock.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The first rehearsal and concert of the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given in Music Hall Friday and Saturday. The program will be as follows: Brahms' First Symphony; Andante and variations from the Divertimento in D major (K 334), Mozart; Dvorak's Capriccio; Beethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 3.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, OCT 13, 1895.

Program of the First Symphony Concert.

The 15th season of the Boston symphony orchestra will open this week in Music hall, the first rehearsal being given Friday afternoon, Oct 18, with the regular concert Saturday evening. In the course of the season the famous organization will have the assistance of many prominent artists, among which will be Mme Melba, Marie Brema, Mrs Georg Henschel, Mme Clementine de Vere, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs Ben Davies, Georg Henschel, Joseffy, E. A. MacDowell, Carl Faelton, Ondricek, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz. Others will be added to this list later.

Conductor Paur, who has been in Europe this summer, has secured several novelties for his orchestra, and doubtless the season will prove as brilliant as any in the career of this organization. The admission tickets for this week's concerts will be placed on sale tomorrow at Music hall.

The program of the first concert will be as follows:

Symphony, No.1	Bahms
Andante and variations	Mozart
Capriccio	Dvorak
Overture, Leonore, No. 3	Beethoven

[15]

Boston Symphony.

ONE of the most admirably balanced, harmonious and effective orchestral organizations that has ever appeared in this city. The musical public of Providence are to be congratulated on such an excellent series of entertainments. This was the hearty welcome extended to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the columns of the Journal on the morning after its first appearance in Providence, 13 years ago, and never during the intervening seasons has there been any occasion to withdraw these words of commendation. In 1881, only a year previous to the debut of this matchless orchestra

PAUR.

in Providence, Henry L. Higginson, a Boston banker, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted on and to-day what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride—an orchestra second to none in the world, whose name and fame are known in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all of the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian.

A condensed resume of the careers of the various conductors of the orchestras and of the concerts given in this city since the first concert on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 16, 1882, may prove of interest.

Mr. Georg Henschel was the conductor at this opening concert, in 1882. The soloists were Mr. Henschel himself, Miss Alice Constance Ward, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Listemann, at that time the first violin and concert-meister of the orchestra.

The concert was given in Music Hall and the programme was as follows:

Overture (Freischuetz)	Weber
Air (Creation)	Haydn
Symphony in C	Mozart
Concert Pathetique pour Violon	Ernst
Funeral March of a Marionette	Gounod
Pogner's Address (Meistersingers)	Wagner
Overture (Rienzi)	Wagner

Two more concerts were given during the season, and the following year Infantry Hall was selected as the most desirable location, and there the concerts have been given ever since. Mr. Henschel remained as conductor until the season of 1884-85, and on his retirement located in London, where he met with his usual marked success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra in London, giving 12 concerts each year in St. James Hall.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvellous that it cannot be effaced. It was indeed a gracious compliment to Mr. Gericke that on his arrival in Vienna he at once assumed the leadership of the "Geselschaft Musikfreund," a society not unlike the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the orchestra, however, playing a much more important part. The above society having offered its leadership to Mr. Gericke just as he was leaving Vienna for

JOSEFFY.

should return, and [illegible] retained. Mr. Gericke retained this position until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting on his well-deserved laurels.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch all must own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch on leaving Boston was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before.

Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season and below will be found a partial list of works he has promised to the patrons of the Providence concerts, as well as a list of the soloists. At the 45 concerts given by the orchestra in Providence the follow-

DE VERE-SAPIO.

ing list of eminent soloists have appeared:

Mme. Lillian Nordica,	Mr. Fol Plancon,
Miss Emma Juch,	Mr. Theodor Reichmann
Miss C. De Vere,	Mr. Emil Fischer,
Miss Emma Thursby,	Mr. Georg Henschel,
Mrs. Georg Henschel,	Mr. Max Heinrich,
Miss Clara Poole,	Mr. Anton Schott.
Mrs. Arthur Nikisch,	Mr. Heinrich Meyn,
Mme. Antonia Mielke,	Mr. Eugen d'Albert,
Miss Louise Meisslinger,	Mr. Carl Baermann,
Miss Gertrude Franklin,	Mr. F. Busoni,
Miss Gertrude Edmands	Mr. Frederic Boscovitz,
Miss Lena Little,	Mr. Cesar Thomson,
Miss Marguerite Hall,	Mr. Franz Kneisel,
Miss A. Aus Der Ohe,	Mr. Bernhard Listemann
Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler,	Mr. T. Adamowski,
Mrs. Emil Paur,	Mr. Fritz Giese,
Miss L. Von Stosch,	Mr. Anton Hekking.
Miss Alice Wentworth,	Mr. Alwin Schroeder.
Mr. Jules Jordan,	Mr. Rafael Joseffy,

Each season Providence has been given several novelties in the various programmes, and for the coming season four new works are promised. On several occasions a work has received its first production in America at these concerts, a fact worthy of recognition. The last instance of this sort occurred at the first concert of the series at Infantry Hall, when Sgambati's Symphony No. 1, was given its first American production. Precisely the same standard of performance is maintained here as in Boston, and New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington all pay a higher rate for five concerts than Providence pays for a series of six.

This year's season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence includes six concerts, each on a Wednesday evening, the dates being: Oct. 23, Nov. 27, Jan. 8, Feb. 12, March 18 and April 22. They will be given, in accordance with what has become the rule, in Infantry Hall. The orchestra will be assisted by the following solo artists: Mme. De Vere-Sapio, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mr. Ben Davies and others, who cannot now be announced. The sale of season tickets opens at the box office at Infantry Hall to-morrow morning at 9.

The list of works to be performed includes those given below, which include four that are new to American audiences, and it is not out of place to state that the first appearance of Joseffy this season in America will be at the Providence concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Here is this season's repertoire:

Beethoven	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Schumann	Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major
Mendelssohn	Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"
Brahms	Symphony No. 2, in D major
Tschaikowsky	Symphony No. 6 (First time.)
Wagner	Overture, "Flying Dutchman"
Wagner	A Faust Overture
Volkmann	Fest Overture
Reznicek	Overture, "Donna Diana" (First time.)
Delibes	Suite, "Sylvia"
Godard	Suite (First time.)
Haendel	Largo
Mozart	Turkish March
Dvorak	Capriccio
Richard Strauss	Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram" (First time.)

Local Musical Notes.

FELIX WENDELSCHAEFER, director of the Providence Opera House Orchestra, who had the misfortune to meet with an accident that resulted in his arm being fractured just as the season was opening, and has been in ordinary ever since, will resume his duties at the theatre to-morrow evening. He has now quite recovered.

Rivarde, the celebrated violinist, is to appear in a concert at Infantry Hall, this city, in December.

W. C. Carl of New York, probably the leading recital organist in the country and the favorite pupil of Gilmont, spent a day in Providence last week as the guest of N. B. Sprague.

The Narragansett Choral Society began its season last week with the largest chorus in its history and a degree of enthusiasm that promises the best of results.

Mr. N. B. Sprague will begin an extended tour of organ recitals in the principal New England towns on Nov. 1. He expects this season to make his

DAVIES.

tour larger than ever before. Last season his engagements took him into northern Massachusetts, and there were some engagements as far distant as in Maine.

There was an error in the announcement of the recitals to be given by Miss Charlotte Broome at Pilgrim Congregational Church. These entertainments are to take place on Friday evenings, and not Sundays, as was stated.

Mr. David E. Carter will probably go to Newport as an organist.

Mr. N. B. Sprague was the recipient last week of a number of gifts that he places great value upon. They are from the venerable organist of Temple Church, London, England, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, President of the College of Organists of London. Dr. Hopkins is undoubtedly the leading organist of the English capital and one of the leading composers in Great Britain, especially of organ music. While Mr. Sprague was in London last summer this venerable musician contributed in no small measure to the pleasure of both Mr. Sprague and his companion, Judge Carpenter, and the present received the other day is the fruit of the friendship then begun. The gift includes a portrait of Dr. Hopkins, an autograph letter, a printed history, and an account of the scheme of the organ of Temple Church, which was first built in 1307, and a number of other things of value, even aside from the fact that they are gifts from this particular gentleman.

Brown University Mandolin and Guitar Club has been organized with the following membership: First mandolins, H. C. Clark, '99; C. M. Whipple, '97; A. M. Greenwood, '98. Second mandolin, C. B. Dana, '99; C. F. Shipper, '99. Guitars, M. H. Cady, '99; R. E. Barker, '99; A. A. Mulligan, '99. Flute, E. A. Robinson, '97. Violin, E. C. Broome, '97.

The remaining artists of the company which is to support Mme. Melba in her tour of operatic concerts arrived last week. Among the leading members is Scalchi, without whom many leading contralto roles are well-nigh impossible,

SZUMOWSKA.

and who is a universal favorite. Mlle. Bauermeister is another favorite with all opera goers, and the reputation of Campanari rests scarcely more upon his fine voice and method than upon his undeniable histrionic ability. The tenor of the company, Lloyd d'Aubigne, though less known than the others, has an enviable reputation and astonished the public last year by acquitting himself brilliantly as Faust when called unexpectedly to the part by the sudden illness of Jean De Reszke. Mr. Ronald, the conductor of the orchestra, was secured by Mr. Ellis when in London last summer. He is one of the staff of Sir Augustus Harris of Covent Garden, and is a brother of Clark Russell the popular novelist. Melba is to appear at Infantry Hall, Nov. 5

The Providence Symphony Orchestra (amateur), will resume rehearsals at the Providence Art Club, 11 Thomas street, to-morrow evening (Oct. 14). There are a number of new names among the applicants for membership, and the prospect is favorable for one of the most successful seasons in the history of the orchestra. Musicians desiring to become members should address Robert Bonner, conductor, or A. Livingston Mason, business manager, care Providence Art Club, 11 Thomas street.

BLAUVELT.

The chorus choir of the South Baptist Church, corner Ocean and Gallup streets, will render the following music at the evening service to-day: "I Am Alpha and Omega," Stainer; "Memories of Galilee," Brown; "The Way is Long and Dreary," Sullivan.

Miss Luella Flagg of Worcester, a pupil of Dr. Jordan, who sang the contralto part for the Arion Club in the "Walpurgis Night" at last season's concert, will sing the part of Armida in Niels Gade's "Crusaders," to be given by the Choral Association of the South Baptist Church, Wednesday, Nov. 6.

At the Westminster Unitarian Church the following music will be sung at the morning service to-day: Anthem, "I Will Greatly Rejoice in the Lord," with soprano solo, Cruikshank; solo by Miss Mary Louise Hayden of Boston, "By the Waters of Babylon," Howell; response, with bass solo and quartet, "Teach us to Pray," Jordan; anthem, "Sun of My Soul," with alto solo by Miss Deane, and tenor solo, Wagner.

Mrs. Elene Eaton, the American dramatic soprano, repeated the success she made with the Handel and Haydn Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, etc., at the recent Worcester Festival, singing "St. Paul" and "Israel in Egypt." The best evidence of Mrs. Eaton's success is that she was given a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Downey, one of the directors of the Worcester Musical Association, on Friday evening, and by the President, Mr. A. C. Munroe, on Saturday evening.

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Brooklyn Daily Times.
24 AND 26 BROADWAY.
BROOKLYN, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

A SERIES OF FINE CONCERTS.

BROOKLYN INSTITUTE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PROGRAM.

Boston Symphony Concerts to Be Given This Year Under the Joint Patronage Of the Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society—World-famous Artists Engaged to Assist Herr Paur And His Orchestra of Ninety Pieces—Details of the Performances.

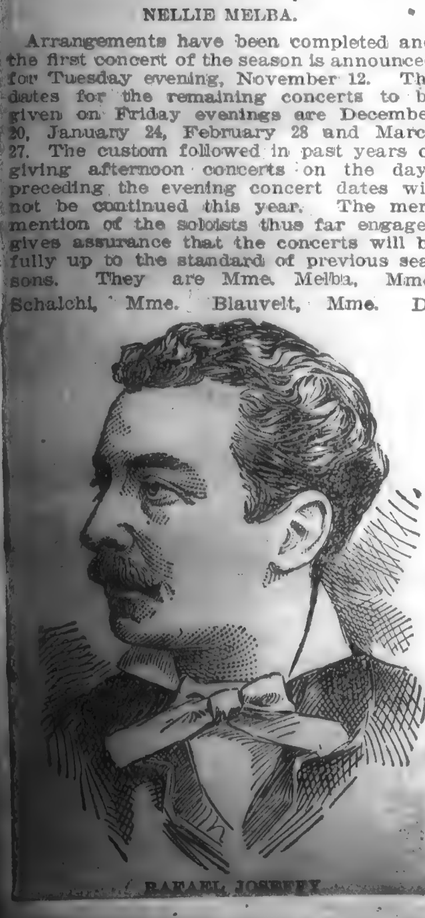
A very attractive prospectus has been issued giving special information regarding the five concerts to be given this season by the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Academy of Music, under the joint auspices of the department of music of the Brooklyn institute, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic society.

EMIL PAUR.

But for the enterprise and activity of the department of music this splendid orchestra with Mr. Paur as conductor, might not have been heard in Brooklyn, and this would have occasioned much regret. The department has known steady success in the past and it may be inferred from the willingness of the institute clientele to rise to the genuine artistic opportunities offered them, that the confidence of the officers in starting the new enterprise will not be misplaced. This engagement was not made until assurance was asked and received that only the best solo talent of the country should supplement the work of the orchestra.

NELLIE MELBA.

Arrangements have been completed and the first concert of the season is announced for Tuesday evening, November 12. The dates for the remaining concerts to be given on Friday evenings are December 20, January 24, February 28 and March 27. The custom followed in past years of giving afternoon concerts on the days preceding the evening concert dates will not be continued this year. The mere mention of the soloists thus far engaged gives assurance that the concerts will be fully up to the standard of previous seasons. They are Mme. Melba, Mme. Schalchi, Mme. Blauvelt, Mme. De Vere-Sapio, Rafael Joseffy, [illegible] Davies, Lloyd D'Aubigne and Giuseppe Campanari. Scarcely less well known are those who will be at the head of the orchestral players, Franz Kneisel, Timothee Adamowski and Alwin Schroeder. Mr. Paur will, of course, conduct the orchestra, which will be made up of ninety musicians.



RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

This organization is so well known that it hardly seems necessary to dwell upon its merits at this time. Started on an ideal basis by Mr. Higginson, of Boston, it has been devoted to giving high-class concerts exclusively, and has gained the reputation throughout the country of being the best equipped orchestra in this country, and one of the most complete, if not the largest permanently maintained organization of the kind in the world. Besides giving a notable series of concerts every season in Boston, the orchestra makes a tour of the country, appearing in most of the large cities.

All the singers engaged have been heard in Brooklyn, but this will not detract from the interest that will center in their appearance. They are well-tried favorites, and will receive a hearty welcome. Mme. Melba may be regarded as the bright particular star of the vocal firmament. She is an exquisite, not to say incomparable vocalist, and she has been a reigning favorite during the past few years, both here and abroad. Mme. Scalchi is a competent singer who has been before the public many years. Her voice is not in

BEN DAVIES.

its prime, but she is a popular favorite and is always cordially received. There will be a natural curiosity to hear Mme. De Vere-Sapio who returns to this country after an absence of three years, and there is no reason to doubt that she will live up to her past success. The career of Lillian Blauvelt has been a notably successful one. She began as a concert soloist in Brooklyn and has many friends in this city. Mr. Joseffy is an artist of acknowledged ability, who needs no introduction to Brooklynites, although it is some time since he appeared here. D'Aubigne and Campanari have made their principal success in opera, but are well equipped for concert work.

CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO.

The department of music has taken a commendable step in undertaking to support these concerts. They are desirous of bringing the series within the reach of all, and with this in view, the price for course tickets has been fixed low. The sale will begin Tuesday evening, October 15, at the Art galleries, 174 Montague street, and will continue thereafter at the same place and also at the institute office, 502 Fulton street, and at Chandler's, 300 Fulton street. The soloists at the first concert will be Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, M. D'Aubigne and M. Campanari.

GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI.

These concerts should not be confounded with the series of afternoon and evening concerts by the department of music which will be given as usual. These will take place at Association hall and will begin October 30. A splendid series has been planned as follows:

SOFIA SCALCHI.

October 30, matinee and evening, two song recitals by Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, assisted by Arthur W. Foote, piano, and Anton Hegner, 'cello; Isador Luckstone, accompanist.

November 27, matinee and evening, two piano recitals, by Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler, pianist, assisted by William H. Reiger, tenor, and Miss Bertha Bucklin, violin (invited); Mr. Luckstone, accompanist.

LLOYD D'AUBIGNE.

December 11, matinee and evening, two ballad concerts by Miss Charlotte Walker, soprano; Miss Cecile Horrlocker, alto; William R. Williams, tenor; Grant Odell, basso, assisted by Albert Mildenberg, piano and Abram Ray Tyler, accompanist.

January 8, matinee and evening, two choral concerts by the Caecilia Ladies' Vocal society, assisted by George W. Fergusson, barytone; Franz Wilczek, violin; Miss Grace A. Povey, accompanist; musical director, John Hyatt Brewer.

February 5, matinee and evening, two chamber music concerts by the Kneisel String quartet, of Boston: Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, 'cello, assisted by Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, soprano; Mr. Luckstone, accompanist.

March 11, matinee and evening, two song recitals by Max Heinrich, barytone, assisted by Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, soprano, and Miss Maude Powell, violin; Mr. Luckstone, accompanist.

April 8, matinee and evening, two piano recitals by Edward A. MacDowell, piano, assisted by Mrs. Marie Vanderveer-Green, contralto. Accompanist to be engaged.

April 29, matinee and evening, two choral concerts by the Arion Singing society (evening), and the Arion Ladies' chorus (matinee), assisted by Mme. Georgine Von Januschowsky, soprano. 'Cellist to be selected. Musical director, Arthur Claassen.

To supplement and round off the season's program it is expected that Paderewski and Ondricek may be engaged for special extra concerts.

The officers of the department of music are: Walter S. Carter, president; Charles H. Morse, first vice-president; R. Huntington Woodman, second vice-president; John Hyatt Brewer, secretary; Perlee V. Jervis, librarian. Henry K. Sheldon is president of the Brooklyn Philharmonic society; L. S. Burnham, vice-president, and B. T. Frothingham, secretary.

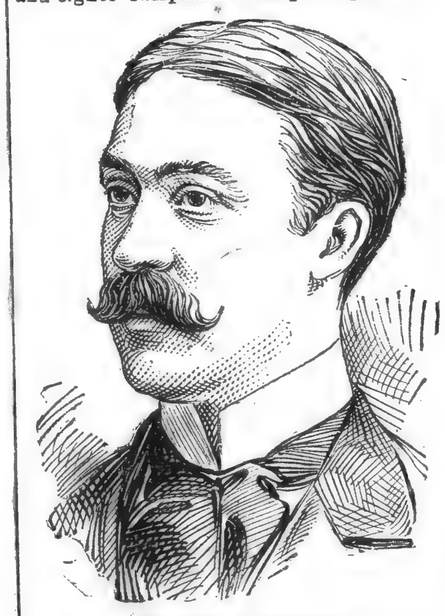
MILTON'S PUBLIC [illegible]

SUNDAY MORNING HERALD.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 6, 1895.

MELBA, THE QUEEN OF SONG.

Mme. Melba, the "Queen of Song," and most famous of living singers, will be heard at the Lyceum on Thursday evening, and such an audience, both in numbers and quality as is seldom seen in Rochester, may be looked for. The sale of seats will begin Tuesday morning. The farewells and returns of Patti have become so numerous that the public takes them as a matter of course, and is rather amused by them. It is tolerably certain, however, that those farewells are, or will soon be, over. She could brook no rival near her throne, and, now that one has come, her peaceful abdication may be looked for. That rival is Melba. To the attractions of youth and beauty she adds a voice which Milan, Paris, London, New York, have in turn declared to be peerless. An entire generation has passed since an artist has arisen on whom the mantle of the great "diva" could be bestowed. This will also be the first chance for Rochester music lovers so hear Madame Scalchi, the consummate contralto artist without whom, it may almost be said, no great operatic cast can now be made; to enjoy the singing of Mlle. Bauermeister, whose great popularity at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, has been earned only by unquestioned musical gifts and a remarkable power over her audiences; to appreciate the fine abilities both as vocalists and as dramatic artists, of Signor Guiseppe Companari, the basso, and Signor D'Aubigne, the tenor, of this company, who, if all reports are true, are to prove themselves worthy members of a distinguished musical coterie; the efforts of all having the important assistance of a well-trained orchestra, under the baton of an English conductor, Landon Ronald, especially engaged for this company, whose ability may be judged from the fact that he has become chief d'orchestre under the famous Sir Augustus Harris, of London.

The chief interest of the occasion will be in Melba, the peerless, the indescribable, whose liquid notes have set glowing with enthusiasm the soberest critics of the musical centers of two continents. There can be no doubt that in hearing her this community is to listen for the first time to the only artist who can give the musical delight heretofore only possible to be experienced by those who were fortunate enough to have heard in an elaborate program of operatic selections, and Mme. Melba will also be heard in the mad scene from Lucia D'Lammermoor. This will be followed by the fifth act of "Faust," with Mme. Melba as Marguerite. Signor D'Aubigne as Faust, and Signor Campanari as Mephistopheles.



CHARLES A. ELLIS.

For the opportunity of hearing such a musical treat in the smaller cities thanks are due Manager Charles A. Ellis, of Boston, who has undertaken the enterprise at an enormous expense. Mr. Ellis is manager of the well known Boston Symphony orchestra and also of the concert tours of many famous musical celebreties.

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MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

Furnished by the Brooklyn Institute.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

A New Departure of the Department of Music—Some of the Noted Artists Who Will Appear.

It is easy to start artistic fads among persons with long purses. It is not so easy to arouse a genuine interest in art among those whose means are limited and whose days are occupied with strenuous labor. Since its foundation, the Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute has set itself to this latter task and has performed it well. Now it proposes to extend the advantages of orchestral music among a popular membership which has already shown its hearty appreciation of the Institute's endeavors along both literary, scientific and musical lines.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is probably the premier organization of its kind in North America. The soloists at the symphony concerts number the greatest musical geniuses from abroad as well as the fruit and flower of American musical culture. This great agency, the Brooklyn Institute has taken hold of this year. Five concerts will be given under the joint auspices of the Department of Music and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with the orchestra as the chief attraction, supplemented by Melba, Clementine De Vere, Blauvelt, Scalchi, Ben Davies, Joseffy and other gifted singers and instrumentalists. The rate for course tickets has been set low, and the engagement of the Academy of Music gives assurance of plenty of room for the big audiences. The dates for the concerts are: Tuesday, Nov. 12, and Fridays, Dec. 26, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27.

MME. DE VERE SAPIO.

Herr Paur, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, has been in Europe this summer and has selected a number of new things which he will bring out this season for the first time. The orchestral works will be rendered by ninety musicians, and at the first concert the following artists will be heard: Mme. Nella Melba, soprano; Mme. Sofia Scalchi, contralto; M. Lloyd D'Aubigne, tenor; M. Guiseppe Campanari, basso.

Mme. Melba has had a comparatively brief, but an amazingly successful career as a prima donna, ranking with Nordica, Eames, Calve and the other queens of songs whom Messrs. Abbey and Grau have introduced to the American public within the last few years. She is an Australian by birth, but is of Scotch descent. She learned music very young under the tuition of her mother, who was an accomplished amateur. It was not until she was 12 years old, however, that her extraordinary voice was discovered. As a girl, Mme. Melba was full of ambition, and after acquiring all the Antipodean teachers could give her, she went to Paris and further cultivated her gift under the celebrated Mme. Marchesi. Notwithstanding the objections interposed by her father, Mr. Mitchell (who was one of the Commissioners of the Melbourne Exposition), a lyric career became

MR. BEN DAVIS.

irresistible; and upon the completion of her studies with Mme. Marchesi, Mme. Melba made her debut on Oct. 15, 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," at the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels. Her triumph here was so marked that she was engaged right away for a series of performances. Then followed a series of flattering receptions in London, Paris and other continental cities. Gounod and Ambroise Thomas respectively taught her the leading roles in their operas "Romeo and Juliette" and "Hamlet." On coming to New York, Melba became a great favorite with the metropolitan public. Her voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with a very extensive range. Her vocalization is almost unrivalled in fluency. Mme. Melba now has her own concert company on the road.

Of the other artistes who will be heard at the Symphony concerts, it is not necessary to speak at so much length. De Vere and Blauvelt are both native songbirds, that is their homes are in this country, though Mrs. De Vere Sapio was born in Paris and is of mixed Belgian and English extraction. Mme. Blauvelt has been heard time and again by Institute audiences, and is very much of a favorite in Brooklyn. How well she is liked is attested by the fact that she has been engaged to appear in a matinee and evening song recital to open the Institute chamber concerts at Association Hall on Oct. 30. Mme. Scalchi has been called the greatest contralto of our time. This is high praise, and whatever be the strict judgment of critics, no one will deny her claims to a leading place. Mme. Scalchi represents the best traditions of Italian opera. Born in Turin, she began her stage career at 16. She has sung in almost every large civilized city in the world, including Milan, London, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Vienna, Madrid, Rio Janeiro and New York.

Joseffy, the pianist, will also make his bow to a Brooklyn audience this season under the auspices of the Symphony. Joseffy is second only to Paderewski as a master of the pianoforte. The other solo instrumentalists will include Franz Kneisel, the director of the Kneisel String Quartet, violin; Timothee Adamowski, violin, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello. Lloyd d'Aubigne, the tenor, and Guiseppe Campanari, the basso of the concerts, are both comparatively young artists of the most brilliant performance and promise. D'Aubigne first attracted popular notice last season by taking Jean de Reszke's role of Faust in Boston when that singer was too ill to appear. Campanari is a spirited basso, and is at his best in Italian opera.

Besides these large concerts at the Academy, the department of music will by no means neglect its friends, who retain their old fondness for the less pretentious but

HERR PAUR.

equally beautiful chamber pieces of the great composers. The sixteen concerts to be given in Association Hall, beginning Oct. 30, have been planned to suit every variety of refined musical taste in the kind of works referred to. Opening with Mme. Blauvelt's song recitals, assisted by Arthur W. Foote, the pianist; Anton Hegner, 'cello, and Isador Luckstone, accompanist. the second programme will consist of two piano recitals by Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler, supported by William H. Rieger, tenor, and Miss Bertha Bucklin, violin. These two concerts will occur Nov. 27. The other events of the season are: Dec. 11, matinee and evening, two ballad concerts by Miss Charlotte Walker, soprano; Miss Cecile Horrlocker, alto; William R. Williams, tenor; Grant Odell, basso, assisted by Albert Mildenberg, piano, and Abram Ray Tyler, accompanist. Jan. 8, matinee and evening, two choral concerts by the Cecilia Ladies' Vocal Society, assisted by George W. Ferguson, baritone; Franz Wilczek, violin; Miss Grace A. Povex, accompanist; John Hyatt Brewer, director. Feb. 5, matinee and evening, two chamber music concerts by the Kneisel String Quartet, of Boston; Franz Kneisel, first violin; Louis Svecenski, viola, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello. On this occasion Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, the western soprano, will also appear. March 11, matinee and evening, two song recitals by Max Heinrich, the baritone, assisted by Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, soprano, and Miss Maude Powell, violin. April 8, matinee and evening, two piano recitals by Edward A. McDowell, the Boston pianist, assisted by Mrs. Marie Vanderveer Green, contralto. Mrs.

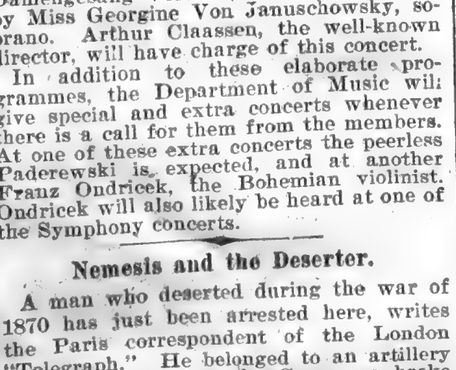
M. CAMPANARI.

Green is a native of the town of Flatbush, and has won a series of musical successes abroad. April 29, matinee and evening, two choral concerts by the Arion Mannergesang Verein (evening) and the Arion Damengesang Verein (afternoon), assisted by Miss Georgine Von Januschowsky, soprano. Arthur Claassen, the well-known director, will have charge of this concert.

In addition to these elaborate programmes, the Department of Music will give special and extra concerts whenever there is a call for them from the members. At one of these extra concerts the peerless Paderewski is expected, and at another Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist. Ondricek will also likely be heard at one of the Symphony concerts.

Nemesis and the Deserter.

A man who deserted during the war of 1870 has just been arrested here, writes the Paris correspondent of the London "Telegraph." He belonged to an artillery regiment, and when the Commune broke out he joined the revolutionists, fought in their ranks, and disappeared when the Versailles troops entered Paris. Until recently this individual has lived in the country, but a short time ago he came to this metropolis in search of employment. Until he could get settled he was in the habit of sleeping in the different night refuges, and his name having excited suspicion his case was investigated, and he was taken into custody. The deserter, who is 53 years of age, is now at the Depot of the Prefecture of Police, pending his transfer to the military authorities. He had fondly hoped that



MME. MELBA.

his offense had been forgotten; so, lulled into a false feeling of security, he left his provincial retreat.

RECORD IN THE BRAIN.

Thought and Action Leave Impressions in the Gray Matter.

DEVELOPMENT OF BUMPS.

Professor Gates' Novel Experiment with Trained Puppies—Interesting Physiological Tests.

What is regarded by many scientists as the most valuable discovery ever made concerning the relations of the structures and functions of the mind was recently announced to the scientific world by Professor Elmer Gates, a psychologist, who has for several years been making elaborate studies both in Washington and Philadelphia, says a Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg "Dispatch."

By training pet animals, especially dogs, to perform various difficult tricks, Professor Gates developed many strange abnormalities in the gray structures of their brain. In this manner he has not only located the exact parts of the brain in which even the most intricate emotions originate, but has convinced himself of a method by which the brain of man may be built entirely anew. His laboratory is one of the most interesting institutions of the kind in the world. Various instruments have been erected in it for aiding the professor in his peculiar training.

In one experiment Professor Gates trained dogs so skillfully that they were able to distinguish colors, one from another, and associate them with action. Seven little shepherd puppies were kept in a totally

M. JOSEFFY.

darkened room from the moment they were born until they became nine months old. So careful was the professor lest even a spark should enter this room that he placed three different doors in the approach to it.

A second group of little shepherd dogs of the same age were allowed to lead a normal life. A third group of the same age and stock were put through an interesting course of sight training. To accomplish this the floor of the hall leading to one room of the laboratory was covered with square metallic plates, separated each from the other by insulation. These, with the exception of a few, were connected with the current of a strong electric induction coil. Those not connected were irregularly scattered and painted a like color. The others were painted in various other shades, giving the whole floor a checkered appearance.

At first when the dogs followed the professor to his laboratory they had their feet comfortably tickled, not knowing the proper combination. In a few months, however, after being trained a number of hours each day, they gradually learned the proper plates, no matter how their positions were changed. Within five months the professor had perfected this unique education to his satisfaction.

Another interesting method of developing the color bumps was by feeding the same dogs meat placed under different colored pans, which had to be turned over with their noses before the food could

MME. SCALCHI.

discovered. Each pan was rubbed with meat on the outside that they might not be led to the proper pan to smell. Each was shown that the yellow pans only contained the meat. For several weeks, however, they continued to turn each pan, indiscriminately until finding the dinner.

After six weeks the proper places were found the first time, no matter in what manner their positions were altered. By placing the food under the pans of other colors they soon became able to discriminate between seven different shades of red, several of green and of still others.

The three groups of puppies when nine months old were chloroformed, and their brains and spinal cords studied under powerful microscopes and by applying various chemical tests. Those kept in the dark room all their lives showed a total absence of development in the portion of the gray exterior covering, or cortex, which Professor Gates previously knew to be occupied by "seeing area." This was totally lacking in cells.

The group which had led a normal dog life had much greater development in the "bump of sight," as the common phrenologist would call it. The cortex was thicker, more thickly supplied with arteries and veins. It was more gray in color and contained cells. But the seeing area of the dogs highly trained showed a wonderful development. The cortex was abnormally thick and exceeded those of the normal dogs in the number of cells and blood vessels. The cells were much more complex in form.

In short, in that portion of the brain where originated the sense of sight the highly trained dogs were found to be twenty-five times as complex as the group which had led a usual life. It therefore seems very apparent that similar training applied to human beings deficient in brains might

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WILL SING IN BROOKLYN.

OPERATIC STARS BOOKED FOR THE ACADEMY.

Programmes Prepared by the Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute and the Philharmonic Society. Melba, Scalchi and De Vere Sapio.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given at the Academy of Music November 12, with Melba, Scalchi, D'Aubigne and Campanari as soloists.

This year the Symphony concerts will appeal to larger audiences than before. The department of music of the Brooklyn institute will co-operate with the Brooklyn Philharmonic society in their management. The institute department of music has done a great work since its foundation. It has admirably filled the need existing in this city for first rate chamber music and it has gathered together a clientele of cultivated, music loving people. This year it takes the boards of the Academy of Music with its sister society, making a wider appeal, both to its own membership and the artistic instincts of Brooklynites generally than it has ever attempted before.

Five concerts in all will be given under the auspices of the Philharmonic and the department of music. The dates are Tuesday, November 12, and the Friday evenings falling on December 20, January 24, February 28 and March 27. Among those who will sing are Mme. Nellie Melba, soprano; Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, soprano; Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano; Mme. Sofia Scalchi, contralto; Ben Davies, tenor; Lloyd D'Aubigne, tenor; Giuseppe Campanari, basso.

Chief of the instrumental soloists will be Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, and the solo string performers will include Franz Kneisel, violin, director of the Kneisel string quartet; Timothee Adamowski, violin, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello. Prefatory to some notice of the soloists, it may be mentioned that the present is the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony. At home forty-eight concerts are given annually, lasting from October to May. Herr Paur's orchestral forces number eighty-seven players, constituting the largest permanent orchestra maintained exclusively for concert purposes in the world. Herr Paur has been in Europe during the summer and has reurned with a number of new compositions, which will greatly strengthen the orchestra repertoire.

Mme. Melba, the foremost prima donna on the Bostom Symphony list, is of Scotch descent and was born in Australia. She began the study of the pianoforte at a very early age, her mother, being an accomplished musician. She pursued her studies under professional teachers, securing a thorough ground work in harmony and composition, but it was not until she was about 12 years old that it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of unusual beauty. The young girl took a few lessons in Australia, but her ambition led her in the end to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of the famous Mme. Marchesi. Her father, who was one of the commissioners of the Melbourne exposition, was strenuously opposed to her adopting the lyric stage, but Mme. Melba persisted. After completing her studies with Mme. Marchesi, she made her debut in 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Theater de La Monnaie, Brussels. She immediately won such favor that the intendant engaged her for a term and she appeared in several leading grand opera roles. Then Sir Augustus Harris, the London impresario, secured her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her debut in London, in "Lucia" with a success well remembered by all English opera goers.

Since then Mme. Melba's career has been a constant succession of triumphs. A favorite at Brussels, she has sung in Paris, London and New York as well. The grand opera in Paris has been the scene of many of her best interpretations, including the role of Ophelie, which was studied with Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Hamlet," and Juliette, which she learned with Gounod, afterward appearing in London with Jean de Reszke, who assumed the part of Romeo. M. Bemberg wrote "Elaine" for her. During the last two seasons, Mme. Melba has been one of Abbey & Grau's leading cantatrices. At the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, she has divided honors with Calve, Nordica and Eames. This season she has her own operatic concert company on the road, including a complete orchestra and four solo artists.

Mme. Clementine De Vere Sapio has been characterized as belonging to the very limited class of singers who have succeeded in combining the excellencies of widely different styles of music. The description is a truthful one. It would be difficlut to say whether Mme. Sapio is at her best in opera, oratorio or concert. Judging from her own adherence to the concert stage, it may perhaps be thought she is best fitted for this variety of musical endeavor. Clemence Duchene De Vere Sapio was born in Paris and is partly of continental extraction. Her father was a Belgian nobleman, his wife being an English woman. Mlle. De Vere's musical education was had under Mme. Albertini Baucarde, in Florence, Italy, and she made her operatic debut in that city at the age of 16, in "The Huguenots," arousing the greatest enthusiasm by the youthful brilliancy of her powers. Subsequently she appeared at the leading theaters of France, Italy, Mexico and Spain. She studied Ophelie and Marguerite with Thomas and Gounod, respectively. Her fame increased, and she was sought after in England, Australia and the United States. Since the beginning of her permanent residence here, Mme. Sapio has become one of our best liked sopranos. Her pure and perfect voice, brilliancy of execution and delicacy of shading have been commented upon and raved over by musical critics from one end of the country to the other.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mme. Sofia Scalchi conclude the list of the artists already announced. Mme. Scalchi is the contralto of the Melba operatic concert company. For a decade her services have been considered indispensable to the success of every important operatic entertainment. She is a native of Turin and went into opera very young. She has won laurels in nearly every large city including Milan, London, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Vienna, Madrid, Rio Janeiro and New York. During several of Patti's transcontinental tours, Mme. Scalchi accompanied the peerless singer and was only second in popular esteem and regard to Patti herself. By many Mme. Scalchi is ranked as the greatest living contralto.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, is a fine representative of English male singers and will no doubt sustain his enormous reputation here. Lloyd D'Aubigne is not so well known to the public as Ben Davies, but is nevertheless a rising star in the operatic world. He first became prominently in evidence in the course of the last season in Boston, when Jean de Reszke became suddenly indisposed, and he was called upon at an hour's notice to replace him in the role of Washington; Infantry hall, Providence; Sander's theater, Cambridge, Mass.; and at occasional performances in other cities.

SOME SYMPHONY ARTISTS.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1895

The Symphony Sale.

As usual, it was full of society interest, and prices ranged higher than last year. Seats which then brought five dollars premium for the matinee concerts, now brought ten, in the front corners, generally considered undesirable; while in the rear rows, seats which have often brought only twenty-five cents premium, or been left unsold at the auction, this year brought from six to twenty dollars premium. The lowest premiums for the matinees were for two $7.50 seats in different localities, which brought five dollars premium each, and it happened that these were bought by your correspondent for lady friends with short pockets. As usual the tickets for the Saturday evening concerts brought much lower prices than the afternoon. Much is said about these concerts not being for the ordinary purse; but eight dollars (including fifty cents premium) can hardly be called high for a series of twenty-four concerts, yet at this price tickets were sold.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

The first Symphony concert will be given in Music Hall next Saturday evening. The program will include Brahms' first symphony, andante and variations from Mozart's Divertimento in D major (the last of the set), Dvorák's capriccio and Beethoven's overture to Leonora, No. 3. A program radiant with novelties! There are the two B's so dear to Boston; why was not something by Bach played instead of the Dvorák piece, and then we would have paid homage to the three B's? I still maintain that my plan is best of all, and that Mr. Paur should have devoted the program of the first concert to the works of composers whose names begin with A. Then B would have its turn, then C, and so on. This would be a truly educational scheme.

The tickets this fall commanded an unusually high premium. There are good reasons for this. The orchestra is a legitimate source of civic pride, whether you approve heartily or disapprove mildly of the conductor. Then the list of soloists seems to be unusually strong.

* * *

The rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began on Friday morning. There was also a rehearsal on Saturday morning, and during next week there will be at least four private rehearsals before the public one on Friday afternoon. During the season there are always three rehearsals a week, often four.

Melba will be the soloist at the first concert in New York given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra November 11.

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THE [illegible]

SUNDAY, OCT[illegible] 1895.

WILL SING IN BROOKLYN.

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The first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given at the Academy of Music November 12, with Melba, Scalchi, D'Aubigne and Campanari as soloists.

This year the Symphony concerts will appeal to larger audiences than before. The department of music of the Brooklyn institute will co-operate with the Brooklyn Philharmonic society in their management. The institute department of music has done a great work since its foundation. It has admirably filled the need existing in this city for first rate chamber music and it has gathered together a clientele of cultivated, music loving people. This year it takes the boards of the Academy of Music with its sister society, making a wider appeal, both to its own membership and the artistic instincts of Brooklynites generally than it has ever attempted before.

Five concerts in all will be given under the auspices of the Philharmonic and the department of music. The dates are Tuesday, November 12, and the Friday evenings falling on December 20, January 24, February 28 and March 27. Among those who will sing are Mme. Nellie Melba, soprano; Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, soprano; Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano; Mme. Sofia Scalchi, contralto; Ben Davies, tenor; Lloyd D'Aubigne, tenor; Giuseppe Campanari, basso.

Chief of the instrumental soloists will be Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, and the solo string performers will include Franz Kneisel, violin, director of the Kneisel string quartet; Timothee Adamowski, violin, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello. Prefatory to some notice of the soloists, it may be mentioned that the present is the fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony. At home forty-eight concerts are given annually, lasting from October to May. Herr Paur's orchestral forces number eighty-seven players, constituting the largest permanent orchestra maintained exclusively for concert purposes in the world. Herr Paur has been in Europe during the summer and has reurned with a number of new compositions, which will greatly strengthen the orchestra repertoire.

Mme. Melba, the foremost prima donna on the Bostom Symphony list, is of Scotch descent and was born in Australia. She began the study of the pianoforte at a very early age, her mother, being an accomplished musician. She pursued her studies under professional teachers, securing a thorough ground work in harmony and composition, but it was not until she was about 12 years old that it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of unusual beauty. The young girl took a few lessons in Australia, but her ambition led her in the end to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of the famous Mme. Marchesi. Her father, who was one of the commissioners of the Melbourne exposition, was strenuously opposed to her adopting the lyric stage, but Mme. Melba persisted. After completing her studies with Mme. Marchesi, she made her debut in 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Theater de La Monnaie, Brussels. She immediately won such favor that the intendant engaged her for a term and she appeared in several leading grand opera roles. Then Sir Augustus Harris, the London impresario, secured her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her debut in London, in "Lucia" with a success well remembered by all English opera goers.

Since then Mme. Melba's career has been a constant succession of triumphs. A favorite at Brussels, she has sung in Paris, London and New York as well. The grand opera in Paris has been the scene of many of her best interpretations, including the role of Ophelie, which was studied with Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Hamlet," and Juliette, which she learned with Gounod, afterward appearing in London with Jean de Reszke, who assumed the part of Romeo. M. Bemberg wrote "Elaine" for her. During the last two seasons, Mme. Melba has been one of Abbey & Grau's leading cantatrices. At the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, she has divided honors with Calve, Nordica and Eames. This season she has her own operatic concert company on the road, including a complete orchestra and four solo artists.

Mme. Clementine De Vere Sapio has been characterized as belonging to the very limited class of singers who have succeeded in combining the excellencies of widely different styles of music. The description is a truthful one. It would be difficlut to say whether Mme. Sapio is at her best in opera, oratorio or concert. Judging from her own adherence to the concert stage, it may perhaps be thought she is best fitted for this variety of musical endeavor. Clemence Duchene De Vere Sapio was born in Paris and is partly of continental extraction. Her father was a Belgian nobleman, his wife being an English woman. Mlle. De Vere's musical education was had under Mme. Albertini Baucarde, in Florence, Italy, and she made her operatic debut in that city at the age of 16, in "The Huguenots," arousing the greatest enthusiasm by the youthful brilliancy of her powers. Subsequently she appeared at the leading theaters of France, Italy, Mexico and Spain. She studied Ophelie and Marguerite with Thomas and Gounod, respectively. Her fame increased, and she was sought after in England, Australia and the United States. Since the beginning of her permanent residence here, Mme. Sapio has become one of our best liked sopranos. Her pure and perfect voice, brilliancy of execution and delicacy of shading have been commented upon and raved over by musical critics from one end of the country to the other.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mme. Sofia Scalchi conclude the list of the artists already announced. Mme. Scalchi is the contralto of the Melba operatic concert company. For a decade her services have been considered indispensable to the success of every important operatic entertainment. She is a native of Turin and went into opera very young. She has won laurels in nearly every large city including Milan, London, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Vienna, Madrid, Rio Janeiro and New York. During several of Patti's transcontinental tours, Mme. Scalchi accompanied the peerless singer and was only second in popular esteem and regard to Patti herself. By many Mme. Scalchi is ranked as the greatest living contralto.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, is a fine representative of English male singers and will no doubt sustain his enormous reputation here. Lloyd D'Aubigne is not so well known to the public as Ben Davies, but is nevertheless a rising star in the operatic world. He first became prominently in evidence in the course of the last season in Boston, when Jean de Reske became suddenly indisposed, and he was called upon at an hour's notice to replace him in the role of "Faust." He sang and acted the part splendidly and received the applause of the vast audience and the congratulations of Mme. Melba, who was the Marguerite of the performance. Messrs. Abbey & Grau thereupon engaged D'Aubigne for their grand opera season of 1895-6. D'Aubigne, before he adopted music, was a member of Augustin Daly's company of players, and as may be imagined, is not deficient on the dramatic side of his singing. This, with the possession of an exceptionally fine tenor voice and the advantages of teaching under such men as Signor Mancinelli, the famous conductor, are elements that indicate for him a rosy future.

Giuseppe Campanari the Symphony basso, is a native of Venice, the one time proud mistress of the seas. He was educated at the Milan conservatory made his debut at the Theater dal Verme, and obtained valuable experience through numerous operatic engagements in Italy and Spain. Campanari came to the United States a few years ago and settled in Boston, where he accepted an engagement with the Boston Symphony orchestra, being an accomplished player on the violoncello. During his engagement in the orchestral ranks he sang occasionally for charity, but his fine qualities as singer and actor were known only to a limited circle. It is only within two years, since he joined Abbey & Grau's company, that his exceptional gifts have found full scope. He created in the United States the part of Alfio in "Pagliacci," and some of his notable successes have been in the operas of "Falstaff," "Otello," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Martha," "Samson and Dalila," "Pearl Fishers," "Traviata" and "Trovatore."

With this force of soloists and others yet to be announced, together with Joseffy, Kneisel, Adamowski and Schroeder, the Boston Symphony enters upon its Brooklyn campaign for 1895-6. Beside the concerts here and in Boston the orchestra will also be heard at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York; Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Music hall, Baltimore; Metzerott hall, Washington; Infantry hall, Providence; Sander's theater, Cambridge, Mass.; and at occasional performances in other cities.

SOME SYMPHONY ARTISTS.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895

The Symphony Sale.

As usual, it was full of society interest, and prices ranged higher than last year. Seats which then brought five dollars premium for the matinee concerts, now brought ten, in the front corners, generally considered undesirable; while in the rear rows, seats which have often brought only twenty-five cents premium, or been left unsold at the auction, this year brought from six to twenty dollars premium. The lowest premiums for the matinees were for two $7.50 seats in different localities, which brought five dollars premium each, and it happened that these were bought by your correspondent for lady friends with short pockets. As usual the tickets for the Saturday evening concerts brought much lower prices than the afternoon. Much is said about these concerts not being for the ordinary purse; but eight dollars (including fifty cents premium) can hardly be called high for a series of twenty-four concerts, yet at this price tickets were sold.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

The first Symphony concert will be given in Music Hall next Saturday evening. The program will include Brahms' first symphony, andante and variations from Mozart's Divertimento in D major (the last of the set), Dvorák's capriccio and Beethoven's overture to Leonora, No. 3. A program radiant with nôvelties! There are the two B's so dear to Boston; why was not something by Bach played instead of the Dvorák piece, and then we would have paid homage to the three B's? I still maintain that my plan is best of all, and that Mr. Paur should have devoted the program of the first concert to the works of composers whose names begin with A. Then B would have its turn, then C, and so on. This would be a truly educational scheme.

The tickets this fall commanded an unusually high premium. There are good reasons for this. The orchestra is a legitimate source of civic pride, whether you approve heartily or disapprove mildly of the conductor. Then the list of soloists seems to be unusually strong.

* * *

The rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began on Friday morning. There was also a rehearsal on Saturday morning, and during next week there will be at least four private rehearsals before the public one on Friday afternoon. During the season there are always three rehearsals a week, often four.

Melba will be the soloist at the first concert in New York given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra November 11.

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THE STANDARD UNION

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 12, 1895.

BROOKLYN.

FINE PROGRAMME

The Brooklyn Institute's Efforts For Good Music.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR UNDER ITS PATRONAGE CONJOINTLY WITH THAT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—WORLD-FAMOUS ARTISTS—INTERESTING DETAILS.

Where excellence is the ultima thule, it is always gratifying to record progress. The Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute takes a very long step ahead this year, of which it is the purpose of this article to speak.

That step is one from the concert hall to the orchestral stage. Whether such

MME. MELBA.

a move shall be permanent depends on the membership of the institute itself. Judging, however, from the steady success of the department in years past, and the willingness of the institute clientele to rise to the genuine artistic opportunities offered them, it may be augured that the confidence of the officers of the institute in starting the new enterprise will not be misplaced.

Not to speak in riddles, the Department of Music has engaged to patronize the Boston Symphony concerts at the Academy of Music. This engagement was not made until assurance was asked that the best artists, whether in America or abroad would supplement Herr Paur's incomparable orchestra. The assurance was given, and its realization is near. On Nov. 12 will take place the first Symphony event of the season, under the joint auspices of the department and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. The soloists will be singers of the rank of Melba, Scalchi, D'Aubigne, and Campanari. With such a brilliant quartet of artists to aid the opening performance, and with Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Ben Davies, the tenor; Joseffy, the pianist; Franz Kneisel, Timothee Adamowski and Alwin

MME. SCALCHI.

Schroeder in the background, the equation of promise and performance will be made complete.

In this industrial age music of the higher grade is apt to be a select thing. The managers of the Institute may not make it the darling of the multitude, but they will at least extend its circle of acquaint-

craves culture and is willing to pay something for it. This class, comprising a large part of the membership of the Department of Music, has been the mainstay of the annual sixteen or twenty concerts in Association Hall, of the Riddle readings and the Richardson recitals. When the Institute has brought the greatest orchestral works and the masters of vocal and instrumental art to the doors, so to speak, of everyday people, it will have done something both salutary and revolutionary.

The better to effect this, the price of course tickets to the five concerts has been set low. The sale will commence Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, at the Art Galleries, 174 Montague street, and will continue thereafter at 174 Montague street, 502 Ful-

M. D'AUBIGNE.

ton street and 300 Fulton street (Chandler's).

The dates of the five concerts are: Tuesday, Nov. 12, and the Fridays, Dec. 20, Jan. 24, Feb. 28 and March 27. All the concerts will take place in the evening.

A word first as to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and, secondly, as to the individual artists. This superb organization is at the threshold of its fifteenth season. Ninety musicians play in it. For concert purposes exclusively, it is the largest permanently maintained orchestra in the world. Nowhere, perhaps, does Herr Paur's organization enjoy such popularity as in its own home. The way Boston supports an artistic institution of this character may be inferred from the statements that forty-eight concerts a year are most liberally patronized, and the sale of course seats brings large premiums

M. CAMPANARI.

above their advertised price. Besides a series of concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, under the managerial direction of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, the orchestra will also be heard during the present season in most of the other large cities of the East, including Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. As regards the works to be rendered, Conductor Paur is prepared to surpass himself. He has been in Europe, and has returned with a collection of fine things for the rehearsals of the band.

Of all the soloists booked with the orchestra Melba will doubtless excite the greatest public curiosity. Her meteoric rise, Scotch-Australian antecedents, together with her beauty and her splendid musical endowment, invest her with a charm which even the most ignorant must feel. It is eight years since Melba made her debut on the operatic stage. The role was Gilda in "Rigoletto," and the scene was the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels. Melba had studied with Mme. Marchesi of Paris, after having obtained song recitals for the Department of Music at Association Hall on Oct. 30. Her progress in the musical world has been constantly upward, and many of her friends in this city will take advantage of the opportunity to hear her on a larger stage.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, and Rafael Joseffy, the rising star among pianists, are the most interesting of the

MME. CLEMENTINE DE VERE-SAPIO.

male soloists on the list. D'Aubigne and the groundwork of her musical education in Australia. Her success was definite and complete. She was engaged to play a term at Brussels, and after leaving sang in London, Paris and other cities, to the increasing delight of opera goers. She studied the role of Ophelie under the composer Ambroise Thomas and Juliette under Gounod. Following her triumphs at the Grand Opera in Paris and Covent Garden in England, Messrs. Abbey and Grau captured her for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. For the last two seasons she has shared the honors of grand opera in this country with Calve, Nordica and Eames.

Mme. Scalchi is as well-known in contralto roles as Melba in soprano. Mme. Scalchi is a native of Turin and a graduate of the Italian in singing and drama. Her operatic experiences have included nearly every large centre in Europe and America, including Milan, St. Petersburg, London, Warsaw, Vienna, Madrid, Rio Janeiro and New York. The other two cantatrices who make up the list of the Symphony artistes are both Americans by residence, although Mme. De Vere-Sapio was born in Paris and is of mixed Belgian and English extraction. Mme. Blauvelt is also engaged to give two Campanari are both comparatively young singers, but both possess undeniable merit Campanari's repertoire is very large, while D'Aubigne, though not having so long an experience to draw upon, is admirably equipped on the dramatic side of his art, and demonstrated last winter,

MME. BLAUVELT.

by his successful assumption of the role of Faust when Jean de Reszke was suffering from an indisposition, that he has both voice and method requisite for a brilliant career. Kneisel, Adamowski and Schroeder are string performers, whose supremacy could be challenged by very few living violinists or 'cellists. Mr. Kneisel's string quartet is to give a chamber concert before the Department of Music in February. In previous seasons Kneisel and his fellow players have been among the most satisfactory on the Institute's musical programme.

Many persons connected with the department also hope that Paderewski and Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, may be engaged for special and extra concerts. Probably this will be done. Two recitals by these masters would certainly well round off the year's programme.

Meantime those persons who love the smaller concerts in which the Institute has been so successful, will not be neglected. Eight matinees and eight evening concerts of this character will be given in Association Hall, commencing Wednesday, Oct. 30. The dates and attractions at these concerts are as follows:

Oct. 30. Matinee and evening. Two song recitals by Mlle. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, assisted by Arthur Foote, piano, and Anton Hegner, cello; Isadore Luckstone, accompanist.

Nov. 27. Matinee and evening. Two piano recitals by Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, pianist, assisted by William H. Rieger, tenor, and Miss Bertha Bucklin, violin; Isadore Luckstone, accompanist.

Dec. 11. Matinee and evening. Two ballad concerts by Miss Charlotte Walker, soprano; Miss Gladys Horrlocker, alto; William R. Williams, tenor; Grant Odell, basso, assisted by Albert Mildenberg, piano, and Abram Ray Tyler, accompanist.

Jan. 8. Matinee and evening. Two choral concerts by the Caecilia Ladies' Vocal Society, assisted by George W. Ferguson, baritone, Mr. Franz Wilczek, violin; Miss Grace A. Povey, accompanist. Musical director, John Hyatt Brewer.

Feb. 5. Matinee and evening. Two chamber music concerts by the Kneisel String Quartet, of Boston. Frank Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; Alwin Schroeder, cello; assisted by Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, soprano; Mr. Luckstone, accompanist.

March 11. Matinee and evening. Two song recitals by Max Heinrich, baritone, assisted by Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, soprano (invited), and Miss Maude Powell, violin; Mr. Luckstone, accompanist.

April 8. Matinee and evening. Two piano recitals by Edward A. McDowell, piano, assisted by Mrs. Marie Vander

BEN DAVIES.

Veer-Green, contralto. Harpist and accompanist to be engaged.

April 29. Matinee and evening. Two choral concerts by the Arion Mannergesang Verein (evening), and the Arion Damengesang Verein (P. M.), assisted by Mme. Georgine Von Januschowsky, soprano. 'Cellist to be selected. Musical director, Arthur Claassen.

Following is the programme of the Oct. 30 concert:

Allegro (first movement), Sonata in D Major .....Rubenstein
Piano and cello, Mr. Foote, Mr. Hegner.
a. Ave Printemps.....Bouhy
b. Mondnacht .....Schumann
c. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
d. Schlummerlied (first time).....Hummel
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.
a. Elegie .....Hegner
b. Gavotte .....David Popper
Anton Hegner.
Appasionato, Romance.....Toccata
Arthur Foote.
a. Sunshine Song.....Grieg
b. "Hark, Hark, the Lark".....Schubert
c. "Ninan" .....Pergolese
d. "Fallih! Fallah!".....Van der Stucken
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.
a. Andante Recitative.....Hegner
b. "The Bee".....Fr. Schubert
Anton Hegner.
a. Elegie .....Massenet
b. "La Favette".....Gretry
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.
Prelude in E Minor, from Suite Op. 10, MacDowell
Berceuse .....Grieg
Intermezzo .....Schuett

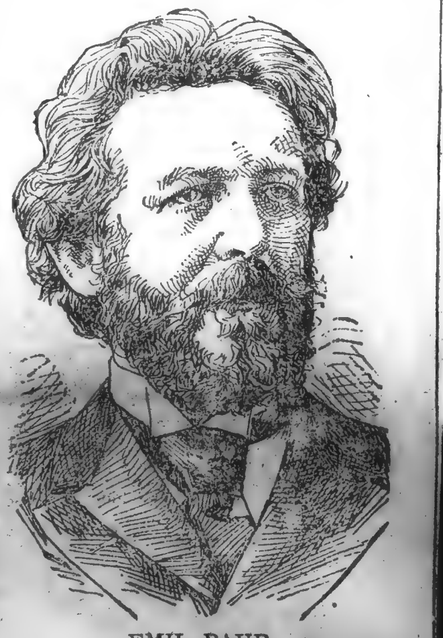
M. JOSEFFY.

Waltz in E Major.....Moszkowski

The officers of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society are: Board or Directors—Henry K. Sheldon, president; L. S. Burnham, vice-president; B. T. Frothingham, secretary; George H. Prentiss, Carll H. DeSilver, John F. Praeger, Alexander E. Orr, William R. Bunker, Frederick A. Ward, W. W. Goodrich, C. T. Christensen, John S. Frothingham, Henry N. Whitney, John D. Elwell, Theodore F. Jackson, Samuel R. Probasco, William A. Nash, John S. James.

The Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute is thus manned: Walter S. Carter, president; Charles H. Morse, first vice-president; R. Huntington Woodman, second vice-president; John Hyatt Brewer, secretary; Perlee V. Jervis, librarian.

Advisory Board—August Arnold, T. Merrill Austin, John F. Anderson, H. E. H. Benedict, Edward M. Bowman, Edwin W. Bray, John Hyatt Brewer, Henry Eyre Browne, Walter S. Carter, Edwin Cary, Arthur Claassen, Gustav Dannreuther, Carl Fique, E. J. Grant, Walter Henry Hall, Henry G. Hanchett, M.D., William S. Haskell, William Heaton, Franklin W. Hooper, Perlee V. Jervis, Louis Mollenhauer, Albert Mildenberg, Frank J. Mulligan, Charles H. Morse, Frederic Reddall, G. Waring Stebbins, Frank Taft, Abram



EMIL PAUR.

Ray Tyler, R. Huntington Woodman, Charles S. Yerbury.

Honorary Members—Dudley Buck, Alexandre Guilmant.

Executive Committee—Walter S. Carter, John F. Anderson, Charles H. Morse, H. E. H. Benedict, Arthur Claassen, John Hyatt Brewer, R. Huntington Woodman, Perlee V. Jervis, T. Merrill Austin and Prof. Franklin W. Hooper.

Committee on Membership—Frederic Reddall, Carl Fique, E. J. Grant, Frank J. Mulligan and Abram Ray Tyler.

Committee on Reception—Arthur Claassen, Albert Mildenberg, Henry G. Hanchett, M. D., G. Waring Stebbins and Charles S. Yerbury.

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The Brooklyn Citizen.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

MUSIC PATRONS.

LIST OF THOSE WHO WILL AID SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute to Lend Its Help in Herr Paur's Season at the Academy of Music—Great Orchestral Works and Famous Soloists.

Few events in recent years have been of so much moment to the musical interests of Brooklyn as the determination of the Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute to actively support the Boston Symphony concerts. This determination presents both a climax and an opportunity. The Department has reached a higher rung of the ladder, and the large membership stands at the threshold of unrivalled advantages in musical education.

A condition, precedent to the management of the Symphony concerts by the Institute, was that the best vocalists and instrumentalist performers obtainable in America or abroad should be engaged to supplement the orchestra. With Melba, Scalchi, DeVere-Sapio, Joseffy, Ben Davies and Campanari on the solo list, it can be seen that this aim has been accomplished.

Some idea of the strength the Department of Music will bring to the concerts may be gathered from the roll of its officers and members. The controlling force of the Department is as follows:

Officers—Walter S. Carter, president; Charles H. Morse, first vice-president; R. Huntington Woodman, second vice-president; John Hyatt Brewer, secretary; Perlee V. Jervis, librarian.

Advisory Board—August Arnold, T. Merrill Austin, John F. Anderson, H. E. H. Benedict, Edward M. Bowman, Edwin W. Bray, John Hyatt Brewer, Henry Eyre Browne, Walter S. Carter, Edwin Cary, Arthur Claassen, Gustav Dannreuther, Carl Fique, E. J. Grant, Walter Henry Hall, Henry G. Hanchett, M. D., William S. Haskell, William Heaton, Franklin W. Hooper, Perlee V. Jervis, Louis Mollenhauer, Albert Mildenberg, Frank J. Mulligan, Charles H. Morse, Frederic Reddall, G. Waring Stebbins, Frank Taft, Abram Ray Tyler, R. Huntington Woodman and Charles S. Yerbury.

Honorary Members—Dudley Buck, Alexandre Guilmant.

Executive Committee—Walter S. Carter, John F. Anderson, Charles H. Morse, H. E. H. Benedict, Arthur Claassen, John Hyatt Brewer, R. Huntington Woodman, Perlee V. Jervis, T. Merrill Austin and Professor Franklin W. Hooper.

Committee on Membership—Frederic Reddall, Carl Fique, E. J. Grant, Frank J. Mulligan and Abram Ray Tyler.

Committee on Receptions—Arthur Claassen, Albert Mildenberg, Henry G. Hanchett, M. D., G. Waring Stebbins and Chas. S. Yerbury.

The members of the department are: The Hon. Geo. B. Abbott, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Abram Abraham, Fritz Achelis, Miss Eloise Adams, the Rev. J. Coleman Adams, Mrs. J. H. Adams, F. O. Afield, the Rev J. C. Agey, Miss Amanda W. Alexander, William H. Allee, Jr., Franklin Allen, John P. Allen, Miss Marie A. Almirall, Miss A. L. Anderson, John F. Anderson, Mrs. H. S. Anderson, William Anderson, Miss Maud Andrews, Mrs. W. W. Andrews, Mrs. James F. Atkinson, Robert B. Atterbury, Miss Edna Atterbury, C. G. Atwood, Mrs. Charles Auel, Miss Harriet Austin, T. Merrill Austin, Frank M. Avery, Miss Mary L. Avery, Miss Fannie H. Ayres, Frank L. Babbott, Mrs. Catherine M. Babcock, Truman J. Backus, LL. D., Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, Miss Virginia B. Bailey, Mrs. William R. Bailey, Henry C. Bainbridge, the Rev. Charles R. Baker, Miss Kate C. Baldwin, Mrs. Lillian Palmer Ball, Miss A. W. Banta, Theodore M. Banta, Mrs. J. E. Barber, Almon G. Bardin, Miss Alice Barlow, Clinton W. Barlow, Raymond S. Barlow, General Alfred C. Barnes, Thomas A. Barrett, Miss S. M. Barstow, the Hon. Willard Bartlett, William C. Bartlett, Jas. H. Bates, Henry Batterman, Miss A. C. Baxter, Miss Clara F. Baxter, Miss Minnie Bayer, Frank D. Beattys, Heinrich C. Beck, Miss Agnes E. Becker.

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The officers and Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with which the Department of Music co-operates, are as follows:

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The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1895

The Symphony Orchestra will open its fifteenth season in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evening, October 31. The other dates will be November 21, December 12, January 2 and 16, February 6 and 20, March 12, April 9, and 30, and the solo artists already announced are Mme. Devere Sapio, Marie Brema, Antoinette Szumowska, Rafael Joseffy and Ben Davies. The sale of seats will open next Saturday morning, October 26, at the University bookstore.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 20, 1895.

THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

If seeing so many of the familiar faces in the usual places in Music Hall were not sufficient to make one feel as if time had turned backward again in its flight and stopped about midway of almost any past Symphony season, a glance at the programme might have completed the illusion. For that was just one of the regular Boston sort—good, standard and respectable, to be sure, but without any apparent consciousness of the fact that the world of music has a motion onward through space, like all the other worlds, and that it ought to sing up together with the other morning and evening stars if it be desirous of keeping the place it held in creation's dawn.

For this was the programme provided: Brahms's first symphony; an andante theme with variations from a divertimento by Mozart—now played in these concerts for the first time, but offering nothing unfamiliar in treatment or color; Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3; Dvorak's Scherzo Capriccioso in D-flat major, opus 66. If Mr. Paur meant to bridge over the months which have intervened since May and put his audience into an old frame of mind, he hit it off well. But if he had any notion of helping them to begin a new season with fresh enthusiasm and piquant anticipation, he made a miss. It was a good programme to get his men into vigorous working order, to be sure, for there was lots of hard, solid toil in it, from the steady pull and the intricate scoring of the Brahms to the stern chords and rushing sweeps of the Beethoven and the eccentric vagrancies of the Dvorak.

Yet let not exceptions be taken too seriously, for out of this new hearing of the symphony came a novel notion about it, as music, even when intentionally of the "programme" sort, constantly suggests a change in imagery and in meaning. This time it seemed as if that symphony might be called "Fr. Crispius Day," for it stirred up so many associations in the Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth," the valiant eloquence of the young King, the great battle and all that he foresaw following on after the wonderful victory which he predicted and conjured his soldiers by. In the fierce, assertive first movement are the incitements, the shock of onset and the harsh fury of resolute fighters. In the andante,

"The storm subsides to calm,
Hearts that bled are staunched with balm."

and rest and truce come soothingly. The allegretto sings sweetly of peace, prosperity and good augary. The fourth comes as "Harry the King" promised that the feast of Crispin should come in after years, with glorious reminiscences of feats and wounds and triumphs, solemn honors for the dead, the reawakening of the sleeping spirits of heroes, and the stirring, sonorous pæans of conquest and possession. Such fancies come to at least one listener, and, as fancies go, they do not seem very unreasonable.

The performance was unusually good for the first one of a season. It had almost always energy, unanimity and accuracy, the only real blurred parts being some bits of the complicated last movements of the symphony. The allegros of the overture were clear, although Mr. Paur pushed them on at a great pace, the strong chords were seized with a firm grip, there were some actual pianissimi, the half-fantastic effects in the scherzo came out sharply, and, for a wonder, the kettle-drums showed a sense of due proportion.

The programme-books will come again from under the editorship of Mr. Apthorp, whose ideas of fitness were illustrated by his filling the "Entr' Acte" portion with seven pages of a ponderous essay on "Form in Music." As if Mr. Irving should provide for the intermezzi of one of his series plays a sombre lecture on the philosophy of dramatic composition! If Mr. Apthorp would do the programme readers a service, he would say less about the themes and motives and would have them printed in music type, as is done in the best foreign programme-books and as the New York Tribune does in its special analytical articles.

At next Saturday's concert the orchestra will play Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, Beethoven's fifth symphony and a suite of E. A. MacDowell. Mrs. Clementine DeVere Sapio, who has not been heard in an important concert in Boston for a long time, will sing the "Mad" scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" and the great soprano air from "Fidelio."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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The Brooklyn Citizen.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

MUSIC PATRONS.

LIST OF THOSE WHO WILL AID SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute to Lend Its Help in Herr Paur's Season at the Academy of Music—Great Orchestral Works and Famous Soloists.

Few events in recent years have been of so much moment to the musical interests of Brooklyn as the determination of the Department of Music of the Brooklyn Institute to actively support the Boston Symphony concerts. This determination presents both a climax and an opportunity. The Department has reached a higher rung of the ladder, and the large membership stands at the threshold of unrivalled advantages in musical education.

A condition, precedent to the management of the Symphony concerts by the Institute, was that the best vocalists and instrumentalist performers obtainable in America or abroad should be engaged to supplement the orchestra. With Melba, Scalchi, DeVere-Sapio, Joseffy, Ben Davies and Campanari on the solo list, it can be seen that this aim has been accomplished.

Some idea of the strength the Department of Music will bring to the concerts may be gathered from the roll of its officers and members. The controlling force of the Department is as follows:

Officers—Walter S. Carter, president; Charles H. Morse, first vice-president; R. Huntington Woodman, second vice-president; John Hyatt Brewer, secretary; Perlee V. Jervis, librarian.

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The members of the department are: The Hon. Geo. B. Abbott, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Abram Abraham, Fritz Achelis, Miss Eloise Adams, the Rev. J. Coleman Adams, Mrs. J. H. Adams, F. O. Affeld, the Rev J. C. Ager, Miss Amanda W. Alexander, William H. Allee, Jr., Franklin Allen, John P. Allen, Miss Marie A. Almirall, Miss A. L. Anderson, John F. Anderson, Mrs. H. S. Anderson, William Anderson, Miss Maud Andrews, Mrs. W. W. Andrews, Mrs. James F. Atkinson, Robert B. Atterbury, Miss Edna Atterbury, C. G. Atwood, Mrs. Charles Auel, Miss Harriet Austin, T. Merrill Austin, Frank M. Avery, Miss Mary L. Avery, Miss Fannie H. Ayres, Frank L. Babbott, Mrs. Catherine M. Babcock, Truman J. Backus, LL. D., Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, Miss Virginia B. Bailey, Mrs. William R. Bailey, Henry C. Bainbridge, the Rev. Charles R. Baker, Miss Kate C. Baldwin, Mrs. Lilian Palmer Ball, Miss A. W. Banta, Theodore M. Banta, Mrs. J. E. Barber, Almon G. Bardin, Miss Alice Barlow, Clinton W. Barlow, Raymond S. Barlow, General Alfred C. Barnes, Thomas A. Barrett, Miss S. M. Barstow, the Hon. Willard Bartlett, William C. Bartlett, Jas. H. Bates, Henry Batterman, Miss A. C. Baxter, Miss Clara F. Baxter, Miss Minnie Bayer, Frank D. Beattys, Heinrich C. Beck, Miss Agnes E. Becker.

Frank C. Beckwith, Henry W. Beebe, Miss Mary T. Beebe, Mrs. Edwin Beers, Miss Carrie L. Belcher, F. P. Bellamy, Henry Belden, H. E. H. Benedict, Frederick von Benkendorff, Miss Myra M. Bennett, Frank Sherman Benson, Miss Mary Benson, John Bentley, Mrs. Cornelia M. Bergen, Tunis G. Bergen, William Berri, Louis E. Berger, Miss Nellie M. Bessey, Mrs. Annie L. Betts, John H. Betts, Miss Mary Betts, Mrs. J. C. Billwiller, N. J. Bishoprick, Alexander Black, Benjamin F. Blair, Miss Edith Blaisdell, Sylvester L. Blood, Miss Josephine E. Blydenburgh, D. G. Bodkin, M. D., Mrs. W. P. Boggs, T. J. Boland, Miss Minerva Bon, Samuel W. Boocock, Hon. David A. Boody, Mrs. David A. Boody, William B. Boorum, Miss Louise Borchers, Miss Rita Bowdoin, Edwin William Bray, John Hyatt Brewer, S. Edgar Briggs, W. B. Brinsmade, Harvey N. Brooks, Miss Cornelia Brown, Miss Estellie C. Brown, Miss Evelyn B. Brown, Mrs. Florence S. Brown, Miss Florence S. Brown, Hersey Brown, Joseph E. Brown, William M. Brown, E. T. Brownson, Miss Freda M. Brunn, F. E. Bruns, Miss Minnie C. Bruns, George W. Brush, M. D., William C. Bryant, Mrs. Dudley Buck.

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Miss Amelia S. Hart, James H. Hart, Charles C. W. Harvey, Miss Julia P. Harwood, Miss Annie S. Hawes, Mrs. Clara Hawkins, Mrs. Mary R. Hawley, A. Augustus Healy, Henry R. Heath, Charles W. Henderson, Skidmore Hendrickson, M. D., Henry Hentz, W. F. Herbert, Mrs. Luther Hildreth, Miss Marian Hildreth, William B. Hill, Gustav Hillmann, John Hills, William E. Hinds, Miss Florence P. Hines, Miss Norma Heage, Cornelius N. Hoag'and, M. D., Mrs. M. E. Hobart, Edward H. Hobbs, Miss Clara E. Holland, Mrs. J. W. Hollenbeck, Frederick C. Holmes, Miss Ida H. Holmes, Mrs. J. S. Holmes, M. D., Miss Sarah W. Holmes, Miss Martha W. Hooper, Miss Adele E. Hopkins, Miss Clara L. Hopkins, Edward I. Horsman, Miss Julia R. Hotchkiss, David H. Houghtaling, Mrs. C. W. House, Mrs. Lucy E. Howard, William C. Howard, Miss Lulu Howell, Charles A. Hoyt, Miss Adelia A. Hudson, Joseph D. Huggins, Henry C. Hulbert, Washington Hull, Miss Mary Hunter, Henry E. Hutchinson, Mrs. John W. Hutchinson, Mrs. Catherine E. Hyatt, Miss Elizabeth H. Ilgen, Miss Fannie A. Irvine, W. H. Irwin, Mrs. John N. Ives, Hon. Darwin R. James, John S. James, William Jarvie, M. D. S., Perlee V. Jervis, D. Clinton Johnson, Mrs. R. H. Johnson, Miss Sadie Johnson, Miss Annie M. Jones, Miss G. E. Jones, Henry R. Jones.

Samuel B. Jones, Miss Sarah E. Jones, Miss C. Juchau, Miss Alice M. Judge, Mrs. Harriet Judson, Mrs. Russel Keith, William B. Kendall, Mrs. Clarence Kenyon, Robert J. Kimball, General Horatio C. King, Miss Helen F. Kingsbury, Mrs. T. S. Knapp, Mrs. A. M. Kneeland, Mrs. M. Koehl, Albert Korber, Henry C. Kuhns, Edward B. Ladd, Francis P. Ladd, John B. Ladd, Miss Annie E. Lampe, Miss Caroline P. Latimer, John A. Latimer, Mrs. A. C. Lawrence, Mrs. John H. Lawrence, Miss Marion Ledger, Miss Mary Lee, John Leech, Mrs. S. K. Lees, William F. Leffingwell, Miss Lillian S. Leitch, Theodore A. Liebler, Jr., Mrs. J. L. Ling, Edward H. Litchfield, Miss M. J. Lloyd, Herbert E. Locke, Miss Lydia A. Lockwood, Stephen O. Lockwood, Frederick Loeser, Gustav Loeser, Albert E. Loomis, Edward M. Loomis, J. Pierpont Lord, Loftin Love, F. W. Lovejoy, Frank H. Lovell, A. A. Low, Hon. Seth Low, William G. Low, Sidney V. Lowell, E. F. Lozier, Miss K. Ludwig, Frank M. Lupton, Miles K. Lynch, E. H. R. Lyman, Rev. A. J. Lyman, D. D., Mrs. Clarence Lyon, Le Roy M. Lyon, Miss Josephine M. Mackintosh, Miss Alice B. MacNary, Mrs. William Maddren, Rev. George P. Mains, D. D., Mrs. Jessie N. Mainwaring.

William H. Male, H. L. Mallory, Charles J. Mann, Frederick C. Manvel, George G. Martin, George W. Martin, Charles D. Marvin, Miss Mary A. Mason, John W. Mason, Miss Della A. Masters, Miss Harriet Matchett, Frank J. Mather, Mrs. A. M. Matheson, Albert H. Matthews, James Matthews, Nathaniel Watson, M. D., J. Rogers Maxwell, Miss Lillie L. S. Mayer, Professor W. A. McAndrew, James J. McCabe, Miss Helen A. McCarthy, Mrs. Julia R. McCay, Samuel S. McCurdy, James McCurrach, John McNamee, George McNaughton, M. D., Daniel W. McWilliams, Mrs. Mary Meade, Charles P. Metcalf, Professor Julius E. Meyer, Henry A. Meyer, [illegible] Mitchbrook, Albert Mildenberg, Miss Annie Mildenberger, Mrs. William Miles, John W. Millard, Miss Clara Millington, Francis L. Minton, Miss Isabella A. Mitchell, Frazer Muir Moffat, Louis Mollenhauer, Mrs. Stuart H. Moore, Miss Grace Monroe, Henry Montgomery, Mrs. Clarence Moore, David M. Morrison, Charles H. Morse, Henry H. Morton, M. D., Frank J. Mulligan, R. J. Murphy, Miss R. I. Murtha, Miss Dora Naeher, Carl Naeser, Charles F. Napier, William A. Nash, Miss Bertha G. Nason, William Neidlinger, William H. Neidlinger, Thomas Newcomb, E. E. Newell, Miss J. A. Nichols, J. W. North, Miss Caroline P. Oakley.

George W. Oakley, Miss Julia L. O'Connor, Willis L. Ogden, George M. Olcott, A. I. Ormsbee, Robert Ormiston, M. D., Herman W. Ormsbee, Alexander E. Orr, Mrs. Sarah E. Ostrander, Charles H. Otis, Mrs. Louise Ovington, Edwin Packard, Charles R. Paddock, Adrian Paradis, Miss Jennie Patterson, George F. Peabody, Miss Maud L. Peck, Miss Cora Webb Peet, Alfred A. Peck, Miss E. Penney, Oscar Pfeiffer, William H. Perry, Mrs. Bernard Peters, Hon. James F. Pierce, Henry E. Pierrepont, Miss Julia J. Pierrepont, Mrs. W. B. Pierson, L. S Pilcher, M. D., E. C. Platt, Millard H Platt, Milton J. Platt, Mrs. Caroline H. Polhemus, Miss Jennie T. Pollard, Arthur R. Pollock, Mrs. Daniel Pomeroy, Joseph C. Pool, Robert Porterfield, Thomas Potts, Mrs. Charles Pratt, Mrs. C. A. Preller, George H. Prentice, Mrs. Eloise W. Prentice, Miss M. H. Prescott, George A. Price, Robert Proddow, Henry L. Quick, James Quinlan, William J. Quinlan, Jr., E. A. Race, John Rae, Anton A. Raven, Miss Louise E. Rawson, Mrs. J. E. Raymond, B. T. Read, M. D. S., Freddie Reddall, A. L. Reid, Jr., Victor H. Reid.

Mrs. Frank Reynolds, F. St. J. Richards, John E. Richardson, M. D., William C. Richardson, Miss Johanna L. Ris, George H. Roberts, Jr., Mrs. John J. Roberts, Miss Emma F. Robinson, Mrs. S. C. Robinson, Henry M. Rogers, Miss Louise E. Root, Miss Gertrude Rose, William G. Rothe, Miss Christina Rounds, J. H. Rowland, Mrs. Charles E. Russell, Miss Harriet L. Ryder, Mrs. J. L. Salter, E. R. Sammis, Z. S. Sampson, the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, Henry Sheldon, Henry K. Sheldon, Miss G. O. Schelker, Mrs. August Schlegel, Carl G. Schmidt, Miss Beatrice Scholes, Miss M. Scholes, Edward M. Shepard, Julius Schubert, F. H. Scoville, John E. Searles, Miss Theresa Seidenberg, George W. Shiebler, Mrs. L. W. Shiff, Mrs. H. T. Shotwell, Miss Caroline Shyell, Charles H. Simmons, Nelson B. Sizer, M. D., Alexander J. C. Skene, M. D., Charles M. Skinner, Miss Florence R. Slocum, Frank Slocum, Miss M. Evangeline Slosson, Bryan H. Smith, Cyrus P. Smith, Freeeborn G. Smith, Frederick W. Smith, Mrs. Herbert C. Smith, Miss Mildred P. Smith, William H. Smith, Mrs. Charles H. Smithers, Miss Mary Snedeker, Arthur S. Somers, George H. Southard, H. B. Speer, M. D., the Hon. Frank Squier, A. L. Stanley, David Stanley.

Miss Lena Stanton, Miss Florence Starr, F. A. Stearns, G. Waring Stebbins, Mrs. Aibert Steiner, Miss Elizabeth Stephens, William H. Stevens, Miss Edith M. Stikeman, Thomas E. Stillman, Miss A. Cora Stone, George C. Stout, Jeremiah T. Story, George Stowe, the Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Miss Emma Straut, George W. Street, Mrs. J. B. Summerfield, Mrs. J. H. Sutphin, Frank C. Swan, James S. Swan, Miss Estelle Sweet, Mrs. Jessie M. Sweet, Charles H. Taft, Mrs. E. N. Taft, John Tagg, Franklin E. Taylor, Ira Preston Taylor, Pope C. Tefft, Mrs. L. D. Terhune, Mrs. Edmund Terry, Miss Rebecca Terry, Miss Florence N. Thallon, Mrs. John Thallon, Robert Thallon, Miss Margaret Thayer, William A. Thayer, Miss Alice Thomas, the Hon. Edward B. Thomas, Mrs. Ludlow Thomas, Edward Thompson, Miss Lida V. Thompson, Miss Grace Tienken, Miss Charlotte A. Todd, Miss Julia M. Toomey, John Q. Tower, Spencer Trask, G. C. Travis, Mrs. Warren C. Tredwell, Hugo L. Troetschel, Miss Louise E. Tucker, Miss Adelaide Turnbull, Silas Tuttle, Abram Ray Tyler, William E. Uptegrove, Mrs. William E. Uptegrove, Miss Louise D. Vail, William D. Vanderbilt, C. V. C. Van Deusen, Miss Kate Vandeveer.

D. W. Van Ingen, Willis Van Valkenburgh, Mrs. A. H. Vermilye, Miss Grace C. Voorhees, Mrs. Kate B. Vrooman, Miss Lillian C. Wakeman, Howard T. Walden, Miss J. Florence Walford, Mrs. Robert S. Walker, William H. Wallace Miss Emma L. Walton, Frederick J. Warburton, Sidney Ward, Henry L. Wardwell, B. J. Warner, Charles E. Warner, Miss S. E. V. Waterman, Horace Waters, Miss Jessie K. Watson, Miss Anna Weddigen, George F. Weedon, Walter L. Wellington, N. Dana Wells, Miss Grace W. Wells, Robert Gilbert Welsh, Henry Wenzel, Jr., Hayden W. Wheeler, Mrs. F. H. Wheelock, George H. Whitbeck, Alfred T. White, Francis L. White, Stanford White, Hon. Stephen V. White, Mrs. S. V. White, Mrs. Isabella S. Whiton, Miss Grace Whitmarsh, Henry N. Whitney, Howard Whittlesey, Miss Anna M. Wilbur, James E. Wight, Edward W. Williams, Mrs. J. O. Williams, Mrs. Joseph P. Williams, C. L. Williston, Charles R. Williamson, Mrs. J. A. Wisner, Cornelius D. Wood, Henry A. Wood, Miss Alice Woodbury, Miss D. Woods, R. Huntington Woodman, General John B. Woodward, Robert W. Woodward, Mrs. Mary B. Woodward, Charles P. Woodruff, Timothy L. Woodruff, Miss Marie Wundram, Charles T. Young, Walter H. Young.

The officers and Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with which the Department of Music co-operates, are as follows:

Henry K. Sheldon, president; L. S. Burnham, vice-president; B. T. Frothingham, secretary; George H. Prentiss, Carll H. DeSilver, John F. Praeger, Alexander E. Orr, William R. Bunker, Frederick A. Ward, W. W. Goodrich, C. T. Christensen, John S. Frothingham, Henry N. Whitney, John D. Elwell, Theodore F. Jackson, Samuel R. Probasco, William A. Nash and John S. James.

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The Beacon.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1895

The Symphony Orchestra will open its fifteenth season in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evening, October 31. The other dates will be November 21, December 12, January 2 and 16, February 6 and 20, March 12, April 9, and 30, and the solo artists already announced are Mme. Devere Sapio, Marie Brema, Antoinette Szumowska, Rafael Joseffy and Ben Davies. The sale of seats will open next Saturday morning, October 26, at the University bookstore.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 20, 1895.

THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

If seeing so many of the familiar faces in the usual places in Music Hall were not sufficient to make one feel as if time had turned backward again in its flight and stopped about midway of almost any past Symphony season, a glance at the programme might have completed the illusion. For that was just one of the regular Boston sort—good, standard and respectable, to be sure, but without any apparent consciousness of the fact that the world of music has a motion onward through space, like all the other worlds, and that it ought to sing up together with the other morning and evening stars if it be desirous of keeping the place it held in creation's dawn.

For this was the programme provided: Brahms's first symphony; an andante theme with variations from a divertimento by Mozart—now played in these concerts for the first time, but offering nothing unfamiliar in treatment or color; Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3; Dvorak's Scherzo Capriccioso in D-flat major, opus 66. If Mr. Paur meant to bridge over the months which have intervened since May and put his audience into an old frame of mind, he hit it off well. But if he had any notion of helping them to begin a new season with fresh enthusiasm and piquant anticipation, he made a miss. It was a good programme to get his men into vigorous working order, to be sure, for there was lots of hard, solid toil in it, from the steady pull and the intricate scoring of the Brahms to the stern chords and rushing sweeps of the Beethoven and the eccentric vagrancies of the Dvorak.

Yet let not exceptions be taken too seriously, for out of this new hearing of the symphony came a novel notion about it, as music, even when intentionally of the "programme" sort, constantly suggests a change in imagery and in meaning. This time it seemed as if that symphony might be called "Fr. Crispius Day," for it stirred up so many associations in the Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth," the valiant eloquence of the young King, the great battle and all that he foresaw following on after the wonderful victory which he predicted and conjured his soldiers by. In the fierce, assertive first movement are the incitements, the shock of onset and the harsh fury of resolute fighters. In the andante,

"The storm subsides to calm,
Hearts that bled are staunched with balm."

and rest and truce come soothingly. The allegretto sings sweetly of peace, prosperity and good augary. The fourth comes as "Harry the King" promised that the feast of Crispin should come in after years, with glorious reminiscences of feats and wounds and triumphs, solemn honors for the dead, the reawakening of the sleeping spirits of heroes, and the stirring, sonorous pæans of conquest and possession. Such fancies come to at least one listener, and, as fancies go, they do not seem very unreasonable.

The performance was unusually good for the first one of a season. It had almost always energy, unanimity and accuracy, the only real blurred parts being some bits of the complicated last movements of the symphony. The allegros of the overture were clear, although Mr. Paur pushed them on at a great pace, the strong chords were seized with a firm grip, there were some actual pianissimi, the half-fantastic effects in the scherzo came out sharply, and, for a wonder, the kettle-drums showed a sense of due proportion.

The programme-books will come again from under the editorship of Mr. Apthorp, whose ideas of fitness were illustrated by his filling the "Entr' Acte" portion with seven pages of a ponderous essay on "Form in Music." As if Mr. Irving should provide for the intermezzi of one of his series plays a sombre lecture on the philosophy of dramatic composition! If Mr. Apthorp would do the programme readers a service, he would say less about the themes and motives and would have them printed in music type, as is done in the best foreign programme-books and as the New York Tribune does in its special analytical articles.

At next Saturday's concert the orchestra will play Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, Beethoven's fifth symphony and a suite of E. A. MacDowell. Mrs. Clementine DeVere Sapio, who has not been heard in an important concert in Boston for a long time, will sing the "Mad" scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" and the great soprano air from "Fidelio."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 112.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1895.

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENING.

Large Audience Enjoys the Concert in Music Hall.

Mr. Paur Given Cordial Welcome by the Brilliant Company—Orchestra Plays in Its Best and Most Brilliant Style—Two New Plays at the Hollis Street Theatre.

The 15th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra began last evening in Music Hall, with the following programme:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor.....Brahms
Andante, with variations.....Mozart
(First time.)
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Scherzo Capriccioso, op. 66.....Dvorak

The audience was large, and seemingly in the best of moods to enjoy the performances, and that it did so was amply evidenced by the fervor of their plaudits through the whole concert. Mr. Paur's entrance on his way to the conductor's stand, was the signal for an exceptionally cordial and prolonged welcome at the hands of the brilliant company assembled, and he was kept bowing his acknowledgments for some moments. The orchestra is substantially the same as that of last season, the only notable exception being the leader of the contrabasses, who is a newcomer, and apparently the right man in the right place. There was some difference in the distribution of the players. This season the wind instruments occupy the centre of the orchestra, the flutes being in the front rank, and the others spreading out in wedge form. The strings are massed on either side, and surround the wind, the basses, as before, stretching across the back. This gives a greater compactness and unity to the body of tone emitted by the wind, and judging by the effect produced last night, the innovation is a decided improvement.

The performances of the orchestra gave no indication of its long vacation, the playing throughout being in its best and most brilliant style, which means that nothing more able and more perfect in technical skill, in ready response to the conductor's every indication and in beauty of ensemble could be desired. The selections, with one exception, have become familiar enough here, but they were well balanced with each other and presented all necessary contrast. The Brahms symphony, despite some dull and dryly pedantic moments, is certainly the best of contemporary works in its kind, and the splendid reading it obtained from Mr. Paur brought out every point in a masterly manner. In color, spirit, phrasing, dignity of style, nothing was lacking to impart all possible interest to the symphony. The first allegro was never more clearly and more satisfyingly interpreted here, and the andante was given with a warmth, a grace of phrasing and a broad delicacy of color that were fascinating. The noble adagio that precedes the finale was read with impressive largeness, and the stirring climax to the whole with great fire.

The Motzart andante and variations are from the Divertimento in D major, No. 17. The theme is in D minor and is thoroughly characteristic in its flow and its simplicity of the composer. The variations are six in number and are very beautiful. Mozart is not familiar as a writer of variations for the orchestra, and this work presented him in an unaccustomed light. These variations do not in any way resemble those in his pianoforte compositions. They are larger in style and do not adhere as closely to the mere embroidering of the theme. In some respects, especially in seriousness and in ingenuity in presenting a subject under constantly varying aspects they foreshadow, even if lightly, the method of Beethoven the unsurpassed master of the variation. The third variation with its close imitations between the violins and the basses, and the fourth and fifth variations with their charming contrapuntal devices, and the fascinating touches that are given to the horns are notably interesting. The work was splendidly played and served to show at its fullest the magnificent resources of the orchestra in its strings.

The "Leonore" overture was interpreted gloriously, and with a fine appreciation of its dramatic sentiment. It was Beethoven reading in its most intelligent and sympathetic sense, and the beauty and finish of the performance have never been surpassed by the orchestra. The Dvorak scherzo, despite its padding and here and there a bit of commonplace, is a spirited and attractive work, more interesting, however, for its glowing and brilliant orchestration, its rhythmic emphasis, its elaborate richness and varied contrasts of tone color, and its occasional strongly accented grotesqueness than for its themes. Here, again, Mr. Paur's sympathy with the marked peculiarities of the work and the fluent and inspiriting playing of the orchestra call for prompt recognition and praise without stint. The concert initiated the season felicitously and to the vigorously manifested pleasure of the audience.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; "Mad Scene," from "Hamlet," Thomas; symphony No. 8, Beethoven; aria from "Fidelio," Beethoven; suite, MacDowell. Mme. De Vere-Sapio is to be the soloist.

again in the Music Hall Friday afternoon for the opening rehearsal of the 15th season of the symphony concerts. Although not so crowded as it will be later when the grande monde have come back to town for good, there was a surprisingly large audience, and Mr. Paur received the warmest kind of a reception. He is looking remarkably well after his summer in Europe, and we could but think as he stood, baton in hand, with his well-fitting Prince Albert and gray trousers, his hair and beard well trimmed, how much his years in America had done for him in the way of externals.

Among the familiar faces that were seen on the floor and in the balconies of the season's subscribers were Col. [illegible] and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cur-

[illegible] Montgomery Sears, Mr. Lothrop Thorndike and his daughter, Mrs. Paur, Mr. and Mrs. Francis I. Amory, Mrs. George Shattuck, Mrs. Herbert Dumaresq, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis, Mr. Henry Grew, Mr. Henry Wainwright and his sister, Mrs. Henry Howe, Mrs. Zerrahn, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Mrs. Otis Kimball and Miss Kimball, Mrs. James Davis, Mrs. Matthew Luce, Miss Florence Lyman, Mr. Templeman Coolidge and his young daughter, Miss Mary Bigelow, Miss Alice Stackpole, Miss Marianna Guild and Mr. George Barnard.

Mrs. Gardner, whose seats this season are a little farther back from the platform than they were last year, had Sig. Tirindelli with her. She was looking very well in a cloth costume of golden brown, with coat opening over a white blouse, and a white stock. Her hat was a large black one, and her veil was, as usual, of sprigged white lace.

Mrs. F. H. Prince is at the Holland House, in New York.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1895.

First of This Season's Symphony Concerts.

Conductor Paur Cordially Welcomed by a Brilliant Audience.

Another season of symphony concerts has begun, much to the gratification of the cultured music lovers of Boston, who are justly proud of their incomparable orchestra. The Boston symphony orchestra has long been regarded as the best-trained and most capable orchestra in this country, and during the last two or three years is not believed to have had a superior in any other country.

The 15th season begins with most favorable prospects and every indication that the splendid records of the past will be maintained. Mr Emil Paur remains as conductor, this being his third year in control of the orchestra. He has won the respect and regard of his patrons who have come to consider him as perhaps the most efficient leader that the orchestra has ever had.

EMIL PAUR.

The audiences which attended the Friday afternoon rehearsal and last evening's concert were extremely cordial in giving welcome to the director and applauding his orchestra's splendid performance of a well chosen program.

Music hall was, of course, crowded to its capacity on both occasions, for almost all the desirable seats had sometime since been purchased for the season. Familiar faces were seen everywhere about the hall, the same faces which have been seen year after year at these concerts. Enthusiasm for symphony concerts is something which, having once been thoroughly developed, is likely to continue indennitely.

The program last evening seemed to meet with general approval. The first number was Brahms' famous symphony No. 1 in C minor. It is a superb work, and has been admirably played here in the past, but never with better effect than under Mr Paur's direction. The introduction to the first movement, so replete with melodic grace, was given with exquisite taste. Its harmony was impressive, and the gradual swelling in the power of tone, as it developed a new theme, was extremely imposing. The wood winds and horns executed beautiful work and combined to produce a grand effect, in spite of the abrupt and almost harsh character of the strings and winds which followed them.

The subsidiary passage work is rather apt to detract from the impression of beauty which the opening of the movement produces. The working out of the themes is excessively elaborate, even if necessary in the composer's design. Though the figures change at times from rhythm to episode and were very effective in their transitions, their development is too long and too intricate. The finale is full of force, and the gradually increasing fury of the climax is startlingly effective.

The second movement is pregnant with pathetic melody. It begins with a thoughtful theme, and though the oboe and the violas try to force a more lively melody to the front, it relapses into the melancholy with which it is clouded in the beginning. The middle of this movement is a rambling, free phantasy, permeated with sentiment and beauty, and the cheerful melody into which it develops is very pleasing.

The third movement is simple and quiet in effect, and the themes are graceful. The fourth movement is elaborate in design and development. The themes are stately, and the energetic passage work, with the abrupt climaxes, produce a wonderful and bewildering effect of beauty and force. The transitions from the solemn harmonics to the soft melodies with which the movement concludes is very impressive.

Mozart's "Andante," with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento, was the second number, and was played by the orchestra with remarkable effect. It was played at these concerts for the

[illegible] Paur's interpretation [illegible] what is best in the composition. It afforded an excellent opportunity for good work to the first violins, and the ease and grace with which they executed the difficult, elaborate figures of the different variations was remarkably effective.

Beethoven's overture No. 3, to "Leonore," called forth the most delicate skill of the orchestra. The overture is full of startling effects. The transitions from the most delicate and sighing melodies to tremendously vigorous passage work are highly dramatic. The changes from the pathetic and tender cadences to furious tones, swelling almost into raging outbursts, are intensely exciting and interesting. The composition is permeated with nervous force and wonderful charm, and the orchestra played it with striking effect.

The concert concluded with Dvorak's scherzo cappriceioso, which was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Mr Paur and the members of the orchestra are to be congratulated on the effective work they displayed at the first of this season's concerts. If possible, the members of the orchestra gave evidence of improvement in the discipline of their bearing, and the almost faultless execution of their work. They apparently have become better acquainted with the talent of their leader, and have learned to follow him more unhesitatingly in the individual interpretations he puts on the composition before them.

The program for the second concert will be as follows: Overture, "Der Fliegende Hollander," Wagner; "Mad Scene," from "Hamlet," A. Thomas; symphony No. 5, Beethoven; aria from "Fidelio," Beethoven; suite, MacDowell. Soloist, Mme DeVere-Sapio.

THE BOSTON TIMES

BOSTON, SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The second rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Music hall on Friday afternoon, October 21, at 2.30 o'clock and Saturday evening, October 26, at 8.00 o'clock, when the following programme will be given:

Overture, "Der Fliegende Hollander," Wagner
"Mad Scene" from Hamlet.....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
Aria from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Suite.....MacDowell

Soloist, Mme. DeVere-Sapio.

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...Journal.
...DAY, OCTOBER 20, 1895.

FIRST SYMPHONY

A Respectable Program Brilliantly Played.

Worship of Composer Brahms Renewed.

View of the Audience That Was Present.

Mr. Paur Talks of His Recent Trip Abroad.

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This same C minor Symphony has from its first performance excited discussion. It is a singular fact that while Brahms is the Glorious Apollo of absolute music, his admirers, both the ferocious and the timid, discover much that is pictorial in this symphony. Thus Mr. Sittard gives a motto: "Durch Kampf zun Sieg, durch Nacht zum Licht;" which, being interpreted, means that in the first movement there is a tremendous soul-struggle, in which the Powers of Darkness seem victors. The second and third movements are breathing spells in which the composer loafs at his ease and invites his soul. In the last movement he girds up his loins and puts his enemies to fight, plucking triumph from the very movement that to the ordinary modern builder of symphonies is apt to be a disastrous defeat. Mr. Ehrlert finds that the symphony is like unto "a medium range of peaks without glaciers and abysses," and then he returns to earth by stating that it lacks "the gift of dramatic interruption and agitation."

This topographical comparison leads the compiler of the program book to indulge himself in a fine burst. Every musician knows the passages in the introduction to the finale where the first horn is answered by the flute. They have always been regarded as pretty and effective. It now turns out that they are "indescribably dramatic." Nay, more. The compiler says: "To me this wonderful horn and flute episode has always brought a vivid suggestion of the notes and distant echoes of the Alpine horn amid the cloud-capped snow-peaks of the Bernese Oberland. The whole scene is suggested—not servilely and prosaically copied—by the music; you see and hear it all; the ringing horn-tones, the repeated echoes, the bright sunlight and shifting cloud shadows on the mountains!" I wonder if Brahms knew at the time that he was painting so big a picture on a little canvas.

But as the compiler says, every one is at liberty to put what "extra musical interpretation he pleases," and if Mr. Apthorp finds a Swiss scene, with real glaciers, and bread and honey for breakfast, another may hear in it only some charming music. And here it may be said that such episodes give the clue to Ehrlert's application of the word "mosaic" to the symphonic talent of Brahms.

There are two thoughts irresistibly suggested by this symphony: (1) Pathos in the large sense of the word; (2) A revolt from pessimism and a return to optimism. I use these latter terms because pessimism is a favorite charge against Brahms. This term is, of course, dear to Germans and German-Americans who are forever talking about "intellectuality" in music. This charge is perhaps true of much of the chamber music of this composer. Crabbedness seems a better term. There is, however, neither crabbedness nor pessimism in the andante or the finale. Worshippers of Brahms have reason to exult in their faith when they can point to such noble music. And he that is not moved by certain portions of the first movement—especially the slow introduction—must indeed be strong-hearted. There are lines by Dante Gabriel Rossetti that find their answer in the greater pages of this symphony:

"O what is this that knows the road I came,
. . . . . .
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay."

Do you find these lines vague, obscure? So is the music that gives the answer. And perhaps there is no truly great music or poetry into which criticism does not enter. So that when Ehrlert accused Brahms of having "no melody," he paid him a glowing tribute.

Brahms, after the danse-poèmes, in which the bacchante dances, but with tightly fitting stays, the selection from the Divertimento of Mozart was a delightful contrast and relief. Of course, its effect was exaggerated by the great number of players, for it was written only for a handful, and the purist might cry out against the lack of proportion in its modern performance.

A Divertimento, we are told, is a composition written to engage the attention in a cheerful manner, and to furnish genteel entertainment. Many Divertimenti are so called because they do not divert on the principle of lucus a non. We know little about the circumstances attending the composition of this particular piece. It was written in 1779 or 1780, and it is probably the one in which Mozart played at Munich, "as if he were the greatest fiddler in Europe." The whole Divertimento, with its allegro, andante and variations, two minuets, adagio and rondo might well induce sleep. The excerpt gave much pleasure and also showed the admirable quality of the strings.

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There is nothing to be said at this late day about the Leonore overture except to praise the performance of last night. Even those who always wait with joyful hope to hear the trumpeter crack were this time disappointed. Is it worth while to write an essay on the four overtures to "Fidelio," or to question the use of the flute in the return to the measures of thanksgiving after the prison episode? Suffice it to say, that glorious music was gloriously played.

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And so the Capriccioso of Dvorak was played most brilliantly. It is not one of his inspired works. There are moments when it seems as though the capriciousness of the composer consisted in his wild and perplexed thought, "What shall I do next?" But the compiler of the program-book assures us that "by very little stretching of terms, the scherzo proper—with its brilliant principal theme and light second theme—may stand as the first theme and first subsidiary of the sonata-form, the trio standing as the second theme and second subsidiary."

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In spite of the fact that the program itself could not justly be called brilliant—say rather it was eminently respectable—the concert was a brilliant one, worthy of the great reputation of the orchestra. The performance of the orchestra was superb in ensemble and in solo work throughout the evening.

PHILIP HALE.

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Story of Various Happenings, Also an Interview With Mr. Paur.

Standing at any of the doors of Music Hall last night, the spectator saw pass, and an hour and a half afterward repass him, almost identically the same persons who pushed the same stiff doors every Saturday night season after season ago. Greetings, as a rule, were as casual as though not five months, but a week, had elapsed since the last similar show of recognition. The only ones who seemed really glad to see one another were the coachmen and the "cops" outside.

At the stations, which appear to be theirs by right of permanent and eminent domain, stood the hall attendants, who punch tickets and frowned with rigid and invariable alternation. As unchangeable as they appeared the hall—the same up stairs and down stairs, and in the old-fashioned corridors and at the feet of the much-abused statue. That is the flavor of Music Hall—its familiarity-breeding unchangeableness. The desk of Mr. Paur was girt with smilax, and fastened to the shelf was a bunch of white chrysanthemums, with an enormous saffron sash hanging from it.

By and by the musicians began to bob out, trap-door like, from Bumstead Hall and to tune their fiddles and trill their flutes and clarinets. They, too, were the same men that scraped and puffed in the orchestra last May. There was one strange face and figure in the arc of contra bass players; but he is a man of abundant physical characteristics, so he will not long be among the unknown. His name is K. Keller, and the report is that he comes from abroad.

There was a new bassoon player, though probably few knew it. He is ycleped A. Kirchner, and is from New York. Otherwise the personnel of the orchestra is unchanged, absolutely. Mr. Timothee Adamowski, the self-same Timothee Adamowski who played in the orchestra last year, and the year before that, and so on, sat in the first chair of the second row of first violins. None of the musicians, not even of the favorite musicians, was noticed by the still rustling audience. Mr. Paur, however, was flatteringly applauded as he smiled his way across the platform. Then the conductor, standing on his desk's little box, watched the people squeezing along to their seats.

The audience was as large and fashionable and unalterably interested as ever. Some of the new patrons of the concerts came late, bringing with them a draught and a slight commotion; but this theatre habit will soon wear away. Right in the middle of the floor rows sat a group of girls from one of the city's private schools. They were ostensibly, almost uniquely, discriminating in the admiration of everything worth admiring, and besides, they set the fashion for hatlessness. Among the other listeners were the following-named:

Col. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lothrop Thorndike, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bancroft, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Head, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Low, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clement, Mr. B. J. Lang, Miss Lang, Miss Stackpole, Miss Lyman, Mr. B. F. Keith, Mr. A. Paul Keith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pratt McKean, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner M Lane, Miss Pauline Shaw, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, Mr. William P. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chadwick, Mr. Ignace Gaugengigl.

Mrs. Emil Paur and her two sons heard the performance from behind the screen which hides the entrance to the conductor's room.

...ed into his room, a ...reporter sought him. The conductor was very happy, in fact, he could not express the fullness of his happiness except in German. He welcomed heartily the friends who gushed in to congratulate him. Finally he found time to light a cigarette. Then he greeted the Journal reporter.

"I, sir, have had a very pleasant time this year, this journey," and his voice was gutturally joyful. "Yes, I went abroad with all my family, and we went from city to city. I played a concerto of mine and conducted an orchestra at Leipsig. Oh, it was a success! I think the people there liked my composition very much. Then we went to Mannheim, where I formerly lived, and where the people were very kind to us. And then we went from place to place, having a pleasant time. Mrs. Paur was unwell for a short while, but we crossed over to Switzerland, and she is very well now and so are the young fellows. We went over to Germany in May and came back in the last week of September.

"Yes, I found many new and rare compositions for orchestra, and brought many of them home with me. I think they will make the programs much more interesting—very interesting.

"But the people were pleased tonight, were they not? They seemed very pleased. They received me so well; that pleased me. Yes, it was a fine audience. Indeed, I was glad to see it. I think that the prospects for a successful season are good, oh! yes, very good. The orchestra played splendidly. Yes, we will have a good season."

Mr. Paur was sincerely delighted—as sincerely delighted as the audience had appeared to be.

NOTES OF MUSIC.

The feuilleton and sundry notes are on page 13.

The first of the Symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be given Thursday evening, Oct. 31.

The program of the Symphony Concert Saturday evening will be as follows: Overture, "Flying Dutchman," Wagner; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; MacDowell's Suite. Mrs. De Vere Saplo will sing the Mad Scene from Thomas's "Hamlet" and the grand air from "Fidelio."

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 20.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season at Music Hall, last evening. There was the usual large audience, with its usual reserved enthusiasm, Mr. Paur receiving unmistakable signs of friendly recognition and approval. Everybody felt comfortable and magnanimous as at a meeting of friends where each knows the other's weaknesses, and accepts them with smiling amiability.

Once comfortably settled in its seat, the audience consulted the programme, which was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, op. 68.....Brahms
Andante and Variations, D-minor.....Mozart
Overture, "Lenore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Capriccio, op. 69.....Dvorak

A good, comfortable programme, with no novelty to disturb old traditions, and a promise of the good, solid, well known work of the future. A meek, gracious programme that posed itself on neutral ground, appealing to classic and romantic bias at one and the same time, and connected in a straight line with programmes of twenty-five years ago; a programme covered with reassuring and authentic dust and cobwebs, like good port wine that has rested undisturbed in a dark cellar for two full generations.

We were told and told again that Mr. Paur travelled to Europe for the special purpose of looking up musical novelties, but neither the first concert nor the advertised second and third concerts gives any hint as to how he succeeded in his quest. Perhaps he discovered no worthy novelties, and perhaps he did not look in the right direction to discover novelties; perhaps he too hastily concluded because, at present, the German musical intellect lies fallow, there was no active musical intellect to be found in the rest of the civilized world. This conclusion is hard on France and Italy, where just now musical talent is very active and where it is very possible that a sympathetic and intelligent search would have unearthed several good things worthy of being immortalized by our Symphony orchestra. But perhaps it is wiser and juster to wait; the unexpected sometimes happens even with a Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is more than probable that one or two new overtures may be sprung unexpectedly on a peaceful and non-expectant public.

Of the interpretation of the music of the first concert little else than the highest praise can be given. The noble Brahms symphony was read superbly, and played with a dignity and finish beyond praise. On listening to the delightful work, written before Brahms had frozen into statuesqueness, one almost regrets that the symphony is nearly twenty years old, and its many beauties long since described. Mr. Paur has a special fondness for this master, whose first and third manner will doubtless be abundantly illustrated in the near future. The Mozart andante also received full justice in Mr. Paur's hands, and perhaps it would be hypercriticism to suggest that there was a trace of heaviness in the interpretation as of one swathing Ariel in heavy Roman drapery and thus robbing him of a certain grace while impeding the dainty upward curve of his flight. No possible objection could be urged against Mr. Paur's treatment of the Lenore Overture which was characterized by massive broadness, dignity, fire, and self-restraint. The masterly playing of this work called forth the first spontaneous enthusiasm of the evening, and Mr. Paur was compelled to come forward and acknowledge the more than deserved applause. The Dvorak work hardly seems worth the care he stowed on it, and it seemed pretentious, naked and not ashamed, even under Mr. Paur's loving devotion. Probably its beauties were destroyed by its position on the programme, and one can only wonder how it got there. It is a shock to hear the sound of a cowbell after the pealing of silver chimes.

The programme for the second concert is: Wagner's Overture to the Flying Dutchman; Beethoven's Symphony No. 5; a suite by MacDowell, and the soloist, Mme. DeVere Saplo will sing the "Mad Scene" from A. Thomas's Hamlet, and an aria from Fidelio.

MONDAY, OCT. ..., 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra's 15th Season Opens.

The first concert of the 15th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall Saturday evening with brilliant success. On this occasion, as on the opening rehearsal Friday afternoon, Music Hall was enthusiastically filled, and rarely in the illustrious career of this musical organization, which has few peers and no superiors, have the initial programmes achieved a more brilliant or artistic success.

Conductor Emil Paur, now commencing his third season, made his way to his desk, to which clung a mass of white chrysanthemums and smilax, amid admiring plaudits. Herr Paur's perfect control over his musicians was the more apparent at the opening concert in view of this work immediately upon the recent gathering of the players after a five months' interim. A difference in the distribution of the players is noticeable this season—an innovation which seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the audience. In the centre of the orchestra are placed the wind instruments, while the flutes are in the front rank. The strings are arranged on either side and surround the wind instruments, while the basses, as in previous seasons, stretch across the back.

The orchestra is almost identically the same as last season, two exceptions being a new face among the contra bass players and a new bassoon.

This programme was given:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, op. 68....Brahms
Andante with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento in D major, No. 17, (Koechel, No. 334). (First time).....Mozart
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, op. 66 .....Dvorak

While the selections, with one exception, are familiar to those who have followed closely the rich musical offerings this city affords, the excellent rendering given Saturday night under Mr. Paur's conductorship allowed no thought of intrusion. The first number was Brahms Symphony No. 1, in C minor. The theme is elaborated on a grand and inspiriting scale, characteristic of its composer, in what may be called his middle manner. The first movement opens with a slow introduction, un pocosostenuto, in C minor. The peculiar distribution of the four parts of the harmony among the different instruments is productive of a powerful volume of tone, which makes the passage uniquely impressive. Mozart's Andante, with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento, No. 17, the second number of the programme, introduces the orchestra, in many respects at its best, presenting the elaborate figuration in the first violins, followed by close imitations between the first violins and the basses, with a free accompanying part in the other instruments. Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," in C major, was the third number.

This is described as one of the original master's richest, most imposing and difficult compositions, as well as one of his strangest. The latter is its strongest point, being fraught with fancy, ever new and surprising. The weird harmonies in the strings have a strangely pleasing effect upon the listener. The last number on the programme, Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, by Antonin Dvorak, if peculiar, had a more popular sound and fittingly closed the concert with a bang—if the expression is not too harsh for Symphonic usage—or, let us say musical bang. The odd passages disappearing and reappearing, hardly twice exactly the same, yet at once recognizable, accompanied by abrupt and capricious shiftings of tonalities, makes this work genuinely refreshing in many ways.

For the second rehearsal and concert on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week, Mme. De Vere-Sapio will appear as soloist, and this programme will be given:

Overture, "Der Fliegende Holländer"..Wagner
"Mad Scene" from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
Aria, from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Suite .....Macdowell
Soloist, Mme. DeVere-Sapio.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give 10 concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evenings, Oct. 31, Nov. 21, Dec. 12, Jan. 2, Jan. 16, Feb. 6, Feb. 20, March 12, April 9, and April 30. The solo artists will be Mme. De Vere-Sapio, Rafael Joseffy, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska and Ben Davie.

[23]

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1895.

FIRST SYMPHONY

A Respectable Program Brilliantly Played.

Worship of Composer Brahms Renewed.

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After the bowing at the concert and after Mr. Paur, bowing long bows and smiling big smiles, had retreated into his room, a Journal reporter sought him. The conductor was very happy, in fact, he could not express the fullness of his happiness except in German. He welcomed heartily the friends who gushed in to congratulate him. Finally he found time to light a cigarette. Then he greeted the Journal reporter.

"I, sir, have had a very pleasant time this year, this journey," and his voice was gutturally joyful. "Yes, I went abroad with all my family, and we went from city to city. I played a concerto of mine and conducted an orchestra at Leipsig. Oh, it was a success! I think the people there liked my composition very much. Then we went to Mannheim, where I formerly lived, and where the people were very kind to us. And then we went from place to place, having a pleasant time. Mrs. Paur was unwell for a short while, but we crossed over to Switzerland, and she is very well now and so are the young fellows. We went over to Germany in May and came back in the last week of September.

"Yes, I found many new and rare compositions for orchestra, and brought many of them home with me. I think they will make the programs much more interesting—very interesting.

"But the people were pleased tonight, were they not? They seemed very pleased. They received me so well; that pleased me. Yes, it was a fine audience. Indeed, I was glad to see it. I think that the prospects for a successful season are good, oh! yes, very good. The orchestra played splendidly. Yes, we will have a good season."

Mr. Paur was sincerely delighted—as sincerely delighted as the audience had appeared to be.

NOTES OF MUSIC.

The feuilleton and sundry notes are on page 13.

The first of the Symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be given Thursday evening, Oct. 31.

The program of the Symphony Concert Saturday evening will be as follows: Overture, "Flying Dutchman," Wagner; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; MacDowell's Suite. Mrs. De Vere Sapio will sing the Mad Scene from Thomas's "Hamlet" and the grand air from "Fidelio."

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 20.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season at Music Hall, last evening. There was the usual large audience, with its usual reserved enthusiasm, Mr. Paur receiving unmistakable signs of friendly recognition and approval. Everybody felt comfortable and magnanimous as at a meeting of friends where each knows the other's weaknesses, and accepts them with smiling amiability.

Once comfortably settled in its seat, the audience consulted the programme, which was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, op. 68.....Brahms
Andante and Variations, D-minor.....Mozart
Overture, "Lenore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Capriccio, op. 69.....Dvorak

A good, comfortable programme, with no novelty to disturb old traditions, and a promise of the good, solid, well known work of the future. A meek, gracious programme that posed itself on neutral ground, appealing to classic and romantic bias at one and the same time, and connected in a straight line with programmes of twenty-five years ago; a programme covered with reassuring and authentic dust and cobwebs, like good port wine that has rested undisturbed in a dark cellar for two full generations.

We were told and told again that Mr. Paur travelled to Europe for the special purpose of looking up musical novelties, but neither the first concert nor the advertised second and third concerts gives any hint as to how he succeeded in his quest. Perhaps he discovered no worthy novelties, and perhaps he did not look in the right direction to discover novelties; perhaps he too hastily concluded because, at present, the German musical intellect lies fallow, there was no active musical intellect to be found in the rest of the civilized world. This conclusion is hard on France and Italy, where just now musical talent is very active and where it is very possible that a sympathetic and intelligent search would have unearthed several good things worthy of being immortalized by our Symphony orchestra. But perhaps it is wiser and juster to wait; the unexpected sometimes happens even with a Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is more than probable that one or two new overtures may be sprung unexpectedly on a peaceful and non-expectant public.

Of the interpretation of the music of the first concert little else than the highest praise can be given. The noble Brahms symphony was read superbly, and played with a dignity and finish beyond praise. On listening to the delightful work, written before Brahms had frozen into statuesqueness, one almost regrets that the symphony is nearly twenty years old, and its many beauties long since described. Mr. Paur has a special fondness for this master, whose first and third manner will doubtless be abundantly illustrated in the near future. The Mozart andante also received full justice in Mr. Paur's hands, and perhaps it would be hypercriticism to suggest that there was a trace of heaviness in the interpretation as of one swathing Ariel in heavy Roman drapery and thus robbing him of a certain grace while impeding the dainty upward curve of his flight. No possible objection could be urged against Mr. Paur's treatment of the Lenore Overture which was characterized by massive broadness, dignity, fire, and self-restraint. The masterly playing of this work called forth the first spontaneous enthusiasm of the evening, and Mr. Paur was compelled to come forward and acknowledge the more than deserved applause. The Dvorak work hardly seems worth the care be stowed on it, and it seemed pretentious, naked and not ashamed, even under Mr. Paur's loving devotion. Probably its beauties were destroyed by its position on the programme, and one can only wonder how it got there. It is a shock to hear the sound of a cowbell after the pealing of silver chimes.

The programme for the second concert is: Wagner's Overture to the Flying Dutchman; Beethoven's Symphony No. 5; a suite by MacDowell, and the soloist, Mme. DeVere Sapio will sing the "Mad Scene" from A. Thomas's Hamlet, and an aria from Fidelio.

MONDAY, OCT. 21, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra's 15th Season Opens.

The first concert of the 15th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall Saturday evening with brilliant success. On this occasion, as on the opening rehearsal Friday afternoon, Music Hall was enthusiastically filled, and rarely in the illustrious career of this musical organization, which has few peers and no superiors, have the initial programmes achieved a more brilliant or artistic success.

Conductor Emil Paur, now commencing his third season, made his way to his desk, to which clung a mass of white chrysanthemums and smilax, amid admiring plaudits. Herr Paur's perfect control over his musicians was the more apparent at the opening concert in view of this work immediately upon the recent gathering of the players after a five months' interim. A difference in the distribution of the players is noticeable this season—an innovation which seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the audience. In the centre of the orchestra are placed the wind instruments, while the flutes are in the front rank. The strings are arranged on either side and surround the wind instruments, while the basses, as in previous seasons, stretch across the back.

The orchestra is almost identically the same as last season, two exceptions being a new face among the contra bass players and a new bassoon.

This programme was given:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, op. 68....Brahms
Andante with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento in D major, No. 17, (Koechel, No. 334). (First time).....Mozart
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, op. 66 .....Dvorak

While the selections, with one exception, are familiar to those who have followed closely the rich musical offerings this city affords, the excellent rendering given Saturday night under Mr. Paur's conductorship allowed no thought of intrusion. The first number was Brahms Symphony No. 1, in C minor. The theme is elaborated on a grand and inspiriting scale, characteristic of its composer, in what may be called his middle manner. The first movement opens with a slow introduction, un pocosostennto, in C minor. The peculiar distribution of the four parts of the harmony among the different instruments is productive of a powerful volume of tone, which makes the passage uniquely impressive. Mozart's Andante, with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento, No. 17, the second number of the programme, introduces the orchestra, in many respects at its best, presenting the elaborate figuration in the first violins, followed by close imitations between the first violins and the basses, with a free accompanying part in the other instruments. Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," in C major, was the third number.

This is described as one of the original master's richest, most imposing and difficult compositions, as well as one of his strangest. The latter is its strongest point, being fraught with fancy, ever new and surprising. The weird harmonies in the strings have a strangely pleasing effect upon the listener. The last number on the programme, Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, by Antonin Dvorak, if peculiar, had a more popular sound and fittingly closed the concert with a bang—if the expression is not too harsh for Symphonic usage—or, let us say musical bang. The odd passages disappearing and reappearing, hardly twice exactly the same, yet at once recognizable, accompanied by abrupt and capricious shiftings of tonalities, makes this work genuinely refreshing in many ways.

For the second rehearsal and concert on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week, Mme. De Vere-Sapio will appear as soloist, and this programme will be given:

Overture, "Der Fliegende Holländer"..Wagner
"Mad Scene" from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
Aria, from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Suite .....Macdowell
Soloist, Mme. DeVere-Sapio.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give 10 concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evenings, Oct. 31, Nov. 21, Dec. 12, Jan. 2, Jan. 16, Feb. 6, Feb. 20, March 12, April 9, and April 30. The solo artists will be Mme. De Vere-Sapio, Rafael Joseffy, Miss Marie Brema, Miss Antoinette Szumowska and Ben Davie.

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The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Matters began with a holy calm! The entrance of the conductor, the performance of the opening allegro and the interpretation of the andante which followed, occasioned nothing approaching to a popular tumult. The nature of the programme had something to do with this, for it was ultra-classical and not new save in one brief instance. Had a little of Bach been added to the programme, Bulow's "Three great Bs of Music" (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms) would all have been present. One recognizes the difficulty attendant on a first performance of the season: it would certainly be wrong to demand brilliant new works or extraordinary achievements on such an occasion; but just this Brahms first symphony with which the concert and the season began, is one of the most difficult of masterpieces and its first movement carries the sonata form to the verge of asceticism. Scarcely the best "Weihe des Hauses." The above objection may be but a cavil, for the programme was made up of most substantial numbers and its performance was remarkably affective, yet when one scans the history of the Boston Symphony Concerts, one must needs confess that the first, and least, of the conductors, was by far the best programme-maker.

The performance of Brahms' first symphony at once showed that no concessions needed to be made by the reviewer on account of the summer vacation, it was one of the few really great interpretations which the work has had in Boston. It proved our orchestra in unimpaired condition and it impressed the fact that the conductor was in absolute control. The clear execution of the tremendous development of the first movement was more than an augury, it was a fulfilment.

It is quite right to call this the "tenth symphony," for not one of Beethoven's nine overtops it in treatment of themes; if Brahms had only just a little of emotional force, that which we are accustomed to call "temperament" nowadays, one might set him on a pedestal as high as that occupied by his predecessor. As it is, his intellect dominates everywhere and in everything; calm, powerful brain work, with very few heart-throbs to interfere with it; the most skilful composer that has lived in the last 50 years.

The andante proved the excellence of the oboe and clarinet soloists. There was a time when the woodwind was the Achilles heel of our orchestra. The contrabasses gave a sturdy tone in this movement, yet it would be an improvement to our almost perfect orchestra if it possessed two more contrabasses to balance against the great power of the upper strings. The new first contrabass has, however, improved this department perceptibly.

The third movement is one of the first of those intermezzi with which Brahms replaced the scherzo. It is practically an abbreviated scherzo. Brahms knew his own limitations well when he established this shorter form; the element of humor is not in him and he does not endeavor to express playfulness at any length. The scherzo (free though its form may be) is often a peculiar test of composers; although Beethoven established it he never achieved the true spirit of its humor, his playfulness always leaning a trifle towards the grotesque or the fierce, as witness the drunken bassoonist of the sixth or the sudden drumstrokes of the ninth symphony scherzo,—a musical Aristophanes; Schumann took all his scherzo movements very seriously, and his humor seldom extended beyond bold syncopations; it was Mendelssohn who above all others caught the true musical humor of the scherzo, and it is Brahms who understands it least. In this particular movement, which takes the place of the scherzo, one finds some pretty pastoral treatment, but no very definite humor.

But it is the finale of this symphony which ought to awaken the enthusiasm of the musician; the finale of symphony or grand sonata has always been the crux of even the great composers; the trump card is played first, the strongest possible form has been used in the opening movement; what is left for the composer to do in his finale? Beethoven tried sonata-rondo, and a duplication of the sonata-form of the first movement, but finally chose grand variation (often crossing the boundary of thematic development) as the best possible counterpoise to the power of the first movement, and he also bound the finale to the preceding movements by giving reminiscences of some of their themes as in the variations which end the third and ninth symphonies.

Brahms has folowed this lead to some extent, for his fourth symphony ends with variations that are definitely made upon the Beethoven plan, while, as regards producing homogeneity by recapitulation of themes, this finale does even more, for it becomes an epitome of the whole symphony. It is a glorious climax, in some senses the most successful finale in the symphonic repertoire. And it was gloriously played, too; caprice and power were both magnificently displayed, the former in the freedom of the contrabass pizzicati, the latter in the working up of the chorale theme which gives such infinite majesty to this movement.

The audience recognized the high achievement by throwing off the reserve which was evident in the earlier part of the evening and bursting into the heartiest applause, approbation that was earned, every bit of it, by both conductor and orchestra. A man who can give such an interpretation of so trying a movement has not said his last word yet; it is evident that Mr. Paur is not standing still.

Now followed an andante with variations from Mozart's "Divertimento in D major" (although this movement was in D minor) which was very graceful although intended for a much smaller force than our great body of strings. It was the right thing in the wrong place, and after the mighty finale of Brahms it came much as diluted [illegible]

[illegible] proved, what needed no proof, that our string brigade is about perfect. Some of our older inhabitants have heard the "Leonore Overture No. 3" before, but they have never heard a better performance of it. The first violins covered themselves with glory, and Mr. Mueller and Mr. Mole gave the important trumpet and flute obligato very finely. It is exceptional that the trumpet has anything important to do in Beethoven's scores; during the composer's lifetime trumpet-playing was at a low ebb, and there are no difficult trumpet passages to be found in Beethoven or in Mozart.

At the end of the concert came Dvorak's "Scherzo Capriccioso," the only work of a red-blooded modern on the list, the only composition that displayed all the resources of the modern orchestra. The audience clutched at it like a thirsty—at least a drowning—man clutches at a straw, and seemed to enjoy every note of it, although it is not a very equal composition. Every concert ought to contain one or more numbers illustrative of this latterday treatment of the orchestra: as we possess a fully equipped modern orchestra the great resources of the organization should be displayed with a certain frequency.

Mr. Schuecker's work upon the harp in this scherzo was worthy of especial mention, for this instrument has most important obligati in this number. One must also pay tribute to the elasticity with which Mr. Paur took up the themes of this capricious composition, and the balance was perfect, every little subtheme standing out clearly and every department of the orchestra doing its work well.

On the whole, then, a good start for the new season; Boston still has the leading orchestra of the country, and an organization which may take rank with the famous orchestras of the world.

Louis C. Elson.

The Boston Traveler
MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY AGAIN.

Season Opens Very Successfully at Music Hall.

A PROGRAMME OF MUCH MERIT.

Brahms, Mozart, Beethoven and Dvorak the Composers Represented—Slight Changes in the Orchestra—How They Played.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; first concert. The programme:
Brahms.....Symphony No. 1, in C minor, op. 68
Mozart....Andante with variations, in D minor, from Divertimento in D major, No. 17. (First time.)
Beethoven.....Overture to "Leonore," No. 3
Dvorak.....Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major

It was a hearty but decorous welcome that greeted Conductor Paur as he appeared upon the Music Hall platform to inaugurate a new season of Symphony concerts. Decorous, too, may be called the programme, which was of solid worth and well sustained interest, rather than one of great emotional force. The orchestra itself has nearly the same personnel as last year, about the only noticeable change being made in the leadership of the bass viols. The woodwind is in closer column and further front in the centre, the arrangement appearing to be a slight improvement in the solidity of their tones.

Mr. Paur's firm hand must have had some mystic influence over the players during their summer respite from work, for at the very first sweeping attack at the Brahm's symphony the band displayed all its wonted precision, volume and perfect balance, as if vacations were unknown quantities in its existence, and, indeed, throughout the whole concert the playing was of so brilliant, lofty and impressive a character as to strike unwilling conviction to the minds of those who have affected to discover that the noble organization has deteriorated under the leadership of Mr. Paur. However, we may differ with his interpretations at times, it must be said without reserve that he has a fine power in transmitting those interpretations to his players, that they answer his will as by electricity, and that slovenly work is not and will not be tolerated.

If I am not mistaken, Brahms' position as herald is a new honor; certainly he has not opened a Symphony season in recent years. The power and beauty of his No. 1 symphony justifies the choice, and the close attention paid it and the evident enjoyment it gave showed pretty well how the modern master is wearing. This work illustrates the heights to which the mechanics of music may rise, nor is it devoid of inspiration. Even the chronic Brahms-hater is silent before the melodious beauty of the third movement and the stirring heroics of the final allegro. The whole symphony was magnificently played, and showed that Mr. Paur knows and loves his Brahms.

From Brahms to Mozart is like traveling back from the broad river to the clear spring that is at the fountain head of the stream. Only, in this case, the difference was not quite marked enough, mainly because of the over-large volume of sound caused by playing the variations with so many instruments. The selection is essentially chamber music, and some of its delicate aroma is certain to be dissipated in a large hall. But the playing was quite refined and full of the simplicity demanded.

A more brilliant and thrilling performance of the "Leonore" overture has not been heard in Music Hall. This work, which in 1806 was called "the product of an over-brimming fancy.....new and surprising," is as unhackneyed and strange today as it was ninety years ago. Repetition does not dull nor age weaken the effect of those marvelous trumpet calls nor the furious violin rushes in the coda. If it were a composition of this week I doubt if it would be called very old-fashioned in style, such is the perennial freshness of Beethoven at his highest level. Once more did the splendid body of strings show their great technical skill, and once more did the conductor prove his abilities as a reader of Beethoven.

Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso, with its one haunting movement, like a waltz of goddesses, seems of better stuff than when it was heard before. It may be that it has needed time for digestion, or it may be that Mr. Paur reads it more earnestly. At all events, the effect is more solid, and its apparent mixing of the scherzo and sonata form seems clearer. It is in keeping with the ever-wandering tonality of the piece, and if the result is not admired by sticklers for "form," it at least pleased nine-tenths of its hearers by its grace and spirit. The orchestra gave a fine account of itself, and thus worthily ended a concert of more than ordinary interest.

W. D. QUINT.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, brought the following programme:

Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, opus 68.
Mozart: Andante with Variations, in D minor, from Divertimento No. 17 (Koechel, No. 334). (First time.)
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, in C major, opus 72.
Dvorak: Scherzo capriccioso in D-flat major, opus 66.

The more one hears the great Brahms C minor symphony, the more entirely great does the wonderful work seem. Like other truly great works, it always has some new beauty to surprise you with, no matter how well you may have thought you knew it before; every fresh hearing adds something to your knowledge of and admiration for Brahms. What may be called Brahms's musical heredity has, from the beginning, been immensely interesting to us. He is a wholly unique apparition in the musical life of our times. No other contemporary composer has shown himself at once so classical and so modern; or perhaps we should rather say that no other composer has allowed his inborn spirit of classicism to interfere so little with his being and remaining completely in sympathy with what is most essential in the musical spirit of our own day. He is no mere epigone, no "classicist born half a century too late"—as was once said of our own Washington Allston, the painter. He represents a new and modern phase of intrinsically classical musical thought, a step forward in the continuous evolution of the Art of Music, severing none of its connections with the past, but pursuing its path toward the future none the less boldly and independently.

To take but one item of Brahms's artwork, what he has done in the matter of orchestration—often supposed to be a distinctly modern art. He makes perfectly free use of all the means which modern ingenuity of invention has put at the disposal of composers, and which composers, from Berlioz down, have exploited with such wonderful results. Without chromatic horns and trumpets, without perfected flutes and reed-instruments, and that ease and security which modern string players have acquired in the highest shifts of their instruments — without all these things, Brahms's orchestra is unimaginable; as unimaginable as Wagner's or Saint-Saens's. And yet, with all his quite modern use of these modern means, Brahms has managed to preserve one of the finest points in classical orchestration, the point which—were it not for him—might be taken as marking the distinctive difference between classical and modern instrumentation. This is that he almost invariably uses every instrument in the orchestra strictly according to its own nature. With him a trumpet, for instance, is always a trumpet; it does not occur to him to treat it as a magnified oboe or clarinet.

Modern orchestration has, in general, gone somewhat over-far in the direction of a cunning blending of orchestral tints; but Brahms has well preserved the individuality of what may be called the primary orchestral colors: the normal effects to be drawn from the peculiar tone of each instrument, of and by itself. Now and then, to be sure, one finds in his scores instances of what seems at first sight a sort of wilfully classicizing preciosity. Take, for example, the way he has of putting his two trumpets in unison on their high D (just as Beethoven and Mozart had to do), instead of letting the second trumpet double the first in the lower octave (as almost any other modern composer would do). This looks at first like a wanton neglect of modern opportunity, like a rather dandified imitation of what the old masters had perforce to do, their trumpets having no low D in their scale. But, when we consider the effect of this old-fashioned device of Brahms's, how entirely admirable it is! How brilliantly this occasional high unison of the trumpets stands out from the general mass of orchestral tone! how thoroughly idiomatic it is in the trumpet language! This is an effect which almost all other modern orchestral writers have neglected; it is old, to be sure, but none the worse for that. This is only a single instance, out of many, of Brahms's classicism in orchestration; there are others which are quite as striking, but which we have no time to mention here. Upon the whole, what is most admirable in Brahms's orchestration is that, while neglecting none of the characteristically modern mass-effects or cunning blendings of clang-tints, he never so uses an instrument as a mere reinforcing agent, to add to the general volume and richness of tone, that it loses the power of speaking effectively in its own peculiar idiom, when called upon to speak for itself. Richard Strauss will so abuse his trumpet, for instance, to reinforce his wood-wind in giving prominence to a particular phase that, when he wants to write an essentially trumpet passage, he has nothing to fall back upon. Brahms never does this.

The "Mozart Variations" were new here. This movement from one of the composer's many divertimenti has, we blieve, long been a favorite in Vienna. At first, it seemed to us a sufficiently characteristic example of Mozart, but in no wise showing the higher side of his genius. To be sure, one could admire the indescribable something that prevents the first variation (running triplets in the first violins) from falling into mere triviality—as some similar variations by Schubert too evidently do. But it was not till the fourth and fifth variations that the real genius of the man was revealed in all its beauty; these two are incomparable.

It seemed to us a mistake to play the Dvorak Capriccio after the great "Leonore" overture; it would have been better to invert the order of the two pieces. Nothing under the sun can kill the "Leonore" No. 3; but the Dvorak piece sounded rather trivial after it, and vulgarly scored. Yet the Capriccio has much to recommend it: it is bright, full of invention, and replete with charming effects of color; but it cannot hold its own with the other mighty things on the programme.

Of the general quality of the performance last Saturday, we do not care to speak. It was the first concert of the season, and it often takes some time for an orchestra to come to an understanding with itself, and with its conductor, after a summer's vacation. The audience was larger than one often sees so early in the season, and seemed in very good and enthusiastic humor. Mr. Paur was warmly greeted as he stepped up to his desk at the beginning of the concert.

The next programme is: Wagner, overture to "Der fliegende Holländer;" Ambroise Thomas, mad-scene from "Hamlet;" Beethoven, symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67; Beethoven, recitative, "Abscheulicher!" and aria, "Komm Hoffnung," from "Fidelio;" MacDowell, suite, opus 48. Mme DeVere-Sapio will be the singer.

The Independent Oct. 23. 95.

Music.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

LAST week brought, for the most part, more announcements as to the season, tolerably completing the usual extremely long series. The Boston Symphony Orchestra publishes the dates of its five concerts under Mr. Paur's direction, which will occur in the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of Friday, November 15th, and on the Thursday evenings, December 19th, January 23d, February 27th and March 26th. The programs are not sketched; but the soloists announced include Mme Melba, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Timothée Adamofski. Former subscribers can retain their seats at E. Schuberth's music store, this week only. In connection with the Boston orchestra named, a special announcement is made from Brooklyn that the concerts hitherto given by Mr. Paur and his band under the auspices of that vague and most shy organization, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society—which pays, not plays—will now be associated with the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and made a part of that excellent organization's departmental work. Five concerts will be heard at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on these dates, Tuesday evening November 12th, and on the Friday evenings, December 20th, January 24th, February 28th and March 27th. An admirable selection of soloists is to be offered, including Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Mme. Melba, Mme. de Vere Sapio, Mme. Scalchi, and the Messrs. Rafael Joseffy, Franz Kneisel, Timothée Adamofski, Alwin Schroeder, Ben Davies, Lloyd d'Aubigné and Giuseppe Campanari. The prices for the course tickets to the series are noticeably low, ranging from four to seven dollars. Also the notification of the official season of our opera at the Metropolitan is current from the management. The evening set for the opening is November 18th; the opera not yet named. The expected rentrée of Mme. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler is the concert incident of the present week; and an interesting one. The present week has only the less serious tho grateful presence of a new operetta "His Excellency" written to a text of W. S. Gilbert, by not Sir Arthur Sullivan but the clever English composer in the same field and vein, Dr. Osmond Carr.

Well, well, 'tis just as we expected—no fiddling is to be neglected—to violinists here in batches—will add himself Tivadar Nachès. It's only by a tonal slip he—can be referred to Mississippi. Not from our South as from his name—one might suppose, but just the same—superior European article, that stirs one's blood in every particle (either by talent's domination, or else because an importation): Rivarde, Ondricek, Sauret, Marsick, and possibly Ysaye—what has one done that he deserves such fiddle-stringing with his nerves? And what a country, where an A string—an E or D or G's a pay-string; where every squeak and every trill—produceth its five-dollar bill. One season, pianism rules—the cits, as connoisseurs or fools; another, and we come to know—Appollo drawing his long bow. Would that we all such wealth might see—as Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

And apropos of the violinistic excess of the winter, by no means are all the *racontars* of the artists visiting New York this season as diverting as this one anent Rivarde, the young Frenchman. Rivarde has often been compared with the mysterious Paganini. According to an Italian newspaper, a few months ago, while Rivarde was in Italy, and at the tomb of Paganini, he was presented to the son of the maestro. After spending a pleasant time together, Rivarde was requested by Paganini, junior, to play some of his great father's compositions; which he did, and young Paganini was deeply affected, declaring that he recognized many of the peculiar technical qualities of his poor father; Mr. Rivarde also was allowed to play on a number of Paganini's violins, which the son treasures very highly, and, finally, even was presented with one of them. Rivarde then interpreted one of Paganini's concertos. The son, in a paroxysm of generosity, went immediately to the trustees of the cemetery, and implored them to open his father's tomb, that Rivarde might have the honor of being the only violinist who had ever enjoyed the curious, if sacred consequences. Leave was accorded. On beholding the bones, Rivarde wept. (All violinists can weep.) But alas! one wo doth tread upon another's heels. To Rivarde's disgust, on leaving the cemetery, he was assessed five dollars! Worse still, on his return to the village he found that he was the four thousand eight hundred and fiftieth violinist who had "wept" at this sacred shrine. And, last, he was further surprised on learning that it was not Paganini's son, nor Paganini's bones at all, that had led him to so fraudulent and ludicrous an experience. "Paganini's son" was a roguish impostor!

A new and very handsomely dressed periodical monthly, and dealing in chief with musical and dramatic subjects of discussion has begun its appearance from Messrs. Whittingham & Atherton, 8 Broad Street, in this city. The leading article of the initial number is a study of Paderefski by Mr. Henry T. Finck, which offers an enthusiastic critical appreciation and a record of Mr. Paderefski's American successes, in special, of value as musical history. Mr. W. F. Apthorp contributed an excellent paper on Italian opera, exceptionally well illustrated in photogravure. The proof-reading of the *Looker-On* we observe is hardly as careful as it should be, which trait is likely, however, to be amended in future issues. The marginal illustrations add so little to the publication that they may well be omitted in future numbers.

Two new books in the line of popularizing information as to the plots and characters in Wagner's operas and music-dramas are to be noted: Miss Guerber's *Stories of the Wagner Operas* (New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.), and *Wagner's Heroes*, by Constance Maud (London and New York, Edward Arnold). Miss Guerber follows more closely than the writer second named, the textual contents of Wagner's librettos, and her book is suitably informing. Miss Maud's story-telling is in freer scope, and cleaves less to the letter of the law, as the composer's verse has laid it down. The drawback to the acceptability of both these volumes, however, is their superfluity. There is a mass of explanatory Wagnerian literature already in the market, for all ages, that needs no increment.

[24]

perience, her French accent in the Romance du Sommeil, from Psyché, and other songs was unimpeachable.—*The Standard.*

Mme. Inverni's name will soon become a highly popular one. She has evidently been trained in the best Italian schools, and reveals a contralto voice whose production is excellent, and whose quality is eminently sympathetic. In Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix the artist showed the range and quality of her voice to considerable advantage, while later on she proved herself endowed with great powers of expression in a song cycle entitled Elle et Lui.—*Society.*

Mme. Inverni possesses a fine resonant mezzo soprano voice, which is well worth any extra pains and trouble which she may take.—*Court Circular.*

Mme. Elise Inverni is a mezzo soprano with a powerful voice of good quality.—*Musical Times.*

Mme. Inverni has some good lower notes, and her voice in its medium register is singularly clear. Her production is good, and we should imagine that she is well fitted for dramatic rôles in opera. She sang with much expression the Romance du Sommeil and Romance d'Eros, from Ambroise Thomas's Psyché, and put much feeling into her rendering of C. M. Widor's mélodie À toi, with words by Victor Hugo. Excellent qualities of method were displayed in the fine air Printemps qui Commence, from Saint-Saëns' Samson et Dalila, and there was pathos again in her pleading delivery of Meyerbeer's Lamenta della Mendicante.—*The Stage.*

One of the most interesting recitals of the week was that given by Mme. Inverni and Herr Sauer. Mme. Inverni, who possesses a magnificent mezzo soprano voice, chose to exhibit her powers in selections from Widor, Ambroise Thomas, Saint-Saëns and Meyerbeer.—*The People.*

It was Italian opera, out-and-out Italian, at Covent Garden on Saturday night. For once in a while we had an opera by an Italian composer, sung in pure Italian by Italian singers. There was only one member of the caste who was not Italian, though she was as good as the rest, and that was Mme. Inverni.—*The Man of the World.*

Mme. Inverni's contributions to the program were acceptable to a degree. She sang first, with much expression and finish, When Twilight Comes; her next contribution was Che Faro, and the sad abandonment which characterizes the piece was admirably interpreted. Though twice recalled, Mme. Inverni resolutely declined an encore, but the renewed enthusiasm that was evoked by her charming exposition of Cowen's beautiful composition Because induced her to unbend, and she repeated the second verse.—*The Portsmouth Evening News.*

Mme. Inverni, who with a high and sonorous contralto voice unites dramatic powers of vocalization, which her presence largely aids, sang with excellent effect. In Gluck's fine Scena she achieved a triumph of vocal effect, pealing out the high F's in a manner rarely equaled by its most renowned singers.—*Leamington Spa Courier.*

Mme. Inverni has a rich mezzo soprano voice, and her brilliant execution fairly captivated her audience. It was certainly the greatest musical treat that the people of Workington have had the pleasure of listening to for some time.—*The Carlisle Evening Journal.*

The program included lovely songs by the prima donna, Mme. Elise Inverni, whose splendid voice and finished style it was delightful to witness.—*The York Evening Press.*

The gem of the evening was perhaps Arditi's valse, Il Bacio, which secured for Mme. Inverni an irresistible encore, for which she sang When Twilight Comes, a charming melody by Strelezki. It is rarely that a mezzo soprano can successfully interpret such different styles of composition; but Mme. Inverni combines with the deep rich notes of a contralto the facile execution of a light soprano, and the high notes which she takes *pianissimo* are marked by extreme delicacy and finish.—*The Whitehaven News.*

Elise Inverni, il cui nome andò cercato in numerosi concerti, ha bellissima voce di contralto, e cantò stupendamente la sua parte. Nel quartetto e nel duetto susseguente del terzo atto, confermò il buon nome che la precedeva, per cui è sperabile che la brava *Maddalena* si produca in qualche opera a far valere i suoi talenti.—*Il Trovatore.*

La parta di *Maddelena* sostenuta da una Signora Inglese ci parve bene stare con le altre per correttezza di canto ed espressione; il quartetto famoso dell' ultimo atto ebbe, anche mercè sua, una esecuzione lodevole.—*Il Progresso.*

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MUSIC IN BOSTON

BOSTON, Mass., October 20, 1895.

SULLIVAN'S incidental music to King Arthur, a play by J. C. Carr, was heard here for the first time October 1 at the Tremont Theatre. I did not go to the play, for I do not care for Mr. Irving; he is too Gothic, and then I do not understand the English language when it is mumbled or shrieked by him.

A well-known musician told me that the music to King Arthur was a misch-masch of Sullivan's religious music—as Turn Thy Face from My Sins—and the music of The Mikado.

The Mikado was given at the Castle Square Theatre October 14 with the following cast:

The Mikado of Japan	Arthur Wooley
Nanki-Poo	Thomas H. Persse
Ko-Ko	William Wolff
Pooh-Bah	J. K. Murray
Pish-Tush	John Read
Yum-Yum	Clara Lane
Pitti-Sing	Edith Mason
Peep-Bo	Hattie Ladd
Katisha	Kate Davis

The performance of the first act was admirable. In the second act Messrs. Wolff and Wooley yielded at last unconditionally to their inherent love for buffoonery. The audience encouraged them, roaring when *Pooh-Bah* fell and displayed flesh tights, convulsed by such gags as "What 's his address? Cambridge." And yet let us rather remember with pleasure the delightful and thoroughly Gilbertian *Yum-Yum* of Miss Lane, the *Pitti-Sing* of Miss Mason, the consistent and effective *Pooh-Bah* of Mr. Murray and the singing of Mr. Persse.

* * *

My esteemed friend and colleague, Mr. Apthorp, of the *Transcript*, was present at this performance, and he wrote an article, which appeared the 15th. The title might have been The Supreme Eulogy of the Castle Square. Now as to his opinions concerning the merits of the performance I have nothing to say. In his remarks about the advantages of a stock company I fully agree with him. But I cannot allow one statement of fact to go unchallenged. Mr. Apthorp says: "From Pinafore down, no Gilbert and Sullivan operetta has had an indisputable success here, without adventitious help—in the way of local gags or dances—to catch the gallery."

This statement is not true. In the first place, dances are an integral part of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The librettos would tell Mr. Apthorp as much. See also The Savoy Opera and the Savoyards, by Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A., a stupid, poorly arranged book, yet one that gives much information concerning the preparation for a Savoy production. Fitzgerald says on page 67: "One of the regular forms of the Gilbertian opera is the fantastic dance into which the gravest, most decorous characters burst tumultuously. These measures have yet a quaint reserve, as though extorted from the personages in question by the irresistible entrain of the situation."

In the first and eminently successful performances of these operettas given here by the so-called D'Oyly Carte companies, and in the performances soon afterward given by American companies schooled in Gilbertian fashion, no gag was tolerated, no extra business was introduced. The pieces were played absolutely straight. Witness the long run of Iolanthe here, one of the longest runs known in the history of comic opera in Boston. In the run there was no "adventitious help." It was not until these operettas were unduly familiar that persons who had just left the variety stage took upon themselves to freshen Gilbert's lines and fat their parts.

The operetta this week at the Castle Square is The Chimes of Normandy. Somebody says that Carmen is in rehearsal. It is possible, then, that The Huguenots will be produced this season with Mr. Wolff in his great impersonation of *Marcel*, with a topical song in place of the choral, or that everlasting "Piff-Paff."

* * *

Mr. John Hermann Loud gave an organ recital the afternoon of the 17th in the Ruggles Street Church. He played these pieces:

Toccata in G	Dubois
Prière in G flat	Lemaigre
Sonata No. 5 in C minor	Guilmant
Fugue in D minor	Bach
Intermezzo in G	Loud
Allegro assai, from Sonata No. 2	Merkel
Finale in D	Lemmens

I know of nothing drearier than an ordinary organ recital in this city. No wonder that this form of musical entertainment is not popular, although there are good organs and some excellent concert organists in Boston. The attendant circumstances are apt to be dispiriting. In a modern Protestant church, carpeted, with pews thoughtfully stocked with hymn books and appeals for contributions, with a kitchen provided with hot and cold water, with parlors and "lavatories" and all the modern improvements, the solemn organ seems out of place. I do not refer here particularly to the Ruggles Street Church; I refer to many churches. There is a feeling of uneasiness. People seem in doubt concerning the propriety of applause. The church is chilly; or it is damp or stuffy, reminding one of the grave. The atmosphere affects organ and organist. Reeds are traitors. Pneumatic action suddenly shirks its work. There is ciphering.

Mr. Loud, however, was not handicapped seriously by any of the evils in this catalogue. There was a good sized and favorably disposed audience. The organ behaved itself, although the reeds were inclined toward hoarseness and untunefulness. Did you ever hear an organ in this country that was steadily and thoroughly in tune for a month? The New England climate does not favor organ tuners in their work.

Mr. Loud showed many results of faithful study under such an instructor as Guilmant. He has the sure foundation of a true legato. He understands the art of releasing as well as attacking chords. His technic, while it was not startling, seemed adequate to the appointed task. His registration was generally effective, although the pieces by French composers suffered at times inevitably in the attempt to fit them to an American organ. While his performance was not wholly without flaw or blemish, the few cloudy passages or too violent changes in dynamic power might justly have been attributed to comparative unfamiliarity with the organ, especially after long study on organs differing radically in scheme and mechanical appliances.

Then Mr. Loud will play still better, with more freedom, more spontaneity, when he realizes fully that he is his own

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1895.

The first of the Symphony concerts was given the evening of the 19th in Music Hall. It is the fifteenth season. Mr. Emil Paur is the conductor. There is a new second bassoon player—A. Kirchner, from New York, I am told. There is also a new double-bass player—Mr. Keller.

The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, C minor	Brahms
Andante with variations, from Divertimento in D major (K 334) (First time)	Mozart
Overture to Leonore, No. 3	Beethoven
Scherzo, Capriccioso	Dvorák

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first Symphony concert. Last night it opened in an eminently respectable manner. The members of the audience took their seats as though they were entering family pews in a genteel and well established meeting house. They bore with them program books, which they read solemnly at intervals or steadily throughout the service. For last evening the worship of Brahms was celebrated in due state after summer exile, solaced only by the piano music or the songs or the very thought of Saint Johannes.

Now I do not propose to dilate at length on the character of the pieces played. With the exception of the excerpt from the Divertimento, they are familiar to all concert goers. Least of all do I intend to speak about the symphony of Brahms, for I remember that about two years ago I pained deeply good Mr. Bennett, of London, by certain irreverent remarks concerning the architecture of the shrine and the decoration of the idol. Let it be said first of all that the performance throughout, in ensemble and in solo work, was brilliant, and when you consider the fact that it was the first of the season it was remarkably good. To particularize in such connection always seems invidious, yet I cannot refrain from paying tribute to the first horn, the first bassoon, the first clarinet and the flutes.

The excerpt from the Divertimento was played here for the first time. The intelligent listener, in order to advance himself as much as possible in musical knowledge, turned at once to the program book for copious draughts of information. But the well was dry. Not a word as to the character of the piece or its history. The intelligent listener, however, discovered that the theme was "simply exposed" and of the "regulation length." He also learned that the sixth variation is thus constituted: "Rapid running passages in thirty-second notes in the first violins, against counterpoint in the other parts pizzicati. This variation ends with a free coda."

Many have thought, not without reason, that a divertimento is so called because it seldom diverts. I find on examination that this conclusion is erroneous; that a divertimento is "a composition of a light, pleasing character, whether vocal or instrumental, written to engage the attention in a cheerful manner." This definition by Stainer and Barrett reminds one of the declaration of Athenæus, that music should produce "affability and a sort of gentleman-like joy."

We know little about this particular work of Mozart. It was composed in 1779 or 1780, and it is thought to be the one in which he played at Munich "as though he were the greatest fiddler in Europe." To hear and enjoy the whole work, with its allegro, two minuets, andante with six variations, adagio and rondo, might be impossible in these nervous days. The variations pleased last night: they also showed the strings to great advantage. The purist might object to the lack of proportion, when such pieces, written for a few string instruments and two horns, are played by a great body of strings and two horns.

* * *

To write a wholly satisfactory program book is difficult, yes, almost impossible. Mr. Apthorp, the present compiler, has many qualifications for the task; learning, enthusiasm, an interesting if occasionally aggressive style, and what is known to the French as esprit. There is no one in this city that is better equipped for this severe and thankless labor.

It is the more to be regretted that Mr. Apthorp is growing more and more pedantic, and that in a book which should state facts or gossip in an entertaining fashion he writes in more and more opinionated critical fashion. He has at his command a newspaper wherein he may criticise to his heart's content. He should confine his criticism to his reviews of concerts.

That he should occasionally make slips in statements of fact is not surprising, for we are all mortal, and a sudden attack of heterophemy is not uncommon in the literary world. Thus he speaks (page 10) in his article in the program book about the C minor symphony of Brahms as follows:

"The first part (corresponding to the scherzo) is based upon two contrasted themes, the first of which (given out by the clarinet and other wind instruments over a pizzicato bass in the 'celli) has been said to resemble the Prayer in Hérold's Zampa; but the resemblance is evanescent." Mr. Apthorp knew better; for in his program book of '94–5, in describing Brahms' third symphony, he comes to the andante and says: "A certain melodic resemblance has often been noticed between this theme and the prayer in Hérold's Zampa, a resemblance, however, which does not hold good beyond the first half measure." Such a slip is, after all, a trifling matter.

But when in the same article on the C minor symphony we find this description of the horn and flute passages in the introduction to the finale: "Everyone is at liberty to put what extra-musical interpretation he pleases upon orchestral music. To me this wonderful horn and flute episode has always brought a vivid suggestion of the notes and distant echoes of the Alpine horn amid the cloud capped snow peaks of the Bernese Oberland. The whole scene is suggested—not servilely and prosaically *copied*—by the music; you see and hear it all; the ringing horn tones, the repeated echoes, the bright sunlight and shifting cloud shadows on the mountains! Nothing in all Wagner, greatest of musical landscapists, is more entrancingly and poetically picturesque"—then we have a right to say this is a species of criticism, and however beautifully worded it may be its place is in the *Transcript*, not in a program book.

Such passages are no doubt introduced to give a relief to dry-as-dust analysis which is so dear to him. Now, of what earthly interest to any human or inhuman being are such sentences as these (I quote at random):

"In this key the second phrase (antithesis) of the theme begins, but ends with a modulation to A flat major (dominant of the principal key), thus allowing the third phrase (repetition of the thesis) to begin in the tonic. This is soon followed by a light, dancing second theme, which begins in G major, but passes on to A major and other keys almost as soon as its tonality has been established. With the return of the first theme we get back again to B flat major and D flat major, but in the course of some elaborate working out the tonality shifts about quite as capriciously as before."

Or these on the same page (27):

"It will be seen that by very little stretching of terms the scherzo proper—with its brilliant principal theme and light second theme—may stand as the first theme and first subsidiary of the sonata form, the trio standing as the second theme and second subsidiary. Here the first part of the form ends without a conclusion theme. Then follows the free fantasia, and then, with the return of the scherzo, the third part and coda."

And mind you, this is all about Dvorák's Scherzo Capriccioso.

Such analysis without printed themes is of no value to the student. Such analysis is a stumbling block and a confusion to the layman, simple lover of music, who, tempted by curiosity to see whether he can verify his suspicions, pores over the book, while the music on the stage in large measure escapes him.

Ah! if Mr. Apthorp would only be a little more frivolous and less learned.

Now in the Entr'acte he has full scope for his invention and his wit. Why turn it always into a lecture? Last week the lecture was entitled Form in Music. Let me give you a few extracts:

"Music is full of the unknown, of the unknowable, and in face of this unknown we, like Adam in the Garden of Eden, find ourselves irresistibly impelled to give its various manifestations a name that, as the common phrase is, they may 'mean something' to us."

"That entrancing phantasmagoria of picture and incident which we see rising from the billowing sea of music is in reality nothing more than an enchanting fata morgana, visible at no other angle than that of our own eye."

And then Mr. Apthorp drapes a statue of Prometheus loosely in cloth, and gets "a cloth-form."

Mr. Apthorp quotes, like a good Bostonian, from Emerson, and then, to show his catholicity, he quotes from Mr. H. T. Finck. As he disputes in part a statement of the latter, the interest is no longer parochial; it is national; I may say it is international; even Japan may be shaken by it. So you will pardon the long quotation:

"When Mr. Henry T. Finck wrote of Chopin: 'It has been said that he never completely mastered the sonata form. Let us thank God that he never allowed himself to be mastered by the sonata form!' (or words to that effect; I quote from memory); he wrote something which contains a very valuable bit of truth—open, as it unfortunately is, to deplorable misconception. The truth in it is that if the true bent of Chopin's genius was not in the direction of the sonata form that great man did unspeakably well in not binding his genius down to a merely scholastic, pedantic and *artificial* conformity with its laws. In so far as the form was a shackle upon the free, natural expression of his genius, and not a source of artistic strength to him, he did well to let it alone. The possible misconception is that people might imagine, from what Mr. Finck wrote, that the sonata form was in any way unworthy of the splendor of Chopin's genius. One cannot but recognize that, where Chopin did have to do with the sonata form—as in his piano sonatas and concertos—he succeeded in being great in spite of, by no means because of, his lack of perfect mastery over it. Moreover, with and notwithstanding all the true greatness he shows in these compositions, his lack of complete mastery over the form introduces an unquestionable element of weakness into them; had he thoroughly mastered the sonata form, as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn did, his sonatas and concertos would have been greater still. Whether he might not have sacrificed something else, and something infinitely valuable, in the process of attaining to this complete mastery, is another question; it is even quite likely that he might have forced his genius out of its most congenial channel. But this is apart from the real question; the fact remains that he was not entirely great in the sonata, and that his shortcomings in sonata writing are to be deplored—not so much because he did not fulfill the traditional requirements of the form as because, in falling short of or exceeding these requirements, he did not develop anything as strong, symmetrical and perfect as the sonata form in its traditional estate."

I confess that my sympathies are with Mr. Finck in this discussion.

Furthermore I acknowledge that such a lecture has its uses, and is not out of place, say once a month, in a program book. It excites argument; it stimulates thought; it instructs; and it also furnishes at times legitimate amusement.

* * * *

Mr. Paur in an interview published in the *Boston Journal* this morning says: "I found many new and rare compositions for orchestra and brought many of them home with me." Let us hope that he will not keep them in a trunk at Jamaica Plain. The only novelty of the first four concerts is the excerpt from the Divertimento of Mozart, and that is at least 115 years old.

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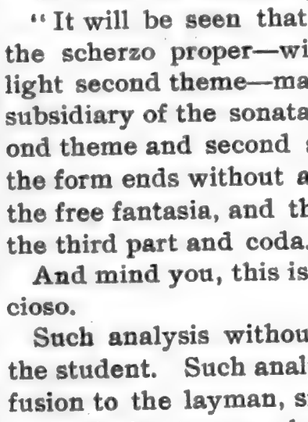

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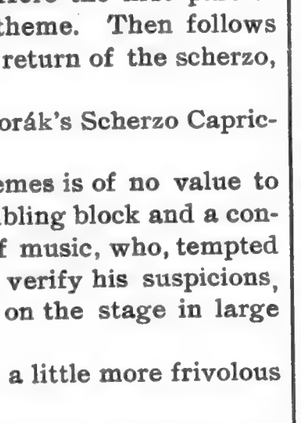

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MUSICAL COURIER.

BOSTON, October 19, 1895.

NIKISCH TRIUMPHANT.

IT must make some of our Boston contemporaries feel sad, sore and sick to read of Arthur Nikisch's triumphs in the very musical strongholds of Germany.

The Hungarian conductor, of whom Boston wearied, or to put it more correctly, who knew too much to tolerate the incessant critical warfare made upon him there, not only displayed his versatility first as conductor of opera at Budapest, but has been called to fill two of the most important musical positions in the world. He has succeeded Hans von Bülow as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts, and is besides nominated successor to Carl Reinecke, as conductor of the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic.

Now what has Boston to say for herself?

What can Boston say?

Nikisch we all remember as a man of marvelous musical organization, great magnetism and learning. For the year previous to his departure Boston critics—with a few honorable exceptions—systematically decried his work. He was too modern, yet he is to conduct Beethoven in Leipsic, the very heart of classical music in Germany; he was not a great musical authority.

Yet he follows Von Bülow in Berlin.

Now, doesn't all this strike one as supremely silly, the silliness of small boys that throw stones simply because of pure "cussedness"?

Boston rejected Nikisch, while New York, Budapest, Berlin and Leipsic fight for the honor of his presence. Pooh! pooh! you have Paur—King Log after King Stork (to reverse the fable)—and Paur is good enough for the sleepy town.

But even the virtuous Mr. Paur is not giving satisfaction. A sigh, a cultured sigh, has been exhaled by Boston's elect. Mr. Paur is voted a bore. His boots are too thick and his readings as opaque. He has no magnetism, and he is a little slow.

Boston had a magnetic conductor and was not satisfied. She got Mr. Paur and longs for Nikisch again.

Boston is coquettish.

We learn on the very best of authority that Mr. Paur will be asked to step down and out at the end of this season. We suppose Mr. Higginson will put his hand in his pocket willingly in order to accomplish this much desired event.

Then Mr. Higginson will look around for another conductor. There is Mr. Nikisch, an excellent successor to Mr. Paur, but we do not believe that he will come. He is better off in Germany, where his genius for conducting is appreciated at its full value. Besides he must conduct his concerts in Queen's Hall, London, England.

Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts; Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic. What coals of fire he could heap on pettifogging Boston!

Mr. Nikisch's time is better employed.

There now remains nothing but Mr. Paur for Boston to contemplate.

But then THE MUSICAL COURIER some years ago fought valiantly against the deposition of Nikisch and the appearance of Paur.

Boston, however, thought differently.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The second Symphony concert at Music Hall, last evening, presented the following programme:

Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollander," Wagner; Ophelie's mad scene from "Hamlet," Thomas; suite in A minor, op. 42, MacDowell; scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido," op. 65, Beethoven; symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67, Beethoven. Soloist, Mme. DeVere-Sapio.

The programme, taken with the almost flawless work of the orchestra aroused more than polite applause, there being a hearty response to each number, the greatest part of which, however, fell to MacDowell's Suite in A minor, op. 42, in five numbers. It was exquisitely suggestive and unconventional, but in the elaboration of its romantic themes is satisfying to the imagination and sense of harmony. The third number, "In October," was the most popular. Mme. DeVere-Sapio, the soloist, was not heard at her best, and, while she sang with excellent phrasing and was true to the key, her voice was only full and assuring in its lower tones, and hard and thin in the upper ones.

She pleased most in the "Hamlet" music, which she sang as her second song, because of its attractive and difficult writing, although she appeared at the least advantage in it.

Wagner's overture, with its brilliant construction and tempestuous passages, was of uneven performance, the swelling chords being now and then unevenly taken. Beethoven's Symphony was splendidly given, and the characteristic methods of the author and its evenness were well received.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Boston Orchestra Opens Its Fourteenth Season in This City.

At Infantry Hall, last evening, the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 14th season in Providence. The retrospect of the past 13 years is, in many ways, an interesting one. It was a matter of grave doubt at first whether a sufficient patronage could be enlisted to make the yearly visits of the orchestra a permanent thing. Fortunately for the musical health of this vicinity that question finally received an affirmative answer, and the increase of attendance has been sufficient to afford us at present double the number of concerts given at first. The influence which these concerts have exerted toward the development and broadening of musical taste is well understood and fully recognized. Nor is it to be overlooked that the work of the orchestra itself, though of a high order from the very beginning, has constantly improved with the passing of the years. This involves no criticism upon or comparison between any of the four conductors who have presided over this famous organization; it is simply the natural result of keeping practically intact for a long period what was originally a band of picked players, the few changes in the personnel made from time to time having usually meant the introduction of a superior performer. There are pleasant memories, too, of the many soloists who have assisted in these concerts; with hardly an exception they have been well worth hearing, while not a few have been in the front rank of the world's greatest vocal or instrumental artists. But, after all, the orchestra is the main thing, with its steady presentation of the master works of music's giants and interesting exhibit of the trend of modern musical ideas. The regular attendant upon the concerts of these 13 years has had brought to his notice and heard superbly performed about all that is best worth hearing in the highest form of musical composition, and a wealth of other things beside.

There was a large and interested audience last night. Though the capacity of Infantry Hall was in no degree tested, yet the ratio of empty seats at the rear seemed appreciably smaller than usual, the room being perhaps two-thirds filled. The following programme was given.

Symphony, No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Op. 56.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
I. Introduction: Andante con moto (A minor) Allegro un poco agitato (A minor)
II. Vivace non troppo (F major)
III. Adagio (A major)
IV. Allegro vivacissimo (A minor) Allegro maestoso assai (A minor)
Ophelia's Mad Scene (Act IV., Scene 2) from "Hamlet".....Ambroise Thomas
Overture, "Der Fliegende Hollander".....Richard Wagner
Aria, "Ah Perfido".....Ludwig von Beethoven
Scherzo capriccioso in D-flat major, Op. 66.....Antonin Dvorak
Scherzo: Allegro con fuoco (D-flat major)
Trio: Poco tranquillo (D major)

Mendelssohn's so-called "Scotch" symphony, like some of his earlier works, shows really less of the spontaneousness of genius than of skill in scholastic forms. This is especially true of the first movement, the others, and especially the second and third, containing much that is of interest, elegantly scored and in the unmistakable Mendelssohn vein. The work is said to have been suggested by a trip to Scotland, taken when he was about 20 years old. It was, however, but sketched at that time, and not fully scored till over 10 years later. The symphony was dedicated to the young Queen Victoria, who, together with her consort, Prince Albert, was a warm friend and faithful patron of the composer, and first performed in London in 1842. It was well played last evening, though exception might be taken to the funereal character which Mr. Paur imparted to the opening movement.

Wagner's familiar and stormily weird "Flying Dutchman" overture was played with immense elan and fire, and brought out a hearty round of applause. The scherzo capriccioso by Dvorak, which closed the programme, is a number somewhat difficult to classify or describe. Mr. Apthorp, in his very elaborate programme notes, professes to find in it characteristics of the sonata form. Possibly they might be detected in an analysis of the score, but the average hearer would be far more likely to fancy a family likeness to a potpourri by that prince of the bass drum and cymbals, John Philip Sousa. It is lively, it is ear-tickling, and, above all, it is noisy.

The soloist of the evening was Madame Clementine De Vere-Sapio, newly returned from a long series of European triumphs, and making her initial reappearance here. If it were possible to gild refined gold, one might be tempted to say that she has broadened both in art and voice during her year or two of absence. Certainly we seldom hear such singing as she gave us last night in her two sharply contrasted numbers. The stupendously difficult aria of the mad Ophelia was sung with a brilliancy and certainty of technic, a perfect control of dynamics and a wealth of voice and expression that call for the highest praise. Beethoven's well-known concert aria offered her opportunities for the display of breadth and dignity of style and skillful phrasing, which she grasped as readily and successfully as she did the marvellous floratura of Ophelia's song. It was a triumphal re-entry for Madame Sapio and so acknowledged by her hearers.

The concert began somewhat late, owing to a slight accident to the train which had the orchestra on board. Everybody seemed glad to welcome the players again, and Mr. Paur was given a hearty round of applause when he stepped to the conductor's desk.

The second concert will be given on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

MUSIC.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—MacDowell's Suite Was the Feature of the Evening—Mrs. DeVere-Sapio Was the Soloist.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
"Ah! Perfido,".....Beethoven
Suite, A minor.....MacDowell
Ophelia's Mad Scene.....Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

Four movements of MacDowell's suite were first given at the Worcester Festival of 1891, Sept. 24. They were given for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston, Oct. 24, 1891. "In October" was played here last night for the first time.

Charming as was the suite as played here four years ago, the reproach might then have been made gently that the "Summer Idyl" and the "Shepherdess's Song" suffered by immediate juxtaposition. This reproach cannot now be made. "In October" supplies balance and contrast. And what exquisite music this suite is! What fancy and imagination are herein displayed! Passages recall descriptions of tree life in Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders."

There is the dark mystery of the forest, as well as its open, opulent summer joy. Here is romantic music without taint of affectation, without desire to startle. The wealth of the composer's resources is used modestly. A suggestion made by MacDowell is worth more than a complete syllogism of many estimable composers who apply the rule of three and the measuring rod to the product of wrenched thought.

How admirable his self-control, that of the master, who knows exactly what he wishes to say and how to say it! How unerring his sense of color, how exact his knowledge of the value of a nuance! To hear such music is a rare pleasure. For such music comes not to us by mere plodding labor or by mere assiduous devotion to what other men have said in music. Labor is in this suite, and so is devotion to that which is pure and noble and eternal; but the motive power is inspiration, the intensity of the born musician, which must out. And lo, a thing of beauty!

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Mrs. De Vere-Sapio was known to us before her marriage as a brilliant singer, exulting in trills and roulades. She comes back after her European experiences with broader voice and more dramatic style. It is true that she sang at the Paris Opéra before she first visited us; but although her operatic début was successful, she did not tarry long in Paris.

Last evening she sang "Ah! Perfido" with breadth, and yet with great attention to detail. If the dazzling brilliancy of her upper tones is in a measure dulled, her lower tones have gained immeasurably. In pathetic entreaty, as in frenzied denunciation, she sang with the authority of the true artist. A performance conspicuous for its dignity, musical conception, intelligent workmanship and sincerity.

And then she sang the scene in which Ophelia, crazed by the strange events—the irregular decease of Hamlet's father, the inexplicable behavior of the Prince, and the stupid death of Polonius—sings now sadly, now distractedly—Ophelia, "chére petite glu," as Laforgue describes her, sings while peasants dance. The Wagnerites make merry at such mad scenes; but have you noticed that several of the most famous Wagnerphones, male and female, went mad; while they that sing Italian or French mad scenes wax fat and live to a wheezy old age?

There is no argument in this proposition; it is merely the statement of an historical fact. In this scene Mrs. Sapio had an opportunity to display the excellence of her technique. Surprising were certain of her vocal feats; yet agility and bravura seemed only the natural expression of hysteria, not the teacher's exercises learned carefully by Ophelia when she was educating for the Prince.

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The performance of the orchestra throughout the evening left much to be desired. There was frequently indecision in attack; there was much that was raw, and coarse. The accompaniments to Mrs. Sapio's solos were almost steadily indiscreet.

The 5th symphony has been flippantly described by someone as an old War-horse of music. Now a War-horse in politics is apt to be a venerable, familiar, imposing person, who leaks oratory, and is apt to be a bore.

One memorable night—it was Nov. 9, 1889—Mr. Nikisch gave a spectacular performance of this symphony, and he did all manner of wild, irregular, extraordinary things with it, so that the more hysterical of his male admirers dashed their silk hats upon the floor and danced upon them in corybantic frenzy, forgetting for once that they were Bostonians and in Boston. Whatever may be said about that performance from the musician's point of view, there is no denying that it was an exciting event. Sleep, at least, was impossible.

Now, last evening the performance of the symphony was unrefined, unpoetic, dull and tedious. It was eminently burgess. If the fifth symphony is anything, it is certainly not burgess, yet last evening it was burgess, like horse-hair furniture, mourning wreaths or Hume's History of England bound in half-calf. And for once the flippant person seemed right, and, indeed, eminently judicious, when he described Beethoven's work as an "old War-horse."

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 119.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme Sapio in Two Selections—MacDowell's Suite a Success.

The programme for the second concert in this season's series by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido".....Beethoven
Suite in A minor, op. 42.....MacDowell
Ophelia's mad scene, "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven

The soloist was Mme. De Vere-Sapio.

Mr. MacDowell's suite made even a more favorable impression than it did when it was heard here before. It is a charming work pervaded by a fine poetic fancy. There is in it a delightful absence of that diluted Rheinberger flavor which characterizes so much of the music of home manufacture and a refreshing originality. The composer has a positive genius for orchestral color. His instrumentation, while elaborate, is never overcrowded, but is always clear, and in many movements of this work has a daintiness and a piquancy that are exquisite in effect. Another admirable quality is the artistic discretion shown by Mr. MacDowell in knowing exactly when he has said what he has to say, and ceasing then and there, instead of padding out his music with extraneous matter for the mere sake of making it longer.

The five movements which constitute this composition are all so equally interesting that it is difficult to express a preference for any one of them, but perhaps a special admiration may go out to "The Summer Idyl" for its tender grace, and to "The Shepherdess' Song" for its suave and simple loveliness. The suite was sympathetically read and beautifully played, and the applause at its close was vigorous and prolonged, an effort being made to call the composer forward, but in vain. The Wagner overture received spirited and effective treatment at the hands of both conductor and orchestra, powerful dramatic feeling being finely emphasized. The symphony seemed to drag and to be lacking in its familiar impressiveness. The opening movement was over "jerky" and disjointed in effect, and at times moved laboriously. The pace at which it was taken appeared to be over slow and spiritless, and the result was far from satisfying. The andante received better treatment, and was, on the whole, the most praiseworthy feature in the performance. The scherzo lost something of its customary animation under the interpretation put upon it, notably in the slacking of the time at the opening of the trio by the basses.

The two selections made by Mme. Sapio represented the extremes of vocal art and style, and it would be a phenomenal artist indeed, who could do equal justice to both compositions. The Beethoven aria, with its large and emphatic recitative, its broad adagio and its fiery allegro and its nobility of character generally, and the Momas scene, with its thin declamatory passages and its florid waltz tune, intended only to show off the skill of the artist in coloratur, could not possibly be more widely apart nor call for more directly opposite latents for their adequate performance. Mme. Sapio, whose voice has become somewhat worn and tired since it was last heard here, has scarcely the dramatic quality for the satisfying rendering of the Beethoven aria. In the recitation she was lacking in largeness of declamation and breadth of style. The adagio was sung with musicianly feeling, but in a somewhat dry manner, and with over much of unmeaning explosiveness in attacking the upper notes.

The performance was, on the whole, uninteresting. The only excuse for an artist singing this work is the possession of a large dramatic voice and the grand style, neither of which was illustrated by Mme. Sapio on this occasion. She sang the music fairly well, but she failed to interpret it. In the "Hamlet" scene she was heard with pleasing effect in the more cantabile moments, but her bravura was without the necessary lightness and flexibility, and was frequently thick, stiff and labored in effect, while now and then a lapse from correct intonation jarred on the ear. Mme. Sapio has been heard to much more advantage here than she was last evening, and has also aroused much more enthusiasm. She was recalled once after each effort.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Berlioz; symphonic poem, "Francesca" (first time), Tschaikowsky; "Dream Music," from "Hansel and Gretel" (first time), Humperdinck; overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark. There will be no soloist on this occasion.

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MUSICAL COURIER.

BOSTON, October 19, 1895.

NIKISCH TRIUMPHANT.

IT must make some of our Boston contemporaries feel sad, sore and sick to read of Arthur Nikisch's triumphs in the very musical strongholds of Germany.

The Hungarian conductor, of whom Boston wearied, or to put it more correctly, who knew too much to tolerate the incessant critical warfare made upon him there, not only displayed his versatility first as conductor of opera at Budapest, but has been called to fill two of the most important musical positions in the world. He has succeeded Hans von Bülow as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts, and is besides nominated successor to Carl Reinecke, as conductor of the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic.

Now what has Boston to say for herself?

What can Boston say?

Nikisch we all remember as a man of marvelous musical organization, great magnetism and learning. For the year previous to his departure Boston critics —with a few honorable exceptions—systematically decried his work. He was too modern, yet he is to conduct Beethoven in Leipsic, the very heart of classical music in Germany; he was not a great musical authority.

Yet he follows Von Bülow in Berlin.

Now, doesn't all this strike one as supremely silly, the silliness of small boys that throw stones simply because of pure "cussedness"?

Boston rejected Nikisch, while New York, Budapest, Berlin and Leipsic fight for the honor of his presence. Pooh! pooh! you have Paur—King Log after King Stork (to reverse the fable)—and Paur is good enough for the sleepy town.

But even the virtuous Mr. Paur is not giving satisfaction. A sigh, a cultured sigh, has been exhaled by Boston's elect. Mr. Paur is voted a bore. His boots are too thick and his readings as opaque. He has no magnetism, and he is a little slow.

Boston had a magnetic conductor and was not satisfied. She got Mr. Paur and longs for Nikisch again.

Boston is coquettish.

We learn on the very best of authority that Mr. Paur will be asked to step down and out at the end of this season. We suppose Mr. Higginson will put his hand in his pocket willingly in order to accomplish this much desired event.

Then Mr. Higginson will look around for another conductor. There is Mr. Nikisch, an excellent successor to Mr. Paur, but we do not believe that he will come. He is better off in Germany, where his genius for conducting is appreciated at its full value. Besides he must conduct his concerts in Queen's Hall, London, England.

Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts; Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic. What coals of fire he could heap on pettifogging Boston!

Mr. Nikisch's time is better employed.

There now remains nothing but Mr. Paur for Boston to contemplate.

But then THE MUSICAL COURIER some years ago fought valiantly against the deposition of Nikisch and the appearance of Paur.

Boston, however, thought differently.

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SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The second Symphony concert at Music Hall, last evening, presented the following programme.

Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollander," Wagner; Ophelie's mad scene from "Hamlet," Thomas; suite in A minor, op. 42, MacDowell; scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido," op. 65, Beethoven; symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67, Beethoven. Soloist, Mme. DeVere-Sapio.

The programme, taken with the almost flawless work of the orchestra aroused more than polite applause, there being a hearty response to each number, the greatest part of which, however, fell to MacDowell's Suite in A minor, op. 42, in five numbers. It was exquisitely suggestive and unconventional, but in the elaboration of its romantic themes is satisfying to the imagination and sense of harmony. The third number, "In October," was the most popular. Mme. DeVere-Sapio, the soloist, was not heard at her best, and, while she sang with excellent phrasing and was true to the key, her voice was only full and assuring in its lower tones, and hard and thin in the upper ones.

She pleased most in the "Hamlet" music, which she sang as her second song, because of its attractive and difficult writing, although she appeared at the least advantage in it.

Wagner's overture, with its brilliant construction and tempestuous passages, was of uneven performance, the swelling chords being now and then unevenly taken. Beethoven's Symphony was splendidly given, and the characteristic methods of the author and its evenness were well received

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PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Boston Orchestra Opens its Fourteenth Season in This City.

At Infantry Hall, last evening, the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 14th season in Providence. The retrospect of the past 13 years is, in many ways, an interesting one. It was a matter of grave doubt at first whether a sufficient patronage could be enlisted to make the yearly visits of the orchestra a permanent thing. Fortunately for the musical health of this vicinity that question finally received an affirmative answer, and the increase of attendance has been sufficient to afford us at present double the number of concerts given at first. The influence which these concerts have exerted toward the development and broadening of musical taste is well understood and fully recognized. Nor is it to be overlooked that the work of the orchestra itself, though of a high order from the very beginning, has constantly improved with the passing of the years. This involves no criticism upon or comparison between any of the four conductors who have presided over this famous organization; it is simply the natural result of keeping practically intact for a long period what was originally a band of picked players, the few changes in the personnel made from time to time having usually meant the introduction of a superior performer. There are pleasant memories, too, of the many soloists who have assisted in these concerts; with hardly an exception they have been well worth hearing, while not a few have been in the front rank of the world's greatest vocal or instrumental artists. But, after all, the orchestra is the main thing, with its steady presentation of the master works of music's giants and interesting exhibit of the trend of modern musical ideas. The regular attendant upon the concerts of these 13 years has had brought to his notice and heard superbly performed about all that is best worth hearing in the highest form of musical composition, and a wealth of other things beside.

There was a large and interested audience last night. Though the capacity of Infantry Hall was in no degree tested, yet the ratio of empty seats at the rear seemed appreciably smaller than usual, the room being perhaps two-thirds filled. The following programme was given.

Symphony, No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Op. 56.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
I. Introduction: Andante con moto (A minor)
Allegro un poco agitato (A minor)
II. Vivace non troppo (F major)
III. Adagio (A major)
IV. Allegro vivacissimo (A minor)
Allegro maestoso assai (A minor)
Ophelia's Mad Scene (Act IV., Scene 2) from "Hamlet".....Ambroise Thomas
Overture, "Der Fliegende Holländer".....Richard Wagner
Aria, "Ah Perfido".....Ludwig von Beethoven
Scherzo capriccioso in D-flat major, Op. 66.....Antonin Dvorak
Scherzo: Allegro con fuoco (D-flat major)
Trio: Poco tranquillo (D major)

Mendelssohn's so-called "Scotch" symphony, like some of his earlier works, shows really less of the spontaneousness of genius than of skill in scholastic forms. This is especially true of the first movement, the others, and especially the second and third, containing much that is of interest, elegantly scored and in the unmistakable Mendelssohn vein. The work is said to have been suggested by a trip to Scotland, taken when he was about 20 years old. It was, however, but sketched at that time, and not fully scored till over 10 years later. The symphony was dedicated to the young Queen Victoria, who, together with her consort, Prince Albert, was a warm friend and faithful patron of the composer, and first performed in London in 1842. It was well played last evening, though exception might be taken to the funereal character which Mr. Paur imparted to the opening movement.

Wagner's familiar and stormily weird "Flying Dutchman" overture was played with immense elan and fire, and brought out a hearty round of applause. The scherzo capriccioso by Dvorak, which closed the programme, is a number somewhat difficult to classify or describe. Mr. Apthorp, in his very elaborate programme notes, professes to find in it characteristics of the sonata form. Possibly they might be detected in an analysis of the score, but the average hearer would be far more likely to fancy a family likeness to a potpourri by that prince of the bass drum and cymbals, John Philip Sousa. It is lively, it is ear-tickling, and, above all, it is noisy.

The soloist of the evening was Madame Clementine De Vere-Sapio, newly returned from a long series of European triumphs, and making her initial reappearance here. If it were possible to gild refined gold, one might be tempted to say that she has broadened both in art and voice during her year or two of absence. Certainly we seldom hear such singing as she gave us last night in her two sharply contrasted numbers. The stupendously difficult aria of the mad Ophelia was sung with a brilliancy and certainty of technic, a perfect control of dynamics and a wealth of voice and expression that call for the highest praise. Beethoven's well-known concert aria offered her opportunities for the display of breadth and dignity of style and skillful phrasing, which she grasped as readily and successfully as she did the marvellous fioratura of Ophelia's song. It was a triumphal re-entry for Madame Sapio and so acknowledged by her hearers.

The concert began somewhat late, owing to a slight accident to the train which had the orchestra on board. Everybody seemed glad to welcome the players again, and Mr. Paur was given a hearty round of applause when he stepped to the conductor's desk.

The second concert will be given on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

MUSIC.

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—MacDowell's Suite Was the Feature of the Evening—Mrs. DeVere-Sapio Was the Soloist.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
"Ah! Perfido,".....Beethoven
Suite, A minor.....MacDowell
Ophelia's Mad Scene.....Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

Four movements of MacDowell's suite were first given at the Worcester Festival of 1891, Sept. 24. They were given for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston, Oct. 24, 1891. "In October" was played here last night for the first time.

Charming as was the suite as played here four years ago, the reproach might then have been made gently that the "Summer Idyl" and the "Shepherdess's Song" suffered by immediate juxtaposition. This reproach cannot now be made. "In October" supplies balance and contrast. And what exquisite music this suite is! What fancy and imagination are herein displayed! Passages recall descriptions of tree life in Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders."

There is the dark mystery of the forest, as well as its open, opulent summer joy. Here is romantic music without taint of affectation, without desire to startle. The wealth of the composer's resources is used modestly. A suggestion made by MacDowell is worth more than a complete syllogism of many estimable composers who apply the rule of three and the measuring rod to the product of wrenched thought.

How admirable his self-control, that of the master, who knows exactly what he wishes to say and how to say it! How unerring his sense of color, how exact his knowledge of the value of a nuance! To hear such music is a rare pleasure. For such music comes not to us by mere plodding labor or by mere assiduous devotion to what other men have said in music. Labor is in this suite, and so is devotion to that which is pure and noble and eternal; but the motive power is inspiration, the intensity of the born musician, which must out. And lo, a thing of beauty!

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Mrs. De Vere-Sapio was known to us before her marriage as a brilliant singer, exulting in trills and roulades. She comes back after her European experiences with broader voice and more dramatic style. It is true that she sang at the Paris Opéra before she first visited us; but although her operatic début was successful, she did not tarry long in Paris.

Last evening she sang "Ah! Perfido" with breadth, and yet with great attention to detail. If the dazzling brilliancy of her upper tones is in a measure dulled, her lower tones have gained immeasurably. In pathetic entreaty, as in frenzied denunciation, she sang with the authority of the true artist. A performance conspicuous for its dignity, musical conception, intelligent workmanship and sincerity.

And then she sang the scene in which Ophelia, crazed by the strange events—the irregular decease of Hamlet's father, the inexplicable behavior of the Prince, and the stupid death of Polonius—sings now sadly, now distractedly—Ophelia, "chére petite glu," as Laforgue describes her, sings while peasants dance. The Wagnerites make merry at such mad scenes; but have you noticed that several of the most famous Wagnerphones, male and female, went mad; while they that sing Italian or French mad scenes wax fat and live to a wheezy old age?

There is no argument in this proposition; it is merely the statement of an historical fact. In this scene Mrs. Sapio had an opportunity to display the excellence of her technique. Surprising were certain of her vocal feats; yet agility and bravura seemed only the natural expression of hysteria, not the teacher's exercises learned carefully by Ophelia when she was educating for the Prince.

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The performance of the orchestra throughout the evening left much to be desired. There was frequently indecision in attack: there was much that was raw, and coarse. The accompaniments to Mrs. Sapio's solos were almost steadily indiscreet.

The 5th symphony has been flippantly described by someone as an old War-horse of music. Now a War-horse in politics is apt to be a venerable, familiar, imposing person, who leaks oratory, and is apt to be a bore.

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PHILIP HALE.

NOTES

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The programme for the second concert in this season's series by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido".....Beethoven
Suite in A minor, op. 42.....MacDowell
Ophelia's mad scene, "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven

The soloist was Mme. De Vere-Sapio.

Mr. MacDowell's suite made even a more favorable impression than it did when it was heard here before. It is a charming work pervaded by a fine poetic fancy. There is in it a delightful absence of that diluted Rheinberger flavor which characterizes so much of the music of home manufacture and a refreshing originality. The composer has a positive genius for orchestral color. His instrumentation, while elaborate, is never overcrowded, but is always clear, and in many movements of this work has a daintiness and a piquancy that are exquisite in effect. Another admirable quality is the artistic discretion shown by Mr. MacDowell in knowing exactly when he has said what he has to say, and ceasing then and there, instead of padding out his music with extraneous matter for the mere sake of making it longer.

The five movements which constitute this composition are all so equally interesting that it is difficult to express a preference for any one of them, but perhaps a special admiration may go out to "The Summer Idyl" for its tender grace, and to "The Shepherdess' Song" for its suave and simple loveliness. The suite was sympathetically read and beautifully played, and the applause at its close was vigorous and prolonged, an effort being made to call the composer forward, but in vain. The Wagner overture received spirited and effective treatment at the hands of both conductor and orchestra, powerful dramatic feeling being finely emphasized. The symphony seemed to drag and to be lacking in its familiar impressiveness. The opening movement was over "jerky" and disjointed in effect, and at times moved laboriously. The pace at which it was taken appeared to be over slow and spiritless, and the result was far from satisfying. The andante received better treatment, and was, on the whole, the most praiseworthy feature in the performance. The scherzo lost something of its customary animation under the interpretation put upon it, notably in the slacking of the time at the opening of the trio by the basses.

The two selections made by Mme. Sapio represented the extremes of vocal art and style, and it would be a phenomenal artist indeed, who could do equal justice to both compositions. The Beethoven aria, with its large and emphatic recitative, its broad adagio and its fiery allegro and its nobility of character generally, and the Momas scene, with its thin declamatory passages and its florid waltz tune, intended only to show off the skill of the artist in coloratur, could not possibly be more widely apart nor call for more directly opposite latents for their adequate performance. Mme. Sapio, whose voice has become somewhat worn and tired since it was last heard here, has scarcely the dramatic quality for the satisfying rendering of the Beethoven aria. In the recitation she was lacking in largeness of declamation and breadth of style. The adagio was sung with musicianly feeling, but in a somewhat dry manner, and with over much of unmeaning explosiveness in attacking the upper notes.

The performance was, on the whole, uninteresting. The only excuse for an artist singing this work is the possession of a large dramatic voice and the grand style, neither of which was illustrated by Mme. Sapio on this occasion. She sang the music fairly well, but she failed to interpret it. In the "Hamlet" scene she was heard with pleasing effect in the more cantabile moments, but her bravura was without the necessary lightness and flexibility, and was frequently thick, stiff and labored in effect, while now and then a lapse from correct intonation jarred on the ear. Mme. Sapio has been heard to much more advantage here than she was last evening, and has also aroused much more enthusiasm. She was recalled once after each effort.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Berlioz; symphonic poem, "Francesca" (first time), Tschaikowsky; "Dream Music," from "Hansel and Gretel" (first time), Humperdinck; overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark. There will be no soloist on this occasion.

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[26]

ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 28, 1895.

The Symphony Concert---Criticism, Suggestion, Tribute.

The first symphony concert gave us a well-known Brahms symphony as piece de resistance, the second presented a standard symphony (the fifth) by Beethoven as its chief number. On both occasions the works were splendidly performed, and there can scarcely be any question but that both selections were entirely legitimate. But, viewed from a certain standpoint, some objection may be taken to the frequent repetition of masterpieces which have become familiar in a musical city. Recognizing most heartily the fact that the Boston symphony concerts are in their nature educational, one might safely add that the truest public musical education of this sort must extend in three directions.

Firstly, it should present sufficient opportunities to become acquainted with the great classical works of acknowledged worth.

Secondly, a great orchestra of such an equipment as ours, should give plenty of chances for the study of the modern style of rich tone-coloring, the usage made of the "grand orchestra" in that fuller state of development to which it has attained since the classical epoch; every programme should present something in the nature of full scoring as understood at present.

Thirdly, the steady concert-goer should be kept abreast of the progress of the musical world (at least on its orchestral side) through these concerts. The orchestral growth of Russia, France, Norway, and England, (not to speak of other countries which are beginning to work in this field) should be interspersed even if they fall below the high standard of Germany; the programmes should be a mirror of the chief orchestral events of the present as well as of the past. The standard of intrinsic worth should not prevail alone.

During the season an average of 100 orchestral works (or somewhat less) can be produced; if 50 are devoted to standard classics the utmost care and economy is necessary with the remaining fifty. There are so many compositions that are known in Europe which have not had a hearing here that it would not be unreasonable to desire one representative of this vast school on each programme. The lesser works of the great classical composers are scarcely necessary where such a pressure is exercised by the modern school. Richard Strauss, Bruckner, Svendsen, Borodin, Stanford, Cowen, etc., etc., may not be as great as Beethoven, or Mozart, but they have a claim to be heard occasionally when they have done something important in the modern field. Of the American school it is unnecessary to speak; the present writer does not believe in coddling it, or that the orchestra should become wet-nurse to an infant art. Very few works of real importance in the larger forms of orchestral music have been achieved as yet on this side of the water, yet great and undeniable progress towards a good standard of composition has been made (as was proved by a composition on the programme of Saturday), not enough, however, to form a regular factor in every programme as yet.

Having presumed thus much in the direction of suggestion it behooves the reviewer to at once pay tribute to the solidity of the selections already made and to the excellent manner in which they are being interpreted. It is the beginning of the season, yet the ensemble is about as good as it ever has been, and Mr. Paur shows a control of his forces that augurs an advance even from the high standard of the past.

It must also be added that the programme announced for next Saturday about fulfils the requirements outlined above, since Berlioz's "Harold Symphony" represents the most modern scoring and a taste of the new opera, "Hansel and Gretel," is to be given.

The interest in these concerts was never so great as now; a very large audience was present, and scarcely one of the number of those standing along the outer aisles left before the last chord of the final number,—the Fifth Symphony.

The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" began this concert. It was given with clearness and sufficient turbulence, although the theme suggesting Senta and the salvation of "The Flying Dutchman" was taken in rather too deliberate a fashion. The careful balance deserves commendation; the sailor's chorus theme was not lost amid the tumult, as it generally is.

Now followed Mme. De Vere Sapio. The programme announced her first number as Ophelia's "Mad Scene," but she interchanged her two arias and began with "Ah Perfido." One may justly protest against unannounced changes in such concerts; while no musically-educated auditor would mistake Beethoven for Ambroise Thomas, there must have been many present who dilated with the wrong emotion. The artist did not rise to the height of Beethoven's great aria; there was spasmodic power rather than true breadth in the fiery recitatives and at the end of the aria, but the portions in cavatina style, such as "Per Pieta non mi dir Addio" went much better. Mme. De Vere Sapio was better and more at ease in the "Mad Scene" from Thomas' "Hamlet." Here again, however, the cantabile "Ballade" was the best portion. In the coloratur work there was an occasional slip of intonation, but much can be pardoned to insanity.

Somehow this operatic Ophelia does not appeal to the feelings of the Shakespearian. Shakespeare has so beautifully brought music to the aid of his pictures of mental alienation by means of snatches of ballads, by the once pure mind tending even to the indelicate and impure side of the repertoire, by the extraordinary lines of songs and the intermixation of irrelevant thoughts, that one revolts from this conventional pic-

age was laughed to scorn by Weber, who wrote delicious (but untrue) satire upon it, and it shows the sturdiness of Beethoven's artistic nature that he again threw down the gauntlet by a similar passage in this, his next symphony. The lagging spoken of in the second movement was entirely absent from the finale which went with abundant spirit and power, in fact the ending of the great symphony has seldom had a better reading or performance.

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It is proposed to give a concert (with the Symphony Orchestra) for the benefit of the former leader of the contrabasses, Goldstein, who has become hopelessly insane. A popular programme will probably be arranged, and this, with the object of the concert, should ensure a crowded house.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 27.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The second symphony concert of the season was given last evening, at Music Hall, with the following programme:

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Mad Scene from "Hamlet"..... .....A. Thomas
Mme. De Vere Sapio.
Suite A-minor, op. 42.....MacDowell
Aria, "Ah perfido".....Beethoven
Mme. De Vere Sapio.
Symphony, No. 5, op. 67.....Beethoven

"Old friends, old wines, old memories." Mr. Paur has the happy knack of realizing two thirds of this proverb; he gives us old friends and old memories, and he loses none of his old and exuberant enthusiasm in introducing them to us. The world may grow older, taste may change; novelties may be abundant; but what better company can one have than Beethoven and Wagner. Fate eloquently tapping on the door and Legend pathetically blowing in a bass tuber? The new æsthetic Hoyle solemnly insists that when a conductor is in doubt he must lead Beethoven. Novelties in music are always ticklish things to deal with; one can never tell if they are classic or if they have the proper educational value and have the unimpeachable morality which will allow of them being played before our daughters and sweethearts. Even the most exacting of plaguey critics cannot deny that Beethoven's fifth symphony is a most excellent and approved work, and that it deserves from its conductor all the superfluity of energy and excess of perspiration that he gives to present day works when he serves them up. A less careful conductor than Mr. Paur would give his orchestra the credit of knowing something of their Beethoven by this time, and content himself with beating time in a quiet and conventional manner; but Mr. Paur has faith in gesture and energy, and he is as conscientiously gymnastic with the works of the old masters as if they had been written only yesterday. Aside from ts æsthetic worth there is a practical value in this system of treatment, for if the hearer is in danger of neglecting Beethoven, he cannot banish Mr. Paur from his sight or memory. Aside from their reverence for what is old there is another merit in the symphony programmes, and that is, every week they present a problem in the nature of an unanswerable puzzle. Last week the audience amused itself by trying to discover why the theatrical scherzo of Dvorak was tagged on the end of a classical programme, and this week lovers of charades and rebuses lost themselves in the mazes of conjecture, seeking for the link that connected the Flying Dutchman overture with the fifth symphony. Mr. Paur's programmes are always orthodox, but at the same time they have the peculiarity of shocking in some way orthodox taste; they unaccountably suggest the inconsistency of improving the statue of Apollo with a pair of Wellington boots or of affixing Gothic gargoyles to the Parthenon. One regrets these little lapses in taste, for of all the conductors yet vouchsafed to Boston, Mr. Paur is the most able, the most catholic in taste, the most conscientious in execution. The symphony was superbly read, and, of course, superbly played—color, power, finish could go no further.

The MacDowell suite is well worth the rehearing. It is a most artistic and most dainty piece of work; learned without ostentation. It is not the work of an inspired giant who hurls out his ideas in passion, and fashions them while they are white-hot; but it is marked with careful poetic daintiness, super-excellent in taste, and reserved in treatment. There is no wearing of the subject threadbare through over-elaboration. Of all our composers, Mr. MacDowell possesses in the highest degree the gift of knowing when to stop. He is also melodious, a demonstration that he is gifted with ideas, and he does not beat the gold of his imagination too thin, nor rigidly compress it into one unyielding form. The suite is a most charming work, one of several of a composer who in imagination and fertility of ideas holds a very high, if not the highest place in American musical art.

The soloist of the evening did not interfere with Mr. Paur's intentions by adding anything new to the programme; both her contributions are only too well known to concert goers and those gave an opportunity for comparison that did not tell always in favor of the soloist. Mme. De Vere Sapio was most effective in Hamlet selection the Beethoven Scena and aria being, seemingly beyond her power. She sings always like an artist, but at times overestimates her endurance and so loses control over her voice at critical moments. In listening to her one feels a sense of effort, the machinery producing singing is more prominent than feeling and interpretative imagination, and when the singer is at her best, one listens unmoved. Mme. De Vere Sapio has a voice of pleasant quality, particularly pleasant in its lower portion, and it may be that such faults as were revealed last evening are due to our treacherous Boston climate and not to lack of skill in the singer, who aroused a large amount of enthusiasm, and was recalled after each song.

The programme for the next concert is: Berlioz, "Harold in Italy;" Tschaikowsky's Symphonic Poem, "Dream Music from Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel," and Goldmark's Overture, Sakuntala.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1895.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

"Billie Taylor" to be Sung by the Castle Sq Opera Company.

Kneisel Quartet—Current and Coming Musical Attractions.

The program of last night's symphony concert was varied and enjoyable. It began with Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman." The orchestra played it with remarkable skill, Mr Paur's interpretation elucidating the stormy grandeur characteristic of the composition. It afforded some excellent work for the wind instruments, especially in the working up of the second theme in the main body, while the strings and trombones in holding and developing the themes produced a wonderful effect of triumphant force.

MacDowell's suite in A minor is calculated to test some of the best qualities of the orchestra. The first movement "In a Haunted Forest" is replete with suggestive beauties. The somber nature of the theme and its delicate development is full of poetic charm. The second movement, "Summer Idyl," is full of life and grace. "In October," the third movement, which was played here for the first time last night, is in F major. It is a strange and fascinating little fantasy, extremely effective to the ear, and suggestive to the imagination. The orchestra enhanced the fourth movement, "The Shepherdess' Song," with an additional charm, while the last movement, "The Forest Spirits," afforded the orchestra opportunity to display some excellent work in the production of more delicate effects.

Mme De Vere-Sapio was the soloist of the occasion, and her voice produced an excellent impression on the audience. She sang the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" with great effect. Her voice is flexible and clear and capable of expressing the transitions from the lively to the plaintive notes of the scene in which Ophelia tells the merry gathering by the river about her love for Hamlet and his love for her. Mme Vere-Sapio sang the ballad which follows this scene with exquisite grace. Her voice trilled sweetly, and her phrasing was clear and well modulated. At the conclusion of this song she was recalled with continuous and warm applause by an appreciative and attentive audience.

Her rendering of Beethoven's grand concert scene, "Ah, Traitor!" was highly meritorious. Her voice was not as expressive in recitative as in aria; still, she sang those lines with dramatic force and interpreted the aria with striking effect. The orchestra's accompaniment was excellent.

The concert concluded with Beethoven's symphony No. 5, in C minor, which Mr Paur's interpretation made interesting, even in the elaborate grandeur of the third movement. The orchestra was in splendid form, and the audience was large and appreciative.

The program of the next concert will be as follows: Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Berlioz, viola solo by Mr Franz Kneisel; symphonic poem, "Francesca," Tschaikowsky; "Dream music," from the opera "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark.

—Every available inch of room in Music hall was filled at the Friday afternoon symphony rehearsal, and the concert was very interesting. Mme de Vere-Sapio was the soloist, and wore an afternoon toilet of black, with corsage of revers of cream chiffon, and a black hat, with black ostrich tips. Her singing was enthusiastically received.

BOSTON
HOME JOURNAL
A PAPER OF TO-DAY

SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1895.

THE musical season of Boston has received its formal opening. With the Symphony concert of last week the musical chrysalis became a butterfly. To be be sure it is as yet a butterfly of neutral tints and tender wings, but still a butterfly. Of course the Symphony concert was a brilliant success, every one and her grandmother being there, and of course Emil Paur, its conductor, was received with just as much cordiality and enthusiasm as if every one and her grandmother, aided and abetted by the critics, adored him unspeakably, instead of finding fault with everything from his choice of programme and soloists and his readings of the selections making up the aforementioned programmes down to the way he cuts his beard and dresses his children. It goes without saying that Adonis Adamowski's recovery from his severe attack of Melbaitis and consequent return to the orchestral fold caused many cardiac palpitations among the matinee girls.

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It must also be added that the programme announced for next Saturday about fulfils the requirements outlined above, since Berlioz's Harold Symphony" represents the most modern scoring and a taste of the new opera, "Hansel and Gretel," is to be given.

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Somehow this operatic Ophelia does violence to the feelings of the Shakespearian. Shakespeare has so beautifully brought music to the aid of his picture of mental alienation by means of snatches of ballads, by the once pure mind tending even to the indelicate and coarse side of the repertoire, by the fragmentary lines of songs and the interpolation of irrelevant thoughts, that one revolts from this conventional pic- [illegible] of insanity to the old-fa[illegible] operatic fashion. The diagnosis of operatic insanity (carefully compiled from the cases of Dinorah, Linda di Chamounix, Lucia, and this present Ophelia) is a tendency to thrill, to sing staccato in high register, to give at least one very tender cavatina (tender even to mushiness) and to end with a high note; all very well, so long as it does not destroy Shakespeare's carefully painted picture, and a good chance to display brilliant vocal exercises in public.

MacDowell's suite in A minor is one of the American compositions that does not stand in need of a protector. Massenet once spoke enthusiastically to the writer of this, regarding MacDowell's work, and seemed to consider him the best of American composers. The prestidigitator Hermann makes nothing of rolling two rabbits into one; if sometime he could thus roll MacDowell and H. W. Parker into one we would possess the absolute great American composer. Add just a little more of counterpoint, of classic reserve, of musical asceticism to MacDowell and he would take the highest rank; the romance, the grace and daintiness, the abundance of ideas and the brilliancy of orchestration he possesses already. The Suite in A minor is altogether a beautiful composition with a scoring that puts it into the front rank and a degree of poetry that gives a charm to its every movement.

It begins with a "Haunted Forest," which we commend to the Society for Physical Research. The forest is haunted by the ghost of a piccolo-player. The movement is dark and sombre but entirely attractive. The "Summer Idyl" (the second movement) is the perfection of grace and daintiness, and if there be art in it it is well concealed, for the music flows as naturally as a country brook. "In October" (third movement) is not essentially programme-music, for it would fit quite as well to September or November; it contains some fine use of woodwind and of horn. It ends as suddenly as if it were February. This, by the way, is a little mannerism of the work, for in other movements one finds the same brusque final cadence. In the "Shepherdess Song" one finds again that absolutely unforced pastoral style which MacDowell and Ethelbert Nevin (the latter in song or piano music) among American composers fully attain. The final movement, "Forest Spirits," sparkles like champagne; it is tricksy from beginning to end. The spirits have regained their spirits and are making a night of it. The piccolo-player did splendid work in this and deserves especial commendation.

The concert ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Fate knocked at the door in the first four notes with considerable resolution and good ensemble, but the horn passage which began the second theme might have been louder. The oboe cadenza in the recapitulation of the chief theme was beautifully played. The second movement seemed rather slow in tempo and grew somewhat tame thereby. The violas and violoncellos gave a beautiful tone to their theme and variations, and the pizzicato of the contrabasses did magnificent work in their basses (one of the most effective touches of the movement) was prominent enough. The contrabasses did magnificent work in their very difficult passages in the trio of the scherzo. Their work here is scarcely less trying than in that fearful contrabass passage that ends the fourth symphony. The latter passage was laughed to scorn by Weber, who wrote delicious (but untrue) satire upon it, and it shows the sturdiness of Beethoven's artistic nature that he again threw down the gauntlet by a similar passage in this, his next symphony. The lagging spoken of in the second movement was entirely absent from the finale which went with abundant spirit and power, in fact the ending of the great symphony has seldom had a better reading or performance.

Louis C. Elson.

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"Old friends, old wines, old memories." Mr. Paur has the happy knack of realizing two thirds of this proverb; he gives us old friends and old memories, and he loses none of his old and exuberant enthusiasm in introducing them to us. The world may grow older, taste may change; novelties may be abundant; but what better company can one have than Beethoven and Wagner. Fate eloquently tapping on the door and Legend pathetically blowing in a bass tuber? The new æsthetic Hoyle solemnly insists that when a conductor is in doubt he must lead Beethoven. Novelties in music are always ticklish things to deal with; one can never tell if they are classic or if they have the proper educational value and have the unimpeacheable morality which will allow of them being played before our daughters and sweethearts. Even the most exacting of plaguey critics cannot deny that Beethoven's fifth symphony is a most excellent and approved work, and that it deserves from its conductor all the superfluity of energy and excess of perspiration that he gives to present day works when he serves them up. A less careful conductor than Mr. Paur would give his orchestra the credit of knowing something of their Beethoven by this time, and content himself with beating time in a quiet and conventional manner; but Mr. Paur has faith in gesture and energy, and he is as conscientiously gymnastic with the works of the old masters as if they had been written only yesterday. Aside from ts æsthetic worth there is a practical value in this system of treatment, for if the hearer is in danger of neglecting Beethoven, he cannot banish Mr. Paur from his sight or memory. Aside from their reverence for what is old there is another merit in the symphony programmes, and that is, every week they present a problem in the nature of an unanswerable puzzle. Last week the audience amused itself by trying to discover why the theatrical scherzo of Dvorak was tagged on the end of a classical programme, and this week lovers of charades and rebuses lost themselves in the mazes of conjecture, seeking for the link that connected the Flying Dutchman overture with the fifth symphony. Mr. Paur's programmes are always orthodox, but at the same time they have the peculiarity of shocking in some way orthodox taste; they unaccountably suggest the inconsistency of improving the statue of Apollo with a pair of Wellington boots or of affixing Gothic gargoyles to the Parthenon. One regrets these little lapses in taste, for of all the conductors yet vouchsafed to Boston, Mr. Paur is the most able, the most catholic in taste, the most conscientious in execution. The symphony was superbly read, and, of course, superbly played—color, power, finish could go no further.

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The soloist of the evening did not interfere with Mr. Paur's intentions by adding anything new to the programme; both her contributions are only too well known to concert goers and those gave an opportunity for comparison that did not tell always in favor of the soloist. Mme. De Vere Sapio was most effective in Hamlet selection the Beethoven Scena and aria being, seemingly beyond her power. She sings always like an artist, but at times overestimates her endurance and so loses control over her voice at critical moments. In listening to her one feels a sense of effort, the machinery producing singing is more prominent than feeling and interpretative imagination, and when the singer is at her best, one listens unmoved. Mme. De Vere Sapio has a voice of pleasant quality, particularly pleasant in its lower portion, and it may be that such faults as were revealed last evening are due to our treacherous Boston climate and not to lack of skill in the singer, who aroused a large amount of enthusiasm, and was recalled after each song.

The programme for the next concert is: Berlioz, "Harold in Italy;" Tschaikowsky's Symphonic Poem, "Dream Music from Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel," and Goldmark's Overture, Sakuntala.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1895.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

"Billie Taylor" to be Sung by the Castle Sq Opera Company.

Kneisel Quartet—Current and Coming Musical Attractions.

The program of last night's symphony concert was varied and enjoyable. It began with Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman." The orchestra played it with remarkable skill, Mr Paur's interpretation elucidating the stormy grandeur characteristic of the composition. It afforded some excellent work for the wind instruments, especially in the working up of the second theme in the main body, while the strings and trombones in holding and developing the themes produced a wonderful effect of triumphant force.

MacDowell's suite in A minor is calculated to test some of the best qualities of the orchestra. The first movement "In a Haunted Forest" is replete with suggestive beauties. The somber nature of the theme and its delicate development is full of poetic charm. The second movement, "Summer Idyl," is full of life and grace. "In October," the third movement, which was played here for the first time last night, is in F major. It is a strange and fascinating little fantasy, extremely effective to the ear, and suggestive to the imagination. The orchestra enhanced the fourth movement, "The Shepherdess' Song," with an additional charm, while the last movement, "The Forest Spirits," afforded the orchestra opportunity to display some excellent work in the production of more delicate effects.

Mme De Vere-Sapio was the soloist of the occasion, and her voice produced an excellent impression on the audience. She sang the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" with great effect. Her voice is flexible and clear and capable of expressing the transitions from the lively to the plaintive notes of the scene in which Ophelia tells the merry gathering by the river about her love for Hamlet and his love for her. Mme Vere-Sapio sang the ballad which follows this scene with exquisite grace. Her voice trilled sweetly, and her phrasing was clear and well modulated. At the conclusion of this song she was recalled with continuous and warm applause by an appreciative and attentive audience.

Her rendering of Beethoven's grand concert scene, "Ah, Traitor!" was highly meritorious. Her voice was not as expressive in recitative as in aria; still, she sang those lines with dramatic force and interpreted the aria with striking effect. The orchestra's accompaniment was excellent.

The concert concluded with Beethoven's symphony No. 5, in C minor, which Mr Paur's interpretation made interesting, even in the elaborate grandeur of the third movement. The orchestra was in splendid form, and the audience was large and appreciative.

The program of the next concert will be as follows: Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Berlioz, viola solo by Mr Franz Kneisel; symphonic poem, "Francesca," Tschaikowsky; "Dream music," from the opera "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark.

—Every available inch of room in Music hall was filled at the Friday afternoon symphony rehearsal, and the concert was very interesting. Mme de Vere-Sapio was the soloist, and wore an afternoon toilet of black, with corsage of revers of cream chiffon, and a black hat, with black ostrich tips. Her singing was enthusiastically received.

BOSTON HOME JOURNAL
A PAPER OF TO-DAY
SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1895.

THE musical season of Boston has received its formal opening. With the Symphony concert of last week the musical chrysalis became a butterfly. To be be sure it is as yet a butterfly of neutral tints and tender wings, but still a butterfly. Of course the Symphony concert was a brilliant success, every one and her grandmother being there, and of course Emil Paur, its conductor, was received with just as much cordiality and enthusiasm as if every one and her grandmother, aided and abetted by the critics, adored him unspeakably, instead of finding fault with everything from his choice of programme and soloists and his readings of the selections making up the aforementioned programmes down to the way he cuts his beard and dresses his children. It goes without saying that Adonis Adamowski's recovery from his severe attack of Melbaitis and consequent return to the orchestral fold caused many cardiac palpitations among the matinee girls.

[27]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1895.

MUSIC

THE SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Paur began his second concert with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," which, like the opera to which it is prefixed, makes people who are fond of real music wonder why Wagner left off, entirely writing in that vein and wandered away into the wearisome and wearing pages that are so frequent in his subsequent scores. At the end of the programme stood Beethoven's fifth symphony, and midway was placed that woodland suite by Mr. E. A. MacDowell which has been already heard with approbation and delight in these concerts. It is a work which maintains itself honorably, even when heard between two such compositions as inclosed it on this occasion. Mr. MacDowell's talent is peculiarly interesting, for it treats easily and strongly very different phases of musical expression, as in this suite, where the trickey, scurrying, sudden, expeditious traits of spirits and fairies, flashing off into space with a keen dart, are contrasted with the rich depth which portrays the fulness of autumnal life and the bland shepherdess songs which melt away into silence. Melody of fine and original moulding prevails, and yet the orchestration is large, firm and ample in its recognition of the many voiced disposition of the time. A new movement, entitled "In October," was played for the first time, and proved to be a genial allegro with a softer and more pensive second part. The performance of these things was altogether fine, the orchestra yielding no less responsively to the requirements of fancy than to these of energy; the overture was remarkably ready and true in its changeful moods, the mysterious movements of the suite were thoroughly picturesque, and the symphony was conservatively and nobly read. And the drummer really played with care, taste and reserve.

Mrs. Clementine De Vere Sapio, whom we do not remember to have heard in these concerts, was the soloist, and upheld well the reputation she has enjoyed for some years of being in the very first rank of the singers resident in this country. She respected the dignity and responsibility of her opportunity by choosing the great scene "Ah! Perfido," from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and the "Mad" scene of Ophelia in the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas. Each suited technically her far-reaching, beautiful and resonant voice, the upper register of which, so brilliant, strong, searching, clear and agreeable, is easily equal to the constant demands made by these soaring airs, while the honesty, faithfulness and genuineness of her method are competent for coping with their difficulties of execution. She seems to have quite equalized her scale, which was inclined to reediness in its lower tones, and to have gained in warmth and variety of dramatic expression. She sang unaffectedly and earnestly, and evidently gave great satisfaction to her audience, deserving entirely the liberal applause which recalled her after each scene.

The next programme will begin with the "Harold in Italy" symphony of Berlioz, Mr. Kneisel playing the viola obbligato, and will end with Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. Between these will be placed two novelties—Tschaikowsky's symphonic poem "Francesco" and the "Dream-Music," from Humperdinck's much discussed opera, "Hansel and Gretel."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

MUSIC HALL: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Wagner: Overture to "Der fliegende Holländer," in D minor.
Beethoven: Scena and Aria, "Ah! perfido," opus 65.
MacDowell: Suite in A minor, opus 42.
Thomas: Ophélie's Mad-Scene, from "Hamlet."
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67.
Mme. DeVere-Sapio was the singer.

Wagner's romantic and effective overture was very brilliantly played; with all due regard for effects of light and shade, and at the same time with fine dash and vigor. It would not be an uninteresting experiment, some day, to play this overture in its original shape, as it was before Wagner had made his later additions to the Coda,—if a copy of the original score is obtainable. No doubt the later additions are, in one way, an improvement; they have undeniably great beauty. But, in another way, they have the same drawback as the "Paris" version of the scene between Tannhäuser and Venus in the first act of "Tannhäuser"; their whole style contrasts too sharply with that of the rest of the work; you find the Wagner of "Der fliegende Holländer" and "Tannhäuser" suddenly transformed into the Wagner of "Tristan" and the "Nibelungen," and without any intermediate connecting link between the two.

This is the second time Mr. MacDowell's suite has been given here; the first was, if we mistake not, in the season of 1890-91. The work shows the composer, perhaps more clearly and unmistakably than anything else we know of his, as a consummate virtuoso of the orchestra. We can call to mind nothing by the greatest French or German masters of instrumentation—not even by Berlioz nor Wagner — that shows more genuine imaginativeness in the matter of orchestral coloring; and, saving a few passages of boisterous fortissimo—which savor a little too strongly of the old Meyerbeer tintamarre—the scoring is eminently distinguished and elegant. The work, too, shows a quite distinct individuality; to be sure, you can put your finger upon occasional passages, and say that this smacks of Raff, and that of Berlioz, and so on; but such passages speak more of sympathy of point of view than of imitation or reminiscence; what might once have been Raff or Berlioz has become unmistakably and indefeasibly MacDowell, and bears his private seal-mark. We have said that this suite of Mr. MacDowell's shows distinct individuality; indeed, well-nigh all his compositions show that. And we find this individuality essentially genial and sympathetic; bright, imaginative, distinguished and entirely sincere; the composer never for a moment seems to be merely showing off, nor posing before a mirror. Yet, with all this, we cannot but find Mr. MacDowell's musical individuality exceedingly puzzling and hard to understand; perhaps we should rather have called it attractive than sympathetic, for with the uncomprehended one can have but little real sympathy. We have never before met with a talent so evident and convincing as Mr. MacDowell's, with which it was so difficult, so apparently impossible, for us to sympathize in the matter of general artistic point of view. We own to not understanding this suite of his in the least. It makes us feel very old and narrow, something as Colonel Newcome must have felt in face of Clive's enthusiasm for the young Tennyson—who seemed so different from and irreconcilable with Scott! We feel, in listening to this suite, as if the world of music were slipping from our grasp, as if the art were already walking with very firm step on ground too slippery for us to stand on, and going whither we cannot follow it. Were we not circumspect, we should be in danger of putting ourselves in the ridiculous position of the academic critics who stultified themselves by calling Beethoven nonsense. This, however, we shall by no means do. Very possibly, if we were to ask Mr. MacDowell what this suite of his means, and he were able to tell us, we might open our eyes in astonishment, and cry out, "Is that all!" It may be, in the end, nothing more than a difference of artistic point of view that stands as an opaque wall between Mr. MacDowell and us. Such differences of point of view often play sad havoc with artistic appreciation. For instance, all that sublime energy of feeling which makes English poetry so great to us seems to the French of little artistic account, when divorced from logic and complete elegance of diction; just in the same way, the irrefragable logic and rhetorical perfection of classic French poetry do not seem to us Anglo-Saxons to atone for its lack of vital energy and ideality. Let us comfort ourselves as best we may by being able to feel that Mr. MacDowell really does say something in his music, that it is not mere idle chatter; and this we do feel very strongly. Only, what this something is we cannot yet, for the life of us, make out! The suite, as far as we could judge, was admirably, beautifully, superbly played.

The great C minor symphony was, upon the whole, grandly given; there were points in the rendering with which we could not agree, but that is not a matter of much importance. We liked the playing of the slow movement best, and, next to that, the way the great Finale was given—by the way, in this last movement, the piccolo-flute made some very brilliant effects not written by Beethoven.

Mme. DeVere-Sapio shines as a singer by her sweet and brilliant soprano sfogato and her superbly developed technique. What detracts from the effectiveness of her singing is her apparent inability to appreciate the character of a musical phrase; she seems to take a phrase as a mere succession of notes, not held together by any internal musical organism. To us, it is her unintelligent phrasing far more than any lack of emotional force or dramatic power that makes her performance ineffective; for she sings neither coldly nor undramatically.

The next programme is: Berlioz, symphony No. 2, "Harold en Italie," opus 16 (viola solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel); Tschaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32 (first time); Humperdinck, dream-music from "Hansel and Gretel" (first time); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala," opus 18.

SUNDAY, [illegible] 1895.

MUSIC HALL: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Richard Strauss: Preludes to acts i. and ii. of "Guntram," opus 25. (First time.)
Raff: Concerto for the pianoforte, in C minor, opus 185.
Mozart: Symphony No. 39, in D major, "Parisian" (Köchel, No. 297).
Beethoven: Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," opus 124.
Mr. Carl Faelten was the pianist.

After Tschaikowsky, what? Echo answers: Richard Strauss! When the opera "Guntram" had been brought out with no ordinary success at the Tonkünstler-Fest at Weimar, in 1894, one of the German newspapers spoke of the composer as "travelling for the most part in the paths of Wagner and Liszt," and urged this as an additional reason why it was eminently proper for the Munich Court Opera to obtain the score—Strauss having been a pupil at the Music School in Munich (our own Horatio W. Parker was a pupil there at the same time, by the way), and Munich being the home of homes of the Wagnerian music-drama. The opera was accordingly given there on April 20, 1895; at least, it was billed for that night, and, for all we know, really given then.

As far as we can judge from a single hearing, the prelude to the first act travels unmistakably in Wagnerian paths. This is worth noting; for, of all the various modern compositions that have been called more or less "Wagnerian," this one is the first we have heard that seems really to deserve the epithet: it is the first really and essentially Wagnerian thing we have heard, outside of the Bayreuth master's own works. It is Wagnerian in conception, style, harmony and orchestration; and in this respect it is singularly noteworthy. Assuming, for the moment, that Strauss really set out to follow Wagner in his treatment of the orchestra, one finds that he has done so more intelligently, and with a somewhat deeper and more penetrating glance into that great master's manner, than any other composer who has tried it before him. He shows that he well appreciates the not too commonly recognized fact that, apart from certain characteristic effects of purely homophonic tone-coloring—like the glowing of the Rhine-Gold, or the Rainbow-music in "Das Rheingold"—the peculiar coloring of Wagner's phraseology that reveals the real Strauss orchestration does not depend wholly upon a particular method of treating the various instruments as such, but very largely upon the essentially polyphonic character of his writing. After the rich homophonic exordium of this prelude, Strauss falls into an essentially Wagnerian polyphonic style; and this is what makes his orchestration sound so truly and unmistakably "Wagnerian." The trouble is, though, that, in thus launching out into the Wagnerian style, Strauss cannot quite keep it up; you feel that it is, after all, an assumed dialect with him, and that he does not speak it quite as to the manner born. Every now and then there comes a turn of melodic phraseology that reveals the rael Strauss himself; it reminds you of the resplendent Irish super who was once cast for the French Herald in "King John," and upset the gravity of the audience by spouting:

"You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne—
threwgh!"

In the midst of his pompous Wagnerian style, he every now and then makes a "slump" into his own musical diction; and the effect is mainly comic! Still it must be admitted that there is no little beauty, especially beauty of color, in this first prelude.

But the prelude to the second act! Ah! here is where Tschaikowsky comes in; and "Tschaikowsky" in the sense implied by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, when he once said: "Tschaikowsky is a composer for whose works I have a holy—respect!" A good many years ago, an irreverent German critic once wrote about something of Wagner's: "Wenn die Musik stinken könnte, würde sie ungefähr so riechen (If music could st-nk, it would smell about so);" this prelude to the second act of Strauss's "Guntram" brought this irresistibly up before our mind! Anything so unreservedly horrible we have never heard before!

Raff's pianoforte concerto has not been heard here for a good many years, if we mistake not. Raff dedicated it to Bülow—probably out of gratitude for the latter's playing his "Ode au Printemps," opus 76, in earlier days—and Bülow took it triumphantly the rounds of European concert-halls. At one time it almost bid fair to become one of the great concertos in the repertory; but, now that it comes back to us after a longish absence, how terribly old, withered and weak in the knees it seems! The very Klaviersatz seems as of a by-gone age. We doubt if even old Moscheles's G minor concerto would not sound newer and fresher today. One almost feels as if all that is still left of Raff's once fascinating freshness and vigor is to be found in the "Im Walde" symphony; we doubt if even the "Lenore" is destined to last much longer. And this C minor concerto cannot be said to belong to that once noble army of compositions which can say: "Fuimus Troes!" Once a Trojan, always a Trojan; this one can only have been a sham-Trojan. Mr. Faelten played it admirably, with sincere truth and feeling, musicianly judgment, and brilliancy. But the work is a corpse, no longer to be revived.

After Strauss's pompous Wagnerianism and noisy Billingsgate, and Raff's debility, Mozart stepped in young, fresh, blooming and strong as on Corpus Christi day over a hundred years ago. The "Parisian" symphony is by no means one of his greatest works; it has dash and brilliancy, but little genuine depth; the terrible persistency with which it adheres to tonic and dominant becomes a trifle monotonous after a while; with anyone but Mozart it would have been trivial. But the work is full to the brim of true genius; it has the authority, the sustained power, the royal ease, and also the continual [illegible] resource of genius.

[illegible] third part of the first movement there is one modulation from D major to E minor (thence through E major to A major) that scales the very topmost heights of Parnassus, and makes all the Muses shout for joy! Neither Handel nor Beethoven could have done it more grandly.

Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture is another work that has eternal life in it. What an all-absorbing genius his was! Here he takes a thoroughly Handelian figure for his theme, and works it out quite in the Handel manner; in free, continuous contrapuntal development, without a hint at the sonata-form (his own best stamping ground); and yet the whole piece, theme, development, and all, seems all his own, all Beethoven and nothing but Beethoven! It is like when—in some of his quartets and symphonies—he takes a Russian, Magyar, or Croatian theme; there is the theme, note for note; but neither Russia, Hungary, nor Croatia would recognize its own child; the theme has gone through Beethoven's crucible, and has come out Bethoven's and nobody else's.

Upon the whole, the concert gave one a brilliant picture of the transient and the eternal in immediate juxtaposition. There was the Mozart symphony and the Beethoven overture, absolutely unscarred by time, seeming stronger and fresher than ever; they might almost say, as one of the company on the Defender said last summer: "Why! we've only just begun to start!" Then there was the diaphanous spectre of the Raff concerto, with the stars dimly twinkling through it, the ghost of "gigmanity dis-gigged;" and the two Strauss preludes, just rubbing their eyes on the threshold of existence and waiting for the oracle to speak. What will the Delphic sibyl say to these? Probably some "Aio te, Aeacide, Romanos vincere posse;" the faint echo of which may, however, sound to some ears very like "You be d——d!"

The next programme (for Friday afternoon, Nov. 22, and Saturday evening, Nov. 23) is: Weber, overture to "Oberon;" Wagner, Brünnhilde's dying speech from Götterdämmerung;" Mendelssohn, symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," opus 56; songs; Brahms, tragic overture, opus 81. Miss Marie Brema will be the singer. There will be no symphony concert this week.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1895.

MUSIC

THE SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Paur began his second concert with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," which, like the opera to which it is prefixed, makes people who are fond of real music wonder why Wagner left off, entirely writing in that vein and wandered away into the wearisome and wearing pages that are so frequent in his subsequent scores. At the end of the programme stood Beethoven's fifth symphony, and midway was placed that woodland suite by Mr. E. A. MacDowell which has been already heard with approbation and delight in these concerts. It is a work which maintains itself honorably, even when heard between two such compositions as inclosed it on this occasion. Mr. MacDowell's talent is peculiarly interesting, for it treats easily and strongly very different phases of musical expression, as in this suite, where the trickey, scurrying, sudden, expeditious traits of sprites and fairies, flashing off into space with a keen dart, are contrasted with the rich depth which portrays the fulness of autumnal life and the bland shepherdess songs which melt away into silence. Melody of fine and original moulding prevails, and yet the orchestration is large, firm and ample in its recognition of the many voiced disposition of the time. A new movement, entitled "In October," was played for the first time, and proved to be a genial allegro with a softer and more pensive second part. The performance of these things was altogether fine, the orchestra yielding no less responsively to the requirements of fancy than to these of energy; the overture was remarkably ready and true in its changeful moods, the mysterious movements of the suite were thoroughly picturesque, and the symphony was conservatively and nobly read. And the drummer really played with care, taste and reserve.

Mrs. Clementine De Vere Sapio, whom we do not remember to have heard in these concerts, was the soloist, and upheld well the reputation she has enjoyed for some years of being in the very first rank of the singers resident in this country. She respected the dignity and responsibility of her opportunity by choosing the great scene "Ah! Perfido," from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and the "Mad" scene of Ophelia in the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas. Each suited technically her far-reaching, beautiful and resonant voice, the upper register of which, so brilliant, strong, searching, clear and agreeable, is easily equal to the constant demands made by these soaring airs, while the honesty, faithfulness and genuineness of her method are competent for coping with their difficulties of execution. She seems to have quite equalized her scale, which was inclined to reediness in its lower tones, and to have gained in warmth and variety of dramatic expression. She sang unaffectedly and earnestly, and evidently gave great satisfaction to her audience, deserving entirely the liberal applause which recalled her after each scene.

The next programme will begin with the "Harold in Italy" symphony of Berlioz, Mr. Kneisel playing the viola obbligato, and will end with Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. Between these will be placed two novelties—Tschaikowsky's symphonic poem "Francesco" and the "Dream-Music," from Humperdinck's much discussed opera, "Hansel and Gretel."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Wagner: Overture to "Der fliegende Holländer," in D minor.
Beethoven: Scena and Aria, "Ah! perfido," opus 65.
MacDowell: Suite in A minor, opus 42.
Thomas: Ophélie's Mad-Scene, from "Hamlet."
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67.
Mme. DeVere-Sapio was the singer.

Wagner's romantic and effective overture was very brilliantly played; with all due regard for effects of light and shade, and at the same time with fine dash and vigor. It would not be an uninteresting experiment, some day, to play this overture in its original shape, as it was before Wagner had made his later additions to the Coda,—if a copy of the original score is obtainable. No doubt the later additions are, in one way, an improvement; they have undeniably great beauty. But, in another way, they have the same drawback as the "Paris" version of the scene between Tannhäuser and Venus in the first act of "Tannhäuser"; their whole style contrasts too sharply with that of the rest of the work; you find the Wagner of "Der fliegende Holländer" and "Tannhäuser" suddenly transformed into the Wagner of "Tristan" and the "Nibelungen," and without any intermediate connecting link between the two.

This is the second time Mr. MacDowell's suite has been given here; the first was, if we mistake not, in the season of 1890-91. The work shows the composer, perhaps more clearly and unmistakably than anything else we know of his, as a consummate virtuoso of the orchestra. We can call to mind nothing by the greatest French or German masters of instrumentation—not even by Berlioz nor Wagner — that shows more genuine imaginativeness in the matter of orchestral coloring; and, saving a few passages of boisterous fortissimo—which savor a little too strongly of the old Meyerbeer tintamarre—the scoring is eminently distinguished and elegant. The work, too, shows a quite distinct individuality; to be sure, you can put your finger upon occasional passages, and say that this smacks of Raff, and that of Berlioz, and so on; but such passages speak more of sympathy of point of view than of imitation or reminiscence; what might once have been Raff or Berlioz has become unmistakably and indefeasibly MacDowell, and bears his private seal-mark. We have said that this suite of Mr. MacDowell's shows distinct individuality; indeed, well-nigh all his compositions show that. And we find this individuality essentially genial and sympathetic; bright, imaginative, distinguished and entirely sincere; the composer never for a moment seems to be merely showing off, nor posing before a mirror. Yet, with all this, we cannot but find Mr. MacDowell's musical individuality exceedingly puzzling and hard to understand; perhaps we should rather have called it attractive than sympathetic, for with the uncomprehended one can have but little real sympathy. We have never before met with a talent so evident and convincing as Mr. MacDowell's, with which it was so difficult, so apparently impossible, for us to sympathize in the matter of general artistic point of view. We own to not understanding this suite of his in the least. It makes us feel very old and narrow, something as Colonel Newcome must have felt in face of Clive's enthusiasm for the young Tennyson—who seemed so different from and irreconcilable with Scott! We feel, in listening to this suite, as if the world of music were slipping from our grasp, as if the art were already walking with very firm step on ground too slippery for us to stand on, and going whither we cannot follow it. Were we not circumspect, we should be in danger of putting ourselves in the ridiculous position of the academic critics who stultified themselves by calling Beethoven nonsense. This, however, we shall by no means do. Very possibly, if we were to ask Mr. MacDowell what this suite of his means, and he were able to tell us, we might open our eyes in astonishment, and cry out, "Is that all!" It may be, in the end, nothing more than a difference of artistic point of view that stands as an opaque wall between Mr. MacDowell and us. Such differences of point of view often play sad havoc with artistic appreciation. For instance, all that sublime energy of feeling which makes English poetry so great to us seems to the French of little artistic account, when divorced from logic and complete elegance of diction; just in the same way, the irrefragable logic and rhetorical perfection of classic French poetry do not seem to us Anglo-Saxons to atone for its lack of vital energy and ideality. Let us comfort ourselves as best we may by being able to feel that Mr. MacDowell really does say something in his music, that it is not mere idle chatter; and this we do feel very strongly. Only, what this something is we cannot yet, for the life of us, make out! The suite, as far as we could judge, was admirably, beautifully, superbly played.

The great C minor symphony was, upon the whole, grandly given; there were points in the rendering with which we could not agree, but that is not a matter of much importance. We liked the playing of the slow movement best, and, next to that, the way the great Finale was given—by the way, in this last movement, the piccolo-flute made some very brilliant effects not written by Beethoven.

Mme. DeVere-Sapio shines as a singer by her sweet and brilliant soprano sfogato and her superbly developed technique. What detracts from the effectiveness of her singing is her apparent inability to appreciate the character of a musical phrase; she seems to take a phrase as a mere succession of notes, not held together by any internal musical organism. To us, it is her unintelligent phrasing far more than any lack of emotional force or dramatic power that makes her performance ineffective; for she sings neither coldly nor undramatically.

The next programme is: Berlioz, symphony No. 2, "Harold en Italie," opus 16 (viola solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel); Tschaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32 (first time); Humperdinck, dream-music from "Hänsel und Gretel" (first time); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala," opus 13.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Richard Strauss: Preludes to acts i. and ii. of "Guntram," opus 25. (First time.)
Raff: Concerto for the pianoforte, in C minor, opus 185.
Mozart: Symphony No. 39, in D major, "Parisian" (Köchel, No. 297).
Beethoven: Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," opus 124.
Mr. Carl Faelten was the pianist.

After Tschaikowsky, what? Echo answers: Richard Strauss! When the opera "Guntram" had been brought out with no ordinary success at the Tonkünstler-Fest at Weimar, in 1894, one of the German newspapers spoke of the composer as "travelling for the most part in the paths of Wagner and Liszt," and urged this as an additional reason why it was eminently proper for the Munich Court Opera to obtain the score—Strauss having been a pupil at the Music School in Munich (our own Horatio W. Parker was a pupil there at the same time, by the way), and Munich being the home of homes of the Wagnerian music-drama. The opera was accordingly given there on April 20, 1895; at least, it was billed for that night, and, for all we know, really given then.

As far as we can judge from a single hearing, the prelude to the first act travels unmistakably in Wagnerian paths. This is worth noting; for, of all the various modern compositions that have been called more or less "Wagnerian," this one is the first we have heard that seems really to deserve the epithet: it is the first really and essentially Wagnerian thing we have heard, outside of the Bayreuth master's own works. It is Wagnerian in conception, style, harmony and orchestration; and in this respect it is singularly noteworthy. Assuming, for the moment, that Strauss really set out to follow Wagner in his treatment of the orchestra, one finds that he has done so more intelligently, and with a somewhat deeper and more penetrating glance into that great master's manner, than any other composer who has tried it before him. He shows that he well appreciates the not too commonly recognized fact that, apart from certain characteristic effects of purely homophonic tone-coloring—like the glowing of the Rhine-Gold, or the Rainbow-music in "Das Rheingold"—the peculiar coloring of Wagner's phraseology that reveals the real Strauss orchestration does not depend wholly upon a particular method of treating the various instruments as such, but very largely upon the essentially polyphonic character of his writing. After the rich homophonic exordium of this prelude, Strauss falls into an essentially Wagnerian polyphonic style; and this is what makes his orchestration sound so truly and unmistakably "Wagnerian." The trouble is, though, that, in thus launching out into the Wagnerian style, Strauss cannot quite keep it up; you feel that it is, after all, an assumed dialect with him, and that he does not speak it quite as to the manner born. Every now and then there comes a turn of melodic phraseology that reveals the rael Strauss himself; it reminds you of the resplendent Irish super who was once cast for the French Herald in "King John," and upset the gravity of the audience by spouting:

"You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne—
threwgh!"

In the midst of his pompous Wagnerian style, he every now and then makes a "slump" into his own musical diction; and the effect is mainly comic! Still it must be admitted that there is no little beauty, especially beauty of color, in this first prelude.

But the prelude to the second act! Ah! here is where Tschaikowsky comes in; and "Tschaikowsky" in the sense implied by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, when he once said: "Tschaikowsky is a composer for whose works I have a holy—respect!" A good many years ago, an irreverent German critic once wrote about something of Wagner's: "Wenn die Musik stinken könnte, würde sie ungefähr so riechen (If music could st-nk, it would smell about so);" this prelude to the second act of Strauss's "Guntram" brought this irresistibly up before our mind! Anything so unreservedly horrible we have never heard before!

Raff's pianoforte concerto has not been heard here for a good many years, if we mistake not. Raff dedicated it to Bülow—probably out of gratitude for the latter's playing his "Ode au Printemps," opus 76, in earlier days—and Bülow took it triumphantly the rounds of European concert-halls. At one time it almost bid fair to become one of the great concertos in the repertory; but, now that it comes back to us after a longish absence, how terribly old, withered and weak in the knees it seems! The very Klaviersatz seems as of a by-gone age. We doubt if even old Moscheles's G minor concerto would not sound newer and fresher today. One almost feels as if all that is still left of Raff's once fascinating freshness and vigor is to be found in the "Im Walde" symphony; we doubt if even the "Lenore" is destined to last much longer. And this C minor concerto cannot be said to belong to that once noble army of compositions which can say: "Fuimus Troes!" Once a Trojan, always a Trojan; this one can only have been a sham-Trojan. Mr. Faelten played it admirably, with sincere truth and feeling, musicianly judgment, and brilliancy. But the work is a corpse, no longer to be revived.

After Strauss's pompous Wagnerianism and noisy Billingsgate, and Raff's debility, Mozart stepped in young, fresh, blooming and strong as on Corpus Christi day over a hundred years ago. The "Parisian" symphony is by no means one of his greatest works; it has dash and brilliancy, but little genuine depth; the terrible persistency with which it adheres to tonic and dominant becomes a trifle monotonous after a while; with anyone but Mozart it would have been trivial. But the work is full to the brim of true genius; it has the authority, the sustained power, the royal ease, and also the continual fertility of resource of genius. And, for the matter of modulation, when the man does, once in a while, modulate, what an enormous effect he makes! In the third part of the first movement there is one modluation from D major to E minor (thence through E major to A major) that scales the very topmost heights of Parnassus, and makes all the Muses shout for joy! Neither Handel nor Beethoven could have done it more grandly.

Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture is another work that has eternal life in it. What an all-absorbing genius his was! Here he takes a thoroughly Handelian figure for his theme, and works it out quite in the Handel manner; in free, continuous contrapuntal development, without a hint at the sonata-form (his own best stamping ground); and yet the whole piece, theme, development, and all, seems all his own, all Beethoven and nothing but Beethoven! It is like when—in some of his quartets and symphonies—he takes a Russian, Magyar, or Croatian theme; there is the theme, note for note; but neither Russia, Hungary, nor Croatia would recognize its own child; the theme has gone through Beethoven's crucible, and has come out Bethoven's and nobody else's.

Upon the whole, the concert gave one a brilliant picture of the transient and the eternal in immediate juxtaposition. There was the Mozart symphony and the Beethoven overture, absolutely unscarred by time, seeming stronger and fresher than ever; they might almost say, as one of the company on the Defender said last summer: "Why! we 've only just begun to start!" Then there was the diaphanous spectre of the Raff concerto, with the stars dimly twinkling through it, the ghost of "gigmanity dis-gigged;" and the two Strauss preludes, just rubbing their eyes on the threshold of existence and waiting for the oracle to speak. What will the Delphic sibyl say to these? Probably some "Aio te, Aeacide, Romanos vincere posse;" the faint echo of which may, however, sound to some ears very like "You be d——d!"

The next programme (for Friday afternoon, Nov. 22, and Saturday evening, Nov. 23) is: Weber, overture to "Oberon;" Wagner, Brünnhilde's dying speech from Götterdämmerung;" Mendelssohn, symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," opus 56; songs; Brahms, tragic overture, opus 81. Miss Marie Brema will be the singer. There will be no symphony concert this week.

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[28]

THE NEW-YORK TIMES.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27,

New-York is especially favored by the visits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and a few words about the career of this admirable organiation may not prove amiss at the opening of its tenth season in this city.

In 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, conceived the idea of establishing a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New-England cities. This idea was at once acted upon, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its existence, and what was then a Boston organization has grown to-day to be a National pride—an orchestra second to none in the world, whose name and fame are known in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all of the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra had been in existence five years, and was already half way through its sixth season, before it paid its first visit to New-York, on the evening of Monday, Feb. 14, 1887. A total of forty-two concerts has been given here—fifteen in Steinway Hall, fifteen in Chickering Hall, five in the Carnegie Music Hall, five in the Metropolitan Opera House in regular series, with two extra concerts, one on the evening of Sunday, March 27, 1892, at the Metropolitan Opera House, given jointly with Paderewski in aid of the Washington Arch Fund, and the second at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on the evening of Monday, May 2, of the same year, when d'Albert was the soloist.

The programme of the first concert at Steinway Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Oberon".....C. M. von Weber
Concerto for violin.....L. von Beethoven
Mr. Franz Kneisel.
Largo.....G. F. Haendel
Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Opus 67.....L. von Beethoven

Of the forty-two concerts mentioned, eleven were given under the leadership of Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-one under Nikisch, and ten under the leadership of the present conductor, Mr. Emil Paur.

Mr. Georg Henschel was the first conductor of the orchestra, and retained this position for three years, and on his retirement, in 1885, went to London, where he met with his usual success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra there, giving twelve concerts each year in St. James's Hall.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvelous that it cannot be effaced. It was indeed a gracious compliment to Mr. Gericke that on his arrival in Vienna he at once assumed the leadership of the Gesellschaft Musikfreund, a society not unlike the Händel and Haydn Society in Boston, the orchestra, however, playing a much more important part. The above society having offered its leadership to Mr. Gericke just as he was leaving Vienna for America said it would keep the offer open to him until he should return, and it kept its word. Mr. Gericke retained this position until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting on his well-deserved laurels.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre, at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel, and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own that a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed Director of the Royal Opera, and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, in Leipsic, and the Berlin Philharmonic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre, in Leipsic, to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season. The first concert will be given on Nov. 15, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

(87 Players.)
MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
Friday evening, Nov. 15, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and March 26.
Solo Artists: MME. MELBA, MR. BEN DAVIES, MR. T. ADAMOWSKY, AND OTHERS.
The sale of season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, will commence MONDAY, OCT. 28, at Schuberth's, 23 Union Square.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

The Sun.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

BOSTON'S FAMOUS ORCHESTRA.

Its Foundation, Its Achievements, and the Promise for Its Present Season.

In 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated only by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of means to carry out his desire, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, and make an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. The idea was acted upon, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra thus began its existence. To-day what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride; an orchestra whose name and fame are known in every cultured city in the world, and one dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all of the European cities.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra had been in existence five years, and was already half way through its sixth season, before it paid its first visit to New York, Feb. 14, 1887. Since then forty-two concerts have been given here, fifteen in Steinway Hall, fifteen in Chickering Hall, five in the Carnegie Music Hall, and five in the Metropolitan Opera House, in regular series, and two extra concerts, one on the evening of Sunday, March 27, 1892, at the Metropolitan Opera House, given jointly with Paderewski in aid of the Washington Arch fund, and the second at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on the evening of Monday, May 2, of the same year, when D'Albert was the soloist.

Of the forty-two concerts, eleven were given under the leadership of Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-one under Nikisch, and ten under the leadership of the present conductor, Mr. Emil Paur.

Mr. Georg Henschel was the first conductor of the orchestra and retained the position for three years. In 1885 he went to London, and in a few years became the leader of a large orchestra there.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvellous that it cannot be effaced.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His leadership continued four years. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors, it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own that a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Budapest, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke, at the very same Stadt Theatre, several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

Some of the famous soloists who have appeared with the orchestra in New York are: Lilli Lehmann, Eames, Nordica, Mme. Henschel, Emma Juch, Mme. Nikisch, Wyman, Brema, Edmands, Aus der Ohe, Rivé-King, Suza Doane, Eugenia Castellano, Madge Wickham, Eugen d'Albert, Ignace Paderewski, Rafael Joseffy, Vladimir de Pachmann, F. Busoni, Pol Plancon, Georg Henschel, Max Heinrich, Anton Schott, Paul Kalisch, Watkin Mills, Cesar Thomson, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, Fritz Giese, Anton Hekking, Alwin Schroeder.

This season the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give five concerts in New York, in the Metropolitan Opera House. They will be on the evenings of Nov. 15, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and March 26. Some of the soloists already engaged are Mme. Melba, Ben Davies, E. A. MacDowell, and T. Adamowski. The works to be performed during the season comprise the following:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Beethoven.....Symphony No. 4
Schumann.....Symphony No. 1, in B flat major
Schubert.....Unfinished Symphony
Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 6
(First time.)
Beethoven.....Overture, "Dedication of the House"
Humperdinck.....Overture, "Hänsel und Gretel"
(First time.)
Cornelius.....Overture, "Barber of Bagdad"
Berlioz.....Overture, "Corsair"
(First time.)
Berlioz.....Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes'" from "Le Damnation de Faust."
Rezniceck.....Overture, "Donna Diana"
(First time.)
Tschaikowsky.....Variations
Richard Strauss...Prelude and entr'acte, "Guntram"
(First time.)
Zöllner.....Midnight of Sedan"
(First time.)
Wagner.....Kaisermarsch

THE WORLD: SUNDAY OCTOBER 27, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its tenth annual visit to New York during the coming winter. Its first concert here was given Feb. 14, 1887. Since then forty-two concerts have been given—eleven under Gericke, twenty-one under Nikisch and ten under Paur. The works performed have represented the master pieces of classical music. As soloists every celebrity has appeared. All of the orchestra's leaders have been musicians of note. One curious coincidence is to be noted in this respect. Nikisch and Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the Leipsic Stadt Theatre when Gericke was its conductor. Five concerts are to be given by this standard orchestra in New York. They will be given at the Metropolitan Opera-House on the evenings of Nov. 15, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27 and March 26. The soloists include Mme. Melba and Miss T. Ladamowski, Ben Davies and E. A. MacDowell. The works to be performed include, in addition to symphonies by Beethoven, Schumanna and Tschaikowsky, novelties by Humperdinck, Rezniceck, Richard Strauss and Heinrich Zoellner.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, will give five concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of November 15, December 19, January 23, February 27 and March 26. Among the solo artists who are to take part in these concerts are Mme. Melba, Ben Davies, E. A. MacDowell and T. Adamowski. The orchestral works to be performed are Beethoven's third and fourth symphonies, and the overture, "Consecration of the House," Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and the variations from his suite, the prelude to Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," overture to Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," overture, "Corsair," by Berlioz, and the minuet and waltz from the same composer's "Damnation de Faust," an overture, "Donna Diana," by Reznicek; a prelude and entr'acte from Richard Strauss's "Guntram"; "Midnight of Sedan," by Heinrich Zöllner, and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." The Boston Orchestra, which was founded by Mr. Higginson in 1881, was halfway through its sixth season before it paid its first visit to New-York. Its first concert here took place in Steinway Hall, on February 14, 1887. Since then the band has given forty-two concerts in New-York—fifteen in Steinway Hall, fifteen in Chickering Hall, five in Carnegie Hall, five in regular series in the Metropolitan Opera House, one concert with Mr. Paderewski in the same place for the benefit of the Washington Arch Fund, and one with Mr. D'Albert in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden. Of these concerts eleven were directed by Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-one by Arthur Nikisch, and ten by Emil Paur. Mr. Henschel, who was the orchestra's first conductor, from 1881 to 1885, did not have the privilege of conducting here. His successor was Mr. Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to whom much of the finish and precision of the orchestra's playing is due. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvellous that it cannot be effaced. It was, indeed, a gracious compliment to Mr. Gericke that on his arrival in Vienna he at once assumed the leadership of the Geselschaft der Musikfreunde, a society not unlike the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the orchestra, however, playing a much more important part. The above society having offered its leadership to Mr. Gericke just as he was leaving Vienna for America, promised to keep the offer open to him until he should return, and kept its word. Mr. Gericke retained this position until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting on his well-deserved laurels. The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic. His reign endured four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke's. When Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before.

The New York Recorder.

BY GEORGE W. TURNER.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1895.

"FIRST OF ALL—THE NEWS."

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

1895—(87 Players)—1896
MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
Friday evening Nov. 15, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb 27 and March 26.
Solo Artists: MME. MELBA, MR. BEN DAVIES, MR. T. ADAMOWSKY and others.
The sale of season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, will commence MONDAY, OCT. 28, at Schuberth's, 23 Union Square.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIVE CONCERTS.

Thursday evening, Nov. 14; Tuesday evenings, Dec. 17, Jan. 21, Feb. 25, March 24. At 8 o'clock.
Solo artists—Mr. G. Campanari, of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Opera Co.; Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Ben Davies, and others to be announced.
Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, $7 and $5, according to location.
The sale of tickets will open Tuesday morning, November 5, at Metzerott's Music Store.
Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of season tickets.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

The Republican.

SPRINGFIELD, SUNDAY, OCT. 27.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WILL VISIT SPRINGFIELD SOON.

The Kneisel Quartet's Season—Other Matters of Musical Interest.

It is good news for the music-lovers of the city that the full Boston Symphony orchestra has been engaged for a concert December 4 in City hall. It will be an orchestral concert the like of which has not been heard in Springfield for many a year. The Boston orchestra has never been heard here in its full strength, and the only other one of the same rank that has played here is Thomas's, and that has not been here for nearly a decade. The Boston symphony orchestra now disputes with the Chicago organization and the Gewandhaus orchestra, which is taking on new life under Mr. Nikisch's administration, the reputation of being the finest in the world, and it will be heard here in its full force of about 80, capable of rendering any music ever written with its full effect. Opinions differ as to Mr Paur's rank as a conductor, but Boston never has had and never will have a conductor of whom that might not be said. The question of conductors is one that never fails to split the musical world as with a two-edged sword, and to be an adherent of one seems to make it necessary to be an opponent of all the rest. But all agree that the orchestra is doing great work under Mr Paur, and the concert will be as good as it can be made.

The managers wish to have it distinctly understood that the interest of Springfield in good music, as shown by the fine festivals, is fully appreciated, and as fine a program will be given as can be arranged. The program will be given out early, in order that all may know just what there is to look forward to. The soloists have not yet been decided upon, but probably either Marie Bremer or Mme DeVere will sing, this depending somewhat on conditions which cannot yet be fully foreseen. There will also be an instrumental soloist of the first rank, probably Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist of the Kneisel quartet, who is the finest artist in his line in the country. He played here last May with the Kneisel quartet, but has never appeared in solo work, and everyone would be glad to hear him. If he does not play the choice will probably be Mr Kneisel, whose great abilities as a violinist are well known. It will be in every way a concert of the highest character, and deserves the patronage of every one who is at all interested in music. The only reason why the orchestra has not been heard here before is the great necessary expense of a concert by so large and costly a body of musicians, and it is to be hoped that the result of this courageous experiment will not only reward the promoters, but give encouragement for similar ventures in the future.

The Washington Post.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Music lovers will greet with pleasure the announcement in another column of the series of five concerts to be given in Metzerott Music Hall this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the accomplished leadership of Mr. Emil Paur. The first concert will be given on the night of Thursday evening, November 14, and the dates of the succeeding entertainments being December 17, January 21, February 25, and March 24. Among the soloists already announced are Mr. G. Campanari, who created such a furore here in opera last spring, and whose wonderful barytone voice is said to be richer and more musical than ever; Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Ben Davies, and others. Reserved seats for the series will be $7 and $5, according to location, and the sale will open Tuesday morning, November 5, at 9 o'clock, at Metzerott's music store.

It is hardly necessary to say anything to the Washington public in praise of this superb orchestra, for it is, beyond doubt, the greatest aggregation of talent in the world to-day. Some idea of the musical feast to be provided by the five concerts this season may be gathered from the following lists of works to be performed:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Schubert.....Symphony in C major
Haydn..... Symphony
Brahms.....Symphony No. 2, in D major
Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 6
(First time.)
Beethoven.....Overture, "Dedication of the House"
Humperdinck.....Entr'acte, "Hansel and Gretel"
(First time.)
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi"
(First time.)
Berlioz
"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"
Rezniceck.....Overture, "Donna Diana"
(First time.)
Delibes.....Suite, "Sylvia"
Haendel..... Largo
Mozart..... Variations
Mozart.....Turkish March
Dvorak..... Capriccio
Richard Strauss.Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram"
(First time.)
Wagner..... Kaisermarsch
Wagner.....Ride of the Valkyries"
Johann Strauss...Musical Joke, "Perpetuo Moto"
Haydn..... Variations
Liszt.....Rhapsody No. 2

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1895.

The program of the second Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Ah! Perfido.....Beethoven
Mrs. de Vere-Sapio.
Suite, A minor, op. 48.....MacDowell
(The third movement In October, first time at these concerts.)
Ophelia's mad scene, Hamlet.....Thomas
Mrs. de Vere-Sapio.
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

If I am not mistaken, Mr. MacDowell's suite was first played in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in January, 1892. The suite then consisted of four movements: In a Haunted Forest; Summer Idyl; the Shepherdess's Song; Forest Spirits. Perhaps the second and third movements then suffered from lack of contrast. The introduction of In October, a charming number, with its suggestions of the hunt and the open air and the melancholy that enters into all autumnal sports—animate or inanimate—now provide balance and contrast, if they were really missed before.

After hearing this beautiful, romantic music I went to the *Journal* office and babbled in superlatives, to use the phrase of an English colleague. Then came cool midnight; then came rigid self-examination over a clay pipe and a pot of beer; and the ghosts of Gushing and Hifalutin held out slippers and candle, saying: "To bed! to bed! We are pleased with you this night!"

The night is over; the ghosts have fled; I find that I did not babble enough in superlatives. But of what avail to speak again of MacDowell's exquisite sense of the one fit and appropriate color, of the suggestion of a nuance, of the bubbling, spontaneous, fresh melody, of the skill that is forgotten in open eared delight. And all these gifts of nature developed by experience and study are used and shared so modestly! There are composers who overwhelm you with the gorgeousness of the tokens of their esteem; and you shrink back, and fear to take them, and little by little you feel suspicious, and you say to yourself, "Why that man never meant to give them to me; he only wanted to show how rich he was." And there are composers who labor till they sweat and then press their vegetables upon you, saying: "See these turnips. I have had much trouble with them; but here they are. What! You don't care for turnips—but you ought to—you must. Jones was over here yesterday and he said he had never seen better turnips. He knows what he is talking about." And some even show vexation because MacDowell does not deal in turnips.

* * *

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Mr. Higginson was appealed to for his permission to have the Boston Symphony Orchestra give a performance and have the proceeds forwarded as coming from this great American organization; as usual his generosity was equal to the demand and he expressed interest. That great (?) conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, was also appealed to, and as the fact had issued from his own lips that he had been a friend (perhaps a pupil even), owed much anyhow to the master, some effort was expected of him. The matter was finally placed before the members of the orchestra, and, as I learned from a reliable but private source, favorably considered, when who should kill it but the conductor himself; and listen, please, to the narrow, unjust reason given—that it would be impossible to contribute to a fund for a monument to a *reproductive* artist when so many other greater masters remained unhonored. Unfortunately I have not Mr. Paur's letter near me or I could give it to you in full, but imagine if everything was done in this world by priority perchance Mr. Paur himself would not occupy the position he now does?

So this orchestra for *that reason* (could it have been only that?) refused to sanction a project that Brahms, Joachim, d'Albert and many other great men have given their aid, talent, names anything to further. The Kneisel Quartet was asked to play, but as their master (Paur) had opposed even the erection of the monument itself they had to decline. Damrosch kindly sent $25, and hoped to be able to give a concert in New York—do something—but he failed, too; however, there the spirit was willing at least. Other artists were appealed to to give their talent, but in all this broad land not a society, not a musical organization, not an individual—except, be it said to her credit, Currie Duke, who was willing and anxious any minute to help in any way—came forward or was even willing to aid. But could you hope for anything from Americans when Germans, artists, musicians, in this country took no interest in the matter?

And how much do you suppose was raised after this year of effort? I blush to tell you—*barely $160*, and $100 of that was given by the Knabes, and $25, as I have said, by Damrosch! Let us be thankful at least that the dead, generous master is spared the pain of knowing of so much ingratitude, lack of interest and selfishness. A. D. P.

The Philadelphia Press.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1895.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

(60 Performers.)
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
Fifteenth Season, 1895-96. Eleventh Season in Philadelphia.

FIVE CONCERTS
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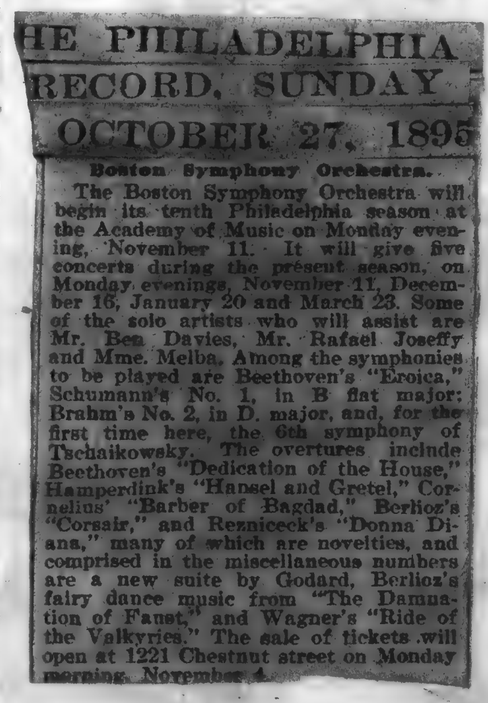

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD, SUNDAY

OCTOBER 27, 1895

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its tenth Philadelphia season at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, November 11. It will give five concerts during the present season, on Monday evenings, November 11, December 16, January 20 and March 23. Some of the solo artists who will assist are Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Rafael Joseffy and Mme. Melba. Among the symphonies to be played are Beethoven's "Eroica," Schumann's No. 1, in B flat major; Brahm's No. 2, in D, major, and, for the first time here, the 6th symphony of Tschaikowsky. The overtures include Beethoven's "Dedication of the House," Hamperdink's "Hansel and Gretel," Cornelius' "Barber of Bagdad," Berlioz's "Corsair," and Rezniceck's "Donna Diana," many of which are novelties, and comprised in the miscellaneous numbers are a new suite by Godard, Berlioz's fairy dance music from "The Damnation of Faust," and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." The sale of tickets will open at 1221 Chestnut street on Monday morning, November 4.

[30]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1895.

The program of the second Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Ah! Perfido.....Beethoven
Mrs. de Vere-Sapio.
Suite, A minor, op. 42.....MacDowell
(The third movement In October, first time at these concerts.)
Ophelia's mad scene, Hamlet.....Thomas
Mrs. de Vere-Sapio.
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

If I am not mistaken, Mr. MacDowell's suite was first played in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in January, 1892. The suite then consisted of four movements: In a Haunted Forest; Summer Idyl; the Shepherdess's Song; Forest Spirits. Perhaps the second and third movements then suffered from lack of contrast. The introduction of In October, a charming number, with its suggestions of the hunt and the open air and the melancholy that enters into all autumnal sports—animate or inanimate—now provide balance and contrast, if they were really missed before.

After hearing this beautiful, romantic music I went to the *Journal* office and babbled in superlatives, to use the phrase of an English colleague. Then came cool midnight; then came rigid self-examination over a clay pipe and a pot of beer; and the ghosts of Gushing and Hifalutin held out slippers and candle, saying: "To bed! to bed! We are pleased with you this night!"

The night is over; the ghosts have fled; I find that I did not babble enough in superlatives. But of what avail to speak again of MacDowell's exquisite sense of the one fit and appropriate color, of the suggestion of a nuance, of the bubbling, spontaneous, fresh melody, of the skill that is forgotten in open eared delight. And all these gifts of nature developed by experience and study are used and shared so modestly! There are composers who overwhelm you with the gorgeousness of the tokens of their esteem; and you shrink back, and fear to take them, and little by little you feel suspicious, and you say to yourself, "Why that man never meant to give them to me; he only wanted to show how rich he was." And there are composers who labor till they sweat and then press their vegetables upon you, saying: "See these turnips. I have had much trouble with them; but here they are. What! You don't care for turnips—but you ought to—you must. Jones was over here yesterday and he said he had never seen better turnips. He knows what he is talking about." And some even show vexation because MacDowell does not deal in turnips.

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And the subtle, haunting beauty of MacDowell's suite was not destroyed or effaced by a happy-go-lucky performance. Not that I accuse Mr. Paur of slighting the exquisite pieces; he looked as though he enjoyed them; he nodded his head, and made all manner of signs with his stick, and the performance of course should have been perfect. It was not. It was not in full sympathy with the composer's music. Here is music where nothing can be slighted; for there is no conventional padding. Too often there was logyness where there should have been demoniac fire. Or the simplicity of a melody was stretched in hope to make it "mean something more." As though someone should read a "complainte" of Laforgue as if it were sesquipedalian verse telling of Nero's death or the Indian mutiny. Then add that the performance was not technically above reproach.

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[30]

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV. 3, 1895.

Third of This Season's Symphony Concerts.

The large audience that crowded Music hall last night enjoyed the very pleasurable program which Mr Paur arranged for the third Symphony concert.

The first number was Berlioz' symphony in G major, entitled "Harold in Italy." The first movement, "Harold in the Mountains," begins with a slow and attractive introduction, which gradually develops the subject of the composition. The melody the solo viola introduces enters with beautiful tenderness, thrown into more conspicuous relief by the full force of the orchestra which it follows. The theme developed by the viola in the main body of the movement is replete with sweetness and dreamy charm. The change from the melancholy to a more lively theme toward the end of the first movement is full of delicate effects.

But it is in the second movement, "The march of Pilgrims singing their evening prayer," where Berlioz displays his wonderful delicacy of conception as a composer. With the beginning of the march the whole poetic picture of pilgrims singing their evening prayers is vividly held before the imagination by the most complex use of instruments, while the strings sing the melody two bells keep constantly chiming, and the effect produced by the horns and harp ringing the second bell in C is entrancingly picturesque. If anything were necessary to enhance the beauty of this effect, the solo viola keeps singing the melancholy melody without in the least interfering with the development of the theme, while the second bell striking in at the end of each phrase helps to conjure up an enchanting picture of poetic effect. The whole movement taxed the most delicate skill of the orchestra, and the burst of applause which the musicians received at the conclusion was well deserved both by Mr Paur and the orchestra.

The third movement, "Serenade of a Mountaineer to His Mistress," is full of vivacity and grace. The theme is lively and entertaining, and the second part, which is more pastoral, is made more effective by the return of the solo viola.

The fourth movement, "Orgy of the Brigands," introduces snatches from all the preceding movements. The alternate triumphs of the melancholy and thoughtful themes over the more boisterous and more forcible songs of the brigand is highly dramatic and full of life and energy. And the effect is strikingly hightened by the introduction in the midst of the furious passage work of two solo violins and cellos playing behind the stage the Pilgrims' march.

The solo viola, which is supposed to represent Harold throughout the composition, was played by Mr Kneisel and he acquitted himself with great skill. This popular musician received the hearty applause of the audience and elicited the beaming approbation of Mr Paur.

There were two pieces played by the symphony orchestra last night for the first time at these concerts. The first one, "Dream Pantomime," from Hansel and Gretel by Engelbert Humperdink, was played for the first time in December, 1893, at Weimar. It has been compared to "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Il Pagliacci." The selection played last night is from the closing scene of the first act in the opera. The movement begins in D major and contains strong elements of grace and charm. But the themes are not so attractive as either of those two popular operas and its development is somewhat monotonous. Mr Paur's interpretation of it elucidated some of its excellent qualities, but the audience did not display the enthusiasm "Cavalleria Rusticana" would have excited.

The second piece, played for the first time at these concerts, was Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini." It is a free, fantastic composition, characteristic of the style of the Russian composer. It is full of storm and whirlwind, and not without those outbursts of passionate grief and love so inherent to the Russian genius. The development of the theme is somewhat elaborate, but it is replete with striking effects, and allows opportunities for some brilliant passage work for the violins and some picturesque and forcible fingering. It was received warmly by the audience, and Mr Paur made plain the strongest and best qualities of the composition.

The concert concluded with Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala." It was played in F major, and the orchestra's work in developing the themes, in representing the different scenes and in interpreting the subject of the composition was highly effective. Especially in bringing out the rich harmonics, and contrasting it with the gurgling sounds, supposed to represent running brooks, did the orchestra display wonderful ability in changing from the most delicate to the most forcible and impressive work.

The audience was more than ordinarily attentive, and extremely appreciative of the whole concert.

The program for the next concert will be as follows: Symphony No. 9, Mozart; overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; concerto for pianoforte, Raff; Rhapsody, Svendsen. Soloist, Mr [illegible]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 4, 1895.

The Symphony Concert---List of Works Almost an Ideal One.

Mr. Paur has been quick to respond to the desire for more catholic programmes, and the list of works presented on Saturday was almost an ideal one; Berlioz for grand scoring, Humpendinck for novelty, Goldmark for most modern melodic treatment, and Tschaikowsky thrown in as "Lagnlappe," as they would say in New Orleans. It was a good proof that such a programme was in line with the public desire, that a very large audience attended, spite of most disagreeable weather, and that even the standing auditors did not depart until the very end of a long concert. It is pleasant to bear in mind, also, that there was no soloist (the great viola obligato of the Berlioz symphony coming close to this however, and that the interest therefore was centered upon the orchestra alone. It would not have harmed if a Beethoven or Mozart number had taken the place of the rather prolix Tschaikowsky work, but it would be very ungracious to carp when so much has been given; the present writer however, would by no means give the impression that he desires the modern school to crowd out the classics, he only has hoped that the classics may not prevent the moderns from having due recognition and hearing.

The concert began with Berlioz's great symphony,—"Harold in Italy," a work which demands all the resources of the grand orchestra, and which becomes unintelligible if given with any but a perfect ensemble. Never has this difficult composition received clearer treatment in this city; the performance was a triumph for Mr. Paur, Mr. Kneisel, and the entire orchestra. Such a work played in such a manner is educational in a high degree and a keen delight besides. Mr. Kneisel played the viola part which personifies Childe Harold, and the brooding wanderer was depicted to the very life by the dreamy melancholy which is the predominant tone-color of the instrument.

This symphony is the best presentation the viola has ever had as an independent instrument; here it is no longer the poor relation of the violin or violoncello, but stands forth as the typification of something which neither of these two, more versatile, instruments could give as well. It would be futile to attempt to trace the Byron poem through the Berlioz work, for the composer has taken liberties which were his prerogative in a tone-picture, although they might have been wrong in a cantata built upon the poet's words. But the outline of the character remains intact, and the constant sorrow of the hero had most romantic expression in Mr. Kneisel's masterly performance. The difficult passages upon the bridge ("sull' ponticello") in the second movement, the tender muted phrases, as well as the broad theme which becomes a species of leit-motif, were all given with great effect. Mr. Schuecker gave the accompaniment to the entrance of the last-mentioned theme with much delicacy, and the orchestra performed the odd distortions of the same melody at the close of the first movement with perfect ensemble in spite of the capricious style which makes the passages almost unconquerable.

The second movement is always a popular one, for its more direct and intelligible than any other part of the symphony. The bell-tones in this were a great inspiration; the composer desired the effect of a great cathedral bell, such as would be impossible to hang upon the stage. Although the bell was unattainable, its tone was not, and a combination of harp (for the impact of the hammer) and of horn (for the reverberation) gave the deep bell-tones with marvellous exactness. The horn, however, played too loud to give this touch its best results, save in the end of the movement where a reasonable diminuendo brought forth all its beauty. The tinier bell, produced by harp and flute, was also best at the end of the movement.

It was an evening for harp and for English horn, for these two instruments had work to do in almost every number. The English horn was especially commendable in its personification of the rustic lover in the third movement, and the flute was also admirable in its performance of the Harold theme, which is here transferred to it from the viola.

The finale was splendidly performed, certainly up to the level of any previous performance in Boston. What a hurly-burly it is! It is no longer Byron, but Berlioz pure and simple. Byron causes his hero to vanish from the scene with a mystical stanza, but Berlioz must needs give us a detailed picture of his death, and adds the trifling suggestion that he has turned in despair to dissipation and dies a broken man amidst blasphemous revelry. It is very graphic music, the tender strains of the Pilgrim's Litany wafted across the Brigand's revelry like a whiff of pure air in a foul atmosphere, the faint sobs of Childe Harold, the brutality of the orgie that is uninterrupted by his fate, but one may question whether it is the highest art. Here was the beginning in music of that morbid tendency which has been brought to fruition by the Ibsens, Zolas, Maeterlincks, ed id genus omne, today. Berlioz loved this style of finale; in the Symphonie Fantastique he ended with a revel of demons, in his "Faust" he sent his hero to perdition instead of saving him, a la Goethe, and here he gives us a similar instance of his sound and fury, which however, signifies much more than nothing; but one may question the legitimacy of that art, be it poetry, painting or music, in which evil preponderates over good, shadow over light, or discord over concord. One might sum up Berlioz as the Edgar Allan Poe of Music.

A couple of years ago, when some short orchestral works bearing the name of an unknown composer began to appear upon our symphony programme, it was considered in order to inquire, not without some sarcasm, "Who is Humperdinck?" The question has been abundantly answered. Humperdinck is a genius of the modern school who holds out a little better promise than Mascagni did. He is under Wagnerian influence, but can scarcely be called a copyist or plagiarist, save in a few orchestral devices in which Wagner has so thoroughly covered the field that everybody who essays music is bound to copy in some degree. Muted violins in high positions, continuity of melody, rich interweaving of themes is there galore, but the oddest of all is that juvenile simplicity is at the base of it all. It is folk-music under a magnifying glass. There will be further opportunities to review Humperdinck when his famous opera comes to Boston, but in the meanwhile thanks to Mr. Paur for giving us a foretaste of it in so excellent a manner.

After the next number, Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" (orchestral fantasie), one could exclaim: "I have supped full of horrors!" for to Berlioz's picture of dissipation was added Tschaikowsky's sketch of hades, which sounded like its subject, too. It was a tone-picture that would have convinced an Ingersoll. There is a tremendous amount of wood-wind played in the infernal regions, and it is evident that several piccolo teachers have taken up their permanent abode there. But Tschaikowsky is too great a master to jest about; spite of the prolixity of the work, spite of its intentionally spasmodic style and its constant chromatics and explosions, there are moments of genius in the picture, and a mastery of the orchestra is constantly exhibited. This mastery is perhaps pushed too far, there is an overconfidence in combinations, and Tschaikowsky here out-Berliozs Berlioz.

As usual the composer does great things with the woodwind, and clarinet, flute, oboe and English horn, all have their obbligato touches, and each of the soloists on these instruments deserves mention for artistic work. The episode of the appearance of the unhappy lovers is most picturesque and the tender passages become the more beautiful because of the dark surroundings.

The concert ended with rich orchestration, for once combined with direct, intelligible and attractive melody. Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture never seemed half so beautiful as after the turmoil by which it had been preceded. Perhaps such work, and the pleasure it gave, is a foreshadowing of what the future may bring forth. There may yet be a composer who will reconcile the grandeur of the modern orchestra, the complex interweaving of latterday harmony, with pure and delightful melody (as Wagner did in some parts of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and other of his operas), and the school of the future may be founded on such a combination. It is doubtful if even the greatest composer can escape from the need of furnishing pleasing melody with his work. "Sakuntala" was excellently played, and the whole evening was an exhibition of our orchestra in its most brilliant light, even if it did furnish rather an excess of emotional agitation and scenes of terror. Louis C. Elson.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

For the third Symphony concert at Music Hall last evening there were two novelties, one of which will be gladly welcomed when Conductor Paur chooses to again place it on the programme, while the other will never become especially popular. The first referred to is the "Hansel and Gretel" music by Engelbert Humperdinck, which in its operatic form has been immensely popular in German for two years and which was heard in this country but a few weeks ago at Daly's Theatre, New York. The fragment selected for last night's concert is the closing scene of the first act and is a charming bit of melody throughout. Considering that the opera is founded on a fairy tale, the music is by no means of that light order which one would naturally expect, but is on the other hand of a rather serious order without being in the least dull. Stately and moderate, it has the ability to closely hold the attention of an audience, who, at its conclusion, showed their appreciation most unmistakably.

The other new piece was the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, by Tschaikowski. It is weird and strong and is one of those compositions which taxes to the utmost the endurance of an orchestra. It strongly suggests the "Ride of the Walkures" as given to the world by Wagner, although it is far more diabolic in its intense significance. Occasionally the orchestra lapses into sweet and harmonic passages, especially where the beautiful solo is given to the clarinet; but for the most part it is one of those pieces which leaves an unpleasant impression, and considering its generally heavy character it is rather too long. But as a piece to show what an orchestra is capable of it amply fulfils its purpose, and it goes without saying that it was magnificently played.

The other numbers on the programme were the Berlioz Symphony No. 3, "Harold in Italy," in which the viola solo was beautifully and skilfully played by Mr. Kneisel, and Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala."

For the next concert the programme will be Mozart's symphony No. 9; Beethoven's overture, "Dedication of the House"; Raff's piano concerto, and a rhapsody by Svendsen. The soloist will be Carl Faelten.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Very Fine Programme Splendidly Interpreted—A Bit of "Hansel and Gretel."

The selections for the third of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, last evening, in Music Hall, were:

Symphony, "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
Symphonic Poem, "Francesca"...Tschaikowsky
(First time.)
"Dream-Music," "Hansel and Gretel"....Humperdinck
(First time.)
Overture, "Sakuntala".....Goldmark

It was an admirable programme, well balanced and wholly interesting. Curiously enough, in all this modern music, the innovator and iconoclast Berlioz should have sounded the most old-fashioned. It is true that the "Harold" symphony was first heard fifty-one years ago, but it was then considered vague, extravagant and almost incomprehensible, and up to a comparatively recent date was deemed to be in the van of the so-called "bizarre music that has intruded into art and fastened itself upon it like an ugly wen." Today it is as plain sailing and as easy of comprehension as a nursery rhyme, and is exceeded in extravagance by every fledgling who has been innoculated with the "music of the future." In fact, the music of the period has caused it to shrink nearly to the aspect of a light symphony. The instrumentation, however, still retains its original impressiveness in effect, and though more modern composers have increased the power and scope of the orchestra, none of them have equalled Berlioz in clearness. Even in his most massive effects he never degenerates into mere noise. Every instrument is heard distinctly, every note is in the best place to produce the intended results, and the cloudiness of the modern score is never present in Berlioz. The work was splendidly rendered. It is doubtful if it has ever had a finer and more lucid reading than Mr. Paur accorded it, and the performance by the orchestra was of exceptional beauty and finish. The Pilgrim march was given with especial charm. The solo viola part was played by Mr. Kneisel delightfully and with a keen artistic discretion that avoided every temptation to force it into undue prominence. There was great applause after each movement and the audience expressed its appreciation at the close of the work with vigorous enthusiasm.

The two novelties on the programme were full of interest. The "Hansel and Gretel" selection is lively and poetical in melody, and often exquisite in instrumentation. It is among the most fascinating features of the opera, and may be heard with genuine pleasure in the concert room, but its charm, effect and meaning are largely dimmed when the music is heard apart from the situation and the action for which it was written. That it is a page out of Wagner, as far as the scoring is concerned, is undeniable, but it has in its themes a grace and a suave delicacy peculiarly its own. It was beautifully read and played.

The "Francesca" fantasia is in quite another vein. It has a mad furnace glow from beginning to end, and burns with a white heat even into its cantabile movements. The work is, perhaps, spun out to an unnecessary length, and its exciting tornadoes of noise at length become tiresome, but the work is intense in power and immensely effective, despite the turmoil of brass, bass drum and gong. The theme depicting the meeting of Dante with Francesco and Paolo has a broad tenderness and is appealing in its pathos, but it soon disappears to make way for the wild frenzy that is the distinctive characteristic of the work. The orchestration is amazingly brilliant and of trying difficulty for the performers, and its dramatic effect is really stirring. There are many fine and masterly movements in this composition, but there is also more that is purely sensational; that is mere searching for startling and novel effects and that force one into thinking constantly of the composer instead of absorbing one's attention in the music itself. The orchestration attracts more attention than do the themes with which it is associated. In fact, except the calmer love episode already alluded to, there is little else that dwells on the memory. The exacting score was vigorously read and grandly played. A remarkably warm and sympathetic rendering of Goldmark's masterly overture brought this wholly fine concert to a fitting end.

The next programme is: Prelude and entr'acte, "Guntrum" (first time), Richard Strauss; concerto for the pianoforte, Raff; symphony, No. 9, Mozart; overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven. Mr. Carl Faelten is to be the soloist.

[31]

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

Third Symphony Concert in Music Hall Last Evening, Emil Paur, Conductor—A Brilliant Program of Extreme Modernity.

The program of the third Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Harold in Italy"...Berlioz
Viola solo by Mr. Kneisel.
Dream pantomime from "Haensel and Gretel" .....Humperdinck
First time.
Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.....Tschaikowsky
First time.
Overture, "Sakuntala," Op. 13.....Goldmark

The selections showed the praiseworthy desire of Mr. Paur to be modern and catholic. They also showed his lack of appreciation of the value that lies in contrast. Why give the public one Saturday night a rigidly classical program, and the next dazzle and stun it by a mass of ultra-modern music? A judicious mixture of old and new would be more to the purpose. I grant cheerfully that the concert last evening was a brilliant one, and the performance put in clear light the technical proficiency of the orchestra. But the brilliancy was well-nigh incessant. There was promise of grateful relief and a breathing spell in the announcement of Humperdinck's "Dream-Pantomime," with its little children asleep, and angels "dancing a stately measure" around the children and their guardian spirits—alas! The children showed Wagnerian proclivities, and the angels trod heavily in the dance.

* * *

It is over 60 years since the Harold Symphony was first given, and naturally one may answer, "And you say the program was of extreme modernity?" Yes, for the symphony of Berlioz seemed newer and fresher than the music that followed. Much of the work of Berlioz is still intensely modern, almost prophetic of that which is to come, although all great modern composers have studied Berlioz and learned of him. Think a moment: the Harold Symphony was performed about eight years before Wagner's opera "Rienzi" saw the footlights. Wagner could study the instrumentation of Berlioz. But Berlioz invented his orchestral effects. Take the concert last night: How clear, how distinct, how natural seemed the orchestral expression of the great Frenchman in comparison with the thickness of Humperdinck and the restless labor of Tschaikowsky.

Perhaps many musicians pass through this experience in studying Berlioz. At first they wonder blindly they then begin to doubt; they talk of melodic poverty, tiresome tricks; they listen in preference to the men who borrowed from him freely; and after a while they again wonder at the genius of the Frenchman and they bow the knee. When Harold was heard here last, I confess I wrote words that I would now retract. The symphony as it was played last night seemed, as it did many years ago, a marvelously romantic and powerful composition. Even the Orgy of Brigands, which is still a stumbling block to some—Hanslick, for example—has its reason for existence; surely no musician, however great his genius may have been, has equaled with such simple means in symphonic music the weird reminiscence of the pilgrim's march toward the very close of this Orgy. The symphony was played with great care and with remarkable effect. Mr. Kneisel was in his happiest vein.

* * *

A Humoreske by Humperdinck—his name then appeared in the program book without the c—was played at a Symphony concert Nov. 12, 1892. It was a poor, foolish thing, not worth remembering; and it seems hardly possible that the composer of that piece is the Humperdinck of "Hänsel and Gretel." An excerpt from an opera given without voice parts and without scenic accessories must suffer inevitably by the separation. Even such an entr'acte as that in the "Cavalleria Rusticana," a pretty bit of sentimentalism, gains immeasurably when heard in the opera house, and when it appears as the one tranquil episode in a tale of passion, blood, and death. As "Hänsel and Gretel" is to be given here soon, let us defer any remarks about this Dream-Pantomime until then. Suffice it to say that the music is Wagnerian through and through in the best meaning of that word as it respects instrumentation.

* * *

Tschaikowsky, one of the greatest composers of these latter years, died Nov. 6, 1893, and his Fantasia last night awakened keen regret for his death, and also the wish that either his "Romeo and Juliet" or "Hamlet" had been played in memoriam instead of the "Francesca;" for the latter work is not the equal of either of the two named in connection with it. There are overpowering moments, as in the tone-painting of the "cruelest winds under a dark and gloomy air." There is the ever present thought of an original thinker and a master of the resources of the orchestra. But the love episode, or whatever you are pleased to call it, is for the most part forced and without deep, genuine pathos. There is no such sublime chant of triumphant love that mocks Time and Space, that cares not for Heaven and laughs at Hell, as there is in the "Romeo;" nor is there such an exhibition of unearthly imagination as there is in the ghost episode in "Hamlet." Furthermore, in "Francesca" there is a suspicion of padding, of experimenting. The work is not firmly knit. It takes a long time for Tschaikowsky to tell the sad story of Madonna Francesca. The music is not Dantesque.

* * *

After the fret and fury, the raving and the pother of the "Francesca"—and yet do not mistake me, there are gigantic moments in it—the Oriental sensuousness of Goldmark was welcome, although at first it might have seemed an anti-climax. But this overture could hardly be called a contrast; it was rather a gradual letting-down, an unscrewing of strained pegs. It is the fashion for some to rail at Goldmark with his Eastern color, his suggestion of sacred groves, and blinding heat, venerable priests and Eastern love. Such music as the "Sakuntala" undoubtedly cloys if it is heard week in, week out; but it is a good thing occasionally to be reminded of the turban and the lotos, camels and waving palms.

* * *

The performance of the orchestra throughout was brilliant in solo work and in ensemble.

Mr. Apthorp makes the following statement concerning the Harold Symphony in the program book:

[illegible] theatre in Paris on Nov. 23, 1834, but Berlioz introduced many alterations into the score afterwards. Paganini was present at the first performance; he expressed his delight with the work by sending Berlioz a check for 20,000 francs the next day, which sum the poor composer devoted to paying off some crying debts, but especially to buying leisure to write his Roméo et Juliette symphony, which he dedicated to Paganini."

This statement is incorrect. The Harold symphony was given first in public at the Conservatory, Paris, Nov. 23, 1834; but Paganini was not there. In 1833, Dec. 22, he had heard Berlioz's Symphonie fantastique. Some weeks after this concert in 1833 he asked Berlioz for a piece for his viola (Stradivarius); the result was the Harold symphony. Not liking the first movement, which was written first, he left Paris, and he did not return to that city for three or four years.

Paganini did hear the Harold symphony; but it was not until Dec. 16, 1838, when the Fantastique and the Harold were played, Berlioz conducting, at the Conservatory. Then Paganini and his son Achille appeared at the orchestra door. The letter in which Paganini asked him to present an inclosed note to Rotchschild—the order to deliver to Berlioz 20,000 francs—was handed the next day to Berlioz by Achille, and yet the letter was dated the 18th.

A year or two ago a story went the rounds of the European musical press that there is not a word of truth in this extraordinary episode in the life of an artist. Affirmations of the reality of Paganini's generosity followed.

Let me add that the date of the concert in 1833 was Dec. 22, according to Berlioz (see Memoires, vol. 1., p. 301). Hippeau in his "Berlioz Intime" says it was Dec. 23.

PHILIP HALE.

NEW YORK HERALD,

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3,

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur, conductor, will give five concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House this season on the following dates:—November 15, December 19, January 23, February 27 and March 26. The soloists will be Mme. Melba, Ben Davies, E. A. McDowell and T. Adamowski.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES,

NOVEMBER 3, 1895.—1

—The Boston Orchestra.—The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Nov. 15. Mme. Melba will be the soloist, and will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and the mad scene from "Hamlet." The orchestra will play the Eroica Symphony, two movements from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and Wagner's "Kaiser March."

THE WORLD: SUNDAY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The prospectus issued by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose first concert takes place on Friday, Nov. 15, does not offer much in the way of absolute novelty. It will be interesting certainly to hear what Mr. Paur will make of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, which the orchestra is to play for the first time. Other novelties for the orchestra, at any rate, wil be Berlioz's overture, "The Corsair;" an overture, "Donna Diana," by Reznicceck, a composer utterly unknown in this country: the prelude and entr'acte to Richard Strauss's "Guntram," and the "Midnight of Sedan," by Zollner.

I notice with some interest that one or two of the Boston critics have begun to discover that Mr. Paur's work is not always so absolutely perfect as they would have us believe, but, as he will continue to direct the fortunes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for three more seasons, it will be as well for them to make the best of it. After the many detrimental things said in regard to his work, the surpassing success which Mr. Nikisch has been meeting with both in Leipsic and Berlin must be rather gall and wormwood to some critics. After the dry-as-dust classicism of Reinecke, Nikisch has fairly electrified the Gewandhaus audiences, and if his success in Berlin was not quite that of Von Bulow, whose personnel was perhaps even stronger, it was certainly most marked. What would they have said in Boston to personal eccentricities like those of Von Bulow, who would always conduct the "Funeral March" from the Eroica Symphony in black gloves, which he put on for the movement, and thought nothing of playing an entire movement from one of Haydn's symphonies with the strings pizzicato, in a way entirely unauthorized by the score?

THE SUN, SUNDAY,

NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

RIC[illegible]

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's first concert of this season will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening, Nov. 15. Melba is to be the soloist, and she is to sing the famous mad scene from "Hamlet" and Handel's "Sweet Bird." The orchestral numbers on the programme are the Beethoven "Eroica" symphony, two excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," the "Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps" and the "Waltz of the Sylphs," and Wagner's "Kaiser March."

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(87 Players),

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.

Friday evening, Nov. 15, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and March 26.

Solo artists: MME. MELBA, MR. BEN DAVIES, MR. T. ADAMOWSKY, and others.

The sale of season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, is now progressing at Schuberth's, 23 Union square. C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

AMERICAN—

BALTIMORE, SUNDAY,

NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Its Coming Concert.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra made its first appearance in Baltimore, on the evening of April 12, 1886, The American, in speaking of the performance the morning after, said that the symphony was "artistically rendered and unspeakably beautiful." Brief as was this compliment, it sounded the keynote of the welcome extended to the orchestra, and it is safe to say that in ten seasons during which the orchestra has continued its visits to Baltimore, this welcome has never been withdrawn. The orchestra will give its thirty-fourth concert in Baltimore on Wednesday, November 13. Of the previous concerts six have been under Wilhelm Gericke, seventeen under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theater in Leipsic, to come to Boston, he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theater several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

In 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessing means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, formed the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted upon, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its existence, and today what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride—an orchestra second to none in the world, whose name and fame are known in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian.

During the visits of the orchestra to Baltimore the public has heard among the soloists, Mme. Melba, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Materna, Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Steinbach-Johns, Mr. Pol Plancon, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. Eugene d'Albert, Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Giese and many others as famous. The concert on Wednesday, November 13, will present a program from Weber, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Leoncavallo, Tschaikowsky and Wagner.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS FOR THE FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, AT MUSIC HALL, OPENS AT ALBERT'S, 13 N. CHARLES STREET, NEXT TUESDAY, NOV. 5, AT NINE A. M. 81t

Record

The Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, will give its first concert for the season at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, November 11, when the programme will include Beethoven's third symphony, the well-known and majestic "Eroica," the will-o'-the wisp minuet and Dance of the Sylphs from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," and Wagner's grandiose "Kaisermarsch." The soloist will be Mme. Melba, who will be heard in Handel's famous aria "Sweet Bird," with flute obligato, and in the great mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' opera of "Hamlet." The Boston Orchestra will give five concerts in Philadelphia this season, the dates of the other four being December 16, January 20, February 24 and March 23, all Monday evenings. The sale of season tickets will begin at Fischer's, No. 1221 Chestnut street, on Monday morning, November 4, at 9 o'clock.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS for the FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS AT FISCHER'S, 1221 CHESTNUT STREET, TOMORROW (MONDAY) MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, AT NINE.

[32]

MONDAY, NOV. 4, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

An audience that was uncommonly demonstrative and equally appreciative heard the third concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Saturday night. In the selection of the programme, the excellent reading of the orchestra under Conductor Paur's masterly guidance, and in the solo work of Mr. Kneisel, it was the most brilliant of the season, thus far. This was the programme:

Symphony No 3, "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
Viola solo by Mr. Kneisel.
Dream pantomime from "Haensel and Gretel" .....Humperdinck
First time.
Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.....Tschaikowsky
First time.
Overture, "Sakuntala," Op. 13.....Goldmark

"Harold in Italy," though first given 60 years ago, seemed distinctly modern. Not veiled in the intricate mystery characterizing those who have modelled their writings after Berlioz, and thus have thrust upon the musical world works from which only the deeply studied musical mind could extricate an idea of meaning, it is delightfully vivid, yet deep in thought. Passing from the first movement of "Harold in the Mountains; Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy," one is put thoroughly in touch with the composer's theme, and ready to revel in the musical picturesqueness of the second movement, "March of Pilgrims, Singing Their Evening Hymn."

The listener figures in his mind the pilgrims marching to the accompaniment of their chant and the mountain evening twilight. This music is repeatedly interrupted by the chiming of two bells, one in high B (represented by the flute, oboe and harp), and the other in medium C (represented by the horns and harp). In the C bell the booming resonance of a large church bell in the distance is vividly suggested. The third movement is "Serenade of the Mountaineer in the Avruzzi to His Mistress." The fanciful mind quickly catches in this a romantic picture of a serenade to the strumming accompaniment in the violas divise and long-sustained notes in the second oboe, clarinets and bassoons. The fourth movement is entitled "Orgy of Brigands; Recollections of Preceding Scenes," in which the only new thought is the revelry of the brigands. It is like playing the fourth act of Henry Arthur Jones' "The Masqueraders," or Henry Irving's playing the last act of "The Merchant of Venice"—adds nothing, and therefore unnecessary. Mr. Kneisel in his viola solos played with a fine discrimination, winning repeated encores at the close of each movement, and was finally compelled to bow his acknowledgments again and again to the enthusiastic assemblage.

The dream-pantomime from "Haensed and Gretel," which is the closing scene from the final act of the opera now playing in Daly's Theatre, New York, and soon to be seen here at the Hollis, doubtless suffered in its interpretation by the absence of the footlight accoutrements, though its rendering Saturday night was sufficient to test the composer's fairy fancy. One might have thought from the music in the dance of fairies that they stand six foot in their clogs, but that impression is erroneous.

In Tschaikowsky's fantasia, "Francesca da Remini," suggested by Dantes' Inferno V., the poetic keynote is "cruelest minds under a dark and gloomy air" of the second circle of hell. The meeting of Francesca and Paolo comes in as an episode. The emotion of grief and passionate love are disappointingly crushed out by the composer at every uprising in the almost constant "background of whirling storm-wind." The pandemonium of the hellish elements suggested by the instrumentation was a howling, windy and musical success. The wierd visions of Irving's "Brocken scene" were brought instantly to mind.

The programme closed with Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," which, with its suggestion of gurgling springs, wood-nymphs and tender loves, was beautifully in contrast to the preceding numbers.

The programme of the Symphony rehearsal and concert next Friday and Saturday will be: Entr'acte "Guntrum," R. Strauss; concerto for piano, Raff; symphony No. 9, Mozart; overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven. Carl Faelten, soloist.

THE WASHINGTON POST
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3,

TEN YEARS OF MUSIC

Interesting Review of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Concerts.

WORK OF THE CONDUCTORS

Some of the Features Which Have Made the Forty-two Concerts Worthy of Note—Gericke, Nikisch and Paur Contrasted—A Remarkable List of Soloists—Washington Noticeable for the Frequent Change of Room, Church and Hall Being Utilized.

A thoroughly delighted audience listened with enthusiastic appreciation yesterday afternoon to the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Congregational Church. The organization was known here only by reputation, but the high praise which had preceded it was fully realized in every sense. Of the orchestra itself too much in the way of commendation cannot be said.

This was the welcome extended to the Boston Symphony Orchestra by The Post on the morning after its first concert in this city, Tuesday afternoon, April 13, 1886. It does not seem ten years ago since that event, so vividly does the mind recall its chief features. The Congregational Church—then the only available concert hall—was but fairly well filled. Up in Boston, to be sure, the orchestra had been known and appreciated for five years, but to Washington it was wholly new. We had seen Thomas, but Gericke was a stranger, and what we know of the the Boston organization was a matter of simple faith. We knew that in 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of ample means to carry out his most commendable impulse, had conceived the idea of a large, permanent orchestra, and had brought his dream to a most successful realization. To-day this Boston organization—then gradually making its influence felt and its fame known—has grown to be a national pride, an orchestra absolutely second to none in the world, whose name and reputation commands respect in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian.

Well, to go back again to that first concert, one recalls how the players glanced with curious interest around the church as they ascended the platform and with what eager interest the appearance of Herr Gericke was awaited. Broad-shouldered, well-built, black-bearded, this handsome and accomplished Austrian stepped upon the platform and into the regard of the Washington people.

For the sake of reminiscence, the programme of the first concert in this city is given, as follows:

Overture—"Oberon" ..... Weber
Hungarian Dances ..... Brahms
Largo ..... Handel
(Obligato solo by Mr. Kneisel.)
Overture—"Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Rondo Capriccioso ..... St. Saens
Mr. T. Adamowski.
Symphonic Poem—"Les Preludes" ..... Liszt
Overture—"Lenore, No. 3" ..... Beethoven

This concert was the first of the forty-two which have since been given by the orchestra. Thirteen were under Gericke, nineteen under Nikisch, and ten under the present leader, Mr. Paur. Four concerts were given jointly with the Washington Choral Society, one of these being the dedication of Lincoln Music Hall, in connection also with the National Conservatory of Music, under Mrs. Thurber. And what a roving time the orchestra has had in Washington, to be sure! Next to Baltimore, this city holds the record for change of audience room. Of the forty-two concerts fourteen were in the Congregational Church, fifteen in Metzerott Hall, ten in Lincoln Music Hall, two in the New National Theater, and one in Albaugh's Theater. From church to playhouse, then to hall and back again to church, the loyal clientele of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would no doubt have followed it even had it played in a tent.

And this devotion calls to mind the fact that year after year one sees the same faces at the concerts. Many music-lovers like to secure the same seats each season, but whether in the same place or not, they are sure to be seen somewhere in the hall. So marked is this feature of the concerts that for a regular habitue each appearance of the orchestra is the occasion for a reunion of familiar, friendly faces and sympathetic hearts.

Washington never knew George Henschel as a conductor. He had served three years, and had gone back to London before the orchestra came here. Mr. Gericke, his successor is well-remembered. To him can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish which the orchestra has attained. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither himself nor the orchestra, he returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvelous that it cannot be effaced. In connection with his return an interesting incident is related. Just as he was about to leave Vienna for the United States, the "Geselschaft Musikfreund" offered him its leadership, and when he declined, promised to keep the position at his disposal until he should return. The society kept its word, and Mr. Gericke, upon reaching Vienna, assumed direction. He retained the place until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting upon well-deserved laurels.

As a conductor, Mr. Gericke was noticeable for the perfection to which he brought the strings in the orchestra. Such smoothness and unanimity was a revelation in those days. It is true that this excellence seemed to be achieved at a loss of warmth and fire. The playing was like a polished crystal, beautiful to admire, but cold. In numbers where the violins, violas, and 'cellos were prominent, as in the dainty serenade by Volkman, and the Moszkowski suite, there was a finish that still lingers in the memory as a delight. The Moszkowski suite, by the way, deserves to be remembered as a record-breaker in the history of the orchestra. It was given at a concert on the afternoon of May 3, 1888, and created such a furore that it was repeated the next evening, being substituted for a Schumann symphony. This is the first, last, and only time the orchestra ever changed its programme under such circumstances.

Nikisch came next—Nikisch, the poetic, the romantic, the graceful Hungarian. He was the leader of the Stadt Theater at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing, the Boston Syphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all admit that greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's foremost orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera, and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic.

Mr. Nikisch delighted in the picturesque—such odd expressions of musical fancy, for instance, as the Peer Gynt suite by Greig. His temperament was very different from Gericke's. He exercised to the highest degree the right of tempo rubato, as the musicians call it—the privilege of giving to each work an individual interpretation. He gave to Liszt's preludes a wonderful lucidity, he imparted to the fantastic creations of Saint-Saens a weird beauty. Wagner, too, he understood and appreciated, and the evenings he gave to the compositions of that master were among the most successful in his career. He was always self-contained and self-praised—indeed, sometimes his self-consciousness was almost too assertive.

When Nikisch left the Stadt Theater in Leipsic to go to Boston he was followed by the same man who succeeded him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the very same Stadt Theater several years before. Mr. Paur is cast in a different mold from either of his predecessors, for his enthusiasm manifests itself in a most pronounced fashion whenever he takes the baton in his hand. He is catholic in his tastes, appreciative and intelligent in his reading, and a thorough musician in every sense.

It would take a column in itself to relate all that might be said interestingly of the soloists who have appeared at the concerts, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Nordica, Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Materna, Miss Mary Howe, Mme. Meilke, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Miss De Vere, Mrs. Nikisch, Mme. Bosta-Tavary, Miss Kutscherra, and Mrs. Wyman—what a world of melody these names evoke! It was Theodor Reichmann who gave a mystic sweetness to the "Evening Star" song from "Tannhauser." Georg Henschel sang the fire scene from "Die Walkure." Anton Schott and the love song from the same opera are still an inspiriting memory, and Mr. Dipple and Mr. Max Heinrich are also remembered. Carl Baerman's name recalls Beethoven's majestic Emperor Concerts, Ignace Paderewski and a dainty minuet come together in the mind. De Pachmann and Chopin are associated with each other, while Joseffy, Busoni, Sternberg, Mme. Steinbach—Jahns, Miss Aus der Ohe, Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler, Mrs. Ernst Lent, and Miss Margilies form a list of eminent pianists. On the violin we have heard Cesar Thomson, Franz Kneisel, Boeffler, Lichtenberg, and Adamowski, while the cello has found its master in Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Schulz.

There was a time, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra first came among us ten years ago, when the people of Washington had to be educated by reiterated statement into a knowledge of the marvelous excellence of the organization. Thank heaven, that time has passed. From a single concert in the spring the series has grown to a concert every month during the winter season, and in no city in the country does the orchestra find a more intelligent, appreciative, and generous welcome than is now accorded it by the Washington public.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS for the FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, at METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, OPENS NEXT TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, AT NINE A. M.

The Times
TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

The Origin of the Fine Organization That Begins Its Eleventh Season Here.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give the first concert of its eleventh season in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music Monday evening of next week, affords an encouraging example of the success that may be won by thorough artistic effort when supported by adequate financial backing. Philadelphia, it must be recalled, was the first city outside of New England visited by this organization, its first concert at the Academy being given on Saturday evening, April 10, 1886. The programme embraced the "Oberon" overture, Handel's Largo, Brahms' Hungarian dances, the Beethoven violin concerto, with Mr. Kneisel as soloist, the march from the "Lenore" symphony and the "Tannhauser" overture, with two soprano solos by Madame Fursch-Madi. The impression made at that time has been increased and the audiences have grown to be the largest in the country, not excepting Boston, though consideration must be given to the two series of twenty-four concerts each given by the orchestra at home as against five here. And Philadelphia gives this orchestra the best place for its performances in America. Its Boston patrons would be glad to enjoy the concerts in so splendid an auditorium.

The history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is worthy of attention at this time. In 1881, a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and happily possessed of ample means to carry out his impulse, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year a series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted upon and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its existence, and to-day what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride, an orchestra second to none in the world, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian, to whom it is no longer an expense but a source of profit, though Mr. Higginson has devoted its gains to its improvement. Forty-six concerts have been given in this city, fourteen under Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-two under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. On the weekly trips made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia and Brooklyn are the only two cities in which the concerts have been given in the same place from the start. In the same length of time the audience room in Baltimore has changed six times, in Washington five and in New York four.

Georg Henschel was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and retained this position for three years, and on his retirement in 1885 located in London, where he met with success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra in London, giving twelve concerts each year in St. James Hall. He is now conducting opera at Covent Garden. Mr. Henschel's successor was Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the remarkable precision and finish of the orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill that cannot be effaced. It was a compliment to Mr. Gericke that on his arrival in Vienna he at once assumed the leadership of the "Geselschaft Musikfreund," a society not unlike the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the orchestra, however, playing a much most important part. The society having offered its leadership to Mr. Gericke just as he was leaving Vienna for America, they said they would keep the offer open to him until he should return, and they kept their word. Mr. Gericke retained this position until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting on his laurels.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre, at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch must all own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with this orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinist under Mr. Gericke at the same Stadt Theatre several years before.

The list of soloists who have appeared at the concerts in this city from the beginning is a notable one. They are Lilli Lehmann, Emma Eames, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Materna, Emma Juch, Mme. Mielke, Miss De Vere, Miss Meisslinger, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mme. Basta-Tavary, Mrs. Wyman, Miss Blauvelt, Mme. Steinbach-Jahns, Miss Aus der Ohe, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, MinnieWetzler, Teresina Tua, Geraldine Morgan, Paul Kalisch, Max Heinrich, Mr. Dippel, Georg Henschel, Eugen D'Albert, Joseffy, De Pachmann, Baermann, Busoni, Grunfeld, Ysaye, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Hekking.

Madame Melba will be the soloist at the first concert this season, when the following programme will be given:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, Eroica; Haendel, Aria, "Sweet Bird;" Berlioz, Menuet des Follets and Valse des Sylphes from "La Damnation de Faust;" A. Thomas, Ophelia's Mad Scene from "Hamlet;" Wagner, Kaiser Marsch.

The list of works to be performed at subsequent concerts includes: Schumann, Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, in D major; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, first time; Beethoven, Overture, "Dedication of the House;" Humperdinck, Overture, "Hansel and Gretel," first time; Cornelius, Overture, "Barber of Bagdad;" Berlioz, Overture, "Corsair," first time; Rezniceck, Overture, "Donna Diana," first time; Godard, Suite, first time; Haendel, Largo; Mozart, Variations; Dvorak, Capriccio; Richard Strauss, Prelude and Entr'acte, "Guntram," first time; Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries.

[33]

HE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER—SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 3. 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Something About the Results of the Past Ten Seasons.

At th beginning of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city, a condensed resume of the career of this now famous organization will prove of interest.

Forty-six concerts have been given in this city, fourteen under Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-two under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. It is a noteworthy fact that on the weekly trips made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia and Brooklyn are the only two cities in which the concerts have been given in the same place from the start. In the same length of time the audience room in Baltimore has changed six time, in Washington five, and in New York four.

Mr. George Henschel was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and retained this position for three years, and on his retirement in 1885 located in London, where he met with his usual success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra in London, giving twelve concerts each year in St. James' Hall.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvelous that it cannot be effaced.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch must all own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch on leaving Boston was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as conductor of the Gewandhous concerts in Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before.

Here is a list of the soloists who have appeared at the concerts in this city from the beginning, which is indeed a notable one: Mme. Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Emma Eames, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Materna, Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Mielke, Miss De Vere, Miss Meisslinger, Mrs. George Henschel, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mme. Basta-Tavary, Mrs. Wyman, Miss Blauvelt, Mme. Steinbach-Jahns, Miss Aus der Ohe, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Miss Minnie Wetzler, Miss Teresina Tua, Miss Geraldine Morgan, Messrs. Paul Kalisch, Max Heinrich, Mr. Dippel, George Henschel, Eugen D'Albert, Mr. Joseffy, Mr. De Pachmann, Mr. Baermann, Mr. Busoni, Mr. Grunfeld, Mr. Ysaye, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Hekking.

Below is a program of the first concert for this season:

Beethoven—Symphony No. 3. . . . "Eroica"
Haendel—Aria. . . . . "Sweet Bird"
Berlioz—"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust."
A. Thomas—"Ophelia's Mad Scene" from "Hamlet."
Wagner. . . . . "Kaiser Marsch"
Soloist—Madame Melba.

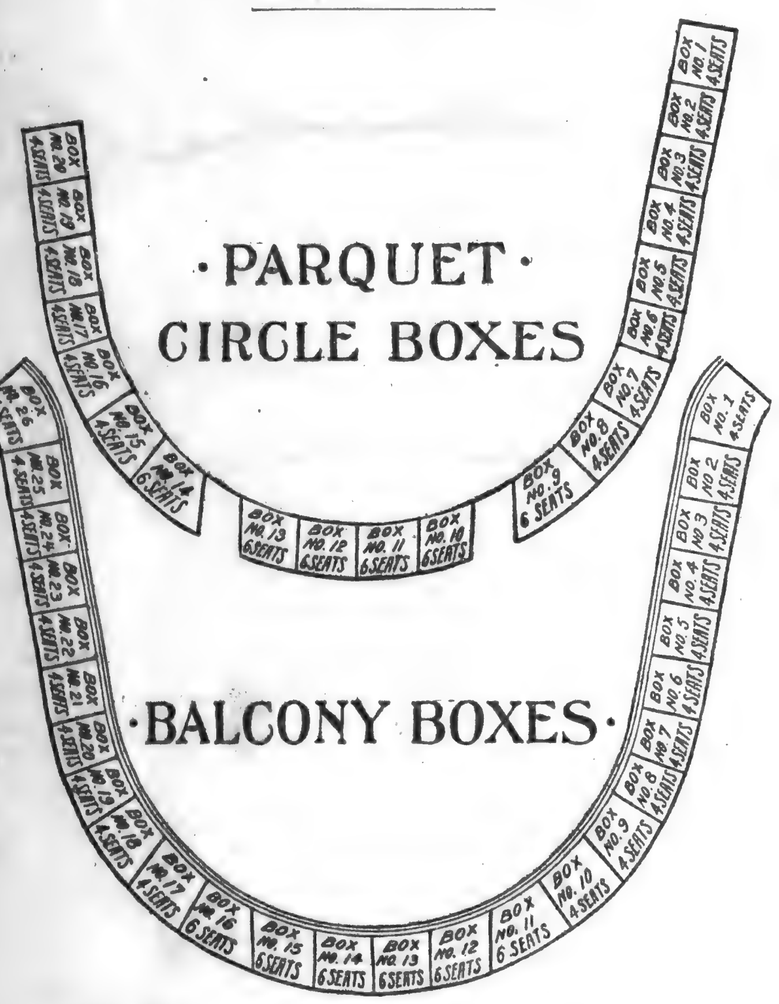
THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS for the FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS AT FISCHER'S, 1221 CHESTNUT STREET, TOMORROW (MONDAY) MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, AT NINE.

NOTE—E[illegible] be rece
noon and Night, and returns, round by round
and CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS FIGHT.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS FOR THE FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS AT FISCHER'S, 1221 CHESTNUT STREET, NEXT MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, AT NINE.

THE BOXES AT THE OPERA

Diagram of the Arrangement of Boxes at the Academy, With the Names of the Occupants for the Season.



PROSCENIUM BOXES.

No. 1. Mrs. John R. Fell.
No. 3. Mr. Anthony J. Drexel.

PARQUET CIRCLE BOXES.

1. Mrs. Charles S. Whelen.
2. Miss Christine W. Biddle.
3. Mrs. Harry C. Hart.
4. Mr. Charles H. Cramp.
5. Mr. Frank Thomson.
6. Mr. Clement A. Griscom.
7. The Misses Wheeler.
8. Mr. William W. Frazier.
9. Mr. Spencer Ervin.
10. Mr. Alfred C. Harrison.
11. Mr. Robert K. McNeely.
12. Mr. Craige Lippincott.
13. Mr. Thomas McKean.
14. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott.
15. Mr. C. Hartman Kuhn.
16. Mr. Beauveau Borie.
17. Mr. Andrew Wheeler, Jr.
18. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.
19. Mr. Edward Morrell.
20. Hon. Edwin H. Fitler.

BALCONY BOXES.

1. Mrs. Floyd H. White, Mr. Byerly Hart.
2. Mrs. Jones Wister.
3. Mr. Edgar H. Butler.
4. Mrs. John E. Newbold.
5. Mr. A. J. Antelo.
6. Mr. John Cadwalader.
7. Mr. Charles Morton Smith.
8. Mr. William M. Singerly.
9. Mr. E. T. Stotesbury.
10. Miss Chew and Mr. Richard L. Ashhurst
11. Mr. James B. Markoe.
12. Miss A. L. Wright.
13. Mr. E. C. Knight.
15. Mrs. Henry C. Gibson.
16. Mr. George H. McFadden.
17. Mr. George C. Thomas.
18. Mrs. Laura Gilpin Hoopes.
19. Mr. William H. Staake.
20. Mr. William Ellis Scull.
21. Mr. Chancellor C. English.
22. Mr. James W. Paul, Jr.
23. Mr. Frank T. Patterson.
24. Mr. Sidney F. Tyler.
25. Mr. W. B. Burr.
26. Mr. W. C. Bullitt.

[illegible] PHILADELPHIA
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

On Saturday evening, April 10, 1886, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music. The programme was as follows, with the addition of two arias by Madame Fursch-Madi:—

Overture, *Oberon*.....Weber
Largo.....Handel
Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Beethoven
Mr. Franz Kneisel, Soloist.
March from "Lenore" Symphony.....Raff
Overture, *Tannhaeuser*.....Wagner

The Orchestra was already in the fifth year of its existence and in the second year of Mr. Gericke's regime. It is a noteworthy fact that this was the first concert given by the Orchestra outside of New England, as the opening concerts in Baltimore and Washington were held in the following week. Philadelphia has given a heartier support to this organization than any other city in the country, the audiences which in the last five or six years have filled the Academy of Music to overflowing excelling in point of numbers those in any other city visited. It is also acknowledged by the Orchestra managers and members of the Band that the Academy of Music is a place par excellence for a symphony concert, and that Bostonians would be delighted were they afforded as admirable an audience-room.

At the beginning of its eleventh season in this city, opening at the Academy Monday, November 11, a brief sketch of the career of the Orchestra will prove of interest. In 1881 Mr. Higginson, a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and possessed of means ample to carry out this most commendable impulse, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted upon, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its existence, and to-day what was then a Boston enterprise has grown to be a national pride—an orchestra second to none in the world.

Forty-six concerts have been given by it in this city—fourteen under Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-two under Arthur Nikisch, and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. In the trips made by the Orchestra, Philadelphia and Brooklyn are the only two cities in which the concerts have been given in the same place from the start. In the same length of time the audience-room in Baltimore has changed six times, in Washington five, and in New York four.

Mr. George Henschel was the first conductor of the Orchestra, and retained this position for three years. His successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the precision and finish of the Orchestra. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for perfection of ensemble, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna. The third and youngest conductor of the Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with it.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also curious that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before.

Below is the programme of the first concert of the new Philadelphia season, November 11:—

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Aria, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from *La Damnation de Faust*.....
"Ophelia's Mad Scene," from *Hamlet*.....A. Thomas
"Kaiser March".....Wagner
Soloist—Madame Melba.

ILADELPHIA PRESS.
NOVEMBER 3, 1895

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Boston paid Philadelphia the compliment of sending to the latter city its favorite musical organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for its first concert outside of New England. This was now nearly ten years ago, on the evening of Saturday, April 10, 1886, and the programme was as follows: Weber, overture, "Oberon;" Aria, Mme. Fursch-Madi; Haendel, Largo; Brahms, Hungarian Dances; Beethoven, concerto for violin, Mr. Franz Kneisel; Raff, march from "Lenore" Symphony; Aria, Mme. Fursch-Madi; Wagner, overture, "Tannhauser." From that day to this the organization has grown in popularity, until to-day it is safe to say that the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia are as much a part of the musical season as in Boston. With due allowance for the greater number of concerts given in Boston the audience at the Philadelphia concerts compare most favorably with the attendance at home, and in points of numbers exceed those in any other city visited. It must be conceded to Philadelphia that the Academy of Music affords the very finest audience room in this country for a symphony concert, and Bostonians to-day are longing for an equally attractive auditorium. The feature of the first concert of the eleventh season on Monday night a week will be Madame Melba.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS for the FIVE CONCERTS BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OPENS AT FISCHER'S, 1221 CHESTNUT STREET, TOMORROW (MONDAY) MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, AT NINE.

[34]

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1895.

A BIT OF MUSICAL HISTORY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Concerts in This City.

FIRST HEARD HERE TEN YEARS AGO

Something About the Formation, Direction and Achievements of a Famous Organization.

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra was listened to through a most enjoyable concert with wondering delight. We hope it will visit us soon again." This was the hearty welcome extended to the Boston Symphony Orchestra by The North American after its first concert in Philadelphia on Saturday evening, April 10, 1886, and it is safe to say that not once during the ten years that this organization has visited Philadelphia has this welcome been repeated. Philadelphia compares more favorably with Boston than any other city in the United States in the generous support given to these concerts. In the last five years crowded houses have been the rule rather than the exception, and Bostonians envy the Philadelphia patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra their Academy of Music, which is the audience room par excellence in this country for symphony concerts.

At the beginning of the eleventh season in this city a brief sketch of the career of the orchestra, which was already in its fifth year when it made its debut here, will prove of interest. In 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give

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Aria.....Mme. Fursch-Madi
Largo.....Haendel
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Concerto for Violin.....Beethoven
Mr. Franz Kneisel.
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Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during

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RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

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MME. MELBA.

[35]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1895.

* * *

The program of the third Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony, Harold in Italy.....Berlioz
Viola solo, Mr. Kneisel.
Dream Pantomime, Hänsel and Gretel.....Humperdinck
First time.
Fantasia, Francesca da Rimini.....Tschaikowsky
First time.
Overture, Sakuntala.....Goldmark

As I wrote you last week the fantasia by Tschaikowsky was first played here December 31, 1891, by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Listemann.

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This fantasia of Tschaikowsky does not seem to be the equal of Romeo and Juliet or Hamlet. I think it preceded them, as well as Manfred, in date of composition. It shows more or less a constant desire to experiment in orchestral effects. There are wondrous bits of tone painting, as in the depictment of the black air that castigates the carnal malefactors: Semiramis and Dido; Helen and Cleopatra; Tristan and Paris; "dames of eld and cavaliers." There is occasionally a gigantic, overwhelming moment; but there is much detail of little interest; there is the suspicion of padding; and the love episode is remarkable neither for sensuousness nor for heroic passion. This episode becomes almost a theme and variations:

> As turtle doves, called onward by desire,
> With open and steady wings to the sweet nest
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This is clearly and sanely painted, but the continual chirping and cooing of the flutes becomes tiresome. How infinitely superior in its superb and noble sensuousness is the love theme in Romeo and Juliet! How higher the flights of imagination in Hamlet! And yet disappointing as is this work as a whole, there are pages that reveal the individuality of a rare genius.

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The performance of the orchestra was brilliant throughout the evening. The Harold Symphony was admirably given. Mr. Kneisel was in his happiest mood. One was not obliged to ask, with Byron:

> But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
> The being who upheld it through the past?
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When one reflects on the fact that Harold was first produced in 1834, several years before Rienzi saw the footlights, he marvels at the genius of Berlioz in orchestral invention. What Saint-Saëns said of the history of his feeling toward Schumann's piano quintet is true when applied to many students of Berlioz. At first they admire frenetically; later they question, they listen to the charges of "melodic poverty," "lack of thematic development," "dazzling tricks" and are half persuaded to underrate the colossal works; yet after hearing often the music of those who lean so heavily on his shoulders, they again marvel at the fiery, romantic genius of the eagle beaked Frenchman. The last time I heard Harold, it seemed something of a bore; last night I reproached myself for having entertained and expressed the thought. In comparison with the gropings and the occasional lucky discoveries of Tschaikowsky, the thick splendor of Humperdinck, the sultry Orientalism of Goldmark, the music of Berlioz stood out in clear and bold relief. Each instrument, even in the stormiest passage, was to be distinguished. What effects gained by simple means, as in the march, and in the weird reminiscence of the march that occurs in the coda of the Orgy!

The program of the concert this week will include entracte Guntrum, R. Strauss; concerto for piano, Raff; symphony No. 9, Mozart; overture, Dedication of the House, Beethoven.

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I spoke two weeks ago of an acute attack of heterophemy that had attacked Mr. Apthorp. It would appear that he now suffers from a second attack, for in the program book of the third concert he says: "The work (Harold) was first given in public at the Conservatoire in Paris on November 23, 1834. * * * Paganini was present at the first performance; he expressed his delight with the work by sending Berlioz a check for 20,000 frs."

Now, these are the facts: Paganini was not present at the first performance. He did hear Berlioz's Symphonic Fantastique December 22, 1833. But he did not hear the Harold Symphony before December 16, 1838, when it was played with the Fantastique at a concert conducted by Berlioz at the Conservatory. Then Paganini and his son, Achille, appeared at the orchestra door. The next day Achille brought Berlioz a letter, in which Paganini asked him to hand an inclosed note to Rothschild.

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I hope that the heterophemy will yield to heroic treatment. If it should become chronic we may have this season the unhappy spectacle of Mr. Apthorp finding fault with some choral performance conducted by Mr. Lang, or admitting gladly that he sees clearly into Mr. MacDowell's suite, whereas on the 28th ult. he remarked in his cockiest manner: "We own to not understanding this suite of his in the least."

Of course any such spectacle as this would shake Boston to its very foundations.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10, 1895.

Fourth of This Season's Symphony Concerts.

The usual large audience crowded Music hall last evening and gave cordial evidence of thoroughly enjoying the program arranged by conductor Paur for the fourth of this season's symphony concerts. The selections consisted of the preludes to the first and second acts of the opera "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, concerto for pianoforte in C minor by Joachim Raff, the "Parisian" symphony in D major by Mozart, and the "Consecration of the House," overture by Beethoven.

Mr. Carl Faelton was the soloist, and he naturally received a very hearty greeting, for he is one of the ablest and most popular of local pianists. He is generally heard once during each season with the symphony orchestra, and his appearance is eagerly awaited by his numerous admirers. Particularly gratifying is this annual performance to the students of the N. E. conservatory of music, of which Mr Faelton is principal, and there was a notably large attendance of students at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and last night's concert.

Mr Faelton's refinement of style and highly developed techniuqe were admirably displayed yesterday. His interpretation of Raff's interesting, but excessively elaborated concerto, was a finished and scholarly performance. It was the second time that he had played this work with the symphony orchestra, and it proved a very acceptable selection to the audience.

The andante is rather the most interesting of the three movements, and Mr Faelton played it with exceeding grace and delicacy of expression. The brilliant finale, allegro, was interpreted with splendid spirit and facility of execution. He was repeatedly recalled after the performance.

The preludes to the Strauss opera, "Guntram" were played here for the first time. The opera was produced at Weimer in 1894, and is the last important composition by the Viennese composer. The motive of the work is that the power of song is more potent than that of the sword, and the prelude to the first act is intended to portray divine love and exalted compassion, expressed in the pleading and caressing melody of song. The themes are simple, but are elaborately developed and ornamented with sugary effects. Certain passages are extremely beautiful, and they were interpreted with exquisite effect by the orchestra. The only adverse criticism to be made is that so much simple sweetness is likely to become monotonous. The prelude to the second act, the triumph of song, is more spirited and diversified. The work is elaborately scored for full modern orchestra. It was given a brilliant performance under Mr Paur's direction.

Mozart's delightful symphony was played with superb effect, probably better than ever before by the Boston orchestra. Beethoven's grand and impressive overture, "Consecration of the House," was intelligently and effectively interpreted by the orchestra.

There will be no symphony concert this week. For Nov 23 the program will be: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Monologue from "Die Goetterdaemmerung;" Scotch symphony, Mendlessohn; Tragic overture, Brahms. Soloist, Miss Marie Brema.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The novelty of the Symphony concert last night was the first hearing of the preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss. It was very well received, in fact better than any of the better known and proven numbers of the attractive programme.

"Guntram" is founded upon an order of knights banded to fight for the cross and brotherly love by word and song, the movement of the first prelude expressing the uplifted calm of unity in the faith with appealing harmony in its evenness, and the second prelude presents the festival of victory, full of the spirit of triumph. Both of the numbers are unbound by technical orchestration and commonplace developments, but there is a reminder of Wagner at his loudest in the song of triumph, and one is reminded that the injunction is being obeyed to "shout aloud the good news to all nations." But there was contained in it a brilliance and spirit that proved contagious to the audience.

Carl Faelten, the soloist, played with admirable finish Joachim Raff's concerto for pianoforte in C minor, and the accompaniment of the orchestra was highly pleasing; indeed, it is to be noticed that the orchestra this season seems to enter more into the spirit of their work and play in better time than for many years. Mozart's "Parisian" symphony in D major and Beethoven's overture, "Consecration of the House," filled out the programme and were heartily applauded for the fineness of their presentation as much as their intrinsic worth. There will be no rehearsal and concert next week.

The North American.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1895.

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SUNDAY, NOV. 10, 1895.

Fourth of This Season's Symphony Concerts.

The usual large audience crowded Music hall last evening and gave cordial evidence of thoroughly enjoying the program arranged by conductor Paur for the fourth of this season's symphony concerts. The selections consisted of the preludes to the first and second acts of the opera "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, concerto for pianoforte in C minor by Joachim Raff, the "Parisian" symphony in D major by Mozart, and the "Consecration of the House," overture by Beethoven.

Mr Carl Faelton was the soloist, and he naturally received a very hearty greeting, for he is one of the ablest and most popular of local pianists. He is generally heard once during each season with the symphony orchestra, and his appearance is eagerly awaited by his numerous admirers. Particularly gratifying is this annual performance to the students of the N. E. conservatory of music, of which Mr Faelton is principal, and there was a notably large attendance of students at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and last night's concert.

Mr Faelton's refinement of style and highly developed techniuqe were admirably displayed yesterday. His interpretation of Raff's interesting, but excessively elaborated concerto, was a finished and scholarly performance. It was the second time that he had played this work with the symphony orchestra, and it proved a very acceptable selection to the audience.

The andante is rather the most interesting of the three movements, and Mr Faelton played it with exceeding grace and delicacy of expression. The brilliant finale, allegro, was interpreted with splendid spirit and facility of execution. He was repeatedly recalled after the performance.

The preludes to the Strauss opera, "Guntram" were played here for the first time. The opera was produced at Weimer in 1894, and is the last important composition by the Viennese composer. The motive of the work is that the power of song is more potent than that of the sword, and the prelude to the first act is intended to portray divine love and exalted compassion, expressed in the pleading and caressing melody of song. The themes are simple, but are elaborately developed and ornamented with sugary effects. Certain passages are extremely beautiful, and they were interpreted with exquisite effect by the orchestra. The only adverse criticism to be made is that so much simple sweetness is likely to become monotonous. The prelude to the second act, the triumph of song, is more spirited and diversified. The work is elaborately scored for full modern orchestra. It was given a brilliant performance under Mr Paur's direction.

Mozart's delightful symphony was played with superb effect, probably better than ever before by the Boston orchestra. Beethoven's grand and impressive overture, "Consecration of the House," was intelligently and effectively interpreted by the orchestra.

There will be no symphony concert this week. For Nov 23 the program will be: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Monologue from "Die Goetterdaemmerung;" Scotch symphony, Mendlessohn; Tragic overture, Brahms. Soloist, Miss Marie Brema.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The novelty of the Symphony concert last night was the first hearing of the preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss. It was very well received, in fact better than any of the better known and proven numbers of the attractive programme.

"Guntram" is founded upon an order of knights banded to fight for the cross and brotherly love by word and song, the movement of the first prelude expressing the uplifted calm of unity in the faith with appealing harmony in its evenness, and the second prelude presents the festival of victory, full of the spirit of triumph. Both of the numbers are unbound by technical orchestration and commonplace developments, but there is a reminder of Wagner at his loudest in the song of triumph, and one is reminded that the injunction is being obeyed to "Shout aloud the good news to all nations." But there was contained in it a brilliance and spirit that proved contagious to the audience.

Carl Faelten, the soloist, played with admirable finish Joachim Raff's concerto for pianoforte in C minor, and the accompaniment of the orchestra was highly pleasing; indeed, it is to be noticed that the orchestra this season seems to enter more into the spirit of their work and play in better time than for many years. Mozart's "Parisian" symphony in D major and Beethoven's overture, "Consecration of the House," filled out the programme and were heartily applauded for the fineness of their presentation as much as their intrinsic worth. There will be no rehearsal and concert next week.

NOVEMBER [illegible], 1895

NINE YEARS OF CONCERT.

BROOKLYN RECORD OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

This Great Musical Aggregation Will Come Again Before Long With Emil Paur at Its Head—Some of the Selections to Be Played.

The announcement of the sale of seats for the first concert in Brooklyn this season by the Boston Symphony orchestra affords an opportunity to recall the first appearance of this now famous organization in this city nine years ago.

In 1881 a music loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessed of means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted upon, and the Boston Symphony orchestra began its existence, and to-day what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride—an orchestra second to none in the world, whose name and fame are known in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all of the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music loving Bostonian.

The Boston Symphony orchestra was already in its seventh season at the date of its first concert in Brooklyn, on the evening of December 12, 1887, and Wilhelm Gericke was in the fourth year of his reign as conductor. The soloist was *Miss* Gertrude Edmands, a Boston contralto, and the programme was as follows:

Overture—"Der Freyschutz" .....Weber
Aria—"The Dawn Still Lingers".....Bruch
Prelude—Adagio and gavotte for strings,
Bach-Baohrich
Funeral march.....Schubert-Liszt
Song—"The Old Song".....Grieg
Song—"The Young Nun".....Schubert
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Beethoven

With the exception of the two seasons of 1889-90 and 1890-91, the Boston Symphony orchestra has given concerts in Brooklyn every year since its first appearance. In the seven years that this organization has visited Brooklyn it has given a total of forty concerts, or to be more exact, nineteen public rehearsals and twenty-one concerts. Of these, two were under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke, twenty under Arthur Nikisch and eighteen under the present conductor, Emil Paur. Since 1892 the concerts have been given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic society. A list of the soloists who have appeared at these concerts is appended: Mme. Eames, Mme. Nordica, Miss Juch, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mme Materna, Miss Edmands, Mrs. Nikisch, Miss Desvignes, Miss Aus der Ohe, Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler, Miss Wetzler, Georg Henschel Max Heinrich, M. Paderewski, M. D'Albert, Mr. Stavenhagen, M. Scharwenka, Mr. Busoni, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Schroeder, Mr. Schulz.

Before mentioning a few interesting facts as to the careers of the various conductors, it seems only just to recall the excellent opportunities Brooklyn has enjoyed to hear the best orchestras in this country under the direction of the ablest conductors. Theodore Thomas, who more than any other one man in this country created a love of and desire for the best in music; Anton Seidl, who has for the past six years given his best energies to a most excellent series of concerts; Walter Damrosch, the talented son of a distinguished father, must not be forgotten in a resume of the past.

Georg Henschel was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and retained this position for three years, and on his retirement in 1885, located in London, where he met with his usual success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra in London, giving twelve concerts each year in St. James' hall.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvelous that it cannot be effaced. It was indeed a gracious compliment to Mr. Gericke that on his arrival in Vienna he at once assumed the leadership of the Gesselschaft Musikfreund, a society not unlike the Handel and Haydn society, in Boston, the orchestra, however, playing a much more important part. The above society having offered the leadership to Mr. Gericke just as he was leaving Vienna for America, they said they would keep the offer open to him until he should return, and they kept their word. Mr. Gericke retained this position until last season, a period of six years, and is at present resting on his well deserved laurels.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt theater at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke's. One thing the Boston Symphony orchestra has always done for its conductors, it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch must all own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal opera, and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt theater in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the present leader, Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt theater several years before.

Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season and below will be found a summary of works he has promised the patrons of the Brooklyn concerts, a list of the soloists and a programme of the first concert.

[illegible] "Rienzi" .....Wagner
[illegible] "Meistersinger," act III.....Wagner
[illegible] "Tannhauser," act III.....Wagner
[illegible] "Feerie" and "Valse des [illegible]
[illegible] from "La Damnation de [illegible]
.....Berlioz
[illegible] "Carlo Broschi".....Auber

The above programme will be interspersed with solo numbers by Mme. Melba, Mme. [illegible], M. D'Aubigne and Signor Campanari, to be announced later. The following artists will also appear during the series: Mme. Vera-Saplo, Mme. Blauvelt, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Joseffy, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Schroeder and others. The [illegible] will be performed [illegible]

SUNDAY HERALD.
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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two Interesting Novelties Presented Last Night.

Selections from Richard Strauss Heard Here for First Time—Both in Most Extreme Modern German Vein—Wild Vagaries of the Modern School—Brilliant Orchestral Playing.

The programme for the concert last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was:

Preludes to acts 1 and 2 of "Guntram"..
R. Strauss
Concerto, C minor, for pianoforte.....Raff
Symphony No. 39, "Parisian".....Mozart
Overture, "Consecration of the House"...
Beethoven

The soloist was Mr. Carl Faelten. The selections from Richard Strauss were heard here for the first time. Both are in the extremest modern German vein; in other words, there is a lavish affluence of orchestration and a barren poverty of ideas. The composer has avoided, studiously or otherwise, anything resembling what is generally understood as melody. There are brief themes, having no discoverable connection with each other and presented under a multitude of aspects in regard to tone color. Beyond this there is little that impresses itself on the mind except chaotic emptiness and bewildering noise. Strauss is generally claimed as a follower of the Wagner school, but he carries the Wogner method into the wildly grotesque, especially in orchestration. He seems to revel in causing ugly harmonies to break unexpectedly on the ear. He is unquestionably a master of instrumentation, but that is now a common crime, the indulgence in which enables even mediocrities to give a certain lurid pomp to their commonplaces in the sunburst of glowing tone color in which they envelop them. These preludes mean nothing and tell nothing distinctly. The prelude to act 1 meanders on its way with a vaguely voluptuous pretentiousness, but it is little else than musical sawdust served up with a rich and highly seasoned dressing. It might be considered as an effort to prove the truth of the French saying that it is the sauce which makes the fish, only that it is all sauce and no fish; unsubstantial froth, provocative of mental biliousness and indigestion generally.

The scoring is wonderfully ingenious and effective, even masterly in its originality and the knowledge it displays of all the resources of the modern orchestra, but otherwise it suggests the heathen raging and imagining a vain thing. This movement, however, is even tamely mild in its extravagances compared with the prelude to act 2. This opens with a lively theme that is abundant in promise of something better. It even takes on the aspect of a tune, but after a few bars its playfulness assumes a leviathan ponderousness; the lightness of an elephant in silk stockings disporting itself on a tight rope. Now and then the music becomes a miracle of cacophony; the bass drum rages, the tuba bellows, the trombones roar and the cymbals scream, the whole in grotesque savagery and suggesting the crack of doom. This is not music, but the raving of a mad degenerate. The gloomy essay in the programme book on "The Model System" became almost cheering and blithesome by comparison. The score makes the most exacting demands on the virtuosity of the players, but they were brilliantly met, and the performance was interesting, if the music was not. It was well, nevertheless, that an opportunity was given to hear these compositions, for they are much talked of in Germany, and their production here was useful in keeping the musical public in touch with contemporary art as illustrated by the more famous composers of the day.

The Mozart symphony, with its clearness, its tunefulness, its artistic use of a means to a distinctly defined end, came as a welcome relief after all of this noise, vagueness and confusion. It was beautifully and sympathetically read by Mr. Paur, and delightfully played. The Beethoven overture, far from the best of the master's work in its order, also received a thoroughly fine interpretation.

The Raff concerto, despite some fine moments, is largely made up of bombast, and has a plentiful share of commonplace, not to say vulgarity. Its treatment in the orchestra is always interesting, and the solo part offers every opportunity for the performer to manifest his skill. Mr. Faelten played it with virility and unflagging energy, and his technique was clear and flexible and able. Something less of steadily maintained vigor would have given greater variety of light and shade to his performance, but he was heartily applauded and twice recalled.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner; "Scotch" symphony, Mendelssohn; songs; tragic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Marie Bremer.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Excerpts From the "Guntram" of Strauss.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram"
Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Concerto for piano, C minor, op. 185...Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, "Parisian"
Mozart
Overture, "Consecration of the House"
Beethoven

The program book stated that "Guntram, opera in three acts, the text and music by Richard Strauss, was first brought out at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar, in 1894." The statement is incorrect. The opera was first brought out at the Weimar Opera House, May 10, 1894. The Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894 was May 31-June 6.

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Inasmuch as "Guntram" is unknown to us, we are obliged to listen to these preludes as though they were absolute music, without a definite purpose; as the inducing of a mood, a preparation for the dramatic action that follows, or, in the case of the second prelude, a contrast, or an explanation, or an announcement like the "20 years are supposed to elapse, etc.," so dear to writers of melodrama. The music, no doubt, suffers in consequence.

Yet is the first of these preludes—it was played in Chicago by Thomas's Orchestra Nov. 2—full of suggestion. Given the word Guntram and this prelude; here is a problem to be worked out by each hearer, and without doubt there are many wildly differing answers.

To you, madam, it may have suggested a cathedral. To you, a philosopher, it may have suggested infinity. To a third, something rumbling and vaguely agreeable. To me it was all white, mystic, wonderful. However you may regard its purpose or its meaning, you must admit the beauty, the spirituality, the freedom from earthly dross. It is easy to look wise, to say now "Lohengrin," and again "Tristan," and yet again "Parsifal," but there is much in the prelude that is Richard Strauss. Do you object to the synchronism in one passage of two decided tonalities? Is there not thereby a genuine effect? This is not simply a striving after the bizarre. Strauss wanted that particular effect; he got it; and I would not exchange for it the whole of the symphony by Mozart, with the overture by Beethoven thrown in. This young man, for Strauss is only 31, has written music that commands respect as well as music that is perplexing or disheartening in its pessimism, as the Don Juan fantasie, in which our old friend from Spain is sophisticated and deeply versed in Schopenhauer. But I do not remember anything by him that gives such assurance of his serene mastery of a subject as the prelude played last night, all white, mystic, wonderful.

The prelude to act two is "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court." Here we have Strauss, the student of Berlioz. But Berlioz in tumultuous joy, in orchestral jamborees, is a hard man to imitate, for he is always distinct in the height of his frenzy. Twist the rhythm as Strauss will, shock by sudden contrasts, set off blue lights and rockets and pin-wheels and cannon crackers -when the whole show is over, and there remains stunned ears, aching eyes, lame legs, the smell of powder and burnt paper, there is the one final opinion: "After all, Berlioz gave us a better show." Yet, in its proper place, this orchestral hurrah may serve its purpose.

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Bülow never showed more clearly his devotion to Raff than when he insisted on playing his piano-concerto. The Raff of the greater symphonies is one man, a romantic creature, with a mastery of counterpoint and moments of genuine inspiration and gorgeous expression. The Raff of the piano-pieces is for the most part a contriver of pot-boilers, with a mastery of counterpoint and an eye to cheap applause. This concerto, we are told by some learned German, is a masterpiece because—because, forsooth, "in each movement all the subjects are in double counterpoint with one another." This may be so: it does not prevent the work from being intrinsically vulgar. I know of hardly anything more pathetic in the history of music than the necessity of Raff. Here was a man of fine thought, of acknowledged skill, of pure, romantic spirit, obliged to write for publishers and public that he might eat and clothe himself and have a place to sleep in. The pity of it, that such a man should write such a concerto, with its boarding-school prettiness, and its circus finale.

Mr. Faelten's performance of it was no doubt as good as it deserved. He was conscientious and careful and always respectable. There was never any exhibition of the overwhelming artistry that sometimes glorifies that which is commonplace and redeems that which is inherently vulgar.

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Mozart's symphony in D pleased the Parisians of 1778. But that was over a century ago. In this work there are few traces of the smile of Mozart, the smile that suggests the tear. I doubt if Mr. Paur would play it today, or if anybody would listen to it respectfully and patiently, if it did not bear Mozart's name.

Nor is the Beethoven overture a mighty joy. Who cares for Beethoven when he wrote "in the style of Handel?" It is when we listen to his music written in the style of Beethoven that we bow the knee.

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The people of Chicago last evening had an opportunity of hearing Thomas's Orchestra in this program:

Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"..Tschaikowsky
Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides" (first time).....Cesar Franck
Scherzo, "Queen Mab," "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
Ball Scene, "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz

How long will it be before we hear in Boston the orchestral works of César Franck, one of the greatest composers of the last 50 years?

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10, 1895.

Changing his programme considerably from what was announced last week, Mr. Paur began his fourth concert with its only novelty, which was composed of the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss's recent opera, "The Fighters for Love," first staged at the Royal Opera House in Munich in April last. The work takes its name from that of a company of religionists who banded themselves in the thirteenth century in the hope that the spread of the gospel of Brotherly Love might be hastened and strengthened by the influence of music upon the people. The first prelude seems to aim at expressing the gradual assembly of the votaries of the new faith, their sturdy and active concentration in energetic purpose and their calmer, sweeter assertion of principle and purpose in order to conquer by persuasion. For the movement opens with a pleasant phrase which, drifting in from various voices in slighly modified forms, becomes at last the nucleus of a great harmonic concentration, which is followed in its turn by a stressful episode that is gradually resolved into new quietude of fullness. The second prelude is entitled "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court," and quite lives up to its denotement. Of all the followers of Wagner, this Strauss is in many respects the best; for he has ideas of his own, his heart beats high and hard and he has a spirit far beyond mere imitation. The first bars of the leading prelude suggested at once the mood of "Parsifal;" but in another instant one met the pure, clear, individual melody descending toward him and the master was thenceforth only traceable as an influence. In both preludes an almost extreme orchestration is used—two pairs of kettle drums, bass-clarinet, double bassoon, bass drum, snare-drum, cymbals and tamborine; but somehow, even at the height of heights, this instrumentation sounds softer, gentler and less elephantine than the more formally developed climaxes of Wagner, who often overbears us by sheer weight of metal rather than by growth of harmonious tonality. The two pieces were found interesting and evidently much enjoyed, pleasure being heightened by their reasonable brevity, their eminent contrasts and their appropriate performance.

Mr. Carl Faelten then played from Raff the G-minor concerto for pianoforte, opus 185. After the exceeding richness and depth of the Strauss extracts,—the former of which, by the way, was especially full and noble in its wind combinations,—Raff actually seemed thin and pallid; but after a little the excited ear began to accustom itself to the cooler, more simple style and followed Mr. Faelten with great pleasure, the greatest part of which was due to the smooth, song-like andante and the bright, stirring speed of the finale. Mr. Faelten is one of our best pianists in technical equipment, and he is the most nervously energetic and enthusiastic of all, his eager disposition sometimes tempting him to go too far in force and haste. He was in fine vein and displayed to particular advantage the rapidity and distinctness of his finger work and his breadth of emphatic phrasing. The orchestra supported him well, although in the coda it seemed now and then as if he wanted to hurry them into some fitful despatch of single passages.

Mr. Paur next placed Mozart's symphony in D-major, number 39, often known as the "Parisian," because he wrote and first gave it in that city about the middle of 1772. Its three movements (for it has no scherzo) brought the young composer high praise, because their thoughts had novelty as well as beauty of form, but Mozart saw how he could better his work, and so rewrote the andante into the shape it bears today. It is not long, but it is all compacted of beauties and daintiness—not a great work, but one instinct with joy, hope and gayety, even in its calmer moments, which is better far than scolasticism or philosophy for the listener's spirit. It was charmingly played.

A good, broad, dignified rendering of Beethoven's "Dedicating of the House" overture, which always seems more respectable than loveable, ended the concert.

The eccentric programme-book continued its dreary, dull drawl about the history of the "modal system," with pages of pedantic talk anent "authentic," "plagal," "hypomixo" and other modes, gave five pages of personal chatter about opera librettos, bestowed three pages upon the familiar Beethoven overture and said not one word about the piano-forte concerto or its player!

The next concert—a fortnight hence—will be thus ordered: Weber, Overture, "Oberon;" Wagner, Monologue from "Die Goetterdaemmerung;" Mendelssohn, Scotch Symphony;" Songs; Brahms, Tragic Overture. Soloist, Miss Marie Brema.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

[36]

EAGLE-SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 3, 18

NINE YEARS OF CONCERT.

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Prelude—"Tannhauser" act III.....Wagner
Prelude—"Lohengrin," act III.....Wagner
"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust" .....Berlioz
Overture—"Carlo Broschi".....Auber

The above programme will be interspersed with solo numbers by Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, M. D'Aubigne and Signor Campanari, to be announced later. The following soloists will also appear during the series: Mme. De Vere-Saplo, Mme. Blauvelt, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Joseffy, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Schroeder and others. The following works will be performed:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Brahms
Symphony in C major.....Schubert
Symphony.....Haydn
Overture—"Corsair" (first time).....Berlioz
Overture—"Donna Diana" (first time).....Reznicek
Overture.....Handel
Overture.....Mozart
Prelude—"Guntram" (first time)
Richard Strauss
Overture.....Wagner
Symphony (new).....Goldmark
Overture.....Berlioz
Symphony.....Haydn
Symphony.....Tschaikowsky
Overture.....Weber

Miss [illegible], who is the star attraction at the opening concert, has met with success with her concert company. Miss [illegible] has been playing [illegible] Miss Melba has [illegible] Miss Davies [illegible] and Mme. Campanari and D'Au[illegible]

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two Interesting Novelties Presented Last Night.

Selections from Richard Strauss Heard Here for First Time—Both in Most Extreme Modern German Vein—Wild Vagaries of the Modern School—Brilliant Orchestral Playing.

The programme for the concert last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was:

Preludes to acts 1 and 2 of "Guntram"..
R. Strauss
Concerto, C minor, for pianoforte.....Raff
Symphony No. 39, "Parisian".....Mozart
Overture, "Consecration of the House"...
Beethoven

The soloist was Mr. Carl Faelten. The selections from Richard Strauss were heard here for the first time. Both are in the extremest modern German vein; in other words, there is a lavish affluence of orchestration and a barren poverty of ideas. The composer has avoided, studiously or otherwise, anything resembling what is generally understood as melody. There are brief themes, having no discoverable connection with each other and presented under a multitude of aspects in regard to tone color. Beyond this there is little that impresses itself on the mind except chaotic emptiness and bewildering noise. Strauss is generally claimed as a follower of the Wagner school, but he carries the Wogner method into the wildly grotesque, especially in orchestration. He seems to revel in causing ugly harmonies to break unexpectedly on the ear. He is unquestionably a master of instrumentation, but that is now a common crime, the indulgence in which enables even mediocrities to give a certain lurid pomp to their commonplaces in the sunburst of glowing tone color in which they envelop them. These preludes mean nothing and tell nothing distinctly. The prelude to act 1 meanders on its way with a vaguely voluptuous pretentiousness, but it is little else than musical sawdust served up with a rich and highly seasoned dressing. It might be considered as an effort to prove the truth of the French saying that it is the sauce which makes the fish, only that it is all sauce and no fish; unsubstantial froth, provocative of mental biliousness and indigestion generally.

The scoring is wonderfully ingenious and effective, even masterly in its originality and the knowledge it displays of all the resources of the modern orchestra, but otherwise it suggests the heathen raging and imagining a vain thing. This movement, however, is even tamely mild in its extravagances compared with the prelude to act 2. This opens with a lively theme that is abundant in promise of something better. It even takes on the aspect of a tune, but after a few bars its playfulness assumes a leviathan ponderousness; the lightness of an elephant in silk stockings disporting itself on a tight rope. Now and then the music becomes a miracle of cacophony; the bass drum rages, the tuba bellows, the trombones roar and the cymbals scream, the whole in grotesque savagery and suggesting the crack of doom. This is not music, but the raving of a mad degenerate. The gloomy essay in the programme book on "The Model System" became almost cheering and blithesome by comparison. The score makes the most exacting demands on the virtuosity of the players, but they were brilliantly met, and the performance was interesting, if the music was not. It was well, nevertheless, that an opportunity was given to hear these compositions, for they are much talked of in Germany, and their production here was useful in keeping the musical public in touch with contemporary art as illustrated by the more famous composers of the day.

The Mozart symphony, with its clearness, its tunefulness, its artistic use of a means to a distinctly defined end, came as a welcome relief after all of this noise, vagueness and confusion. It was beautifully and sympathetically read by Mr. Paur, and delightfully played. The Beethoven overture, far from the best of the master's work in its order, also received a thoroughly fine interpretation.

The Raff concerto, despite some fine moments, is largely made up of bombast, and has a plentiful share of commonplace, not to say vulgarity. Its treatment in the orchestra is always interesting, and the solo part offers every opportunity for the performer to manifest his skill. Mr. Faelten played it with virility and unflagging energy, and his technique was clear and flexible and able. Something less of steadily maintained vigor would have given greater variety of light and shade to his performance, but he was heartily applauded and twice recalled.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner; "Scotch" symphony, Mendelssohn; songs; tragic overture Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Marie Bremer.

Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

Excerpts From the "Guntram" of Strauss.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram"
Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Concerto for piano, C minor, op. 185....Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, "Parisian"
Mozart
Overture, "Consecration of the House"
Beethoven

The program book stated that "Guntram, opera in three acts, the text and music by Richard Strauss, was first brought out at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar, in 1894." The statement is incorrect. The opera was first brought out at the Weimar Opera House, May 10, 1894. The Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894 was May 31-June 6.

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Inasmuch as "Guntram" is unknown to us, we are obliged to listen to these preludes as though they were absolute music, without a definite purpose; as the inducing of a mood, a preparation for the dramatic action that follows, or, in the case of the second prelude, a contrast, or an explanation, or an announcement like the "20 years are supposed to elapse, etc.," so dear to writers of melodrama. The music, no doubt, suffers in consequence.

Yet is the first of these preludes—it was played in Chicago by Thomas's Orchestra Nov. 2—full of suggestion. Given the word Guntram and this prelude: here is a problem to be worked out by each hearer, and without doubt there are many wildly differing answers.

To you, madam, it may have suggested a cathedral. To you, a philosopher, it may have suggested infinity. To a third, something rumbling and vaguely agreeable. To me it was all white, mystic, wonderful. However you may regard its purpose or its meaning, you must admit the beauty, the spirituality, the freedom from earthly dross. It is easy to look wise, to say now "Lohengrin," and again "Tristan," and yet again "Parsifal," but there is much in the prelude that is Richard Strauss. Do you object to the synchronism in one passage of two decided tonalities? Is there not thereby a genuine effect? This is not simply a striving after the bizarre. Strauss wanted that particular effect; he got it; and I would not exchange for it the whole of the symphony by Mozart, with the overture by Beethoven thrown in. This young man, for Strauss is only 31, has written music that commands respect as well as music that is perplexing or disheartening in its pessimism, as the Don Juan fantasie, in which our old friend from Spain is sophisticated and deeply versed in Schopenhauer. But I do not remember anything by him that gives such assurance of his serene mastery of a subject as the prelude played last night, all white, mystic, wonderful.

The prelude to act two is "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court." Here we have Strauss, the student of Berlioz. But Berlioz in tumultuous joy, in orchestral jamborees, is a hard man to imitate, for he is always distinct in the height of his frenzy. Twist the rhythm as Strauss will, shock by sudden contrasts, set off blue lights and rockets and pin-wheels and cannon crackers -when the whole show is over, and there remains stunned ears, aching eyes, lame legs, the smell of powder and burnt paper, there is the one final opinion: "After all, Berlioz gave us a better show." Yet, in its proper place, this orchestral hurrah may serve its purpose.

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Bülow never showed more clearly his devotion to Raff than when he insisted on playing his piano-concerto. The Raff of the greater symphonies is one man, a romantic creature, with a mastery of counterpoint and moments of genuine inspiration and gorgeous expression. The Raff of the piano-pieces is for the most part a contriver of pot-boilers, with a mastery of counterpoint and an eye to cheap applause. This concerto we are told by some learned German, is a masterpiece because—because, forsooth, "in each movement all the subjects are in double counterpoint with one another." This may be so: it does not prevent the work from being intrinsically vulgar. I know of hardly anything more pathetic in the history of music than the necessity of Raff. Here was a man of fine thought, of acknowledged skill, of pure, romantic spirit, obliged to write for publishers and public that he might eat and clothe himself and have a place to sleep in. The pity of it, that such a man should write such a concerto, with its boarding-school prettiness, and its circus finale.

Mr. Faelten's performance of it was no doubt as good as it deserved. He was conscientious and careful and always respectable. There was never any exhibition of the overwhelming artistry that sometimes glorifies that which is commonplace and redeems that which is inherently vulgar.

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Mozart's symphony in D pleased the Parisians of 1778. But that was over a century ago. In this work there are few traces of the smile of Mozart, the smile that suggests the tear. I doubt if Mr. Paur would play it today, or if anybody would listen to it respectfully and patiently, if it did not bear Mozart's name.

Nor is the Beethoven overture a mighty joy. Who cares for Beethoven when he wrote "in the style of Handel?" It is when we listen to his music written in the style of Beethoven that we bow the knee.

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The people of Chicago last evening had an opportunity of hearing Thomas's Orchestra in this program:

Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"..Tschaikowsky
Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides" (first time) .....Cesar Franck
Scherzo, "Queen Mab," "Romeo and Juliet" .....Berlioz
Ball Scene, "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz

How long will it be before we hear in Boston the orchestral works of César Franck, one of the greatest composers of the last 50 years?

Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10, 1895.

Changing his programme considerably from what was announced last week, Mr. Paur began his fourth concert with its only novelty, which was composed of the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss's recent opera, "The Fighters for Love," first staged at the Royal Opera House in Munich in April last. The work takes its name from that of a company of religionists who banded themselves in the thirteenth century in the hope that the spread of the gospel of Brotherly Love might be hastened and strengthened by the influence of music upon the people. The first prelude seems to aim at expressing the gradual assembly of the votaries of the new faith, their sturdy and active concentration in energetic purpose and their calmer, sweeter assertion of principle and purpose in order to conquer by persuasion. For the movement opens with a pleasant phrase which, drifting in from various voices in slighly modified forms, becomes at last the nucleus of a great harmonic concentration, which is followed in its turn by a stressful episode that is gradually resolved into new quietude of fullness. The second prelude is entitled "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court," and quite lives up to its denotement. Of all the followers of Wagner, this Strauss is in many respects the best; for he has ideas of his own, his heart beats high and hard and he has a spirit far beyond mere imitation. The first bars of the leading prelude suggested at once the mood of "Parsifal;" but in another instant one met the pure, clear, individual melody descending toward him and the master was thenceforth only traceable as an influence. In both preludes an almost extreme orchestration is used—two pairs of kettle drums, bass-clarinet, double bassoon, bass drum, snare-drum, cymbals and tamborine; but somehow, even at the height of heights, this instrumentation sounds softer, gentler and less elephantine than the more formally developed climaxes of Wagner, who often overbears us by sheer weight of metal rather than by growth of harmonious tonality. The two pieces were found interesting and evidently much enjoyed, pleasure being heightened by their reasonable brevity, their eminent contrasts and their appropriate performance.

Mr. Carl Faelten then played from Raff the G-minor concerto for pianoforte, opus 185. After the exceeding richness and depth of the Strauss extracts,—the former of which, by the way, was especially full and noble in its wind combinations,—Raff actually seemed thin and pallid; but after a little the excited ear began to accustom itself to the cooler, more simple style and followed Mr. Faelten with great pleasure, the greatest part of which was due to the smooth, song-like andante and the bright, stirring speed of the finale. Mr. Faelten is one of our best pianists in technical equipment, and he is the most nervously energetic and enthusiastic of all, his eager disposition sometimes tempting him to go too far in force and haste. He was in fine vein and displayed to particular advantage the rapidity and distinctness of his finger work and his breadth of emphatic phrasing. The orchestra supported him well, although in the coda it seemed now and then as if he wanted to hurry them into some fitful despatch of single passages.

Mr. Paur next placed Mozart's symphony in D-major, number 39, often known as the "Parisian," because he wrote and first gave it in that city about the middle of 1772. Its three movements (for it has no scherzo) brought the young composer high praise, because their thoughts had novelty as well as beauty of form, but Mozart saw how he could better his work, and so rewrote the andante into the shape it bears today. It is not long, but it is all compacted of beauties and daintiness—not a great work, but one instinct with joy, hope and gayety, even in its calmer moments, which is better far than scolasticism or philosophy for the listener's spirit. It was charmingly played.

A good, broad, dignified rendering of Beethoven's "Dedicating of the House" overture, which always seems more respectable than loveable, ended the concert.

The eccentric programme-book continued its dreary, dull drawl about the history of the "modal system," with pages of pedantic talk anent "authentic," "plagai," "hypomixo" and other modes, gave five pages of personal chatter about opera librettos, bestowed three pages upon the familiar Beethoven overture and said not one word about the piano-forte concerto or its player!

The next concert—a fortnight hence—will be thus ordered: Weber, Overture, "Oberon;" Wagner, Monologue from "Die Goetterdaemmerung;" Mendelssohn, Scotch Symphony;" Songs; Brahms, Tragic Overture. Soloist, Miss Marie Brema.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

[36]

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourth concert of the season was given by the Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall last evening. The programme was:

Prelude to acts 1 and 11 of "Guntram"..R. Strauss
Concerto, C-minor op. 185.....Raff
Symphony No. 9, D-major.....Mozart
Overture, "Dedication of the House"....Beethoven
Soloist, Mr. Carl Faelten

It is questionable if a correct judgment of a work can be formed from a single specimen, and in judging the specimen one may consciously overpraise or underestimate the worse. We may then admit that Richard Strauss is a greater genius than his preludes show. It is all good music, but so much like other good music in the modern manner that it arouses only the ghost of enthusiasm. Modern Germany has already spoken through the lips of Wagner and young Germany has advanced no further than feebly whispering what the giant howled in his world-resounding voice. And "young" Germany has become middle-aged Germany, while the promises of youth have not been performed. Spontaneity is lacking in young Germany, it has lost the faculty of inventing; it makes music without inspiration and one admires the manufacturer in place of the composer. Of course the Grecian Brahms and the Goth Wagner must impress the era with their individuality; genius cannot do otherwise; but why dilute old wine and attempt to conceal the sophistication by giving it a new label? And then it requires a giant to fitly wear a giant's armor; modern mediocrity is crushed by its ambition and when it attempts to speak in the name of the prophet it has nothing more important to say than—figs! There is a monotony all the way up or down, from Richard Strauss to Humperdinck, and in art monotony is the most destructive of epidemics. The preludes are strongly suggestive of Wagner, but they are attenuated in ideas, and suggest deep babbling to deep of a noisy, but unspeakable mystery. The brilliancy is empty and the Kabbala is a bad subject for music. If one is concerned only with the instrumentation, and is able to forget Wagner, admiration will reach a high point.

It is a pleasure to turn from Strauss to the last of the old giants, Raff, to the Titan shorn somewhat of his pristine glory and brightness; whose ideas poured forth in a burning and unconquerable torrent, who was melodious learned, graceful and genial, and who, at his best, spoke the language of inspiration. The concerto is delightfully fresh, containing enough learning to set up a score or so of modern composers; that Mr. Carl Faelton is an adequate interpreter of this work it would be overbold to assert. As a pianist he has greatly improved since he was last heard; he played with great smoothness, and in technical matters generally he is deserving of praise; he is earnest and dignified, but his playing is dry and colorless. Raff demands something more than superlative technique, and this something more was absent. There were dryness, absence of color and of geniality. What was given was of excellent quality, but it does not answer the demands of the highest art. How colorless was Mr. Faelten's work, was easily seen when the orchestral work came in contrast with his own. Mr. Paur interprets Raff better than Mr. Faelten interprets him.

The Mozart Symphony received a fine, brilliant, delicate and sympathetic reading.

The programme for the next concert, November 22, is Weber's Overture, "Oberon;" Wagner monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung;" Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Brahms's Tragic Overture. The soloist is Miss Marie Brema.

Troy Northern Budget

BY C. L. MAC ARTHUR & SON.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1895.
Budget Building 16 Third Street, Troy, N. Y.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its tenth annual visit to New York during the coming winter. Its first concert given there was given February 14 1887. Since then forty-two concerts have been given—eleven under Gericke, twenty-one under Nikish, and ten under Paur. A curious coincidence is noted as to these three conductors. Nikish and Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the Leipsic Stadt Theatre, where Gericke was its conductor. The orchestra will give its concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of November 15, December 19, January 23, February 27 and March 26. The soloists include Mme. Melba and Miss C Ladamowski, Ben Davies and E A Mac Dowell. Symphonies by Beethoven, Schumann and Tschaikowsky will be performed, also novelties by Humperdinck, Razmieck, Richard Strauss and Heinrigh Zoellner.

THE CAPITAL,

WASHINGTON · OCTOBER 26 · 1895

The announcements of the Boston Symphony concerts, which are to be given as usual at Metzerott's, are about again, and an unusually attractive season is promised. Campanari, Joseffy and Ben Davies have been engaged for soloists and others will be announced later. Emil Paur, deemed by many the very best of the wonderful conductors of this best of all American bands, will conduct the concerts here. The orchestra itself is said to be stronger than ever. The sale of tickets for the series will open on Tuesday morning, November 5, at nine o'clock, at Metzerott's. There will be the usual line standing (or sitting) in front of the doors, all night possibly. * * *

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1895.

The Symphony Concert--A Programme Worthy of Tribute

Again one must begin by paying tribute to the make-up of the symphonic programme; the ultra-modern and the classical, the simplest and the richest scoring were represented in its numbers. This is by no means stating that the reviewer took delight in Richard Strauss' "Guntram" preludes; with which the concert opened. It is not, however, wholly a question of enjoyment, but of interest and information as well; when all Germany is speaking of Strauss' "Guntram' it is eminently proper that one should be able to judge it on something more tangible than mere hearsay evidence.

Richard Strauss is a representative of the new German school of orchestral writing, and is himself so new to fame that his name is seldom seen in musical encyclopaedias outside of Germany; yet he has done important work, has been assistant director at Weimar (and has devoutly followed the Liszt vagueness of musical treatment), has written a number of symphonic fantasies and poems, and in "Guntram" has brought forth the most important German opera of the immediate present. He is not in any way related to the waltz-composing family of Vienna. Of all three of his works that have been heard in Boston (his "Italian" symphony, and his symphony in F minor were the other two) the symphony in F minor, one of his earliest works, is much the best. At the time that he wrote this he was, in some degree, following the lead of Brahms, a safe guide, and was full of promise as a composer in a great school. Even in this early work, however, there are evidences of a radical spirit tending towards iconoclasm.

In his later works we find that the Liszt road has led to the Wagner terminus. It is a pity; there can be no Wagner school; the Jovian thunderbolts belong to Jupiter alone, and he who endeavors to follow succeeds about as well as the poet who determines to imitate Shakespeare. In the prelude to "Guntram" one finds merely a chromo of a Wagner Vorspiel. He has dedicated the work to his father, but this must seem almost a bit of sarcasm, for the father was a conservative of conservatives, a sturdy musician of the old school. There is more than a resemblance to "Lohengrin" in the first prelude; all the effects of violins in high positions and in harmonics, against long-drawn-out sighs of the wood-wind are present, but the first figure of four notes, and the second of three notes, are treated with Wagnerian reiteration without Wagnerian genius. One may doubt whether the Leit-motif will ever again occupy the prominent position that it did with Wagner, for with the master it was repeated with such fertility of resources that it never produced monotony, while with the imitators it almost invariably becomes tiresome repetition.

The second prelude (to the second act of the same opera) was a fairly picturesque tone-picture of the hurly-burly of a triumphant festival. Of course the last act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" remains the greatest achievement in this genre, but here, perhaps, the comparison is an unfair one, for themes and methods are somewhat different, and Strauss does not aim at much complexity of rhythm, but rather at sudden interruptions and pompous instrumentation. The latter was, if anything, too noisy; Strauss shows which way the wind blows, and in this case it blew a hurricane, brass and wood-wind uniting in a cyclone that threatened the auditor with concussion of the brain and the performers with burst bloodvessels. The audience liked this better than the reviewer did, and there was much applause.

Raff's piano concerto in C minor followed, with Mr. Carl Faelten at the solo instrument. It was a fitting thing that Mr. Faelton, the friend and colleague of Raff, should play this work, and its interpretation was in some degree excathedra. The work itself has a somewhat martial character (it might almost be called the "Military Concerto"), and its style fitted the artist like a glove. Resolute power, broad and massive execution were splendidly present in many parts of this performance.

There is a charm, too, in absolute certainty in piano work, and this was exerted to the utmost; not a vague passage, not an unclear note was in the work; one could rely upon the pianist as upon a rock and follow the thread of the symmetrical form with undisturbed serenity. The composition does not achieve the task of welding solo instrument and orchestra into homogeneity, as is done in Beethoven's two last concertos, but rather follows Rubinstein in giving such prominence to the piano, at times it becomes an alternation of solos and tutti effects. The ensemble, excepting a little hurrying of the orchestra at the beginning, was excellent. Mr. Faelton's clear, crisp style was admirably adapted to display the brilliancy of the chief theme in the first movement, and subsequently, when the themes appeared in the orchestra and the piano gave floriture the balance was commendable. The cadenza work and the bravura ending of this movement was something long to be remembered, and much applause followed.

The slow movement opened with an oboe theme, so nobly played that the instrument sounded as broad as an English horn. In this movement there was a trifle of over-accenting in the piano part, but the lofty climax was worked up in a superb manner.

The finale was again resolute and fiery, and began with the utmost bravura. Full justice was done to its dash and Brio, and the great enthusiasm which followed its final cadence was fully deserved by the pianist, who was recalled in the heartiest manner possible.

The concerto was a necessary mediator between Strauss and Mozart; had the "Parisian" symphony followed the "Guntram" preludes it would have been a phial of rose-water after an Atlantic in an uproar. Every true music-lover must have felt grateful to Mr. Paur for the manly way in which the symphony was read. It was not one of the great ones, but it is just as well to understand that Mozart is not milk-and-watery, and the conductor brought out this fact clearly in the interpretation.

The power of the first movement was brought out better than ever before, and in its strong accents one found for the first time a kinship with the great accented phrases of the first movement of the Beethoven violin concerto, or the last of the Schubert C major symphony.

The Andante was not a very soulful movement, but leaned rather towards grace and daintiness, as if to make amends for the absence of a minuet. The finale is one of those jovial endings which were in vogue in the last century, and which show the kinship of the symphony to the Suite, which in those days generally ended with a rollicking Gigue. There was no very great necessity for the performance of this symphony at all, for it is one of Mozart's lesser works, and has been heard here within two or three years.

With a very majestic performance of Beethoven's overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," the concert ended. The orchestra have often given this work—it was the first composition they ever played in public—but they never have given it more clearly than at this concert. Especially to be noted were the trumpet fanfares, which recalled to mind the fact that in the old days we used to hear them on cornets and never knew the glory of the trumpet tone-color. Against the trumpet passages there was some bassoon work that was commendable in its inflexibility and steadiness. Altogether such a performance shows to those who have good memories what progress our orchestra has made. Even improvement-suggesting New Yorkers admit this, while not always giving the credit for the building up and the maintaining of such a standard where it is due.

One cannot help wishing that like Alexander, our band of musicians should seek for new worlds to conquer and make a European trip. What an opening of eyes there would be! How the sleepy Leipzigers would open their eyes to find a better orchestra than their own in a country which they consider musically barbaric! It is not too much to say that there is no such body of first violins in any orchestra of Europe today (although there are larger forces in some of them), and in almost every other department our orchestra is the peer of the great orchestras of Paris or Leipzig or Vienna.

Louis C. Elson.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

REPERTORY OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA FOR THEIR METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

This season the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give five concerts in New York, in the Metropolitan Opera House, under Pauer's sympathetic baton. They will be on the evenings of Nov. 15, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and March 26. The soloists already engaged are Mme. Melba, Ben Davies, E. A. MacDowell, and T. Adamowski. The works to be performed during the season comprise the following:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Beethoven, Symphony, No 4; Schumann, Symphony, No. 1, in B flat major; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6; Beethoven, Overture, "Dedication of the House;" Humperdinck, Overture, "Hansel und Gretel;" Cornelius, Overture, "Barber of Bagdad;" Berlioz, Overture, "Corsair;" Berlioz, "Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes" from "Le Damnation de Faust;" Rezniceck, Overture, "Donna Diana;" Tchaikowsky, Variations; Richard Strauss, Prelude and entr'acte, "Guntram;" Zöllner, "Midnight of Sedan;" Wagner, Kaisermarsch.

Paur's reading of Brahms' first symphony, receives this note in the Boston "Gazette:"

"Of the interpretation of the music of the first concert, little else than the highest praise can be given. The noble Brahms symphony was read superbly, and played with a dignity and finish beyond praise. On listening to the delightful work written before Brahms had frozen into statuesqueness, one almost regrets that the symphony is nearly twenty years old, and its many beauties long since described. Mr. Paur has a special fondness for this master, whose first and third manner will doubtless be abundantly illustrated in the near future. The Mozart andante also received full justice in Mr. Paur's hands."

MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Carl Faelten, the Pianist, Is Soloist.

Notes and Comments on Musical and Dramatic Events.

As the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, the week previous, was the most brilliant yet arranged this season by Conductor Paur, so was last Saturday night's programme the most stupid. The enthusiasts, however, applauded to their heart's content, and the audience presented the inevitable hall-filling appearance that characterizes each successive concert.

This was the programme:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram" Richard Strauss. (First time.)
Concerto for piano, C. minor, op. 185....Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, "Parisian" Mozart.
Overture, "Consecration of the House" Beethoven.

The preludes to acts I. and II. of Richard Strauss' "Guntram" being given for the first time here, demanded respectful and searching attention. The search resulted in either one or two things; you found nothing, or, something was before you without searching. There is little satisfaction, in such cases, in either event. As if anticipating, in fear such a conclusion, the programme book says that at concert performances of the preludes, the composer desired the following to be printed: "Prelude to Act I.—The evangel that was sealed with the act of redemption on Golgotha, the evangel of divine love and exalted passion, inspired a company of pious singers in the 13th century to found an order of 'Fighters for Love.' The ideal aim of this order was to work for true realization of the divine doctrines of salvation through the power of song." A pretty thought, but the composer seems not to have been soulful or devout enough to give it tangible form. Not wishing to, perhaps, the result is a dreamy nothing, which will not bear translation, even to the semblance of a white cathedral, or to the suggestion of infinity, as some one has presumed it might.

Why not let it suggest a block of flat houses on Joy street or a high school algebraic problem? The prelude to act two concerns "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court." But here again, the composer, to most minds at least, has not made his idea clear. The music is festive, to be sure, but not of the evangelical sort. It is, rather, suggestive of the "scream eagle" celebration where red, blue and green lights are burned, where set fireworks pieces of the President and the signers of the Declaration of Independence are touched off, and where bombs burst in air, to the flash of scattering vari-colored stars; or like the Paeans of triumph over a Tammany celebration. The Mozart symphony, with its thoughtful passages, and its dominant vivacity, written to please the Parisians in 1778, had a capital rendering under Mr. Paur, and contrasted refreshingly with the vagueness of the preceding number. Carl Faelten may have been the victim of circumstances in selecting the Raff concerto for his piano solo work. If not then an explanation would be in good taste. Certain it is, however, that he played the concerto as well as it deserved, displaying admirable technique where the solo part offered opportunity to manifest his skill. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner; "Scotch" symphony, Mendelssohn; songs, tragic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Marie Bremer.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 10.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourth concert of the season was given by the Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall last evening. The programme was:

Prelude to acts 1 and 11 of "Guntram"..R. Strauss
Concerto, C-minor op. 185..... Raff
Symphony No. 9, D-major.....Mozart
Overture, "Dedication of the House"....Beethoven
Soloist, Mr. Carl Faelten

It is questionable if a correct judgment of a work can be formed from a single specimen, and in judging the specimen one may consciously overpraise or underestimate the worse. We may then admit that Richard Strauss is a greater genius than his preludes show. It is all good music, but so much like other good music in the modern manner that it arouses only the ghost of enthusiasm. Modern Germany has already spoken through the lips of Wagner and young Germany has advanced no further than feebly whispering what the giant howled in his world-resounding voice. And "young" Germany has become middle-aged Germany, while the promises of youth have not been performed. Spontaneity is lacking in young Germany, it has lost the faculty of inventing; it makes music without inspiration and one admires the manufacturer in place of the composer. Of course the Grecian Brahms and the Goth Wagner must impress the era with their individuality; genius cannot do otherwise; but why dilute old wine and attempt to conceal the sophistication by giving it a new label? And then it requires a giant to fitly wear a giant's armor; modern mediocrity is crushed by its ambition and when it attempts to speak in the name of the prophet it has nothing more important to say than—figs! There is a monotony all the way up or down, from Richard Strauss to Humperdinck, and in art monotony is the most destructive of epidemics. The preludes are strongly suggestive of Wagner, but they are attenuated in ideas, and suggest deep babbling to deep of a noisy, but unspeakable mystery. The brilliancy is empty and the Kabbala is a bad subject for music. If one is concerned only with the instrumentation, and is able to forget Wagner, admiration will reach a high point.

It is a pleasure to turn from Strauss to the last of the old giants, Raff, to the Titan shorn somewhat of his pristine glory and brightness; whose ideas poured forth in a burning and unconquerable torrent, who was melodious learned, graceful and genial, and who, at his best, spoke the language of inspiration. The concerto is delightfully fresh, containing enough learning to set up a score or so of modern composers; that Mr. Carl Faelton is an adequate interpreter of this work it would be overbold to assert. As a pianist he has greatly improved since he was last heard; he played with great smoothness, and in technical matters generally he is deserving of praise; he is earnest and dignified, but his playing is dry and colorless. Raff demands something more than superlative technique, and this something more was absent. There were dryness, absence of color and of geniality. What was given was of excellent quality, but it does not answer the demands of the highest art. How colorless was Mr. Faelten's work, was easily seen when the orchestral work came in contrast with his own. Mr. Paur interprets Raff better than Mr. Faelten interprets him.

The Mozart Symphony received a fine, brilliant, delicate and sympathetic reading.

The programme for the next concert, November 22, is Weber's Overture, "Oberon;" Wagner monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung;" Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Brahms's Tragic Overture. The soloist is Miss Marie Brema.

Troy Northern Budget

BY C. L. MAC ARTHUR & SON.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1895.
Budget Building 16 Third Street, Troy, N. Y.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its tenth annual visit to New York during the coming winter. Its first concert given there was given February 14 1887. Since then forty-two concerts have been given—eleven under Gericke, twenty-one under Nikish, and ten under Paur. A curious coincidence is noted as to these three conductors. Nikish and Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the Leipsic Stadt Theatre, where Gericke was its conductor. The orchestra will give its concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evenings of November 15, December 19, January 23, February 27 and March 26. The soloists include Mme. Melba and Miss C Ladamowski, Ben Davies and E A Mac Dowell. Symphonies by Beethoven, Schumann and Tschaikowsky will be performed, also novelties by Humperdinck, Razmieck, Richard Strauss and Heinrich Zoellner.

THE CAPITAL,

WASHINGTON · OCTOBER 26 · 1895

The announcements of the Boston Symphony concerts, which are to be given as usual at Metzerott's, are about again, and an unusually attractive season is promised. Campanari, Joseffy and Ben Davies have been engaged for soloists and others will be announced later. Emil Paur, deemed by many the very best of the wonderful conductors of this best of all American bands, will conduct the concerts here. The orchestra itself is said to be stronger than ever. The sale of tickets for the series will open on Tuesday morning, November 5, at nine o'clock, at Metzerott's. There will be the usual line standing (or sitting) in front of the doors, all night possibly.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1895.

The Symphony Concert--A Programme Worthy of Tribute.

Again one must begin by paying tribute to the make-up of the symphonic programme; the ultra-modern and the classical, the simplest and the richest scoring were represented in its numbers. This is by no means stating that the reviewer took delight in Richard Strauss' "Guntram" preludes; with which the concert opened. It is not, however, wholly a question of enjoyment, but of interest and information as well; when all Germany is speaking of Strauss' "Guntram' it is eminently proper that one should be able to judge it on something more tangible than mere hearsay evidence.

Richard Strauss is a representative of the new German school of orchestral writing, and is himself so new to fame that his name is seldom seen in musical encyclopaedias outside of Germany; yet he has done important work, has been assistant director at Weimar (and has devoutly followed the Liszt vagueness of musical treatment), has written a number of symphonic fantasies and poems, and in "Guntram" has brought forth the most important German opera of the immediate present. He is not in any way related to the waltz-composing family of Vienna. Of all three of his works that have been heard in Boston (his "Italian" symphony, and his symphony in F minor were the other two) the symphony in F minor, one of his earliest works, is much the best. At the time that he wrote this he was, in some degree, following the lead of Brahms, a safe guide, and was full of promise as a composer in a great school. Even in this early work, however, there are evidences of a radical spirit tending towards iconoclasm.

In his later works we find that the Liszt road has led to the Wagner terminus. It is a pity; there can be no Wagner school; the Jovian thunderbolts belong to Jupiter alone, and he who endeavors to follow succeeds about as well as the poet who determines to imitate Shakespeare. In the prelude to "Guntram" one finds merely a chromo of a Wagner Vorspiel. He has dedicated the work to his father, but this must seem almost a bit of sarcasm, for the father was a conservative of conservatives, a sturdy musician of the old school. There is more than a resemblance to "Lohengrin" in the first prelude; all the effects of violins in high positions and in harmonics, against long-drawn-out sighs of the wood-wind are present, but the first figure of four notes, and the second of three notes, are treated with Wagnerian reiteration without Wagnerian genius. One may doubt whether the Leit-motif will ever again occupy the prominent position that it did with Wagner, for with the master it was repeated with such fertility of resources that it never produced monotony, while with the imitators it almost invariably becomes tiresome repetition.

The second prelude (to the second act of the same opera) was a fairly picturesque tone-picture of the hurly-burly of a triumphant festival. Of course the last act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" remains the greatest achievement in this genre, but here, perhaps, the comparison is an unfair one, for themes and methods are somewhat different, and Strauss does not aim at much complexity of rhythm, but rather at sudden interruptions and pompous instrumentation. The latter was, if anything, too noisy; Strauss shows which way the wind blows, and in this case it blew a hurricane, brass and wood-wind uniting in a cyclone that threatened the auditor with concussion of the brain and the performers with burst bloodvessels. The audience liked this better than the reviewer did, and there was much applause.

Raff's piano concerto in C minor followed, with Mr. Carl Faelten at the solo instrument. It was a fitting thing that Mr. Faelton, the friend and colleague of Raff, should play this work, and its interpretation was in some degree excathedra. The work itself has a somewhat martial character (it might almost be called the "Military Concerto") and its style fitted the artist like a glove. Resolute power, broad and massive execution were splendidly present in many parts of this performance.

There is a charm, too, in absolute certainty in piano work, and this was exerted to the utmost; not a vague passage, not an unclear note was in the work; one could rely upon the pianist as upon a rock and follow the thread of the symmetrical form with undisturbed serenity. The composition does not achieve the task of welding solo instrument and orchestra into homogeneity, as is done in Beethoven's two last concertos, but rather follows Rubinstein in giving such prominence to the piano, at times it becomes an alternation of solos and tutti effects. The ensemble, excepting a little hurrying of the orchestra at the beginning, was excellent. Mr. Faelton's clear, crisp style was admirably adapted to display the brilliancy of the chief theme in the first movement, and subsequently, when the themes appeared in the orchestra and the piano gave fioriture the balance was commendable. The cadenza work and the bravura ending of this movement was something long to be remembered, and much applause followed.

The slow movement opened with an oboe theme, so nobly played that the instrument sounded as broad as an English horn. In this movement there was a trifle of over-accenting in the piano part, but the lofty climax was worked up in a superb manner.

The finale was again resolute and fiery, and began with the utmost bravura. Full justice was done to its dash and Brio, and the great enthusiasm which followed its final cadence was fully deserved by the pianist, who was recalled in the heartiest manner possible.

The concerto was a necessary mediator between Strauss and Mozart; had the "Parisian" symphony followed the "Guntram" preludes it would have been a phial of rose-water after an Atlantic in an uproar. Every true music-lover must have felt grateful to Mr. Paur for the manly way in which the symphony was read. It was not one of the great ones, but it is just as well to understand that Mozart is not milk-and-watery, and the conductor brought out this fact clearly in the interpretation.

The power of the first movement was brought out better than ever before, and in its strong accents one found for the first time a kinship with the great accented phrases of the first movement of the Beethoven violin concerto, or the last of the Schubert C major symphony.

The Andante was not a very soulful movement, but leaned rather towards grace and daintiness, as if to make amends for the absence of a minuet. The finale is one of those jovial endings which were in vogue in the last century, and which show the kinship of the symphony to the Suite, which in those days generally ended with a rollicking Gigue. There was no very great necessity for the performance of this symphony at all, for it is one of Mozart's lesser works, and has been heard here within two or three years.

With a very majestic performance of Beethoven's overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," the concert ended. The orchestra have often given this work—it was the first composition they ever played in public—but they never have given it more clearly than at this concert. Especially to be noted were the trumpet fanfares, which recalled to mind the fact that in the old days we used to hear them on cornets and never knew the glory of the trumpet tone-color. Against the trumpet passages there was some bassoon work that was commendable in its inflexibility and steadiness. Altogether such a performance shows to those who have good memories what progress our orchestra has made. Even improvement-suggesting New Yorkers admit this, while not always giving the credit for the building up and the maintaining of such a standard where it is due.

One cannot help wishing that like Alexander, our band of musicians should seek for new worlds to conquer and make a European trip. What an opening of eyes there would be! How the sleepy Leipzigers would open their eyes to find a better orchestra than their own in a country which they consider musically barbaric! It is not too much to say that there is no such body of first violins in any orchestra of Europe today (although there are larger forces in some of them), and in almost every other department our orchestra is the peer of the great orchestras of Paris or Leipzig or Vienna.

Louis C. Elson.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

REPERTORY OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA FOR THEIR METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

This season the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give five concerts in New York, in the Metropolitan Opera House, under Pauer's sympathetic baton. They will be on the evenings of Nov. 15, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and March 26. The soloists already engaged are Mme. Melba, Ben Davies, E. A. MacDowell, and T. Adamowski. The works to be performed during the season comprise the following:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Beethoven, Symphony, No 4; Schumann, Symphony, No. 1, in B flat major; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6; Beethoven, Overture, "Dedication of the House;" Humperdinck, Overture, "Hansel und Gretel;" Cornelius, Overture, "Barber of Bagdad;" Berlioz, Overture, "Corsair;" Berlioz, "Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes" from "Le Damnation de Faust;" Rezniceck, Overture, "Donna Diana;" Tchaikowsky, Variations; Richard Strauss, Prelude and entr'acte, "Guntram;" Zöllner, "Midnight of Sedan;" Wagner, Kaisermarsch.

Paur's reading of Brahms' first symphony, receives this note in the Boston "Gazette:"

"Of the interpretation of the music of the first concert, little else than the highest praise can be given. The noble Brahms symphony was read superbly, and played with a dignity and finish beyond praise. On listening to the delightful work written before Brahms had frozen into statuesqueness, one almost regrets that the symphony is nearly twenty years old, and its many beauties long since described. Mr. Paur has a special fondness for this master, whose first and third manner will doubtless be abundantly illustrated in the near future. The Mozart andante also received full justice in Mr. Paur's hands."

MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Carl Faelten, the Pianist, Is Soloist.

Notes and Comments on Musical and Dramatic Events.

As the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, the week previous, was the most brilliant yet arranged this season by Conductor Paur, so was last Saturday night's programme the most stupid. The enthusiasts, however, applauded to their heart's content, and the audience presented the inevitable hall-filling appearance that characterizes each successive concert.

This was the programme:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram" Richard Strauss. (First time.)
Concerto for piano, C. minor, op. 185....Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, "Parisian" Mozart.
Overture, "Consecration of the House" Beethoven.

The preludes to acts I. and II. of Richard Strauss' "Guntram" being given for the first time here, demanded respectful and searching attention. The search resulted in either one or two things; you found nothing, or, something was before you without searching. There is little satisfaction, in such cases, in either event. As if anticipating, in fear such a conclusion, the programme book says that at concert performances of the preludes, the composer desired the following to be printed: "Prelude to Act I.—The evangel that was sealed with the act of redemption on Golgotha, the evangel of divine love and exalted passion, inspired a company of pious singers in the 13th century to found an order of 'Fighters for Love.' The ideal aim of this order was to work for true realization of the divine doctrines of salvation through the power of song." A pretty thought, but the composer seems not to have been soulful or devout enough to give it tangible form. Not wishing to, perhaps, the result is a dreamy nothing, which will not bear translation, even to the semblance of a white cathedral, or to the suggestion of infinity, as some one has presumed it might.

Why not let it suggest a block of flat houses on Joy street or a high school algebraic problem? The prelude to act two concerns "The Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court." But here again, the composer, to most minds at least, has not made his idea clear. The music is festive, to be sure, but not of the evangelical sort. It is, rather, suggestive of the "scream eagle" celebration where red, blue and green lights are burned, where set fireworks pieces of the President and the signers of the Declaration of Independence are touched off, and where bombs burst in air, to the flash of scattering vari-colored stars; or like the Paeans of triumph over a Tammany celebration. The Mozart symphony, with its thoughtful passages, and its dominant vivacity, written to please the Parisians in 1778, had a capital rendering under Mr. Paur, and contrasted refreshingly with the vagueness of the preceding number. Carl Faelten may have been the victim of circumstances in selecting the Raff concerto for his piano solo work. If not then an explanation would be in good taste. Certain it is, however, that he played the concerto as well as it deserved, displaying admirable technique where the solo part offered opportunity to manifest his skill. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; monologue from "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner; "Scotch" symphony, Mendelssohn; songs, tragic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Marie Bremer.

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PHILADELPHIA PRESS
NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

Those who prefer absolute music and do not care for the opera will have their opportunity on Monday evening, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will render Beethoven's "Heroica" and a well-chosen programme, and Madame Melba will delight us all by singing a Handel aria and Ophelia's mad scene in Thomas' "Hamlet." As this is the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony in Philadelphia it is interesting to recall, especially as one remembers how it has progressed from a miserable beginning to its present state of crowded houses, a little of its history since 1888. Forty-six concerts have been given in this city, fourteen under Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-two under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. It is a noteworthy fact that on the weekly trips made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra Philadelphia and Brooklyn are the only two cities in which the concerts have been given in the same place from the start. In the same length of time the audience room in Baltimore has changed six times, in Washington five and in New York four.

To conductor Gericke must be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvelous that it cannot be effaced. The youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel, who was the first conductor in Boston, but did not appear in Philadelphia, and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch must all own a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before.

Stirred by the new spirit in Philadelphia the Boston Symphony will also enter upon the field of popular music this year and has selected this city for its initial concert. This will take place on Saturday afternoon, and the programme vocally and instrumentally is one of the best that has been presented for some time. In the first place, Melba will sing and Campanari and Scalchi, and then the orchestra will give us some of Auber, Bizet and Wagner. Madame Melba renders the mad scene from "Lucia" and sings and sings an Arditi waltz song. This means that six days of this week will be given up to music, and the first thing we know we shall be having sacred concerts

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIRST CONCERT
MONDAY EVENING, November 11, at 8.15.
Solo Artist, MME. MELBA.
PROGRAMME—Beethoven Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica;" Haendel, Aria, "Sweet Bird" (Flute Obligato, Mr. MOLE); Berlioz, a, Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b, Waltz of Sylphs, from the Damnation of Faust; Thomas, Ophelie's Mad Scene, from "Hamlet;" Wagner, "The Emperor's March."
Tickets, with reserved seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c., now on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FIRST POPULAR MATINEE
BY THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor
ASSISTED BY
Mme. MELBA
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto
Sig. D'AUBIGNE, Tenor
Sig. CAMPANARI, Baritone
Saturdry, November 16, at 2.30
PROGRAMME
No. 1. OVERTURE, "Carlo Broschi," Auber; Orchestra. No. 2. ARIA, "Lituani," Ponchielli; (first time), Mr. Campanari. No. 3. ARIA, "Che faro" (Orpheus), Gluck; Mme. Scalchi. No. 4. LUCIA, Mad scene from "Lucia," Donizetti; Mme. Melba; Flute Obligato, Mons. Ch Mole. No. 5. SUITE, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Orchestra. No. 6. ARIA, "Salve Dimora" (Faust), Gounod; Mr. D'Aubigne. No. 7. WALTZ SONG, "Se saran Rose," Arditi (by request), Mm. Melba. No. 8. MONOLOGUE (Falstaff), Verdi; Mr. Campanari. No. 9. (a) PRELUDE, "Lohengrin," Act III, Wagner. (b) PRELUDE, "Tannhaeuser," Act III, Wagner; Orchestra. No. 10. QUARTET from "Rigoletto," Verdi; Mesdames Melba, Scalchi, Messrs. D'Aubigne and Campanari. No. 11. OVERTURE, "Rienzi, Wagner; Orchestra. TICKETS on sale at Fischer's 1221 Chestnut Street, on and after TUESDAY, NOV. 12, at 9 A. M.

Times. 2 pages
SUNDAY MORNING,
NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

Melba and Campanari.

The first popular matinee by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, assisted by Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, contralto; Sig. D'Aubigne, tenor, and Sig. Campanari, baritone, will take place next Saturday afternoon at the Academy of Music. The programme will contain of orchestral features Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture, the "L'Arlesienne" suite, Bizet; prelude to act 3 "Lohengrin," ditto to "Tannhaeuser," and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Sig. Campanari sings for the first time Ponchielli's aria "Lituani" and the monologue of Verdi's "Falstaff." Mme. Melba's numbers are the mad scene from "Lucia," with flute obligato, and a waltz song, "Se Sarau Rose," by Arditi. Mme. Scalchi will do the area, "Che Faro," from Gluck's "Orpheus," and "Salve Dimora." "Faust" is allotted to Sig. D'Aubigne. A leading vocal feature is the quartette from "Rigoletto" by Mesdames Melba and Scalchi and Signore D'Aubigne and Campanari.

The Boston Symphony.

To-morrow evening, at the Academy of Music, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first of the series of five concerts in this city the present season, the dates of the others being December 16, January 20, February 24 and March 23. An eminent soloist will take part in each concert, Mme. Melba appearing to-morrow night. The splendid programme announced includes Beethoven's "Eroica' symphony No. 3, the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Faust" and Wagner's "Kaisermarch." Mme. Melba will sing Handel's air, "Sweet Bird," with flute accompaniment, and also the mad scene from Thomas' opera of "Hamlet."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FIRST POPULAR MATINEE
BY THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor,
Assisted by
Mme. MELBA
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto. Sig. D'AUBIGNE, Tenor.
Sig. CAMPANARI, Baritone.
Saturday, November 16, at 2.30
PROGRAMME

1. Overture, "Carlo Broschi".....Auber
ORCHESTRA.
2. Aria, "Lituani".....Ponchielli
(First time.)
Mr. CAMPANARI.
3. Aria, "Che faro" (Orpheus).....Gluck
Mme. SCALCHI.
4. Lucia, Mad Scene from "Lucia"....Donizetti
Mme. MELBA.
Flute Obligato, Mons. Ch. Mole.
5. Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
ORCHESTRA.
6. Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust).....Gounod
Mr. D'AUBIGNE.
7. Waltz Song, "Se saran Rose".....Arditi
(By request.)
Mme. MELBA.
8. Monologue (Falstaff).....Verdi
Mr. CAMPANARI.
9. (a) Prelude, "Lohengrin," Act III.....Wagner
(b) Prelude, "Tannhaeuser," Act III..Wagner
ORCHESTRA.
10. Quartette from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mesdames MELBA and SCALCHI and
Messrs. D'AUBIGNE and CAMPANARI.
11. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
ORCHESTRA.

Tickets on sale at FISCHER'S, 1221 Chestnut St., on and after TUESDAY, November 12, 9 A.M

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER—SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, will give the first of five concerts in which it is to be heard here during the season at the Academy of Music on Monday evening next, November 11, beginning at 8 o'clock, upon which occasion the program will include Beethoven's symphony No. 3, the socalled "Eroica," the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Faust" and Wagner's pompous "Kaisermarch." Mme. Melba will be the soloist, and she will be heard in Handel's air "Sweet Bird," with flute accompaniment, and in the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' opera of "Hamlet." This will be recognized by amateurs as an especially attractive scene. The dates of the other four concerts are December 16, January 20, February 24 and March 23, and the sale of seats is now proceeding at the usual place.

Boston Symphony Matinee and Melba

The enthusiastic reception of Mme. Melba at her first concert here has induced the management to give a popular matinee next Saturday afternoon for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at which Melba, Scalchi, Campanari and D'Aubigne will be the soloists. The program is as follows:

1. Overture, "Carlo Broschi".....Auber
Orchestra.
2. Aria, "Lituani".....Ponchilli
(First time.)
Mr. Campanari.
3. Lucia, "Che faro" (Orpheus)....Gluck
Mme. Scalchi.
4. Mad Scene from "Lucia"....Donizetti
Mme. Melba.
Flute Obligato, Mons. Ch Mole.
5. Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Orchestra.
6. Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust).Gounod
Mr. D'Aubigne.
7. Waltz Song, "Se saran Rose"..Arditi
(By request.)
Mme. Melba.
8. Monologue, (Falstaff) .....Verdi
Mr. Campanari.
9. (a(Prlude, "Lohengrin."
Act III.....Wagner
(b) Prelude, "Tannhaeuser."
Act III.....Wagner
Orchestra.
10. Quartet from "Rigoletto,".....Verdi
Mesdames Melba, Scalchi, Messrs. D'-Aubigne and Campanari.
11. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
Orchestra.

Tickets for sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut street, Tuesday, November 12, at 9 A. M.

The North American
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1895.

First Concert for the Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This evening at the Academy of Music the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first of the series of five concerts in this city the present season, the dates of the others being December 16, January 20, February 24 and March 23. An eminent soloist will take part in each concert, Mme. Melba appearing to-morrow night. The splendid programme announced includes Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, No. 3; the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Faust" and Wagner's "Kaisermarch." Mme. Melba will sing Haendel's air "Sweet Bird," with flute accompaniment, and also the mad scene from Thomas' opera of "Hamlet."

A BOSTON SMYPHONY MATINEE.

The first popular matinee by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, assisted by Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, contralto; Sig. D'Aubigne, tenor, and Sig. Campanari, baritone, will take place next Saturday afternoon at the Academy of Music. The programme will contain of orchestral features Auber's "Carlo Broschi" overture, the "L'Arlesienne suite, Bizet; prelude to act three "Lohengrin," ditto to "Tannheuser" and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Sig. Campanari sings for the first time Ponchielli's aria "Lituani" and Iago's monologue from Verdi's "Falstaff." Mme. Melba's numbers are the mad scene from "Lucia," with flute obligato, and a waltz song, "Se Sarau Rose," by Arditi. Mme. Scalchi will do the aria "Che Faro," from Gluck's "Orpheus," and "Salve Dimora" is allotted to Sig. D'Aubigne. A leading vocal feature is the quartette from "Rigoletto," by Mesdames Melba and Scalchi and Sig. D'Aubigne and Campanari.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIRST CONCERT
MONDAY EVENING, November 11, at 8.15.
Solo Artist, MME. MELBA.
PROGRAMME—Beethoven Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica;" Haendel, Aria, "Sweet Bird" (Flute Obligato, Mr. MOLE); Berlioz, a, Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b, Waltz of Sylphs, from the Damnation of Faust; Thomas, Ophelie's Mad Scene, from "Hamlet;" Wagner, "The Emperor's March."
Tickets, with reserved seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c., now on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

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THIS MONDAY EVENING, November 11, at 8.15.
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
First Popular Matinee
BY THE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor,
ASSISTED BY
MME. MELBA
Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto. Sig. D'AUBIGNE, Tenor.
Sig. CAMPANARI, Baritone.
SATURDAY, November 16, at 2.30.
Programme.

1. Overture, "Carlo Broschi".....Auber
ORCHESTRA.
2. Aria, "Lituani".....Podchielli
(First time.)
MR. CAMPANARI.
3. Aria, "Che faro" (Orpheus).....Gluck
MME. SCALCHI.
4. Lucia, Mad Scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti
MME. MELBA.
Flute Obligato, MONS. CH MOLE.
5. Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
ORCHESTRA.
6. ARIA, "Salve Dimora"(Faust).....Gounod
MR. D'AUBIGNE.
6. Waltz Song, "Se saran Rose".....Arditi
(By Request)
MME. MELBA.
8. Monologue (Falstaff).....Verdi
MR. CAMPANARI.
9. (a) Prelude. "Lohengrin," Act III.....Wagner
(b) Prelude, "Tannhaeuser," Act III..Wagner
ORCHESTRA.
10. Quartet from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mesdames MELBA, SCALCHI,
Messrs. D'AUBIGNE and CAMPANARI.
11. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
ORCHESTRA.

Tickets on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut street, on and after Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 9 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA RECORD, SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 10, 1

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, will give the first of five concerts in which it is to be heard here during the season at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, upon which occasion the programme will include Beethoven's symphony No. 3, the so-called "Eroica," the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Faust" and Wagner's pompous "Kaisermarch." Mme. Melba will be the soloist, and she will be heard in Haendel's air, "Sweet Bird," with flute accompaniment, and in the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' opera of "Hamlet." The dates of the other four concerts are December 16, January 20, February 24 and March 23, and the sale of seats is now proceeding at the usual place.

The Boston Symphony Matinee.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, will give its first popular matinee" on Saturday afternoon, November 16. Mme. Melba will appear in the mad scene from "Lucia," and will also sing Arditi's "Se Saran Rose." Mme. Scalchi, Sig. D'Aubigne and Sig. Campanari will take part in the concert, and in addition to solo work, will appear with Mme. Melba in the famous quartet from "Ringoletto."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
First Popular Matinee
BY THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor,
Assisted by
Mme. MELBA
Mme. Scalchi, Contralto. Sig. D'Aubigne, Tenor,
Sig. Campanari, Baritone.
Saturday, November 16, at 2.30.
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1—Overture, "Carlo Broschi," ..... Auber
Orchestra.
2—Aria, "Lituani" ..... Ponchielli
(First Time.)
MR. CAMPANARI.
3—Aria, "Che faro," (Orpheus)..... Gluck
MME. SCALCHI.
4—Lucia, Mad Scene from "Lucia" .. Donizetti
MME. MELBA.
Flute Obligato, Mons. CH. MOLE.
5—Suite, "L'Arlesienne" ..... Bizet
Orchestra.
6—Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust) .... Gounod
MR. D'AUBIGNE.
7—Waltz Song, "Se saran Rose" ..... Arditi
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10—Quartet from "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi
Mesdames MELBA, SCALCHI,
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11—Overture, "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Orchestra.

Tickets on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut street, on and after Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 9 A.M.

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD, TUESDAY
NOVEMBER 12, 1895

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy.

Leader Emil Paur had every reason to feel proud of the magnificent reception accorded him and his orchestra last evening at the Academy of Music. It was the inaugural concert of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia, and the huge auditorium was crowded in every part, hundreds being compelled to stand. The programme contained no new musical offering, but it certainly was attractive in selection and quite varied in character, ranging from the cobwebby lightness of Berlioz's "Waltz of Sylphs" to the thunderous turmoil of Wagner's "Emperor's March." The chief number of the evening was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, in the treatment of which no innovation was attempted; Conductor Paur simply brought to its performance an exquisite finish that was most admirable in results. The Scherzo was given with especial effectiveness, and rarely has this wonderfully-trained orchestra responded to the demands of its leader with greater readiness and accuracy. The most charming endeavor of the evening, however, was undoubtedly the dainty delicacy that marked the "Minuet of the Will o' the Wisps" and the "Waltz of the Sylphs" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The trembling of a sunbeam, the flash of a jewel, the flare of lights were all suggested in the almost shadowy tenderness of touch that is required in the proper realization of several of the fairylike passages in these compositions. The soloist of the evening was the gifted Melba, and she created a perfect furore. That glorious voice of hers was as clear, fresh, sparkling and melodious as ever; she ran the most intricate trills with astonishing skill, and in Handel's florid aria, "Sweet Bird," her tones rivaled those of the flute. The obligato was performed by Flutist Mr. Mole, and his contribution to the success of this number was in a measure equal to that of Melba's. The prima donna was at her best in the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet," into which she threw more genuine feeling than was ever observed in her operatic performances. The concert concluded with Wagner's "Emperor's March," which was magnificently played, even its noisiest outbursts having a tonal adjustment difficult to obtain in so crashing an arrangement of brass, wood, leather and strings. A matinee concert is announced for Saturday.

...Music—The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

...which brilliantly ushered in the ...symphony season last evening at the ...of Music displayed Emil Paur in ...terrible light as a programme builder. ...one who realizes how hopelessly at sea ...conductors sometimes are in that ca... and how dull they occasionally con... to make their arrangement of numbers, ...hardly be said that there was cause for ...fulness at this fresh exhibition of ...Paur's skill. Solidarity and depth may ...one thing, stupidity quite another, but a ...type of concert-goers (a type which, ...unately, makes a light impression) can ...ver see the difference. Fortified by a little ...owledge and a vast amount of enthusiasm, ...will not admit, except, perchance, to ...themselves, that here and there a stray com... ...tion of their favorite masters may be un... ...come, just as if the most sublime writers ...uld not, at times, produce a dreary ...ore. These are the people who, not con... ...t with recognizing the many real beauties ...Wagner, insist that every bar he ever ...olved is a heaven-sent blessing, and who ...ould hold up their hands with pretended ...orror if they knew that a great virtuoso ...who possibly understands more about music ...than all of them put together) observed, the ...other day, that, much as he believed in Wag... ...er, he always felt like leaving an opera ...house when he heard a certain duet in one of ...the master's works. The same enthusiasts ...smile patronizingly when the name of Bee... ...hoven is mentioned; they shrug their shoul... ...ders over "poor old Haendel," and show as ...much regard for Ambroise Thomas as for— ...Offenbach.

To such musical bigots last night's pro... ...gramme, which is appended, may have ...seemed unsuitable; to those of wider tastes it ...was delightful:

Ludwig von Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Haendel.....Aria, "Sweet Bird"
(Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.)
Hector Berlioz.....a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps
b. Waltz of Sylphs.
From the "Damnation of Faust."
Ambroise Thomas..*Ophélie's* Mad Scene, "Hamlet"
Richard Wagner.....'Emperor's March"

The soloist was Madame Melba. She has, ...no doubt, been using that marvellous voice ...of hers a great deal during the past few ...weeks, yet this did not prevent her from ...giving the Haendal aria with such exquisite ...effect that at its conclusion the crowded au... ...dience recalled the prima donna again and ...again. For an exhibition of the remarkable ...facility and faultless method which distin... ...guish all her work no selection could have ...been more appropriate. The only other ...number she gave, the mad scene from ..."Hamlet," was sung with unmistakable ...beauty, if hardly with the necessary feeling ...and romantic sentiment.

Of the instrumental portion of the concert it ...may be said, in a general way, that it showed ...the orchestra to be in as fine form as ever this ...season. There was the same finish and ...unanimity, as displayed in the performance ...of the "Eroica" Symphony, and the same ...possibilities for delicate expression, as in the ...Berlioz excerpts. The powers of the orches... ...tra in the way of virility were admirably ...brought out in the closing "Emperor's ...March," which, with its crashing chords, its ...spirit of *fortissimo* and stirring pictures of ...war, makes a magnificent piece of descrip... ...tive writing.

On next Saturday afternoon the Orchestra ...will have a popular matinée, at which Ma... ...dame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Signor D'Au... ...bigne and Signor Campanari will be the solo... ...ists. The programme, a characteristic one ...for such an entertainment, promises to be ...most attractive.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FIRST POPULAR MATINEE
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR,
Assisted by
MME. MELBA,
MME. SCALCHI, Contralto,
SIG. D'AUBIGNE, Tenor,
SIG. CAMPANARI, Baritone,
Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2.30.
TICKETS on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut ...street, on and after TUESDAY, NOV. 12, at 9

The Times
TEN PAGES
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened ...its tenth Philadelphia season with a very ...successful concert at the Academy of Music. ...Mr. Ellis has doubled up his attractions for ...this week, and it may as well be owned that ...the feature of last evening was not the or... ...chestra but Madame Melba, who sang the ...flute aria from "Il Penseroso" and the mad ...scene from "Hamlet," with a splendor of ...voice and a smoothness and ease and brilli... ...ancy of execution that left nothing to be de... ...sired. Her tone is so rich and her singing is ...so exquisitely clear and true and sparkling, ...and at the same time so firm and strong, ...that to listen to her in concert is a great ...delight. The Handel aria, to which Mr. ...Mole played the obligato, was exquisitely ...sung, with the most delicious runs and scales ...and ending with a marvelous cadenza. ...Ophelia's scene needs the illustration of ac... ...tion, but it does not need more facile exe... ...cution. In this combination of facility with ...volume and beauty of voice Madame Melba ...is now practically alone, and in a selected ...programme like this she is heard to the best ...advantage. Mr. Paur gave a rather pale and ...colorless rendering of the third symphony, ...which never before seemed too long, and a ...very delicate execution of the fairy dance ...music from the "Damnation of Faust," clos... ...ing the concert with the Kaiser March, in ...which at least there was noise enough. The ...orchestra with Melba and the concert troupe ...will be heard again on Saturday afternoon.

...PHIA
...PRESS, TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 12, 1895

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Appearance of Boston Orchestra This Season—Melba as Soloist.

Of course it was Melba that packed the Academy of Music last evening. Not that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not a drawing card. It is. Its days of trial have long been over, and a crowded Academy is its portion, but Philadelphia is a Melba city, and as many as could get in squeezed themselves into the Academy last night to hear her in conjunction with the orchestral diversion offered by Mr. Paur's perfectly-trained followers. This outpouring bears out all that has been said before in these columns about the unusual character of the musical season. Philadelphia seems to be thinking music as it never has before.

The Melba part of the concert was of a contrasted character. Her first solo was Handel's old-time aria, "Sweet Bird That Shunst the Noise and Folly," from his Miltonic cantata. The aria is sung with flute accompaniment, and its runs and trills are played by the flute occasionally and then echoed by the voice. In this setting-off of her voice against the flute Melba's purity of tone and rounded quality of voice was beautifully evident. The flute distinctly suffered by comparison. The aria is one of much simplicity, and yet has several high reaches that gave Melba an opportunity and caught the gallery. The second solo was "Ophelia's" mad song from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet." To compare Melba with herself there is this to say, that she sings the mad scene from "Lucia" much better and that the latter is a more moving performance. The "Ophelia" music did not seem to be felt by Melba, and there was a certain coldness about her rendition, which, of course, was finely executed. The mad song is plaintive and sweet, but for a mad song it needs something which Melba did not put in it last night, and yet the rendering as a mere vocalization carried away the audience. No encores, although vociferously demanded, were allowed.

The orchestral programme was an interesting one, yet Mr. Paur was a bad European politician in his programme, since he opened with Beethoven's Third symphony, the Napoleon symphony with all its consecration to a great idea, a great national hero, and closed with Wagner's loud sounding racking Kaiser march in honor of German unity in 1870 and the triumph over the French. Beethoven and the Napoleon idea bore off the honors of the evening with the fantastic Will-o'-the-Wisp's minuet and waltz of the sylphs from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" as a most dainty and exquisite interlude played as only an orchestra with the training of the Boston Symphony can play it. In the symphony the serious movement or funeral march was particularly notable. The orchestra gives its first popular concert next Saturday afternoon with Melba, Scalchi and Campanari as the stars of the first magnitude, and an attractive orchestra programme.

NORTH AMERICAN.
PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 12, 1895.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Successfully Opens Its Eleventh Philadelphia Season.

There was a great crowd at the Academy of Music last evening, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, opened its eleventh Philadelphia season with the performance of a programme comprising Beethoven's third symphony, the "Eroica" the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Damnation du Faust," and Wagner's pretentious but unsatisfying "Kaiser Marsch." The interpretation of the symphony, while perfect as regards technique, intellectually and emotionally left something to be desired. It was beautifully refined, admirably proportioned, and of pellucid clearness, but somehow or other it failed to communicate the feeling of the music. It left the listener cold. Even in the playing of the funeral march, one did not get away from the art of the rendition. And while art is much, it is not everything, especially where the composer is Beethoven. What was missed was the accent of sincerity, of intensity, of life. The deep sorrow which pervades the throbbing phrases of the slow movement, and inspires its haunting, reiterated cadences, was never felt and made contagiously communicative. The Berlioz music was much more satisfying, for its performance was marked by a perfection that left nothing wanting. Mme. Melba was the soloist. She sang Haendel's air, "Sweet Bird," with flute obligato, beautifully played by M. Mole, and the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." She was not in her best voice, but sang with incomparable brilliancy and delightful art, and was rapturously applauded.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1895.

The program of the Fourth Symphony Concert given last evening was as follows:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of Guntram.....Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Concerto for piano, C minor, op. 185.....Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, Parisian.....Mozart
Overture, Consecration of the House.....Beethoven

The program book stated that "Guntram, opera in three acts, the text and music by Richard Strauss, was first brought out at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894." The statement is incorrect. The opera was first brought out at the Weimar Opera House, May 10, 1894. The Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894 was May 31 to June 6.

* * *

Inasmuch as Guntram is unknown to us, we are obliged to listen to these preludes as though they were absolute music, without a definite purpose, as the inducing of a mood, a preparation for the dramatic action that follows, or, in the case of the second prelude, a contrast, or an explanation, or an announcement like the "twenty years are supposed to elapse," &c., so dear to writers of melodrama. The music no doubt suffers in consequence.

Yet is the first of these preludes—it was played in Chicago by Thomas' Orchestra November 2—full of suggestion. Given the word Guntram and this prelude; here is a problem to be worked out by each hearer, and without doubt there are many wildly differing answers.

To you, madam, it may have suggested a cathedral. To you, a philosopher, it may have suggested infinity. To a third, something rambling and vaguely agreeable. To me it was all white, mystic, wonderful. However you may regard its purpose or its meaning, you must admit the beauty, the spirituality, the freedom from earthly dross. It is easy to look wise, to say now Lohengrin, and again Tristan, and yet again Parsifal, but there is much in the prelude that is Richard Strauss. Do you object to the synchronism in one passage of two decided tonalities? Is there not thereby a genuine effect? This is not simply a striving after the bizarre. Strauss wanted that particular effect; he got it; and I would not exchange for it the whole of the symphony by Mozart, with the overture by Beethoven thrown in.

This young man, for Strauss is only thirty-one, has written music that commands respect, as well as music that is perplexing or disheartening in its pessimism, as the Don Juan symphonic poem, in which our old friend from Spain is sophisticated and deeply versed in Schopenhauer. But I do not remember anything by him that gives such assurance of his serene mastery of a subject as the prelude played last night, all white, mystic, wonderful.

The prelude to Act 2 is the Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court. Here we have Strauss, the student of Berlioz. But Berlioz in tumultuous joy, in orchestral jamborees, is a hard man to imitate, for he is always distinct in the height of his frenzy. Twist the rhythm as Strauss will, shock by sudden contrasts, set up blue lights and rockets and pinwheels and cannon crackers when the whole show is over, and there remain stunned ears, aching eyes, lame legs, the smell of powder and burnt paper, there is the one final opinion: "After all, Berlioz gave us a better show." Yet, in its proper place, this orchestral hurrah may serve its purpose.

Bülow never showed more clearly his devotion to Raff than when he insisted on playing his piano concerto. The Raff of the greater symphonies is one man, a romantic creature, with a mastery of counterpoint and moments of genuine inspiration and gorgeous expression. The Raff of the piano pieces is for the most part a contriver of pot boilers, with a mastery of counterpoint and an eye to cheap applause. This concerto, we are told by some learned German, is a masterpiece because—because, forsooth, "in each movement all the subjects are in double counterpoint with one another." This may be so; it does not prevent the work from being intrinsically vulgar.

I know of hardly anything more pathetic in the history of music than the necessity of Raff. Here was a man of fine thought, of acknowledged skill, of pure, romantic spirit, obliged to write for publishers and public that he might eat, clothe himself and have a place to sleep in.

There are philistines in all trades and callings, though, and ours are to have recognition to-morrow evening, when the Boston Symphony orchestra will play Arditi's and Donizetti's music. Whether this is done to oblige Melba or the audience remains to be seen. If the audience likes it, and we are all afraid it will, the Boston Symphony orchestra will probably give us Offenbach before the season is over, and we may have T'row him down, McCloskey at the last concert. The Brooklyn Institute, which backs the Boston orchestra this season, is devoted to the advancement of art and science. This week it gives talks on nearly everything. There are seven lectures under its auspices to-day and this evening; three to-morrow, three on Wednesday, ten on Thursday, four on Friday and three on Saturday. In addition to all this it keeps art and architecture classes going and gives a course of dramatic readings. In every one of these themes the lecturers and orators and teachers deal with high facts of science and art. We have talks and discussions about Shakespeare, Goethe, Æschylus, Raphael, the Renaissance, and the like of that. Yet its music admits Donizetti and Arditi! Well, perhaps we should not complain.

The Boston Symphony people have been giving us Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann for several years and the houses have been half full. If the people do not want the classics let them have their musical taffy. Some of us are sorry. But it brings the dollars.

...AND ADVERTISER.

...ia, Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895.

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To such musical bigots last night's programme, which is appended, may have seemed unsuitable; to those of wider tastes it was delightful:

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Haendel.....Aria, "Sweet Bird"
(Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.)
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b. Waltz of Sylphs.
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Richard Wagner.....'Emperor's March"

The soloist was Madame Melba. She has, no doubt, been using that marvellous voice of hers a great deal during the past few weeks, yet this did not prevent her from giving the Haendal aria with such exquisite effect that at its conclusion the crowded audience recalled the prima donna again and again. For an exhibition of the remarkable facility and faultless method which distinguish all her work no selection could have been more appropriate. The only other number she gave, the mad scene from "Hamlet," was sung with unmistakable beauty, if hardly with the necessary feeling and romantic sentiment.

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On next Saturday afternoon the Orchestra will have a popular matinée, at which Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Signor D'Aubigne and Signor Campanari will be the soloists. The programme, a characteristic one for such an entertainment, promises to be most attractive.

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The Times

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its tenth Philadelphia season with a very successful concert at the Academy of Music. Mr. Ellis has doubled up his attractions for this week, and it may as well be owned that the feature of last evening was not the orchestra but Madame Melba, who sang the flute aria from "Il Penseroso" and the mad scene from "Hamlet," with a splendor of voice and a smoothness and ease and brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. Her tone is so rich and her singing is so exquisitely clear and true and sparkling, and at the same time so firm and strong, that to listen to her in concert is a great delight. The Handel aria, to which Mr. Mole played the obligato, was exquisitely sung, with the most delicious runs and scales and ending with a marvelous cadenza. Ophelia's scene needs the illustration of action, but it does not need more facile execution. In this combination of facility with volume and beauty of voice Madame Melba is now practically alone, and in a selected programme like this she is heard to the best advantage. Mr. Paur gave a rather pale and tedious rendering of the third symphony, which never before seemed too long, and a very delicate execution of the fairy dance music from the "Damnation of Faust," closing the concert with the Kaiser March, in which at least there was noise enough. The orchestra with Melba and the concert troupe will be heard again on Saturday afternoon.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1895

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First Appearance of Boston Orchestra This Season—Melba as Soloist.

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The Melba part of the concert was of a contrasted character. Her first solo was Handel's old-time aria, "Sweet Bird That Shunst the Noise and Folly," from his Miltonic cantata. The aria is sung with flute accompaniment, and its runs and trills are played by the flute occasionally and then echoed by the voice. In this setting-off of her voice against the flute Melba's purity of tone and rounded quality of voice was beautifully evident. The flute distinctly suffered by comparison. The aria is one of much simplicity, and yet has several high reaches that gave Melba an opportunity and caught the gallery. The second solo was "Ophelia's" mad song from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet." To compare Melba with herself there is this to say, that she sings the mad scene from "Lucia" much better and that the latter is a more moving performance. The "Ophelia" music did not seem to be felt by Melba, and there was a certain coldness about her rendition, which, of course, was finely executed. The mad song is plaintive and sweet, but for a mad song it needs something which Melba did not put in it last night, and yet the rendering as a mere vocalization carried away the audience. No encores, although vociferously demanded, were allowed.

The orchestral programme was an interesting one, yet Mr Paur was a bad European politician in his programme, since he opened with Beethoven's Third symphony, the Napoleon symphony with all its consecration to a great idea, a great national hero, and closed with Wagner's loud sounding racking Kaiser march in honor of German unity in 1870 and the triumph over the French. Beethoven and the Napoleon idea bore off the honors of the evening with the fantastic Will-o'-the-Wisp's minuet and waltz of the sylphs from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" as a most dainty and exquisite interlude played as only an orchestra with the training of the Boston Symphony can play it. In the symphony the serious movement or funeral march was particularly notable. The orchestra gives its first popular concert next Saturday afternoon with Melba, Scalchi and Campanari as the stars of the first magnitude, and an attractive orchestra programme.

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MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

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There was a great crowd at the Academy of Music last evening, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, opened its eleventh Philadelphia season with the performance of a programme comprising Beethoven's third symphony, the "Eroica" the fairy dance music from Berlioz's "Damnation du Faust," and Wagner's pretentious but unsatisfying "Kaiser Marsch." The interpretation of the symphony, while perfect as regards technique, intellectually and emotionally left something to be desired. It was beautifully refined, admirably proportioned, and of pellucid clearness, but somehow or other it failed to communicate the feeling of the music. It left the listener cold. Even in the playing of the funeral march, one did not get away from the art of the rendition. And while art is much, it is not everything, especially where the composer is Beethoven. What was missed was the accent of sincerity, of intensity, of life. The deep sorrow which pervades the throbbing phrases of the slow movement, and inspires its haunting, reiterated cadences, was never felt and made contagiously communicative. The Berlioz music was much more satisfying, for its performance was marked by a perfection that left nothing wanting. Mme. Melba was the soloist. She sang Haendel's air, "Sweet Bird," with flute obligato, beautifully played by M. Mole, and the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." She was not in her best voice, but sang with incomparable brilliancy and delightful art, and was rapturously applauded.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

The program of the Fourth Symphony Concert given last evening was as follows:

Preludes to Acts I. and II. of Guntram.....Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Concerto for piano, C minor, op. 185.....Raff
Symphony No. 39, D major, Parisian.....Mozart
Overture, Consecration of the House.....Beethoven

The program book stated that "Guntram, opera in three acts, the text and music by Richard Strauss, was first brought out at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894." The statement is incorrect. The opera was first brought out at the Weimar Opera House, May 10, 1894. The Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894 was May 31 to June 6.

* * *

Inasmuch as Guntram is unknown to us, we are obliged to listen to these preludes as though they were absolute music, without a definite purpose, as the inducing of a mood, a preparation for the dramatic action that follows, or, in the case of the second prelude, a contrast, or an explanation, or an announcement like the "twenty years are supposed to elapse," &c., so dear to writers of melodrama. The music no doubt suffers in consequence.

Yet is the first of these preludes—it was played in Chicago by Thomas' Orchestra November 2—full of suggestion. Given the word Guntram and this prelude; here is a problem to be worked out by each hearer, and without doubt there are many wildly differing answers.

To you, madam, it may have suggested a cathedral. To you, a philosopher, it may have suggested infinity. To a third, something rambling and vaguely agreeable. To me it was all white, mystic, wonderful. However you may regard its purpose or its meaning, you must admit the beauty, the spirituality, the freedom from earthly dross. It is easy to look wise, to say now Lohengrin, and again Tristan, and yet again Parsifal, but there is much in the prelude that is Richard Strauss. Do you object to the synchronism in one passage of two decided tonalities? Is there not thereby a genuine effect? This is not simply a striving after the bizarre. Strauss wanted that particular effect; he got it; and I would not exchange for it the whole of the symphony by Mozart, with the overture by Beethoven thrown in.

This young man, for Strauss is only thirty-one, has written music that commands respect, as well as music that is perplexing or disheartening in its pessimism, as the Don Juan symphonic poem, in which our old friend from Spain is sophisticated and deeply versed in Schopenhauer. But I do not remember anything by him that gives such assurance of his serene mastery of a subject as the prelude played last night, all white, mystic, wonderful.

The prelude to Act 2 is the Festival of Victory at the Duke's Court. Here we have Strauss, the student of Berlioz. But Berlioz in tumultuous joy, in orchestral jamborees, is a hard man to imitate, for he is always distinct in the height of his frenzy. Twist the rhythm as Strauss will, shock by sudden contrasts, set up blue lights and rockets and pinwheels and cannon crackers when the whole show is over, and there remain stunned ears, aching eyes, lame legs, the smell of powder and burnt paper, there is the one final opinion: "After all, Berlioz gave us a better show." Yet, in its proper place, this orchestral hurrah may serve its purpose.

Bülow never showed more clearly his devotion to Raff than when he insisted on playing his piano concerto. The Raff of the greater symphonies is one man, a romantic creature, with a mastery of counterpoint and moments of genuine inspiration and gorgeous expression. The Raff of the piano pieces is for the most part a contriver of pot boilers, with a mastery of counterpoint and an eye to cheap applause. This concerto, we are told by some learned German, is a masterpiece because—because, forsooth, "in each movement all the subjects are in double counterpoint with one another." This may be so; it does not prevent the work from being intrinsically vulgar.

I know of hardly anything more pathetic in the history of music than the necessity of Raff. Here was a man of fine thought, of acknowledged skill, of pure, romantic spirit, obliged to write for publishers and public that he might eat, clothe himself and have a place to sleep in.

There are philistines in all trades and callings, though, and ours are to have recognition to-morrow evening, when the Boston Symphony orchestra will play Arditi's and Donizetti's music. Whether this is done to oblige Melba or the audience remains to be seen. If the audience likes it, and we are all afraid it will, the Boston Symphony orchestra will probably give us Offenbach before the season is over, and we may have T'row him down, McCloskey at the last concert. The Brooklyn Institute, which backs the Boston orchestra this season, is devoted to the advancement of art and science. This week it gives talks on nearly everything. There are seven lectures under its auspices to-day and this evening; three to-morrow, three on Wednesday, ten on Thursday, four on Friday and three on Saturday. In addition to all this it keeps art and architecture classes going and gives a course of dramatic readings. In every one of these themes the lecturers and orators and teachers deal with high facts of science and art. We have talks and discussions about Shakespeare, Goethe, Æschylus, Raphael, the Renaissance, and the like of that. Yet its music admits Donizetti and Arditi! Well, perhaps we should not complain.

The Boston Symphony people have been giving us Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann for several years and the houses have been half full. If the people do not want the classics let them have their musical taffy. Some of us are sorry. But it brings the dollars.

...Music—The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

...which brilliantly ushered in the ...phony season last evening at the ...y of Music displayed Emil Paur in ...table light as a programme builder. ...one who realizes how hopelessly at sea ...ral conductors sometimes are in that ca... and how dull they occasionally con... to make their arrangement of numbers, ...rdially be said that there was cause for ...ulness at this fresh exhibition of ...Paur's skill. Solidarity and depth may ...one thing, stupidity quite another, but a ...rtain type of concert-goers (a type which, ...unately, makes a light impression) can ...ver see the difference. Fortified by a little ...owledge and a vast amount of enthusiasm, ...y will not admit, except, perchance, to ...emselves, that here and there a stray com...sition of their favorite masters may be un...welcome, just as if the most sublime writers ...ould not, at times, produce a dreary ...ture. These are the people who, not con...t with recognizing the many real beauties ...f Wagner, insist that every bar he ever ...rolled is a heaven-sent blessing, and who ...ould hold up their hands with pretended ...orror if they knew that a great virtuoso ...who possibly understands more about music ...than all of them put together) observed, the ...other day, that, much as he believed in Wag...er, he always felt like leaving an opera ...house when he heard a certain duet in one of ...the master's works. The same enthusiasts ...smile patronisingly when the name of Bee...thoven is mentioned; they shrug their shoul...ders over "poor old Haendel," and show as ...much regard for Ambroise Thomas as for—...Offenbach.

To such musical bigots last night's pro...gramme, which is appended, may have ...seemed unsuitable; to those of wider tastes it ...was delightful:

...dwig von Beethoven:
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
...Handel.....Aria, "Sweet Bird"
(Flute obligato, Mr. Molé.)
...ector Berlioz.....a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps
b. Waltz of Sylphs.
From the "Damnation of Faust."
...mbroise Thomas..*Ophelie's* Mad Scene, "Hamlet"
...chard Wagner.....'Emperor's March'

The soloist was Madame Melba. She has, ...no doubt, been using that marvellous voice ...of hers a great deal during the past few ...weeks, yet this did not prevent her from ...giving the Haendal aria with such exquisite ...effect that at its conclusion the crowded au...dience recalled the prima donna again and ...again. For an exhibition of the remarkable ...facility and faultless method which distin...guish all her work no selection could have ...been more appropriate. The only other ...number she gave, the mad scene from ..."Hamlet," was sung with unmistakable ...beauty, if hardly with the necessary feeling ...and romantic sentiment.

Of the instrumental portion of the concert it ...may be said, in a general way, that it showed ...the orchestra to be in as fine form as ever this ...season. There was the same finish and ...unanimity, as displayed in the performance ...of the "Eroica" Symphony, and the same ...possibilities for delicate expression, as in the ...Berlioz excerpts. The powers of the orches...tra in the way of virility were admirably ...brought out in the closing "Emperor's ...March," which, with its crashing chords, its ...spirit of *fortissimo* and stirring pictures of ...war, makes a magnificent piece of descrip...tive writing.

On next Saturday afternoon the Orchestra ...will have a popular matinée, at which Ma...dame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Signor D'Au...bigne and Signor Campanari will be the solo...ists. The programme, a characteristic one ...for such an entertainment, promises to be ...most attractive.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FIRST POPULAR MATINÉE
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR,
Assisted by
MME. MELBA,
MME. SCALCHI, Contralto,
SIG. D'AUBIGNE, Tenor,
SIG. CAMPANARI, Baritone,
Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2.30.
TICKETS on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut ...on and after TUESDAY, NOV. 12, at 9

The Times
TEN PAGES
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Paderewski.

WELL, our glorious Paderewski is back again, and, if possible, more glorious than ever! There does not seem much else to say about him, since everything ...to hear it; it makes me think of George!" Since that time it is in my mind as Paderewski's George Melody.

...said in speaking of Schumann, 1. Arleschino; 2. Notturno (In Boccacio's Villa); 3. Lucciolo (Firefly); 3. Misericordia (On the Lung Urno at Midnight); 5. Rusigmolo (In My Neighbor's Garden), also La Suitone (Petite Scene for piano).

Mr. John H. Manning, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. Jacques Hoffmann and Mr. Edouard Rose, gave a piano recital in Association Hall Thursday evening. His program was: Trio for piano and strings, op, 23, Christian Sinding; Spirit Song, Haydn; sarabane, Bach; gavot, Bach; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann;

The pity of it that such a man should write such a concerto, with its boarding school prettiness and its circus finale.

Mr. Faelten's performance of it was no doubt as good as it deserved. He was conscientious and careful and always respectable. There was never any exhibition of the overwhelming artistry that sometimes glorifies that which is commonplace and redeems that which is inherently vulgar.

* * *

Mozart's symphony in D pleased the Parisians of 1778. But that was over a century ago. In this work there are few traces of the smile of Mozart, the smile that suggests the tear. I doubt if Mr. Paur would play it to-day, or if anybody would listen to it respectfully and patiently, if it did not bear Mozart's name.

Nor is the Beethoven overture a mighty joy. Who cares for Beethoven when he wrote "in the style of Händel"? It is when we listen to his music written in the style of Beethoven that we bow the knee. PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, November 9, 1895.

Mme. Melba's apartments at the Hotel Brunswick were a perfect garden of flowers, some of them the trophies of the opening night at Music Hall, other gifts from friends who know her love for roses. Next Friday evening she will sing in New York with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for the first time this season. The past month she has sung at eighteen concerts.

Mme. Scalchi will leave for New York immediately after the Saturday afternoon concert, to meet her husband, Signor Lolli, who is to arrive from Italy in a day or two.

Mlle. Bauermeister, owing to engagements with the opera, leaves the Melba Company on Saturday, as she has to be in New York in time to sing at the opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mlle. Bauermeister received so warm a welcome upon her appearance at Music Hall that, as she expressed it, "a big lump came in her throat and was very hard to get rid of." The greatest pleasure of her life is in doing something that gives happiness to others. She takes very few holidays, going from one engagement to another, with but short intervals between. In London her home is near the Crystal Palace, but she is always glad to get back to her "dear America."

Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigne, who by the way is a pupil of Wm. Courtney, of New York, has had such a succession of complimentary notices ever since he has been a member of the Melba Operatic Concert Company that to read them is but to read the changes upon the words "tremendous success," "artistic singing," "strong personality," "fine tenor voice," &c. On Thursday evening at Music Hall he sang under great difficulties, as he had been seriously ill for several days, and it was only by the greatest effort of the will that he was able to make his appearance. In January Mr. d'Aubigne will be heard in New York in opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Hobbs announce the marriage of their daughter Henrietta and Homer A. Norris, which took place on Tuesday, November 5. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale was the officiating clergyman.

Miss Edith F. Castle sang two groups of songs in the recital given at the New England Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening. Miss Castle has already booked several engagements for concerts, and will probably be heard ...of Boston before the season is over.

...z Worthington Loomis, a young composer

L 91

Kneisel, of Boston, as well by other virtuosi. Music lives in the sensible perception of sound. Reading a score is useless; the work, if it belongs to the past, must be made to live again in the sense of hearing, for it must not be forgotten that the further we go back in the past the more uncertain are the traditions and conditions of culture under which a given work was composed; nay, even the very sense of hearing has undergone changes. Such being the case, the philological method is insufficient, and our teachers have in consequence illustrated their lectures by piano performance and instituted the so-called historical concerts.

After lamenting the fact that the history of music does not form part of the general education of the cultured classes, Dr. Pruefer exclaims, "Music as it exists in the works of the great masters of all ages is a revelation of one of the most peculiar branches of human culture, comparable to Christianity alone in its power to conquer and redeem the world," and he quotes Wagner's words, "As Christianity stepped out from the Roman universal civilization, so from the chaos of modern civilization music comes forth."

Music, Pruefer says, has a mission, and if the science of musical history ...further this mission

BEN IS BITTER.

THE Boston *Herald* printed the following editorial November 10:

Certain of the New York music critics continue to express profound sympathy with Boston in the absence of Mr. Arthur Nikisch from his former place as conductor of the Boston Symphony concerts, and seem to pretend to believe that in parting with him Boston has lost a treasure of inestimable value. This is all well enough in its way as an example of the keen interest that these writers take in the musical welfare of this city; but, unfortunately, they do not appear to be able to glorify the conductor who has gone without manifesting a more than ugly spirit toward the infinitely more able conductor who has replaced him. In other words, Mr. Nikisch is taken as a text for depreciating Mr. Paur.

New York critics have always been eccentric in regard to conductors, and do not seem to know exactly what they really want in that regard. After having showered praise of the most fervid quality on Theodore Thomas for years, they suddenly turn upon him and hound him unmercifully. On the advent of Anton Seidl they prostrated themselves adoringly before him and sang the loudest of hosannas whenever he took his baton in hand to impart a lurid Wagnerian color to every other composer; in fact they established a Seidl cult and wildly worshipped their idol for some years. Then, without warning, they began to pull down the altars they had erected to his power and glory, and to throw mud at him, to ridicule him, to scoff at his pretentiousness and to decry him as a false god, a misleader in art and a musical imbecile generally. This state of affairs lasted for some little time, when the current of feeling underwent a change, and Mr. Seidl was lugged from the mound of abuse under which he had been submerged, shaken into shape, brushed off, made fairly presentable and set up again, but on a smaller pedestal and without any of the attributes of his earlier divinity. The reason for these mutations of admiration has never been explained.

Then came Mr. Damrosch, whom the critics would not accept at any price. Season after season they berated him, laughed at him, snarled at him, belittled him, insulted him and displayed a bitter and an implacable resolve to "down him," come what might. He could not thus be "downed," however, but held on his way unmoved of the thunderbolts that the gentlemen of the press hurled at him, and, lo and behold! by-and-by they began to smear him with commendation, to rejoice in him, to pick from his coat lappels such little bits of fluff as may have wafted thither, and to smooth him down generally, until at last they find themselves almost impoverished in terms wherewith to sound his praises. The reason for this curious change of heart remains also unexplained. And so it was of Mr. Van der Stucken, and so it has been of every conductor whose misfortune or honor it may have been to come under the pens of these same critics. So it was at the outset even with Mr. Nikisch, in a lesser degree, because, probably, he was only an occasional visitor.

Having rung all the changes possible on their own conductors they now turn their attention to Boston, and reproach her severely for having let Mr. Nikisch go; and they throw in her teeth the fact that Leipsic has secured him for the Gewandhaus concerts. That great light of American musical art, Mr. Reginald de Koven, seizing a few moments from his industrious composition of music by other composers, finds opportunity to say: "After the many detrimental things said in regard to his work the surpassing success which Mr. Nikisch has been meeting with both in Leipsic and Berlin must be gall and wormwood to some critics." Nothing has yet been heard here of this surpassing success; but even if Mr. Nikisch has achieved it in Berlin and Leipsic it proves no more than that there are as great fools in those cities as there are in New York. Mr. De Koven himself has achieved astonishing success, but that is only an indication that some people like the sort of music that he provides. It does not make him a great musician, even in his genre; nor does Mr. Nikisch's success in Berlin and Leipsic make him a great conductor. If these cities like Mr. Nikisch, and he remains no better a conductor than he was when he failed to satisfy Boston and delighted New York, so much the worse. There must be some German critics to whom the triumph of mediocrity is as much gall and wormwood as it can possibly be to Boston critics.

But why this almost paternal solicitude regarding the absence of Mr. Nikisch from Boston? If he is so successful abroad, why not rejoice that he is where he is appreciated, instead of wishing him back again where he is not? It is said that he is very eager to return to this country, which, by the way, is somewhat ungrateful toward those cities that have crowned him with laurel, and that the boom which those New York critics are attempting to make for him is directed toward assisting him in that desire. It is a pity that they do not use their great influence to obtain a foothold for him in New York, where they will be enabled to encourage and to support them to their heart's content. He was weighed in the balance here and found wanting, but he would no doubt do very well in New York, where they are far less particular. However, they do not appear to be so much bent on having him there as they are in having him in Boston, which is, after all, something closely resembling a backhanded compliment, and a rather dubious form of admiration to come from those who are so inconsolable at his absence, and who yearn so movingly for him. Pave the way, gentlemen, for him to take up his abode in New York, and should you succeed, Boston would hear of it with pleasure and an equanimity that would be impossible in any contemplation of his return hither. In the meanwhile you will of course continue to hammer away at Mr. Paur whenever he visits you with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, just to show how loyal you are to Mr. Nikisch, and how consistent you are in your treatment of conductors generally. Then, too, there is something in emulating the ruffian in *Punch*, who advised hurling half a brick at the new minister, simply because he was not the old one.

Of course little Benny Woolf wrote the above interesting nonsense. Benny has never forgiven Mr. Nikisch because that great conductor failed to appreciate Benny's music, and of course Benny heaves his verbal brickbat at Mr. De Koven because that composer's Robin Hood is successful and the Woolf operettas are not. But let all this pass. THE MUSICAL COURIER is referred to, naturally enough, for THE MUSICAL COURIER said that Mr. Paur is not a great conductor and not a worthy successor to Mr. Nikisch, that Walter Damrosch was sadly in need of experience, and that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Seidl had both deteriorated.

All these criticisms were just and called for. Mr. Damrosch has by sheer force of ability and backbone won a foremost and an enviable position in the musical life of America. He benefited by our criticisms. So did Mr. Thomas, who has been doing superb work in Chicago, and who will revisit New York next spring with a success he never experienced since his palmy days of a decade ago. Mr. Seidl has been criticised in these columns, but he was never pulled off his pedestal, as Woolf says. Mr. Seidl is a strong individuality, a conductor of modern music drama. That is his pedestal and stronghold. Mr. Paur alone has not benefited by THE MUSICAL COURIER criticisms, for the simple reason that he could not. He is Mr. Paur, and will make no progress, being hidebound in his prejudices, and hopelessly dull and philistine.

Naturally such a provincial writer as Woolf—"Has-Been Woolf" they nickname him in Boston town—knows nothing of the contemporaneous currents of the great musical world. How can he? He writes for a distinguished constituency, chiefly composed of shoemakers, in Lynn, Mass.! How could he have heard of Nikisch's success in Leipsic and Berlin? What is Nikisch to Lynn and Ben Woolf? Why, the man never reads the newspapers—no, not even the Boston *Herald!* In the old Baconian days this admirable newspaper was amiable to a fault in its musical department.

We congratulate the *Herald* on its Woolf. He of all men will tell the stern truth to his Lynn auditory. He will say that New York is unmusical because it upheld Mr. Nikisch—Nikisch, the man who neglected the genius of Woolf. He will say that a musical journal of New York has the temerity to criticise Emil Paur—Paur, who dotes on Woolf's music. That this musical journal dared to criticise Seidl, Thomas and Damrosch—criticisms that have all born fruit. That this journal dares to even criticise Woolf—Woolf, of Lynn and thereabouts. We congratulate Lynn; we felicitate the Boston *Herald.*

Yet for all this Nikisch has had big success in Germany, Austria and England. He is a great conductor and Paur is not. Woolf knows this, but he also knows that public sentiment runs very high in Lynn, that Emil Paur is an idol—a leathern conductor indeed to Lynnites. So Woolf pounds away. It hurts no one and gives him pleasure. Yet must we reiterate that phrase which maddens Woolf—lashes Woolf into vertiginous fury. Paur must go, Paur is going.

For the benefit of our Lynn subscribers we beg to say that THE MUSICAL COURIER is referred to by little Benny Woolf in the editorial quoted above, which is clipped from the *Herald* of Boston.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY AND MUSIC HALL,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

HISTORY OF THE GIFT.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

One of the Towers.

ON November 25th, 1881, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a communication to Hon. Robert W. Lyon, then Mayor of the City of Pittsburgh, offered to donate $250,000 for a free library, provided the City would agree to appropriate the sum of $15,000 annually for its maintenance. No action looking to the acceptance of the offer was taken at that time owing to the fact that the City under the then existing law had no power to raise by taxation money for the maintenance of such an institution.

In 1886, however, after it had been ascertained that the proper legislative action could be procured, an ordinance was passed incorporating Mr. Carnegie's letter of 1881, accepting his proposition, and empowering the Mayor of the City and the Presidents of Select and Common Councils to serve *ex-officio* on a Board of Trustees to be named by the donor. It was not until 1887, however, that the enabling act was passed by the Legislature, and Mr. Carnegie was notified that the City was able to perform its part of the contract. This notification brought another letter from Mr. Carnegie, under date of February 6th, 1890, in which he stated that, as the City had greatly increased in size and importance during the past few years, he was convinced that more extensive buildings were needed, combining reference and circulating libraries, accommodations for the exhibition of works of art, and assembly rooms for the various learned societies; and suggesting the erection of branch library buildings. To provide these structures he offered to expend not less than $1,000,000, and proposed placing their erection and control in the hands of a Board of Trustees of eighteen members, nine to be named by himself and the other nine to comprise the Mayor of the City, the Presidents of Select and Common Council, the President of the Central Board of Education, and a Library Committee of five members of City Councils. The conditions attached to the offer were that the City would bind itself to place in the hands of the Board of Trustees $40,000 annually for the maintenance of the Library system, and that the non-office-holding members of the Board should have power to fill all vacancies occurring in their own number.

On May 31st, 1890, the ordinance accepting this second proposition was passed. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees James B. Scott was made President, H. C. Frick Treasurer, and W. N. Frew Secretary. The principal committee appointed was the Building Committee, of which James B. Scott was made Chairman. The serious work of the enterprise was begun at once and a public invitation was extended to all architects to enter a competition to be held in this City, general instructions being given as to size and requirements of the building. In the competition which followed ninety-seven architects from all parts of the United States were represented by one hundred and two sets of plans, which were placed on exhibition in a room in the Ferguson building. A special committee of the Board was appointed to examine the plans, and, after several weeks' study, a recommendation was made that the plan of Longfellow, Alden & Harlow be adopted. It is needless to say that many beautiful elevations were presented, but the Committee decided at the outset of its labors that a useful interior was more to be desired than a graceful exterior, and recognized the architectural difficulty of combining under one roof four separate buildings, each naturally calling for its own special treatment.

The Board adopted the recommendation of the Committee, and the following months were spent in elaborating and maturing the plans. When it was decided to use stone instead of Florentine brick, as originally contemplated, and as $300,000 had been set apart for the Branch Libraries, Mr. Carnegie generously added $100,000 to the $700,000 already appropriated by the Board for the main structure. In 1891 the City showed its appreciation of the philanthropic act of Mr. Carnegie by passing an ordinance authorizing the Board of Trustees to erect the main structure on part of the nineteen acres of park land then recently acquired from Mrs. Schenley. The foundation of this building was laid in the fall of 1892, and in May, 1893, the contract for the superstructure was awarded to Henry Shenk. Work was started in July, 1893, and continued without interruption until the present date.

In February, 1894, James B. Scott died, and his place as President of the Board and Chairman of the Building Committee was filled by W. N. Frew. Mr. Scott contributed unsparingly of his time and skill to making this building what it is, and, almost unaided, succeeded in removing many serious obstacles to the success of the enterprise.

In 1894 a Committee of the Board of Trustees on Branch Libraries was appointed, having Mr. H. P. Ford as Chairman, with instructions to recommend the number and location of sites for the Branch Library buildings. After much conscientious labor seven locations were selected, three on the South Side, one in Hazlewood, one in Lawrenceville, one in the East End, and one in the old City. Most of these sites have already been purchased.

The several departments of the main Library building are under the management of a corps of gentlemen, each selected because of his peculiar fitness for his position. Mr. Edwin H. Anderson is at the head of the Library proper. Mr. Frederic Archer will control the development of the musical department. Mr. George H. Wilson is manager of the Music Hall and has charge of the press work connected with it. Prof. Gustave Guttenberg collected and arranged the Museum exhibit, and Mr. John W. Beatty gathered the Art collection. Mr. Charles R. Cunningham is Superintendent of the building. Each of the above is held responsible to the Board of Trustees for the proper management of his own department, and has the sole right to employ and discharge his assistants.

Arrangements have been made with the Academy of Science and Art to occupy and control the meeting and lecture rooms in the Science wing, with the understanding that numerous lecture courses shall be free to the public. Similar contracts have been made with the Art Society and the Mozart Club. The School of Design for Women has been given commodious quarters in the basement, and the Art Students' League has found a home on the third floor on the conditions that skilled instructors be secured from the best schools, and that male and female classes be formed which shall be open to any desiring to study art.

WILLIAM N. FREW.

The Architectural Plan.

BY THE ARCHITECTS.

The Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, is the general name given to the great building containing under one roof four distinct departments of Learning and Art.

In order to clearly understand a description of this building, the history and construction of which are so well known to Pittsburgh, it is absolutely necessary to begin with the general arrangement and grouping of the plan, as this was the first problem presented to the Architects for solution.

A problem which, in its comprehensive scope, presented architectural difficulties of a most unusual nature and without precedent was the grouping together into a harmonious whole of a Library, a Music Hall, an Art Gallery, and Science Museum, each distinct and complete in itself. Convenience and saving of space and economy of money and maintenance entered largely into the necessity of this grouping of what ordinarily would have been four distinct buildings.

With a fixed appropriation the generous donor had gathered together in one great comprehensive scheme all the kindred interests of Letters, Music, Art and Science, to be housed in convenient relation one to the other, in order that a busy and growing people might easily avail themselves of the opportunities offered for relaxation and cultivation.

The plan of the building finally adopted, its orientation was determined by the somewhat contracted though picturesque site selected in Schenley Park, near the main entrance on Forbes Street and bordered on the north by Bellefield Avenue. The extreme dimensions of this building are 392 feet by 148 feet. The main axis of the building was first called for and was designed to be parallel to Forbes Street, but on account of the deep and picturesque ravine which encroaches upon the site, the building was finally turned parallel to Bellefield Avenue, and facing the ravine and proposed bridge. This placing demands a careful architectural treatment of terraces, balustrades, and steps necessary to give dignity to the placing and surroundings of so important a public monument

The Library, which forms the heart of the building, has its greatest length (119 feet) along this axis, and is flanked on either hand by the projecting wings which contain the Science and Art Museums; the unpierced wall of the latter having been utilized as the main wall from which springs the semicircular walls of the Music Hall. The deep projecting wings with the Library front form an open court of great interest for planting and decorative treatment with architectural garden motives.

The style of the building is an adaptation of the early Italian Renaissance, where simplicity of outline and careful study of wall spaces and openings give a dignified and monumental quality to the design without the use of costly architectural motives or a wealth of carved ornamentation.

The general effect and composition of the exterior, while expressing the interior in broad strong masses of light and shade, is held together and quieted by long sweeping horizontal lines of continuous cornices and bands which connect the composition, and serve to harmonize the various distinct parts and their different uses. The vigorous vertical lines of towers and angles enliven the calm effect of the strong preponderating horizontal lines, which are still further emphasized by the simple outline and mass of the tiled roof. This, in color contrast with the unity of the lighter stone work, gives simplicity and elegance to the building. The stone used is the light gray Ohio sandstone, which, in contrast with the soft red tiled surfaces of the roof, has great artistic value against the changing sky and the foliage of the Park.

In general composition the towers have been employed to arrest the flow of the horizontal lines and reconcile the joining of the semicircular and stilted walls of the massive Music Hall with the symmetrical mass of the rest of the building. Their high, graceful shafts like Italian campanili, rising 162 feet in the air, also serve, with open arched top, decorated frieze and high roof, artistically to arrest the attention and to reconcile the transition at the point where the lighter and more pleasing treatment and lines of the Music Hall and the expanse of the roof join the severer masses of the Library portion. These towers, by adding vigor and light and shade to the design, obviate the threatened overpowering of the whole mass by the width and form of the Music Hall: a form necessitated by the great seating capacity demanded. Moreover, while adding greatly to the effectiveness of the building at a distance these towers furnish much needed space for staircases and ventilation.

The placing of the Music Hall on Forbes street brings the great sweep of its semicircular walls, porte cochere, towers, entrance, vestibule, and domed staircases, all interesting and important motifs, into prominence at the most effective point of the composition. Easy access from the three streets, a matter of utilitarian value, also insures a view of the building from a distance as well as from the vicinity.

The general quiet treatment of the façade is enlivened by the carefully studied grouping of the window openings, the balconies, panels, inscriptions and discs of marble, and by a judicious and reserved use of carving appropriate to the character of the building and the local atmosphere. The arched windows of the principal story are treated in the early Floren-

tine style with shaft and arched tracery in contrast with the smaller square windows of the rusticated walls below. This rusticated story, carried completely around the building, serves to bind the various projections and masses together and to give a sense of unity and breadth.

The library proper, practically and ideally the most interesting and important part of the problem, occupies two stories in that portion of the main building recessed between the Art and Science wings, and is in direct communication with them, as well as with the isolated "stack" or book storage rooms. This central position of the Library insures greater quiet and easy access from the various entrances and all other parts of the building, while the reading rooms have the advantage of eastern light and purer outside air.

The "stack," situated directly at the rear, is so placed as to obstruct the least possible light, while its central position is the most convenient for the selection and distribution of books. Its present capacity of 200,000 volumes in six stories, with iron floors, shelves and lifts, can be readily increased without the loss of light or air. Fire doors and its slight connection with the building give protection against fire.

On the frieze above the Main Library entrance is the simple inscription, "Carnegie Library." Along the walls and under the windows tablets bearing the names of the principal writers of the world serve as a useful and instructive form of decoration, placed where all may read. In the same spirit the names of the Masters of Art and Science are carried as a noble decoration around the frieze of the building. Tablets on the attic story also mark the Art and Science wings.

The Library entrance is marked by a broad flight of stone steps, flanked by buttresses, destined to receive statues or groups, and by a triple arched porch with balustrade, carved pilasters and a frieze bearing the inscription "Free to the People." On either side of the Library steps and buttresses and arched doorways, protected by elaborately carved balconies, mark the separate entrances to the Art and Science wings. The Library porch, with three flat ceiling domes and finished in soft gray Knoxville marble and mosaic floor, leads to the grand vaulted vestibule finished in marble panels, pilasters and with a mosaic floor. The broad, graceful, vaulted ceiling is decorated with flowing arabesques, and at either end richly decorated tympani bear tablets with the names of great writers.

This vestibule, fifty-six feet wide, merges into the centre or axial corridor, thus giving two easy entrances into the Delivery room of the Circulating Library, which, with periodical and newspaper reading rooms opening through Palladian arches on either hand, occupies the entire length of the Library portion. In addition to the Palladian arches, the long delivery desk built around the piers, the projecting coat room, the architectural treatment of wainscot, pilasters, beams and cornice in ivory white, the monumental red Verona chimney-pieces marking the ends of the vista, and the quiet terazzo floor, give a dignified and pleasing sense of scale, freedom and usefulness.

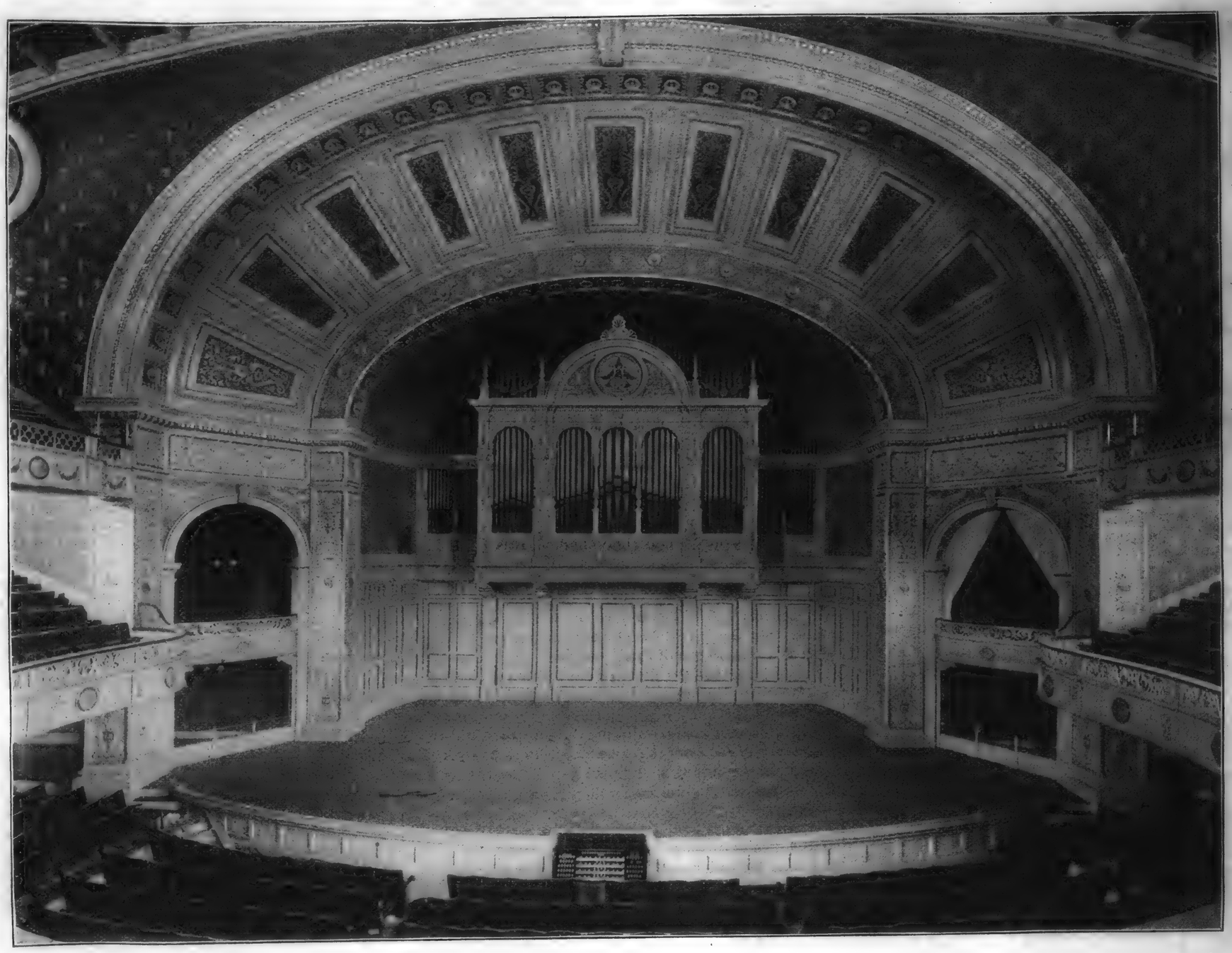
The simple color treatment is kept luminous throughout, while interest is added by the introduction of the book marks of American publishers and early Venetian printers as appropriate emblems to emphasize the disks employed.

On either side of the main entrance hall are situated the Trustees' room and the Librarian's office, while in connection with them light iron staircases for students and employés lead to the floors above and the working rooms below. Conveniently placed in the Art wing next the Library and opposite the Librarian's room is the long cataloguing room. The other working rooms are in the basement.

Between the entrances to the Circulating Library under the continuation of the vaulted and decorated ceiling, and between marble piers and balustrades, steps lead to the marble platform which forms the first landing of the main staircase leading up to the grand Reading Room and Reference Library, which occupies nearly the whole length of the Library building. This staircase, in marble, with niches on either side, opens to view the lofty proportion and dignified treatment of the great Reading Room and ends conveniently near the delivery desk, an arrangement enabling those wishing books to reach the delivery desk without disturbing the readers who occupy the large quiet spaces on either side of the staircase.

The classical arrangement of the arched windows with pilasters between and an arched wall treatment with cornice carrying the great sweep of the graceful, low lying, coffered ceiling, makes the room the most important and effective, with the possible exception of the Music Hall. The coffered ceiling is pierced to admit light from the large skylight above and from the elaborate system of electric lighting; thus every part of the great Reading room is flooded with light. The broad panels and the divisions of the tympanum under the sweep of the vault at either end suggest special mural painting. This grand hall, with dimensions 91 feet by 44 feet and 30 feet high, gives a sense of lightness, airiness and repose which has been preserved and enhanced by the beautifully refined and artistic color scheme used in connection with the ivory white treatment of the architecture.

The large Reading room opens by three doorways into the Library corridor (119 feet long) which, owing to its length and the proportions of arch, vault and pilasters, with its light and graceful scheme of dec-



THE PROSCENIUM, CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, PITTSBURGH, PA.

oration, is one of the most interesting portions of the building. Busts and statuary will eventually increase the interest of this beautiful vista. This corridor connects the Art Gallery with the Science wing and separates the Reference Library from the special libraries and from the secondary staircases which connect with the floors below.

Two comfortable rooms, one of which opens into the main Picture gallery, the other into the Science wing, lead from this corridor, and are designed for offices for the custodians of these two portions of the building.

Entering the Science wing on the ground floor a capacious double staircase leads to the floors above, while a long corridor with plain arched motives

The Art Galleries, superbly lighted by huge skylights of light iron construction, with handsomely decorated coving and cornice, have been carefully studied as to the hanging and changing of pictures and artificial lighting, the smaller galleries having side light as well as top light for the exhibition of small works and general objets d'art. The total wall space for exhibition is 8,300 feet. The Art Galleries are reached by a broad, branching staircase, starting at right angles to the long arched corridor which runs the entire length of the wing. This corridor is 148 feet in length and has entrances at either end. The treatment of the corridor suggests a decorative scheme with bas-reliefs of the frieze of the Parthenon, and busts and statues between the

which only careful study and the bold use of the tower motifs could successfully solve. This form also, on account of the mean distance from the stage, assures a nearly equal value to all the seats.

The principal entrance to the Music Hall is marked by a high arched porte cochere and a porch in two stories surmounted by domes, all marked by a lighter and more festal feeling of form and detail than the rest of the building. This effect is increased by the tall bronze lamps rising above the balustrade of the porte cochere and by the general arrangement of the lighting.

A large vaulted vestibule leads to the foyer, which merges itself in the semicircular and vaulted corridor which completely encircles the Music Hall. With

THE AUDITORIUM, CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, PITTSBURGH, PA.

leads to all the lecture rooms and to the amateur photographers' and coat rooms. Three large lecture rooms, the central one with a semicircular bay, opening singly or by means of sliding doors as one great hall, are destined for the lectures of the scientific societies and other meetings. On the floor above are the three rooms of the Museum. This wing of the building is finished and decorated plainly in keeping with its uses and is thoroughly lighted.

Above these halls on the third floor the same space is occupied by three picture galleries, thoroughly lighted from above and furnishing meeting rooms and wall space for special exhibitions of pictures and prints as well as for the exhibition of local Art Societies. These supplementary galleries are destined to be exceedingly useful in the future. In the basement of this wing large and well-lighted rooms will be devoted to the various departments of the Art Schools of Pittsburgh, and the fact that they are within easy reach of of the Art Gallery, Museum and Library will make them still more useful, as all forms of Art study are thus gathered together under one roof.

pilasters. Important groups placed on either side of the staircase are designed to give interest to these spaces and increase the Museum capacity.

The great boilers and all the machinery, dynamos, pumps, fans, and the system of air ducts occupy a large portion of the basement beneath the Library. By means of this system the vitiated air of the entire building is removed and fresh warm air brought in to replace it in a way to completely obviate a great difficulty often found in so large a building. In the basement are the commodious lavatories, which are easily reached by the various staircases, as well as other useful rooms.

The Music Hall, semicircular in plan, and with a deep widening stage, has been designed to bring the 2,000 and more seats within easy seeing and hearing distance of the performers. The semicircular form was selected as the only one giving the required seating capacity in the area allowed and an expression of the individual character of the building, and yet one that could be brought into union with the rest of the composition without overpowering it. This welding of dissimilar buildings was a difficult problem

its marbled walls and decorated and vaulted ceiling it forms a convenient and attractive promenade for the audience, and its form makes it easily accessible from all parts of the floor, as well as connecting the foyer proper with the tower staircases and the side entrances. On either side of the main vestibule spiral staircases with handsomely wrought iron rails lead to the floors above and the dressing rooms. Other staircases lead to the dressing rooms and the basement below. The gay effect of the Sienna marbled walls and the bright decoration of the vaulting have been carefully studied to give this entrance and foyer the effect appropriate to a palace of music. The mosaic floor and durable materials used are designed to withstand the great wear to which they are to be subjected, while they add greatly to the general decoration.

Six entrances lead to the auditorium, which extends from wall to wall above the balcony. A second balcony above completes the seating capacity of the auditorium and their flowing lines harmonize most agreeably with the surfaces and walls of the interior composition. Rising above the walls and penetra-

tions springs the low, domed ceiling, sufficiently divided into panels by the ribs and sweeping concentric mouldings, ornamented and decorated so as to preserve lightness and detail and yet be sufficiently broken up for acoustic properties. The interior is designed to give a sense of comfort and space, and the decoration has been most carefully carried out in the same spirit. An elaborate and handsomely decorated proscenium arch springs from the stage, with double proscenium boxes worked into the splay of the arch, while the decoration of the paneled soffit above the arch, everywhere accented with gold, is heightened by the use of the electric light. This rich arch, the most elaborate piece of decoration in the building, forms a worthy setting for the towering organ which has been specially designed for its position in the niche and in harmony with the general decoration.

The stage has been planned to accommodate large choruses and an orchestra, for whose use suitable rooms have been provided at the rear, as well as dressing rooms for special performers. All the details of seats and furnishing have been carried out with special attention to harmony with the decoration of the auditorium. This ornamentation, though the richest in point of color and design, has everywhere been made to augment the purely architectural effects, at the same time that it has added great life to the whole scheme. The same thing is true of the decoration throughout the Library portion and of the use of the electric lights which have been studied where possible to enhance the general artistic effect.

The steel construction used throughout in connection with the masonry, and the wire lathing, have made a practically fireproof building and greatly facilitated the placing and arrangement of rooms in some important cases.

The building has been worthily constructed within the appropriation, and every endeavor has been made to erect an institution worthy of its donor and its destination.

LONGFELLOW, ALDEN & HARLOW.

The Music Hall and Organ

And the Methods of their Utilization for the Musical Education of the People.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Although music is the youngest of the Arts and unique in its individuality it is the purest of them all, and appeals more directly to the emotions than any other. Therefore its extended cultivation cannot fail to exercise a potent influence in developing the intellectual and moral attributes of humanity. The recognition of this fact is fitly exemplified by the erection of the magnificent Music Hall, perfect in its acoustic qualities, as an adjunct to the noble Library building which Mr. Carnegie has with princely munificence donated to the city of Pittsburgh.

It is a source of special gratification to me, in commencing my duties as Music Director and Organist, to find such abundant opportunities afforded me for working out a system of musical education adapted to the needs of the people at large.

I have learned from experience that in order to create a real love for music in any community it is first necessary to popularize it. This can only be effected by the liberal use of works in which melody is a prominent feature, of course in combination with a few compositions of progressively higher type. By such means the gradual evolution of the Art is attractively demonstrated and general interest is awakened.

Even in cases where the audience is chiefly made up of æsthetic musicians, a concert programme devoted exclusively to classical music of intricate construction and profound thought is undesirable. Richard Wagner, the most advanced of musical philosophers, shared this opinion, and stated unreservedly that he considered the interspersion of music of lighter character to be indispensable, as it served to sharpen the appetite for the more solid items of the musical feast.

Conservatism in Art is also to be deprecated as being antagonistic to all real progress. Meritorious productions of all schools of composition, and of varied nationality, are worthy of attention and calculated to foster the growth of real musical taste. I shall endeavor to practically demonstrate the efficacy of an educational process based on these general principles.

Mr. Carnegie has exercised keen foresight and sound judgment in providing the Hall with a large modern concert organ in every way worthy of its mission. This aptly named "King of Instruments" rightly claims precedence of all others. Its noble dignity of tone, allied to enormous power, is no less conspicuous than its capacity for the production of the most refined and delicate effects in every shade of color. It lends itself with equal readiness to the interpretation of the marvelous creations of the immortal Bach, and the reproduction of many orchestral works in a manner impossible on any other instrument. Modern writers, realizing its marvelous comprehensiveness, have freely availed themselves of the increased facilities afforded by the completely equipped organ of our day (which bears but slight resemblance to the imperfect and clumsy instrument of a bygone age), and invested their compositions with entirely new characteristics.

Some purists consider this departure from a so-called legitimate organ style as a species of musical outrage, failing to realize the fact that the emotional element has now superseded to a great extent the dry and labored prolixity of the contrapuntal pedant. They quote Bach in support of their protest, forgetting that he *involuntarily* used the fugal form. It was

PROSCENIUM ARCH.

his natural means of expression, but his marvelous genius and inspired creative power shone so conspicuously through the mazes of his intricate writing that its marvelous technical skill, by reason of its spontaneity, was never obtrusive. In his case art and science were so deftly interwoven that both were strengthened by the contact. Unfortunately Bach has had no real successor as a composer of organ music.

The term "legitimate," as applied to art, has become almost obsolete, modern thought having now outgrown the narrow limits assigned to the orthodoxy of a former day.

To revert to modern organ composers. Although many of them, particularly of the French and Italian school, lack profundity, their productions are replete with piquant charm and graceful melody, enhanced by picturesque treatment.

The programmes of my two weekly recitals will contain works specially composed for the organ, by writers of varied nationality, both ancient and modern, in addition to transcriptions of suitable and attractive orchestral works of varied type. Organ recitals designed on a similar plan have proved of the utmost value in arousing widespread interest in Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere in England, but in no country in the world has such a series of organ concerts been given by any municipality entirely free to the people. This privilege is now accorded to the people of Pittsburgh.

The formation of a Select Choir of twenty-four mixed voices, to be utilized chiefly for the performance of madrigals, glees and church music of different epochs, will also be a valuable factor in promoting the object I have at heart. It will likewise afford an opportunity of familiarizing the public with choral music of a class hitherto neglected in this country.

A series of Musical Lectures is also included in my scheme. These will be of a popular character, free from all technicalities, and illustrated either by the Select Choir, organ or piano.

The most valuable auxiliary, however, will be the new Symphony Orchestra of carefully selected players, which owes its existence to the energetic efforts of the Art Society, an institution domiciled in the Library building, which has already done so much in promoting general æsthetic culture.

The advent of this newly formed organization will mark a new era in the musical history of the city. Twenty Concerts and Public Rehearsals will be given, five or six weeks being devoted to daily preliminary rehearsals and the preparation of the necessary *répertoire*. Special thanks are due to those gentlemen who have so generously placed their names on the subscription list, which renders it possible at once to establish the permanent Symphony Orchestra on a firm and substantial basis. I propose to present programmes that will be of a popular character. The symphonic element will by no means be neglected, but used in conjunction with music of light and more or less familiar characters. The classical numbers will be chosen for their adaptability to the purpose in view, the standard being gradually raised as circumstances may warrant.

By means of the Organ, Select Choir, Lectures, the Symphony Orchestra and annotated programmes, I shall be enabled to carry out my plans concurrently in various branches of the art, and I confidently anticipate successful results.

The forthcoming musical campaign at Carnegie Music Hall, planned on those broad lines, cannot fail, I think, to exercise a healthy influence on the people at large. It will, moreover, stimulate the energies of those who have already labored faithfully and disinterestedly in the noble cause of the divine art.

It may be well to emphasize the fact that the whole conduct of the musical department at Schenley Park will be anti-monopolistic. The desire is to aid in the propagation of music and render more effective the work already being done, by enlarging the field of operation. Such an incentive cannot be otherwise than beneficial, whether regarded from a business or artistic point of view.

I enter on my new career in a spirit of unalloyed hopefulness, gratefully conscious of the hearty sympathy and kindly interest of all those gentlemen who have so generously devoted their time and attention to the perfecting of the plans which will develop to the best advantage the manifold resources of one of the grandest temples of Art education in the world.

FREDERIC ARCHER.

Mr. Sam Hamilton.

MR. SAM HAMILTON, a native of Pittsburgh, was in his young days an amateur baritone singer and a musician of some note. At the age of twenty he was made choirmaster and organist of Wesley Chapel. Thirty years ago he started to sell pianos for some of the houses of Pittsburgh, and in 1870 started in business for himself, which now brings the business to the quarter of the century mark. The business has assumed great dimensions, and there is no better known nor more respected man in the trade than Mr. Hamilton. Years ago he befriended several of the now leading musicians of Pittsburgh, and promoted several musical organizations.

In 1885 Mr. Hamilton built the first nine story building in Pittsburgh, at Nos. 91 and 93 Fifth avenue. In 1887 the building was partly consumed by fire. Nothing daunted, Mr. Hamilton, that very night, while the building was burning, hurriedly secured other quarters, arranged his "ads." for the morning papers, secured extra stock, which he then had stored in a warehouse, and at 9 o'clock in the morning was ready for business. He immediately proceeded to rebuild, making the entire structure thoroughly fireproof.

The building is 24½ feet long, 30 feet wide. The basement and first two floors are occupied by Mr. Hamilton for his business. The rest of the building is rented for offices, every room being at present occupied. Mr. Hamilton is said to carry the largest stock of any concern in the city. For twenty-two years he has handled the Decker Brothers pianos and Estey organs. He also handles the Fischer pianos and Sterling organs, which he has sold for the last twenty years.

Mr. Hamilton thinks there will be a good trade for the Christmas holidays, yet does not expect any general revival of business until a change of administration in the election of 1896.

Mannheim.—The Academy concerts there began October 15. The orchestral part of the first program was Beethoven's D major symphony, Svendsen's Carneval in Paris, and the Vorspiel to Libussa by Smetana.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

In the old fashioned jumble concerts of a past generation it was never thought beneath the dignity of an artist to sing Handel or play Beethoven after the band had played "Annie Laurie" with variations and a vocalist had sung "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "Willie, We Have Missed You." In those days there was little professed or affected taste in the arts, and people knew what they liked. They did not like what they called classical music much. It seemed from last night's concert at the Academy of Music as if we had not outlived our ancestral latitude entirely. There were fine things in the programme, and middling things, and things that filled the hearts of supporters of the Philharmonic concerts with sorrow. The orchestra from Boston is the best in the world, and there was one of the best singers in the world with it as soloist; but there was a sad disparity between her voice and the stuff that she sang with it. Imagine Melba, after a Wagner number, singing that mad scene from "Lucia"—at least, the close of it, with all of those fool scales and trills and curlicews. She was singing at the gallery, and she reached it. Of all ridiculous work in music that mad scene is the worst, unless it may be "The Forge in the Forest," where they light paper in a joint of stove pipe in order to convince the public that the music is about a blacksmith. Here is a woman who has lost her lover and is wandering about the stately halls of her fathers with her heart full of murder, and she goes to the footlights and does a singing lesson, practicing her scales with diligence while the orchestra, that begins by lending a color of woe, drops its instruments, and a single flute follows her scales. When this kind of thing is art it will be art for Macbeth to stop in the middle of the murder scene and make up gingerbread babies to distribute to the audience, and for Hamlet to interrupt the duel with Laertes to step aside and do a double shuffle with his mother. Melba has a voice of such purity that there is only one other like it, and that is Patti's. She sings with a good method. She seems to have a fair share of understanding. Yet she makes an exhibition like this. The pity of it. There was other singing, and because the songs were more honest and the music was not perverted for display's sake, it was more agreeable. Scalchi sang the "Che faro senza Eurydice" somewhat less securely than of yore, yet with broad intonation and dramatic expression. Campanari, who gets himself liked because of his perfect and almost awkward simplicity, sang the prologue to "I Pagliacci" and the monologue from "Falstaff" in a plain and manly style that was good to hear. A young man of ambition named D'Aubigne sang in a tenor voice that is still in its formative stage, but that has promise if he will only stop shaking it. His air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" was sung carefully and with intended exactness, albeit he seemed in peril of getting off from the key in his high notes. The singers were heard together in the quartet from "Rigoletto," which was as well given as one often hears it. Now, if any of these lighter matters failed to please it must be laid to the matters themselves and not to the way in which they were sung. They had the best of interpretation. Even Mr. Paur tried to put himself in sympathy with them, and he was as good natured as anyone when Melba sang Arditi's "Saran Rose," a waltz song by no means so bad as the "Lucia" number, since it affects to be only a modest form of art, and is not without daintiness and prettiness no less than a catchy quality. It is a good example of its class, whereas the "Lucia" trills are a bad example of a better class. The orchestra, big, sonorous, prompt, occasionally a little coarse from over driving by the robust conductor, was heard in the "Rienzi" overture, which caught the ear and the understanding by its martial ring, its opulent color, its richness and variety, and two later and more characteristic examples of Wagner were supplied in the preludes to the third act of "Tannhauser," which is mournful, and the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," which is full of stir and vitality. Especially charming were the minuet of will o' wisps and dance of the sylphs from the "Damnation of Faust." In these the wonderful string work of the orchestra was heard, and, strange as it may seem, the applause that flared so readily for the empty scales of Donizetti was as prompt and hearty for these exquisite bits of Berlioz. One of Auber's little heard numbers, the overture to "Carlo Broschi," was the concluding number. It is not up to the mark of the "Massaniello" or "Fra Diavolo" preludes, but it has warmth, gayety and spontaneity, and it pleased the public. Although there were twelve numbers the actual length of the concert was hardly two hours. Mr. Paur was prompt and there was no idling. It is said that a thousand persons were unable to get in, and an effort will be made to have the singers here again in the institute course. It is pleasant to find that the custom is revived of dressing the stage with palms and flowers, though there has been no attempt to improve the lighting. At the next concert, on December 20, the orchestra will support Mrs. De Vere Sapio, singer. A number of people prominent in the institute and the Philharmonic society were in the audience last evening.

At the conclusion of the concert the department of music of the institute invited the Melba quartet, with its own orchestra, to give an evening in which acts from several operas should be included in their programme. An affirmative answer is expected and the concert will probably fall about December 21 or 26.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

NOVEMBER 12, 189[illegible]

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Carl Wolfsohn, the veteran musician of this country and Germany, says in a current magazine that America is at the present day at least abreast of Germany in musical art. Three orchestras, the Boston Symphony, the Cincinnati and Theodore Thomas' New York organization, "play much better than those which play symphonies over there....The men here have their time and are kept in pay during the entire months they are expected to play symphonies....The best men come to America or play in the opera orchestra." For the execution of chamber music, Mr. Wolfsohn thinks our Kneisel Quartette of this city the finest in the world, something indeed Bostonians well believe now.

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BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Its Coming Concert.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra made its first appearance in Baltimore, on the evening of April 12, 1886, The American, in speaking of the performance the morning after, said that the symphony was "artistically rendered and unspeakably beautiful." Brief as was this compliment, it sounded the keynote of the welcome extended to the orchestra, and it is safe to say that in ten seasons during which the orchestra has continued its visits to Baltimore, this welcome has never been withdrawn. The orchestra will give its thirty-fourth concert in Baltimore on Wednesday, November 13. Of the previous concerts six have been under Wilhelm Gericke, seventeen under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theater in Leipsic, to come to Boston, he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theater several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

In 1881 a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated solely by a desire to present good music in the best way, and fortunately possessing means ample to carry out his most commendable impulse, formed the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. This idea was at once acted upon, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its existence, and today what was then a Boston organization has grown to be a national pride—an orchestra second to none in the world, whose name and fame are known in every cultured city on the globe, dependent upon no subsidy from the public exchequer, as is the case in all the European cities, but rather upon the generous liberality of a music-loving Bostonian.

During the visits of the orchestra to Baltimore the public has heard among the soloists, Mme. Melba, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Materna, Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Steinbach-Johns, Mr. Pol Plancon, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. Eugene d'Albert, Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Giese and many others as famous. The concert on Wednesday, November 13, will present a program from Weber, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Leoncavallo, Tschaikowsky and Wagner.

THE SUN, BALTIMORE.

NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tenth Season in Baltimore of the Noted Orchestra to Begin Wednesday.

Next Wednesday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin the tenth season of its concerts in Baltimore with a concert at Music Hall, in which several new works will be presented. The orchestra is to give five concerts in Baltimore in the course of the winter, the other four dates being December 18, January 22, February 26 and March 25, all of them Wednesday evenings.

Thus far the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given thirty-three concerts in Baltimore since its first visit on April 12, 1886. Six were under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke, seventeen under Arthur Nikisch and ten under the present conductor, Emil Paur. Last year five of them were given at Music Hall, one being the concert with which the building was dedicated.

The orchestra was founded in 1881 by a music-loving citizen of Boston, who conceived the idea of a large permanent orchestra, which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, with an occasional visit to the adjacent New England towns. In the course of these fifteen years he has supported the orchestra with generous liberality, and the high standard which he insisted upon from the men who were engaged to direct it has made the fame of the organization national and even international.

The progamme which will be given next Wednesday includes:

Weber—Overture......"Oberon."
Verdi—Monologue.....from "Falstaff."
Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 3.....("Scotch.")
Leoncavallo—Prologue....."I Pagliacca."
Tschaikowsky—Elegie and Valse from Suite for String Orchestra.
Wagner—Overture.....Rienzi."
Soloist.....Mr. G. Campanari.

Some of the most important works which it is intended to give in Baltimore later in the season are:

Beethoven.....Symphony No 3, "Eroica."
Schumann.....Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major.
Haydn.....Symphony.
Tschaikowsky.....(First time,) Symphony No 6.
Wagner....."Ride of the Valkyries."
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi."
Schubert.....Overture, "Rosamunde."
Rezniceck..(First time.) Overture, "Donna Diana."
Berlioz—"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust."
Berlioz....."Carneval" overture.
Delibes.....Suite, "Sylvia."
Beethoven—"Claerchen's Death" and "Turkish March," from "Ruins of Athens."
Godard.....(First time,) Suite.
Haendel.....Largo.
Mozart.....Turkish March.
Dvorak.....Capriccio.
Tschaikowsky.....Variations.
Liszt.....Rhapsody.

THE BALTIMORE [illegible]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9,

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The First to Be Given Next Wednesday Evening at Music Hall.

The sale of seats for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's series of concerts at Music Hall is now in progress. The first concert will be given next Wednesday evening. The following dates will be December 18, January 22, February 26 and March 25. Among the solo artists for the series will be Rafael Joseffy, Ben Davies and Campanari. It will be the orchestra's 15th season and the 12th season it has come to Baltimore.

The concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore this season will include the following compositions:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Schumann.....
....Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major
Mendelssohn.....
Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"
Haydn.....Symphony
Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 6
(First Time.)
Wagner.....Overture, "Rienzi"
Wagner....."Ride of the Valkyries"
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi"
Schubert.....Overture, "Rosamunde"
Rezniceck.....Overture, "Donna Diana"
(First Time.)
Berlioz.....
"Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust"
Berlioz....."Carneval," Overture
Weber.....Overture, "Oberon"
Delibes.....Suite, "Sylvia"
Beethoven.....
"Claerchen's Death" and "Turkish March," from "Ruins of Athens"
Godard.....Suite
(First Time.)
Haendel.....Largo
Mozart.....Turkish March
Dvorak.....Capriccio
Tschaikowsky.....Variations
Tschaikowsky.....Elegie and Valse
Liszt.....Rhapsody

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only musical organization of high class which has made success encugh of its Baltimore engagements to renew them for a series of concerts continually for a dozen years. The orchestra is the best of its kind, and the Baltimore music-loving public appreciates its excellence as shown by the large audiences that greet it on each concert date.

The orchestra is unique in having been founded by a man who had money, but was more interested in music than money. He made provision for composing the orchestra of the best possible artists, and said if it was conducted at a loss he was willing to stand the loss in order to have such a high-class organization. That was 15 years ago. There was a loss in maintaining the orchestra for several years, but its founder cheerfully paid it. Now it is going the other way and the organization is a success financially as well as musically.

Mr. Emil Paur will conduct next Wednesday night, and Campanari will be the soloist. The organization is under the management of Mr. C. A. Ellis, but Mr. Frederick R. Comee, assistant manager, always travels with the company, and may be expected in Baltimore with it the coming week.

The Symphony concert will be the first entertainment at Music Hall since the new manager, Mr. Edward Strakosch, has taken charge. Mr. Strakosch succeeded Mr. J. J. Nolan November 1. He has been 18 years in the business of managing various attractions and will keep the standard of Music Hall high.

Mr. Strakosch has been connected for the last nine years with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, and represented for them such attractions as Sara Bernhardt, Lillian Russell, Coquelin and Hading, and the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. In the concert line he has managed Wilhelmj, Remenyi, Emma Thursby and Ole Bull. He was the discoverer of Cyril Tyler, the phenomenal child soprano. He also managed Etelka Gerster and the W. T. Carleton Opera Company.

SUNDAY HERALD. BALTIMORE.

[illegible]osed to [illegible]OUR

NOVEMBER 10, 189[illegible]

Boston Symphony Concerts.

There is hardly any doubt that the return of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be hailed with delight by the lovers of good music of this city. The visits of this splendid organization afford about the only opportunity for Baltimore people to hear the standard works properly interpreted and produced, although not a little fault was found last season with some of the programmes presented. This season, however, it is expected that Director Paur will remedy this matter and give a series of concerts in keeping with the superb aggregation of musicians over whom he waves the baton.

The first concert of the season will be given at Music Hall next Wednesday evening, when Campanari, the great baritone, will be the soloist. The programme to be given is as follows:

Karl Maria von Weber,
Overture to "Oberon," in D major.
Verdi.....Monologue from "Falstaff."
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Op. 56.
1. Introduction: Andante con moto (A minor), 3-4.
Allegro un poco agitato (A minor)..6-8.
2. Vivace non troppo (F major).....2-4.
3. Adagio (A major).....2-4.
4. Allegro vivacissimo (A minor).....2-2.
Allegro maestoso assai (A major)....6-8
Leoncavallo....Prologue, "I Pagliacci."
Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky. Second and Third Movements from "Serenade" for Strings in C major, Op. 48.
2. Valse: Moderato, Tempo di Valse (G major).
3. Elegia: Larghetto elegiaco (D major), Richard Wagner, Overture, "Rienzi."

[43]

BALTIMORE AMERICAN
NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Opening Concert.

The first Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert for the season will be given at the Music Hall on Wednesday evening of this week, under Mr. Emil Paur, conductor. The soloist will be Mr. G. Campanari. The program begins with the overture to Weber's Oberon in D major, which is followed by these numbers:

Verdi.....Monologue from "Falstaff."
Felix Mendelssohn—Bartholdy, Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), op. 56.
I. Introduction: Andante con moto (A minor) 3-4
Allegro un poco agitato (A minor) 6-8
II. Vivace non troppo (F major).....2-4
III. Adagio (A major).....2-4
IV. Allegro vivacissimo (A minor)...2-2
Allegro maestoso assai (A major) 6-8
Leoncavallo.....Prologue, "I Pagliacci."
Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky, Second and Third Movements from Serenade for Strings, in C major, op. 48.
II. Valse: Moderato, Tempo di Valse (G major.)
III. Elegia: Larghetto elegiaco (D major.)
Richard Wagner.....Overture, "Rienzi."

"Oberon" is a romantic opera in three acts, the text being by James R. Plauche and the music by Weber. It was first given at Covent Garden, London, on April 12, 1826. The overture begins with a slow introduction, which is suggestive of the fairy character of the opera. The first four measures of the allegro, the main body of the overture, are the most brilliant and dashing orchestral onslaught in all music, and Weber has fairly outdone himself in brilliancy. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), was sketched in Scotland in 1829, and completed in Germany in 1842. The score was dedicated to Queen Victoria, and the symphony was performed under Mendelssohn's direction by the London Philharmonic Society on June 13, 1842. The main body of the movement begins at once with the first theme, a cantabile melody played in four-part harmony by the strings, with the upper voice doubled in the lower octave by the first clarinet. The upper two voices, moving almost constantly in thirds, together with the song-like nature of the melody itself, gave this theme a rather nocturne character. The fourth movement is a rondo in four themes, all of them of a recognizably Scotch character, and is worked out with greater elaboration than any other part of the symphony.

THE BALTIMORE NEWS,
, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Orchestra to Give It at Music Hall Tonight.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived in Baltimore this afternoon direct from New York in charge of Mr. Frederick Comee, the assistant manager. The orchestra is at the Carrollton Hotel and will appear at Music Hall tonight in the opening concert of its winter series in Baltimore.

When Mr. Comee arrived in town this afternoon and found what a large advance sale there had been, not only for single seats, but for the season, he was much gratified, but said it was no more than could be expected of the musical people of Baltimore. He said the orchestra played last night to a large audience in Brooklyn, and at its recent concert in Philadelphia all the reserved seats were gone and 1400 admission tickets had been sold on the afternoon of the performance.

Campanari, of the Abbey and Grau Opera Company, will be the soloist tonight. He arrived with the company this afternoon and took a little airing to give his baritone voice a toning-up for the concert. The orchestra will remain here tomorrow and will give a concert in Washington tomorrow night. The programme for this evening follows:

Karl Maria von Weber.....
....Overture to "Oberon," in D major
Verdi.....Monologue from "Falstaff"
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Op. 56.
I. Introduction: Andante con moto (A minor) 3-4; Allegro un poco agitato (A minor) 6-8.
II. Vivace non troppo (F major) 2-4.
III. Adagio (A major) 2-4.
IV. Allegro vivacissimo (A minor) 2-2; Allegro maestoso assai (A major) 6-8.
Leoncavallo.....Prologue, "I Pagliacci"
Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky; Second and Third Movements from Serenade for Strings, in C major, Op. 48.
II. Valse: Moderato, Tempo di Valse (G major).
III. Elegia: Larghetto elegiaco (D major).
Richard Wagner.....Overture, "Rienzi"

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.
THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 14, 1895.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mendelssohn and His Snappy Scotch Bagpipe Tune.

Conductor Emil Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall last night showed how Mendelssohn could introduce a Scotch bagpipe into a symphony. It was in the second movement of the third number of the programme.

It began with a soft rustling in the strings, against which the wind instruments sounded some loud calls; then, against the persistent rustling accompaniment in the strings, the clarinet struck up the jolliest, snappy Scotch bagpipe tune; this was next taken up by the flute and oboe, and then fortissimo by the full orchestra. A dance-like second theme soon set in in the strings, and the rest of the movement was taken up with the working-out of these two themes.

The audience enjoyed it as all the numbers of the programme were enjoyed. Campanari was given an ovation after his masterful prologue to "Pagliacci." The audience wanted to hear the peals and reverberations of his baritone again, but the rule of the Boston Symphony of no encores was not broken.

The orchestra will give a concert in Washington tonight. It will give the second concert of its winter series in Baltimore [illegible]ember 18.

NEW [illegible] HERALD
NEW YORK [illegible] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme. Melba and Mme. Scalchi Appear Before a Fine Audience in Brooklyn.

Mme. Melba, for the first time this season, sang in Brooklyn in concert last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared at the Academy of Music under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn. It was a large and very appreciative audience, indeed so appreciative as to become tiresome. The soloists, especially Mme. Melba, were repeatedly called to the front, in the expectation that they would give an encore. Encores are never given at these concerts, and it is Mme. Melba's inflexible rule not to respond. She was called out five times in succession before the audience discovered that she had filled the programme according to contract.

The feature of the evening was the rendering of the celebrated soprano of the mad scene from "Lucia," with a flute obligato by M. Mole. Nothing could be more refined, more delicate or more true than the execution of voice and instrument, and when they blended in a cadenza the audience listened in rapt attention. Mme. Melba never sang better and her ease and grace in difficult passages were marvellous. Arditi's waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," was another artistic triumph for the diva.

Mme. Scalchi, in the aria "Che faro" ("Orpheus") did not seem to be in her usual good form. She made one slight error in one note, but quickly recovered herself and finished with brilliancy. She was recalled several times.

Mr. Campanari, in the difficult monologue from "Falstaff," acquitted himself with credit, his phrasing being delightfully true. Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" was put under tribute by him.

Mr. D'Aubigne's rendition of the aria from "La Reine de Saba" was enthusiastically applauded.

The soloists gave a very fine exhibition of the beauties of the quartet from Verdi's "Rigoletto."

The playing of the orchestra, under Mr. Emil Paur, was unexceptionable. Its best effort was a selection from Bernoz's "The Damnation of Faust." The minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisp and the waltz of Sylphs, both so full of delicate passages, fine shadings and exquisite fancies, were played in a masterly manner that roused the audience to enthusiasm. Then, on the other hand, the more masculine quality of the orchestra was shown in the stirring overture from "Rienzi." The grandeur and dignity of "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and Auber's "Carlo Broschi" were brought out by Mr. Paur's musicians in a way that showed their careful training and admirable appreciation of the spirit of Wagner and Auber.

HERALD, BALTIMORE
NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

Boston Symphony Concert.

At the Music Hall last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season in this city. The attendance was large, as usual, and the numbers on the programme were well interpreted by Director Pauer and the splendid organization in his charge.

BALTIMORE LIFE.

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—This famous musical organization will give its first of a series of five concerts at the New Music Hall on next Wednesday evening. The solo artists will be Signor G. Campanari, the distinguished tenor; Mr. Rafail Joseffy, the great pianist, and Mr. Ben Davies, the renowned baritone. The progaamme of the evening will be of the highest musical merit and will include compositions of the greatest musical masters. It is almost needless to refer to the high qualities of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is confessedly one of the greatest musical organizations in the world and in all of the principal cities of the United States for several years past, its success has been attested by the presence of crowded and refined audiences. In Baltimore the orchestra has always had the warmest appreciation, and the coming series of concerts will again indicate the pleasure of our people at the opportunities afforded to hear the best classical music rendered with matchless skill and completeness.

BALTIMORE AMERICAN
NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The First Concert of Its Eleventh Season.

That the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are by far the most popular and highly appreciated musical entertainments given in Baltimore, was again attested by the audience assembled at Music Hall last night. Although there have been a few good concerts already, the season is never really considered properly begun until inaugurated by the first Boston Symphony.

The musical and social world were brilliantly represented, and Music Hall was crowded with a distinguished audience. As the fashionably dressed assemblage thronged into the auditorium, it was pleasant to observe the "rapport" which seemed to exist between it and the members of the orchestra. There was everywhere noticeable an air of friendliness and welcome, and everyone concerned appeared, and, doubtless, was, glad to be there.

This will be the eleventh season in which these concerts have figured as a most prominent feature in Baltimore's musical life, and there is doubtless an attachment existing between the orchestra and the music-lovers who attend these delightful affairs.

It is a subject for mutual congratulation to both Baltimore and the orchestra that this splendid organization annually increases its subscription list.

The program was well selected and attractive, and besides presenting many novelties, contained a number of old, well-tried favorites, which were all the more enjoyable on account of their absence from recent concert programs. The soloist, Mr. Campanari, is one of Baltimore's prime favorites, and added greatly to the interest and enjoyment of the evening.

The concert opened with a fine performance of Weber's overture to "Oberon."

The other orchestral numbers were the "Scotch Symphony" of Mendelssohn, the second and third movements of Tchaikowsky's "Serenade in C Major," for strings, and the overture to "Rienzi," of Wagner.

The familiar and popular Mendelssohn symphony was welcomed as an old friend, and the orchestra was in fine form in this, as in all the other numbers. Rarely, indeed, has the orchestra played a program throughout with such uniform excellence, That it is in such splendid condition so early in the season speaks well for the fine results of Mr. Paur's earnest and painstaking work.

The Tchaikowsky composition, a charming novelty, is eminently adapted to display the strongest feature of this splendidly balanced orchestra—its string choir. Few orchestras can boast such a tremendous and capable body of strings as Mr. Paur conducts, and this number received a delightfully smooth, graceful performance, and found much favor with the audience. Since the recent death of Peter Illitch Tchaikowsky his name figures frequently on concert programs, and with each new opportunity to become acquainted with his work one realizes what a loss the world of music has sustained.

Mr. Campanari introduced the other novelty, the monologue from "Falstaff," Verdi's latest and greatest opera. It makes a magnificent concert number, and Mr. Campanari gave it a fitting interpretation. It is small wonder that this singer takes all the honors wherever and whenever he appears, for he is a consummate artist, possessed of a noble voice, fine musical and dramatic temperament, unimpeachable taste, and, indeed, every attribute which a singer par excellence should have. It is a pity that Mr. Paur did not keep his forces down in the accompaniment to this number, for the singer was frequently overpowered—not from any lack of sonority on the part of Mr. Campanari, however. His singing of the "Pagliacci" prologue was the same splendid performance Baltimoreans are accustomed to from him in this number. Mr. Campanari received an ovation, and the audience clearly expressed its desire for an encore. It seems a great pity that the cast iron rule, "no encore," cannot once in a while be broken. The concert was brought to a close by a magnificent performance of the "Rienzi" overture. Mr. Paur quite surpassed himself in this number, giving a much more forceful and brilliant interpretation than even that of last season.

The Press
DAILY EDITION.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

STILL A NIGHTINGALE.

Mme. Melba Sings at the Boston Symphony Concert.

Mme. Melba was received last night at the first Boston Symphony concert with the warmest possible demonstrations of welcome by an audience which nearly filled the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was her first appearance here this year, and after she had sung Handel's florid "Sweet Bird" she retired almost buried in flowers.

It is the same glorious voice which has enthralled us in the past. May she reign many years!

She also sang the Mad Scene from "Hamlet."

The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, the "Minuet of Will o' the Wisps" and the "Waltz of Sylphs" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and Wagner's rather bizarre but thrilling "Kaiser March."

The work of the band under Emil Paur was worthy of unstinted praise.

THE SUN, BALTIMORE
NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

PAUR AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Success of the First Boston Symphony Concert of the Season.

The musical season in Baltimore may be said to commence with the first of the series of five concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

If the concert of this orchestra last night at Music Hall may be taken as a specimen of what is in store, in a musical way, for Baltimoreans, this season will assuredly be a brilliant one. It is the fifteenth season in which the orchestra has visited Baltimore and the concert was the thirty-fourth in this city.

Up to last year the lack of a suitable building for concert purposes, here was severely felt, but the effect of the opening of the Music Hall has made itself apparent in the size and character of the audiences attending these concerts. The hall last night was filled with an audience which was representative of all that is best in the musical life of Baltimore.

The concert opened with the overture to Von Weber's "Oberon," which was rendered with great delicacy and brilliancy. The climax of this overture, based upon the well-known air occurring later in the opera, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," took the audience by storm. The intensely dramatic effects contained in the work were clearly brought out in the decidedly broad treatment which it received at the hand of Director Paur.

The symphony presented was the Mendelssohn Scotch Symphony, and although Mendelssohn was not a believer in "programmusik" as it has since been developed, this work is certainly descriptive, and the result of his journey through Scotland and the Hebrides is apparent throughout the entire work. Storm effects are obtained by a curious treatment of the strings, which suggest at times Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." While this symphony is thoroughly dignified and in certain parts beautiful, one is forced to conclude that Mendelssohn will be remembered as a writer of oratorio and organ music rather than as a composer of strictly orchestral music. There is a certain suavity and repose about his style which seems incompatible with the demands of the orchestra.

It seems remarkable that a composer who is so thoroughly Russian in his traditions as Tschaikowsky should have caught and reproduced the Spanish spirit so charmingly in the "Serenade," two movements of which were produced at the concert. This Spanish character is found more particularly in the second movement, which consists of an intoxicating waltz, the melody of which is played alternately by the violins and the cellos.

The concluding number was the noisy spectacular and decidedly un-Wagnerian "Rienzi" overture.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Campanari, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and although he has sung repeatedly in Baltimore this was his first appearance with the orchestra with which he was associated for several years as 'cellist. Mr. Campanari's first number, the Monologue from "Falstaff," was, as a concert piece, uninteresting, but in the prologue to "Pagliacci" he found an opportunity to display his superb voice and magnificent style. He was heartily recalled several times, but failed to respond to the enthusiastic demands for an encore.

Comparisons of Paur as a conductor with Nikisch, who, by the way, is now winning golden opinions in Leipzig as the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts, are still made, but this year shows the newcomer much more firmly established in the hearts of the American public. His sincerity and enthusiasm, the absence of posing in his manner, and, indeed, his very ruggedness have won for him the respect of all concert-goers.

He was successful last night in his conducting of the Mendelssohn Symphony. The picturesqueness and magnificence of this work seemed to appeal to him especially. It is also quite natural that he should have been completely at home with a Mendelssohn composition, inasmuch as a large part of his life was spent in Leipzig, which is, above all places, the cradle of Mendelssohnian traditions.

NEW YORK, SUN.
, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Concert.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Society took place last evening in the Metropolitan. A gay audience was present to listen to a most cheerful and charming performance. Beethoven's Eroica symphony received the neatest kind of a rendering at Mr. Paur's hands. His interpretations are matter-of-fact and best suited to the older classic writers. Berlioz's beautiful excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" could have absorbed a much more fanciful and imaginative rendering. The "Will o' the Wisps" and the "Sylphs" were by no means either so weird or so elfish as they should have appeared. The accompaniments to Mme. Melba's songs, the "Mad Scene from Hamlet" and Handel's delicious aria, "Sweet Bird that Shun'st the Noise of Folly," were exquisitely played, however. Mr. Mole's flute obligato was very skilfully done. Mme. Melba showed that she is in splendid health and voice, entrancing her hearers as usual with beauty of tone, the smoothest execution, and wonderful trills of notes of dizzy altitude.

It is really time that Wagner's poorest composition, the "Kaiser Marsch," was relegated to silence and oblivion. It is only a rehash of phrases to be found in other works of his, set forth here in a diluted state and distorted form.

It is both homely and stupid, and sounds as if it were written to order, which it was. Let us not listen to the "Kaiser Marsch" just because Wagner's name appears opposite the title. It is unworthy of his fame and his genius.

The New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS.

Yesterday was one of the days, of which it is to be feared there will be overmany in New-York season, that are full of music. But it was all good music, and the only fault that could be found in the premises was that it involved a weariness of the flesh to those who tried to hear it all. As a matter of fact, it was impossible for one to hear it all, "because," as Dr. Hanslick in his "Memoirs" quotes a Vienna banker as being in the habit of saying, "not being a bird, it is impossible for a man to be in two places at the same time," and two of the concerts took place at the same time in different places. But reviewers for the newspapers have means of learning what goes on, and how it goes, without extending their ears (which, let it be hurriedly said in anticipation of what the evil-minded and envious might say, are possibly long enough for the purpose) from the Metropolitan Opera House to Steinway Hall. And because of this facility it is possible in this place to say something about the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra without neglect of the pianoforte recital in Steinway Hall.

At Carnegie Hall in the afternoon, the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Seidl, gave its first public rehearsal for the season. It was pleasant, on opening the leaflet containing Mr. Mees's always judicious analytical notes on the programme, to find a printed memorial of the action of the society on the death of William Scharfenberg, one of the original members of the organization, and for many years active in its ranks. The Tribune has spoken its eulogium on this admirable man and musician, who died last August, and this mention of the society's graceful performance of a pious duty may suffice. The music of the rehearsal, which will be repeated at the concert to-night, consisted of Esser's transcription of Bach's stupendous organ toccata in F, Dvorak's violin concerto, and Ernst's "Hungarian Airs" (played by Ondricek), Wagner's "A Faust Overture," and Schumann's symphony in B-flat. There was scarcely enough finish in the performance of the joyous symphony, with its ebullient proclamation of vernal moods, to entitle it to high praise and one felt tempted to believe that possibly it has been neglected at rehearsal in favor of the overture, which was given with an eloquence that admitted of no questioning concerning either the splendid powers of the band, or the sympathetic insight into its contents, and masterly skill of Mr. Seidl. It stood out brightly, strongly, self-reliantly in the scheme, and afforded a noteworthy illustration of the moving power of music conceived, composed and given out in a dramatic spirit. Mr. Ondricek effected his entrance on the American concert platform with the two compositions for violin, which are plainly written in a manner native to his feelings and temperament. The impression which he made was that of a player full of fire and in possession of a technical equipment upon which he draws extravagant drafts with a daring that borders on recklessness. A listener might desire to hear a firmer, fuller and warmer tone than he gets out of his G string, but this deficiency is forgotten when he climbs into the high position on the A and E strings, where all is vital, brilliant and inspiringly energetic. He has the dash which commands admiration, where more academic, or, let us say, even more correct, players win only respect, but with all his vehement eagerness he never forgets justness of intonation, and for that he must be heartily welcomed to our concert rooms. His success was immediate and emphatic, and after many recalls he supplemented his set pieces with a transcription of Schubert's "Er-King," without accompaniment. It is a show piece merely and bristles with difficulties which are all but insurmountable for human hands, but after all it serves but to amaze and suggest the question, What good? It is a miracle that Schubert's galloping accompaniment and the contrasted voices of father, child and the Erl-King should all be produced from a solo violin with but little sacrifice of their harmonic integument, but if their melodies must be gasped out so spasmodically it will have to be said that from a musical point of view the most that such a composition can do is to provoke the sigh—difficult, indeed—would that it were impossible!

The temptation is strong to say that the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave in the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the most brilliant that that superb organization has ever placed to its credit. This at least may be asserted: None of the concerts given by the orchestra here since Mr. Paur assumed the administration of its artistic affairs was comparable with it, either in technical perfection or poetic beauty. In the not long ago, when the Boston newspapers, which, with a singular distressful pitiful and pathetic disregard of truth (it is to be supposed that back of them are also souls threatened with damnation) keep on asserting that New-York has misjudged and abused Mr. Paur (assertions that are utterly without foundation) wanted to extenuate their abuse of Mr. Nikisch, who was frankly criticised, as well as generously praised here, it used to be said that the orchestra played better in New-York than in Boston. It is more than probable that when the Boston reviewers urged this they came very near the truth. At least as often as The Tribune has listened to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its native heath, so to speak, it never heard either such admirable playing or intelligent reading in a symphony as marked Beethoven's "Eroica" last night. It was an inspiration and a joy to listen to it. The local subscriptions to the orchestra's concerts have fallen off sadly of late, so it is only fair to assume that the fine audience of last night was largely due to the desire to hear Mme. Melba. It was a flattering tribute, and it met with a most gracious reward, for Mme. Melba sang with surpassing brilliancy. One thing a trifle discordant may be said, if it can be done with freedom from cavil. Milton's poetry is good poetry; it has a music of its own well worthy of the added melody of Handel in the familiar extract from "L'Allegro," which our fair cantatrice sang last night. Why then should she change. "Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among," to "Thee, chauntress, oft among the woods?" There is a merit in rhyme in music such as Handel has superimposed on Milton whatever Wagner may have said in condemnation of rhyme in the abstract, and "evensong" makes music with "among," but makes none with "woods." When Mme. Melba first sang the air here she sang it in French as if she were ignorant of its origin. Now that she has learned the English, why should we not have it in its correctness? Her other number was the mad scene from "Hamlet," and with both pieces she excited the liveliest enthusiasm.

The pianoforte recital in Steinway Hall was given by the Misses Miller and Schafer, of St. Louis, who during and since their studies in Europe have cultivated ensemble playing. A feature in this concert, which is new here, is the division of pieces written for solo performance between two pianofortes, without change of the text. A high value need not be placed upon such a device, but it serves excellently to display the harmony of feeling which exists between the players, their sense of rhythm and their technical accuracy, and it can also be said that to the hearer it measurably increases the effectiveness of such sonorous compositions as Schumann's toccata, which is one of the programme numbers of the young women. Both have good musical intuitions and digital skill, and their concerts are in a high degree worthy of respect. But it might be wished that they should attach a higher value than they seem to to beauty of tone.

The World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

TWO FINE CONCERTS.

Philharmonic Society and Boston Symphony Orchestra with Ondricek and Melba.

Following the example of the Symphony Society, the Philharmonic Society had a freshly imported violinist as the feature of the first concert of its fifty-fourth season at Music Hall yesterday afternoon. As an artist Ondricek is far removed from mediocrity, and is certainly a violinist of the very first rank. To me, however, his playing lacks—and in this it resembled that of the Philharmonic Orchestra—that inner subtle something, call it soul if you will, which causes it to just fall short of being absolutely great. And yet there is a virility, a force, an authority and intensity about Ondricek, which, combined with an impeccable and brilliant technique, makes his art and playing both convincing and attractive. It is both manly and sincere. His tone is penetrating, vivid, and dominating, rather than suave and velvety; it commands rather than caresses. But the style and finish are at all times that of a master of the instrument.

Ondricek was heard in Dvorak's A minor concerto, and Ernst's "Airs Hongrois." His reading of the concerto, while forceful, contained and dignified, lacked, to me, both romantic feeling and poetic fervor. He was evidently more at home in Ernst's brilliant show piece, which he executed with commanding virtuosity, and caught his audience completely with his verve and magnetic energy. As an encore he played Schubert's "Erlkonig," arranged for violin solo, a hideously difficult piece of virtuoso clap-trap which seemed to accord but ill with the dignity of a Philharmonic concert. In spite of certain patent artistic limitations, I am inclined to rank Ondricek high among modern violinists.

The playing of the orchestra throughout exhibited its usual characteristics. There was the same splendid force and energy, the same sonority of tone, and the same roughness and lack of refinement and sentiment as ever noticeable in its work. A lack of precision in the strings and blatant roughness in the brasses—a constantly offending member of the orchestra—tended to mar the broad and vigorous rendering of Bach's Toccata, F major, arranged, and reverently and well arranged, for orchestra and organ by G. Esser.

The Wagner-Faust overture went so much better that it seemed like a different orchestra playing. Mr. Seidl is certainly a Wagner conductor hors ligne. Schumann's First Symphony, fresh with all the beauty and color of spring, was also well played, especially the Larghetto, though Mr. Seidl's at times somewhat boisterous reading made Schumann's too thick orchestration sound more than usually heavy. There is noble material in the Philharmonic Orchestra; to whom the fault that it does not always seem to be utilized to the best advantages? The same programme will be repeated at Music Hall this evening.

Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Paur, gave the first concert of their tenth New York season at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night. The orchestra has not for some time, and Mr. Paur, to my thinking, never been heard to better advantage here.

Credit where credit is due. I have never been able to enthuse much over Mr. Paur as a conductor; and I still think that his lack of temperament and poetic fervor imposes limitations on the endless artistic possibilities of the superb orchestra he now directs; but it would be idle and unjust prejudice to deny him the praise which is his due for his capable and artistic work last night. His reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was at once classic in its repose, contained force, and finished and well considered conception, and modern in its warmth of color, contrasted effect, force and vigor.

The first movement might in places have been more smoothly played, while the slower tempo at which the trio of the Scherzo was taken in respect to the Scherzo itself has no warranty in the score, and was, notwithstanding, too fast at any rate. Apart from this to find serious fault with Mr. Paur's reading would be carping criticism. I thought, too, that Mr. Paur's rather deliberate tempo made Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" sound somewhat halting and heavy-footed. Still his reading of it had climax, force and brilliancy.

The "Menuet" and "Valse des Sylphes," from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," were played with rare delicacy and finish, and marked romantic feeling and pictorial effect. The latter movement especially was much appreciated by the audience, and justly. What a superlatively excellent orchestra this Boston Orchestra is! The first violins are simply incomparable. I thought the seconds at times a little weak or unduly kept down last night, while the body of tone of the full band whether in forte or piano passages is marvellous in its rich sonority, consistency and absolute precision. I think after last night that the orchestra has at last waked Mr. Paur up. He has been called stolid; there were no signs of it last night.

Mme. Melba sang the Handel aria "Sweet Bird," with flute obligato exquisitely played by Mr. Mole, and the "Mad Scene," from Thomas's "Hamlet," and was received with tumultuous applause; but what a blessed relief that in spite of endless recalls no encores were permitted. To say that Mme. Melba sang these now familiar numbers as well as ever is to say that they were as well sung as they could be; as no other singer now before the public could sing them. There is truly only one Melba, just as there is but one Paderewski. Her beautiful quality and evenness of tone and marvellous vocalization are surely unsurpassed and unapproachable. A most enjoyable concert throughout.

Between the Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony Orchestras there is rather a long artistic step.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

The New-York Times

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1895.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

The Philharmonic in the Afternoon and Boston Symphony at Night.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its season in New-York at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. There was a large audience, which was well repaid for its attendance by a concert of high excellence. It is a cheering fact that whatever discouragements may come from wearisome readings by Emil Paur, the Boston conductor, at times, in the course of the season, he has periods of luminous energy, and these refresh the drooping spirit. Mr. Paur was at his best last night, and his best is a pretty good article. His worst need not be discussed at this time, but it is difficult to avoid recording a fervent wish that he would not exhibit it again in New-York.

The orchestral numbers last night were Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, "The Will-o'-the Wisps" minuet and "Waltz of the Sylphs," from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and "The Kaiser March" of Richard Wagner. The soloist was Mme. Melba, who sang Handel's "Sweet Bird," and the scene of fiorituri insanity from M. Ambroise Thomas's milk-and-water version of "Hamlet."

For his reading of the Beethoven symphony, Mr. Paur deserves only the warmest praise. It was broad, dignified, scholarly, and sympathetic, and showed in every measure the results of a conscientious, analytical study. In balancing the various instrumental voices the finest possible skill was shown, and in the distribution of light and shade the conductor displayed a deep sympathy with the emotional content of the work, and a firm grasp of its musical embodiment. Not a phrase in the entire composition had been neglected in rehearsal, and every significant fragment in the middle voices was brought conspicuously to the surface, and made to take an influential place as a component part of the whole. If Mr. Paur always gave his New-York audiences such admirable reading we should not hesitate to accord him that position which his Boston advocates claim for him as a notable conductor. The orchestra played the work like a small army of virtuosi, and, taking it all in all, the performance was one of the most admirable ever heard in New-York. The two Berlioz numbers were played with delightful delicacy and smoothness, and the waltz quite captivated the audience.

Mme. Melba has not profited by her itinerant career as a concert singer. Her delivery of the Handel air was not up to the standard which she has set for herself here, and several measures were throaty in tone, and decidedly inartistic in the treatment of the vowel sounds. The Ophelia music was sung with apparent effort; but that was probably as much the fault of the music as of the singer. The air is not advantageously placed for the voice, and is exacting in its difficulty. Mme. Melba's delivery of it would have been a triumph for a vocalist of ordinary ability, but she is something more than that, and her hearers expect from her only perfection.

The first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society took place at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. There were the usual evidences of public pleasure at the resumption of the most artistic musical entertainments known to the metropolis. The house was packed even to the standing room, and the attention given to the music was all that the most exacting performer could ask. The applause was warm and plentiful, and on the whole there was an atmosphere of refined enjoyment.

A new solo violinist, Mr. Franz Ondricek, made his first appearance in America. He selected as his media of introduction Dvorak's concerto in A minor and Ernst's "Hungarian Airs." It is not necessary to give a detailed consideration to Mr. Ondricek's playing till after to-night's concert. It may be said now, however, that his style is distinguished by impetuosity and nervous vigor rather than by breadth, repose, or dignity. He has a good technic and a pleasing tone, and no doubt will win his way with the public; but the impression which he made yesterday, while favorable, was by no means profound.

The orchestra played Bach's toccata in F major, Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, and Schumann's First Symphony. Anton Seidl, who was graciously received when he appeared at the conductor's desk, begins the season with his forces well in hand. His reading of the Wagner music was a superb achievement, and those who are to hear it at the concert to-night have a rare orchestral treat in store for them.

NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

It was an attractive programme selected by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its first concert of the season, which it gave last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House.

With Mme. Melba as soloist, and great compositions of Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner to be interpreted by an orchestra of such repute, it was to be expected that the beautiful opera house would be well filled and the audience enthusiastic in its demonstrations.

The band (numbering eighty-eight players) did his best work in the scherzo of the "Eroica Symphony" and in the "Waltz of the Sylphs," from the "Damnation of Faust." Perhaps the scenic arrangements interfered last evening with the volume of sound. Although every number was delightfully given, still there were no such effects produced in the "Kaiser March" last night as were heard when the band gave it under Mr. Nikisch's baton at Chickering Hall.

Mme. Melba sang two numbers, Handel's Aria "Sweet Bird" (to which Mr. Mole played the flute obligato) and the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." After each of her numbers she was recalled six times to bow her acknowledgments. At the conclusion of her first solo she received many handsome floral testimonials.

She sang superbly, and richly deserved the tributes of approval.

Mr. Emil Paur conducted with care and precision.

The Washington Post.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Its Season Opens with a Magnificent Rendition of a Fine Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was welcomed to Washington last night, at the first of its series of five concerts, by an audience which filled Metzerott Hall, and which represented in its personnel the highest circles of social, official, and musical life. The return of the orchestra is an event much appreciated, a fact very evident in the warmth of the reception which greeted Conductor Paur, and in the generous applause given to every number on the programme. As for the orchestra itself, it is sufficient to say that it improves with age. Very few changes were noticeable in its ranks, and the artists who in the past have responded so intelligently and skillfully to the baton of Mr. Paur, and even of Nikisch and Gericke, still remain, their ensemble playing improved by long companionship with each other.

Very catholic in its range was the programme. It began with Beethoven's third symphony, popularly known as the Heroic, familiar enough to music-lovers, although never previously performed here under Mr. Paur's direction. Its interpretation was unmarked by any radical departures from conservative ideas, and was thoroughly satisfactory. The will-o'-the-wisp minuet and the waltz of the sylphs, from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," were given with exquisite daintiness, while Wagner's Kaisermarsch illustrated the very extreme of that composer's tempestuous style. In all these numbers the orchestra acquitted itself most admirably. In precision of attack, in the solidity of the chords in the symphony and the march, in the force and vigor of the tutti playing, in the accentuated contrasts of crescendo and dimuendo, in prompt and absolute responsiveness to intelligent leadership—in fact, in all the details which combine to present perfect work, the orchestra illustrated its unquestioned superiority.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Campanari, whose selections were the monologue of Verdi's "Falstaff" and the prologue from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Campanari's musical, resonant, and accurate tones are a constant delight, and his work last night naturally evoked the greatest enthusiasm. He sings with expression, fervor, and confidence, and his dramatic delivery intensifies the pleasure of listening to his voice.

The New York Recorder.

BY GEORGE W. TURNER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1895.

MELBA'S GREAT HIT.

She Carries Off the Honors at the First Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur, conductor, gave its first concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The largest audience to welcome the band in many seasons was present. The cause was not far to seek. Melba was the soloist.

Beethoven's colossal symphony Eroica, the minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps and Waltz of Sylphs from Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, and Wagner's Kaiser March formed the orchestral programme.

The Waltz of Sylphs made the hit of the evening with the audience, who wanted it repeated, but there were no encores.

Melba received an ovation. She sang, with flute obligato by Mr. Mole, the Handel aria "Sweet Bird," the solo in which she first captured the New York public two seasons ago at a Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan. The singer is in good form. An improvement in the way of a greater power to show feeling is agreeably manifest, the voice is fresh and spontaneous, though mono-tinted as before, her execution as dazzling and daring—there were a few small slips in staccati only—as ever, and there is a slightly more vigorous assertion of dramatic authority.

Her second number, the mad scene from "Hamlet" was delivered brilliantly, and also with a satisfactory show of feeling. There was something like real pathos in the "Je suis Ophelie" new with Melba, and really grateful to the ear. But her cantabile was the most pleasing part of her work. There was little of it, but what there was she gave with flowing breadth and a purity of bell-like tone which could hardly be surpassed.

She was recalled half a dozen times, laden with gigantic bouquets, clapped and cheered to the echo, and finally had to simulate exhaustion and send a double kiss from her finger tips in order to be allowed to steal away.

Melba was the popular magnet of the evening.

THE BALTIMOREAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A very large and appreciative audience attended the first concert season 1895-96 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall on Wednesday evening last. The program rendered was a most excellent one, comprising compositions by Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Wagner etc. The soloist of the evening was Mr. Campanari, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, his numbers were the Monologue from "Falstaff" and the prologue to "Pagliacci," his work was appreciated and he was recalled several times but failed to respond to the demands for an encore. Mr. Paur and also the orchestra received their share of honors during the evening. The next concert will be given Wednesday evening, December 18th.

[45]

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1895.

WARMLY LAUDED BY CRITICS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its first concert of the season in New York on Friday evening, and the orchestra and its conductor were warmly lauded by the critics in yesterday's papers. Even the World at last finds a good word for Mr. Paur, and says: "Credit where credit is due. I have never been able to enthuse much over Mr. Paur as a conductor; and I still think that his lack of temperament and poetic fervor imposes limitations on the endless artistic possibilities of the superb orchestra he now directs; but it would be idle and unjust prejudice to deny him the praise which is his due for his capable and artistic work last night. His reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was at once classic in its repose, contained force and finished and well considered conception, and modern in its warmth of color, contrasted effect, force and vigor."

The New York Tribune says: "The temptation is strong to say that the concert which the Boston Symphony orchestra gave in the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the most brilliant that that superb organization has ever placed to its credit. This at least may be asserted: None of the concerts given by the orchestra here since Mr. Paur assumed the administration of its artistic affairs was comparable with it, either in technical perfection or poetic beauty." And of the playing of the "Eroica" symphony it states, "As often as the Tribune has listened to the Boston Symphony orchestra on its native heath, so to speak, it never heard either such admirable playing or intelligent reading in a symphony as marked Beethoven's 'Eroica' last night. It was an inspiration and a joy to listen to it."

The Times says: "Mr. Paur was at his best last night, and his best is a pretty good article"; and later observes: "For his reading of the Beethoven symphony, Mr. Paur deserves only the warmest praise. It was broad, dignified, scholarly and sympathetic, and showed in every measure the results of a conscientious, analytical study. In balancing the various instrumental voices the finest possible skill was shown, and in the distribution of light and shade the conductor displayed a deep sympathy with the emotional content of the work, and a firm grasp of its musical embodiment. Not a phrase in the entire composition has been neglected in rehearsal, and every significant fragment in the middle voices was brought conspicuously to the surface, and made to take an influential place as a component part of the whole. If Mr. Paur always gave his New York audiences such admirable reading we should not hesitate to accord him that position which his Boston advocates claim for him as a notable conductor."

The Sun contents itself by saying: "Beethoven's 'Eroica' symphony received the neatest kind of a rendering at M. Paur's hands. His interpretations are matter-of-fact and best suited to the older classic writers." It is more energetic in stating: "It is really time that Wagner's poorest composition, the 'Kaiser Marsch,' was relegated to silence and oblivion. It is only a rehash of phrases to be found in other works of his, set forth here in a diluted state and distorted form. It is both homely and stupid, and sounds as if it were written to order, which it was. Let us not listen to the 'Kaiser Marsch' just because Wagner's name appears opposite the title. It is unworthy of his fame and his genius." A judgement which is as just as it is frank and timely.

It is gratifying to notice this change of heart toward M. Paur, and it is a pleasing manifestation of a desire to treat him with the fairness to which he is entitled.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch's overwhelming success in Berlin does not seem to be so overwhelming after all if what the eminent music critic, Otto Lessmann, says in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Nov. 1, is true. The programme was the "Sakuntala" 'overture, a suite for strings arranged from Bach by Bachrich, and the D major symphony by Brahms. Herr Lessmann says: "Even more than in the first concert did the conductor show an inclination to take the tempi too slow, and through clever but laboriously thought-out nuances, pauses for breath, ritardandos and exaggerated fermatas to tangle himself in details and thereby to lose sight of the thematic structure. The result was, that however interesting much of the detail may have been, the effect as a whole disappointed expectation. This was especially true of the Bach adagio, and of the first two movements of the symphony. Then, too, the third movement of this work, which won comparatively the greatest applause, did not exercise its customary fascination. Buloro was always obliged to repeat this movement, and if I am not mistaken, so was Weingarttner, last year, in the Opera House concerts. No one of the movements this time met with such favor." From which, it would seem, that Mr. Nikisch has not yet learned how to deal with musical classics. Herr Lessmann finds the same faults with him that were found in Boston, and makes the same objection that Boston did to his ill-informed and inartistic method of imparting a ludicrously inappropriate operatic color to the severer orchestral works of the great masters.

In his recently published work on orchestra conducting, Weingartner says very wisely: "In opposition to the 'elegant' conductors who get over passages not clear at first sight by quickening the tempo, the tempo rubato directors made the [illegible] passages unclean by attempting [illegible] an unimportant middle voice which is raised to an importance which does not suit it; at times it is an accent, which, perhaps, ought to be lightly indicated, that now appears as a sforzato; then comes a so-called Luft pause, or pause for breath, which is introduced at the crescendo and following piano. And all these with perpetual chopping and changing of the time? Whence comes this attempt of some directors to make out of compositions something else than they really are? Whence this horror of a uniform tempo? Personal vanity is the answer, which is not content to execute a work as the author intended, but wishes to demonstrate to the public what they could make of it if they had been in the position to do so. The conductor's desire for applause is placed higher than the genius of the composer. Let the conductor before all things be true to the work which he is to execute, true to himself, true to the public. Let him not think when he takes a score in hand, 'What can I make out of this!' but 'What did the composer wish to say?' Let him study it so thoroughly that during a performance the score is rather a support for his memory than a fetter for his thoughts. If by study he has formed an image thereof, let him give this image as a unity, not in fragments. Let him always consider that he is the most important, most responsible personality in musical life. By good performances he can form the public and produce a general improvement of artistic sentiment; by bad performances he makes unsure the ground for true art. Let his greatest triumph be to execute a beautiful work beautifully; the success of the composer is his own."

The Symphony concert, which is on its first tournee, is having an enormous success as usual. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and Brooklyn it has been the same old story, crowded houses and genuine enthusiasm. Melba sung with them, and was royally received, especially in New York, Friday, at the Metropolitan Opera House, where her voice was as brilliant as the sunburst which she wore at her corsage.

In Philadelphia, which was a specially gala night, Melba was in gold and yellow satin, and wore a lot of her fine jewels.

The Boston Symphony orchestra played before enormous audiences during its tour last week. In Philadelphia on Monday night there was one of the largest houses even known to be present at a concert in that city. Every seat was sold, beside 1400 admissions. In Brooklyn on Tuesday night there was another splendid audience, and the same results attended the concert in Washington.

BOSTON HERALD.
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SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1895.

WELCOMED BOSTON'S ARTISTS.

Symphony Orchestra, with Mme. Melba, Proved a Great Attraction in New York.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1895. It was an attractive programme that the Boston Symphony orchestra selected for its first concert of the season, which it gave this evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. With Mme. Melba as soloist, and the great compositions of Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner interpreted by an orchestra of such repute, it was to be expected that the beautiful Onera House would be well filled, and the audience enthusiastic in its demonstrations.

The orchestra, numbering 88 players, did its best work in the scherzo of the "Eroica Symphony" and in the "Waltz of the Sylphs," from the "Damnation of Faust." Perhaps the scenic arrangements interfered with the volume of sound. Although every number was delightfully given, still there was no such effects produced in the "Kaiser March" tonight as was heard when the orchestra gave it under Mr. Nikisch's baton at Chickering Hall.

Mme. Melba sang two numbers, Handel's aria, "Sweet Bird" (to which Mr. Mole played the flute obligato), and the "Mad Scene" from Thomas' "Hamlet." After each of her numbers she was recalled six times to bow her acknowledgments. At the conclusion of her first solo she received many handsome floral testimonials. She sang superbly, and richly deserved the tributes of approval. Mr. Emil Paur conducted with care and precision.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, NOV. 17, 1895.

The Symphony orchestra scored a most brilliant success in Philadelphia Monday night, every seat in the academy of Music being sold and 1400 admission tickets besides, making an audience of about 4500 people. Mme Melba was the soloist, and this, in part, was the reason of the large sale. Tuesday and Wednesday nights' concerts in Brooklyn and Baltimore were but repititions of Monday night, and the concerts in Washington and New York Thursday and Friday nights, and the matinee in Philadelphia yesterday afternoon, were larger in numbers of people present than ever before

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Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1895.

Mr. Finck Takes Up a Cudgel for Mr. Nikisch.

Henry T. Finck writes as follows concerning Nikisch in the November number of The Looker On (page 182): "Possibly some of the Boston critics will feel a tinge of remorse when they read of the great triumphs which Mr. Arthur Nikisch is winning in Leipsic and Berlin as concert conductor. It was they who drove him from Boston, and now he has captured the two most desirable positions in all Germany, and is stirring up great enthusiasm."

In the first place, "the Boston critics" did not drive Mr. Nikisch away. He received an offer from Buda-Pesth. He accepted it, and just before his exit in the spring of '93 he behaved in a silly, shabby, wholly contemptible manner toward Mr. Higginson and the manager of the orchestra. It is true that "the Boston critics" spoke out frankly and vigorously when he introduced impertinent readings and sacrificed composers on the altar of his great god Vanity. This was the business and the duty of the critics. If they had not thus spoken, they would have been false to their employers, the public, and themselves.

In the second place, the position at Leipsic, which Mr. Nikisch, it seems, "captured," went for some time a-begging. It was offered in May or June of this year to Dr. Carl Muck, one of the conductors of the Berlin opera. It was offered to several, as I am informed by a Leipsic correspondent, before Mr. Nikisch "captured" it.

And how about this "stirring up great enthusiasm"? In this conection let us see what Mr. Otto Lessmann, the eminent critic and the editor of the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, wrote about the second Philharmonic concert in Berlin. The review was published in the said journal, dated Nov. 1 (pp. 563-564).

"Even more than in the first concert did the conductor show an inclination to take the pace too slow, and by means of clever, laboriously thought-out nuances, breaths, ritardandos and never-ending fermatas to lose himself in details and thereby to lose sight of the thematic structure. The result was that while much of the detail may have been interesting in itself, the total effect disappointed expectation. This was especially true of the adagio by Bach and the first two movements of the symphony. Then, too, the third movement of the symphony, which won, comparatively, the most applause, did not exercise its customary fascination. Billow was always obliged to repeat this movement, and, if I am not mistaken, so was Weingartner last year in the Opera House concerts. No one of the movements this time met with such favor."

Now Mr. Lessmann is not a hidebound conservative; he is a radical, thoroughly in sympathy with the ultra-modern school, believing in the "modern conductor."

But probably Mr. Finck is so engrossed with his passionate press work for Paderewski, that, having evolved from his inner consciousness the camel Nikisch, he cares not for opinions criticising the build or the habits of the thus created camel.

Mr. Lessmann agrees in his strictures with the London critics who reviewed performances led by Mr. Nikisch in that city in June of this year. Thus the Academy, June 22, after speaking kindly of his ability, said: "Yet there is at present something unsatisfactory about him. The Tannhäuser overture, for instance, was in many ways admirable, especially in any matter requiring finish or delicacy; but the total impression was not convincing. Then again in the Beethoven symphony in C minor,"—his crack piece—" neither the titanic greatness of the opening movement, nor the ecstasy of the finale was fully revealed." The Athenaeum, June 22, spoke of his "free indulgences in the tempo rubato." The Times, June 17, in the review of the performance of the C minor symphony, said: "The work as a whole was not allowed to make the deep impression that is produced when its beauties are presented with less obvious intention to make them prominent." The Pall Mall Gazette, June 17, referring to the Tannhäuser overture, said: "But by degrees, as the work wore on, a certain creeping slowness came over the spirit of our dream."

Mr. J. F. Runciman in the Saturday Review, June 22, wrote as follows: "If Mr. Nikisch fails at once to capture the affections of a London afternoon audience, it will be because there is about him something that mars the completely harmonious effect of his artistically disordered hair, his elegantly nervous figure, clad (I am given to understand) in the newest fashion, and that melancholy eye which gazes mournfully into futurity. To be frank, when he conducts, his appearance does somehow strike a discordant note just now. His pose and his air of authority are just a little obvious and offensive. He seems enamored of some high-flying notion of magnetizing his men, of subduing them to his will, compelling them to carry out his every thought almost as he thinks it. Now when you are conducting a hungry German orchestra, where the best men get 20 shillings a week, and go in daily fear of losing that, it is easy enough to work the magnetic business, for so soon as the men discover that to be your little weakness, they are ready to be hypnotized by the hour, or for that matter, to be cast into tra of 100 independent Englishmen, or Anglicized foreigners, who never will be slaves except for something handsome in cash, who would laugh if you offered them for a day's work what the German bandsmen are glad to get for a week's work, who have not an empty stomach amongst them; this kind of orchestra cannot easily be hypnotized, and the conductor who tries it is apt to make rather a ludicrous spectacle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nikisch will drop the thing at once."

All these writers, as well as Mr. Lessmann and the Boston critics, recognized fully certain admirable characteristics of Mr. Nikisch's leadership. This recognition, however, did not degenerate into fetichism.

The great trouble with Mr. Nikisch is his inordinate vanity. With him, all is vanity. His nostrils must ever smell thick, pungent incense. Hence his woe in Boston; hence his woe in Buda-Pesth.

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please."

The Press
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1895.

A MELBA CRUSH.

Great Crowds at the Academy Welcome the First of the Boston Symphony's Popular Concerts.

When the first Melba concert was held "The Press" remarked that Philadelphia was in a fair way to develop a Melba fad, as it had in years past developed a Patti fad. Well, it has developed it and the fad has reached the proportions of a great craze already. When Mr. Paur lifted up his baton to begin the first of the Boston Symphony's series of popular matinee concerts he had for his auditors such a crowd as the Academy has seen but few times in its history. Every seat was sold. Galleries were jammed to the doors, and in the parquet the aisles were crowded to the doors and beyond them. The house certainly held over 3500 people at a low estimate. How many more it would be difficult to guess. How many who were refused admission is also a problem.

There is no need of talking about the programme; it spoke for itself. The audience simply went wild over Melba, and for that matter, over Scalchi. The orchestra, as perfect as it is and as beautifully as it rendered Auber, Bizet and Wagner, was tolerated. What all wanted to hear was the great diva. Of course the mad scene from "Lucia," which is Melba's best piece of florid singing, set the house by the ears and it had to be resung. And, in fact, encores were the rule. Everybody shared in the excitement. Even M. d'Aubigne outshone all his previous efforts. Campanari sang among other things his famous prologue from "I Pagliacci" instead of the monologue from "Falstaff," and was applauded vociferously. Well, the fact of it is the whole concert went off like wildfire. One woman said in her excitement that she preferred Scalchi to Melba, as the former went to her heart. She really ought to have said to her liver, but then it is all a matter of taste. The so-called "experiment" of Boston Symphony's popular concert is, however, an experiment no longer. It is a huge success.

THE RECORD

Philadelphia, November 17, 1895.

Boston Symphony Matinee.

The greatest audience of the season signalized the first popular matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon. The fame of this magnificent organization has grown apace under Herr Emil Paur's conductorship, especially since he has begun to introduce a more elastic variety of his hitherto too classical programmes. An elaborate musical feast had also been prepared for the occasion and the orchestra was supplemented by the entire Melba concert aggregation, including Signor Campanari, M. D'Aubigne and Mme. Scalchi, as well as the peerless Australian diva. The instrumental feature of the afternoon was Georges Bizet's first orchestral suite of "L'Arlesienne" music, embracing half of the incidental melodies composed by the young Bizet for Alphonse Daudet's drama. It includes the prelude, minuetto, adagietto and carillon, and gave its hearers a delightful conception of the dainty blossoming of that picturesque genius previous to his full flowering in the immortal "Carmen." As an offset for this purely tuneful treat, Herr Paur treated his vast clientele to a goodly dose of Wagner. The prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the prelude to the third act of "Tannhaeuser" and the overture of "Rienzi" followed upon one another in quick succession toward the close of the programme. The superb bowing force of the orchestra was splendidly revealed in this trio. It was in the "Rienzi" overture that Wagner introduced the first of those famous violin effects of his, and their spiritual and overwhelming climax is visible in the "Tannhaeuser" prelude as well as overture. The beauty of the strings is the great glory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

As for the lyricists, Mme. Melba captivated her listeners. She was in delightful spirits and her soprano rose more than ever like a skylark through the music of Donizetti's mad Lucia, until flute and voice interblended in perfect and almost indistinguishable unison. She sang for the first time in this city in a "Rigoletto" aria. Signor Campanari gave a new aria from Ponchielli's "Litunni" and sang the jealous monologue of Ford from Verdi's "Falstaff" with forcible baritone effect.

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The Philadelphia Inquirer
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1895

THE MELBA CONCERT

Close of a Week That Has Been Remarkable in a Musical Way.

The Melba concert yesterday closed the most remarkable week in the musical history of this city. It opened with a Boston Symphony concert, with Melba as soloist; there were three grand opera nights, a Paderewski matinee of Wednesday, and Melba in concert yesterday afternoon. On each occasion there was a full house; on three occasions every seat was sold and the aisles were jammed. It is estimated that the total receipts were almost $25,000. This shows that there is musical appreciation in this city.

At the concert yesterday, this was the program:

1. Overture, "Carlo Broschi".....Auber
2. Aria, "Lituani".....Ponchielli
   Mr. Campanari.
3. Lucia, "Che faro" (Orpheus)...Gluck
   Mme. Scalchi.
4. Mad Scene from "Lucia"....Donizetti
   Mme. Melba.
   Flute Obligato, Mons. Ch Mole.
5. Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
6. Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust).Gounod
   Mr. D'Aubigne.
7. Waltz Song, "Se saran Rose"..Arditi
   Mme. Melba.
8. Monologue (Falstaff).....Verdi
   Mr. Campanari.
9. (a) Prelude, "Lohengrin."
   Act III.....Wagner
   (b) Prelude, "Tannhaeuser."
10. Quartette from "Rigoletto"....Verdi
    Mesdames Melba, Scalchi, Messrs. D'-Aubigne and Campanari.
11. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner

It is needless to add anything to what has been said so often in these columns about Melba's voice. She is the reigning queen of song. Her golden tones, brilliancy of execution and rare presence have elevated her to the ranks of a popular idol. The Boston Symphony Orchestra accompanied her yesterday—a very expensive arrangement, which did not draw one extra dollar into the treasury of the management. There were other singers of renown, but the public did not come to hear them. It was Melba, elevated to the gods, whom the people wanted to hear, and she earned all the appreciation she received. The Patti farewell has gone into eclipse. It is the youthful nightingale of the Antipodes who now reigns triumphant. The homage paid her yesterday was all that she could have desired. Her numbers were familiar and there is no need to say how she sang them.

PUBLIC LEDGER
Philadelphia, Monday, Nov. 18, 1895.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Matinee.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's experiment of giving a popular matinée met with emphatic success at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon. The auditorium was crowded with an audience that found the programme thoroughly to its taste, and extended to the soloists, Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Signor Campanari and Mr. D'Aubigne, all manner of cordial greetings. The concert was, naturally enough, of a diversified character, entirely free from heaviness, and was evidently none the less enjoyed on this account. That it was admirably carried out is something that goes without the saying. Melba, who gave, among other numbers, the mad scene from "Lucia," sang with her accustomed charm, and the remaining soloists contributed of course to the attractiveness of the occasion. It may be added, indeed, that Madame Scalchi revived the familiar "Che Faro" aria from Gluck's "Orpheus" with not a little of her old-time effectiveness.

The purely orchestral portion of the entertainment included Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" suite, which had a really delightful interpretation, and several Wagnerian selections.

THE CALL
—PHILADELPHIA.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

Boston Symphony Concert.

The matinee given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in conjunction with the Melba Concert Company on Saturday at the Academy of Music, attracted an audience which not only completely filled every available seat and standing room, but which overflowed even the stairs and lobbies of that capacious edifice. The program was of a popular character, including, for the orchestra, the overtures to Auber's "Part du Diable" and Wagner's "Rienzi," Bizet's "Suite L'Arlisienne" and the preludes to the third act of "Tannhaeuser" and to the third act of "Lohengrin." All of these were played magnificently. Mr. Paur conducted con amore. Mme. Melba was in capital form, and sang superbly the mad scene from "Lucia" and the waltz, "Se Saran Rose." Mme. Schalchi contributed a fine rendition of the aria from Gluck's "Orpheus," Mr. Campanari created a sensation by his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci" and an aria from Ponchielli's "Lituani," and Mr. D'Aubigne gave a fine rendering of "Salve Dimora." The four vocalists also sang the immortal quartet from Verdi's "Rigoletto." The entire program was enthusiastically received, and every vocal number was encored.

Der Deutsche Correspondent
Donnerstag den 14. November 1895

Aus dem Conzertsaal.

Erstes Conzert des Bostoner Symphonie-Orchesters in der Musik-Halle. — Liederkranz-Conzert.

Wenn ein Conzert einen hohen Genuß bereitet hat, so war es das gestrige erste Conzert dieser Saison, welches von dem „Bostoner Symphonie-Orchester" unter der Leitung seines Dirigenten Emil Paur den hiesigen Musikfreunden in der Musik-Halle geboten wurde. Das Programm war ein recht ansprechend gediegenes, und besonderen Dank darf man Hrn. Paur dafür wissen, daß er Mendelssohn's A-Moll-Symphonie, oder wie sie auch genannt wird, schottische Symphonie, den Zuhörern vermittelte. Die warme Melodik des ersten Satzes, die lebensvolle brillante Rhythmik des Viance, welchem sich das klar aufgebaute Adagio und das mit Meisterhand ausgearbeitete Allegro anschlossen, verfehlten bei der tadellosen Darlegung Seitens des Orchesters ihre Wirkung nicht, so daß, obschon die einzelnen Sätze ohne die sonst üblichen Pausen hintereinander folgen sollen, das Publikum es sich nicht nehmen ließ, nach jedem Satze seiner Anerkennung in enthusiastischer Weise Ausdruck zu geben.

Nicht geringeren Applaus weckte die Darbietung der Weber'schen Ouvertüre zu seiner letzten größeren Tonschöpfung, der Oper „Oberon," während die beiden Sätze aus einer Tschnikowsky'schen „Serenade" zu den poetischen Tondichtungen Mendelssohn's und Weber's etwas zu stark contrastirten, um trotz der sauberen Darlegung seitens des Orchesters denselben Beifall wie diese zu finden. Aber gerade für die Art und Weise der Darbietung, für die Interpretation der genannten Werke gebührt dem Orchester, sowie nicht minder dem Dirigenten Hrn. Paur alle Anerkennung. Das Orchester ist gewissermaßen in seiner trefflichen Zusammensetzung eine Persönlichkeit, die ihre Seele von dem Dirigenten erhält. Sein Leben, seine Blutwärme pulsirt sich in ihm und sein künstlerisches Glaubensbekenntniß ist es, welches von dem Orchester bekannt gegeben wird. In diesem Sinne muß man die instrumentalen Gaben, welche das Conzert bot, betrachten, und wird dabei, wie gesagt, nicht umhin können, die Zucht, wenn man so sagen darf, anzuerkennen, welche den an sich noch lockeren Klangkörper des Orchesters zu einem einheitlichen zusammenschmelzen läßt, um den Intentionen seines Leiters zu folgen, als auch wird man dem Dirigenten selbst volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren lassen müssen für den Ernst und den feinen künstlerischen Sinn, mit welchem er es versteht, in der Componisten Gedanken einzudringen und sie durch den wunderbar arbeitenden Mechanismus seines trefflich geschulten Orchesters dem Publikum zu vermitteln. Außer den vorgenannten Orchester-Nummern bot das Programm noch als Schlußpiece die Ouvertüre zu „Rienzi" von Wagner mit ihrem lärmenden Schluß, der um so lärmender klang, als auf der Bühne des Saales noch ein weiteres Podium aufgebaut war, auf welchem das Orchester Platz genommen.

Der Solist des Abends war Hr. G. Campanaris. Er ist den hiesigen Musikfreunden kein Fremder mehr, und mit seinem sonoren Organ, welchem alle Töne voll Schmelz und mit Ausdruck entströmen, hat er sich bereits seit Langem in die Gunst des Publikums hinein gesungen. Als er daher den herrlichen Monolog aus Verdi's „Falstaff" sang, entzückte er durch die schöne musikalische Gewandung, die er dem Texte gab, und entschädigte dadurch dafür, daß man die Worte nicht verstand. Dreimal mußte er dem Beifallklatschen folgen und vor dem Publikum erscheinen und als er dann später den gewaltigen effektvollen Prolog aus Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" vortrug und auch dann vier, fünf Mal herausgerufen wurde, da bedauerte er, wie seine Geberde andeutete, es wohl ebenso sehr, wie das Publikum, daß er dem Wunsche nach einer Zugabe nicht entsprechen konnte. Das stellenweise das Orchester etwas zu stark war und die kräftige Stimme des Sängers verdeckte, beeinträchtigte den Genuß, den die Soli boten, ein wenig.

Das nächste Conzert findet am Mittwoch, den 18. Dezember, statt. Der Besuch gestern Abend war ein guter, obschon der Saal nicht vollständig gefüllt war und es noch manchen leeren Platz gab.

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20, 1895.

PADEREWSKI'S RETURN.

A Brilliant Audience and a Splendid Reception.

Paderewski's Influence on the Public as Strong as Ever—First Performance Here of His Polish Fantasie—The Work Something of a Disappointment—The Artist Obliging.

A large and brilliant company, a welcome to the artist that was immense in its fervor, enthusiasm without reserve, rapt, almost devout, attention—in fact, all the remarkable regard for the man and affluent admiration for the performer that were such characteristic elements at the Paderewski concerts in the past—were manifested in their full at the concert, in which he was the central figure, at Music Hall last evening. The audience was completely carried away by him again, and, despite the exacting task that he had set himself in playing three concertos, he was twice compelled to pay tribute to the potent demon of encore. There was also the same wonderful piano playing, in which perfection of technique seemed to have reached the limit of its possibilities. To dwell on the artist's finger work, his refinement of taste and his mastery over all the technical resouces of his art would be only to repeat a thrice-told and wholly familiar tale.

His performance of the Chopin concerto in F-minor was of rare beauty, and was notable for its virility and for its crystal clearness. He was especially felicitous in the first and the last movements, which were given by him with extraordinary brilliancy and clearness, and with an artistic swing that was fairly fascinating. The slow movement, though exquisitely played, was somewhat overladen with rubato, and was disjointed in effect; the melody did not flow, and the reading savored of affectation and more of sentimentality than of sentiment. The Liszt concerto in E-flat was nobly set forth from beginning to end; the playing of the finale being a magnificent display of virtuosity. The feature of the evening, however, was the Fantasie Polonaise, composed by Paderewski, a work in which much interest was felt, owing to the marked impression made by his concerto, in which he was heard when he first appeared here.

On a first hearing the fantasie does not appear to be as able and as admirable a work as was its predecessor. It is true that it has a strong national color, that it has a decided originality, that it is not a mere show piece, being as it is a composition in which the orchestra has at least an equal share with the solo instrument. It is in four movements, but they melt into each other, and there is no interruption of continuity. The orchestration is ingenious and effective, the harmonies are rich and unconventional, and the work has a decided individuality; but it has little of what is understood as inspiration. None of the movements except the finale is notably clear, and the composer appears to have started out at random in a path that should lead him somewhere, but which carried him to nowhere in particular. There is enough and to spare of musicianship in the fantasie, and the last movement has a fire and a vigorous rhythmical emphasis that are fairly thrilling, but what it is all about, as music pure and simple, is not easy to discover on a first hearing. This, however, is the saving portion of the work, and holds the interest with a firm grasp, even if it does not appeal lucidly to the understanding. Here the composer has sought to dazzle by the virtuosity of the solo part, and his success is unmistakable.

For the rest, there is much of padding, much of mere noise and bombast, and much of aiming at a mark that remains untouched. Then, too, there are moments when the orchestration is almost brutal in its aggressive storminess. That there are many charming and finely conceived effects may be frankly conceded, but on the whole it must be confessed that the fantasie is a disappointment, especially after the unreserved encomiums by which it was injudiciously heralded. Of Paderewski's playing of the work there is, of course, nothing but commendation to be expressed, and at its conclusion there was a tempest of applause, the artist being recalled over and over again, and, notwithstanding the fatigue he must have felt, he responded with an exacting Hungarian rhapsody.

On Saturday afternoon M. Paderewski will give the first of his two recitals in Music Hall.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 20, 1895.

THE PADEREWSKI CONCERT.

If one waxed enthusiastic over the marvellous playing of Paderewski at Music Hall last night, he or she could well be pardoned, for there was everything about the occasion to make it one long to be remembered.

The announcement that this was the great pianist's first appearance in this city after an absence of two years was in itself enough to draw a large audience; but the fact that he was to appear in conjunction with our own Symphony Orchestra was an added incentive which served to draw out an audience which crowded every corner of the big edifice. In fact, it would have been almost impossible to have squeezed in another soul, and for those who were fortunate enough to be present the occasion will long linger in the memory as musically considered one of the most notable events of the entire season.

Paderewski's art has long been recognized as nothing short of genius, and as he had on his previous visits established his reputation as a great, if not the greatest living pianist, one might almost have been led to believe that he had reached the zenith of his art. After last night, however, he must be accorded even a greater pianist than before. To indulge in superlatives is not out of place in writing of this wonderful artist, and while the hypercritical may find many minor points in his playing to which to take exception, yet, judged from the standpoint of popular favor or approval, he represents almost absolute perfection. Few in last night's audience were prepared for such a display of virtuosity and technique, such precision and lightning-like execution as they were treated to.

He was first heard in the Chopin concerto in F minor, a composition abounding in exquisite sentiment and which served admirably as a first course to the musical feast. The second movement, larghetto, as anyone will remember, is given over almost entirely to the solo instrument, the orchestral background being only discernible in places. It was played exquisitely, and he was rewarded with a triple recall.

The Liszt concerto in E flat followed and was played as probably never before. Into this piece he threw himself with all the fire and intensity at his command, and even Mr. Paur himself was filled with the enthusiasm of the occasion, and conducted the orchestral portion of the work in a most unusual manner. To satisfy the desire of his audience Paderewski played for an encore one of his own short pieces with a beautiful delicacy of feeling.

But the number for which his audience will remember him most was his own "Fantasie Polonaise," which he has composed since his last visit to this country, and which is reported to have greatly increased his reputation abroad. It was performed for the first time in England, a little over two years ago, and it serves the double purpose of showing off his ability as a composer and pianist. The composition, to quote the programme, is built "on original themes," and is full of delightful surprises. One moment it suggests the music of sunny Italy, again it is Spanish, and frequently strongly suggestive of his own nationality. It is positively unique, and the playful, buoyant passages were handled beautifully by the pianist. Brasses are frequently used to get the desired effect, and the whole ensemble is so well scored as to indicate that Paderewski could, if he wished, occupy a broader field as a composer. Both the composition and its marvellous manner of execution provoked the most unbounded enthusiasm, and the audience refused to leave their seats until he had been heard once more. Again he generously acceded to their desire and played one of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. For an opening number the orchestra was heard in the overture to "Lenore," by Beethoven.

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Boston Daily Globe.

WEDNESDAY, NOV 20, 1895.

PADEREWSKI HERE

Plaudits and Cheers Greet Polish Pianist.

Culture and Fashion Gather in His Honor.

His Return Proves a Great Popular Success.

Gives a Fantasia of His Own Composition.

Playing Divine as Ever and Hair Still Beautiful.

Pianist Paderewski's reappearance, with the Symphony orchestra, in Music hall last evening, was the occasion of intense delight to as many music-loving Bostonians as could possibly crowd into the building. He has lost none of his popularity during an absence of two years; on the contrary it would seem that interest in his playing and his personality is greater than ever.

Paderewski is unquestionably the ablest of living pianists. It is doubtful if he has been excelled by any pianist of the past, certainly no proofs of such excellence can be given at this time. Paderewski acomplishes all that any other pianist is reported to have done, and much more besides.

Many marvelous players have been heard here in recent years; some excelled in mastery of technique, some in purity of tone production, and others in poetic temperament and power of expression, but no one of them possessed all these gifts. Paderewski alone commands the possessions of a perfect pianist.

PADEREWSKI'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

To state that he excels in any particular style of music is simply to give expression to personal favor, which cannot be substantiated by general opinion.

There is no need for extended comment upon Mr Paderewski's extraordinary gifts at this time, however. Indeed there is nothing new to write, so completely has the subject been covered in the past. One can only repeat what has been said so many times, that Paderewski's playing is as near perfection as human talent can approach.

Paderewski has undoubtedly progressed in his art since he was last here, but this improvement will scarcely be evident to the average auditor. This improvement, however, is mainly in his greater power of giving expression to the sentiment of the composition interpreted. There was no opportunity for improvement in his technique.

The program last evening was very substantial. It would have been much too heavy had it been offered by a pianist of less ability, but as given by Paderewski it was wholly delightful. Following were the selections played: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, op. 72; Chopin, concerto in F minor, op. 21; Liszt, concerto in E flat, No. 1; Paderewski, fantasie polonaise, op. 19.

When Paderewski played here two years ago his Chopin interpretations did not meet with universal approval. His work was compared with that by De Pachmann, and there were those who did not hesitate to declare that De Pachmann was the most faithful exponent of the Polish composer's writings. But Paderewski won new friends last evening by his playing of Chopin's F minor concerto. It was a superb performance, broad in style, passionate in feeling and brilliant in execution. The exquisite larghetto, the gem of the three movements of the concerto, was played with indescribe delicacy and refinement.

His performance of the Liszt concerto was truly magnificent and stirred the audience to demonstrations of wild enthusiasm. Such an exhibition of artistic virtuosity was fairly bewildering. It seemed incredible that human fingers could be capable of such amazing dexterity. The final movement was taken at a furious tempo, but every note was clear and limpid.

felt in Paderewski's own fantasia, which had ... heard here. It is a brilliant ... oughly Polish in character, ... its author to be a master of composition as well as of interpretation. The orchestration is uncommonly elaborate, and is superb in its beauty and variety of coloring, and is notable for many novel effects, not the least of which is the introduction of a harp, which has never before been used in the orchestration of a piano concerto.

The fantasia is written in extreme modern style and consists of four movements, played without interruption. The numerous themes are charmingly fresh and melodious, and their development is ingenious and artistic. They are for the most part founded on the folk songs and peasant dances of the composer's native land. The concerto seems to possess all the elements of lasting popularity, for it possesses a wealth of tone color and grace of rhythm. The piano part is dazzlingly brilliant and bristles with an amazing variety of runs and octave passages calculated to display the virtuosity of a performer. It is quite unnecessary to state that the interpretation was worthy of the composition.

The audience applauded with the wildest enthusiasm, recalling the pianist half a dozen times and showing a determination not to leave the hall until he had played again. He finally submitted to the demands of his almost frantic audience and played the famous Liszt Hungarian rhapsody No. 3, the one with those amazing glissando scales which Paderewski plays so perfectly.

The first recital by Paderewski will be given next Saturday afternoon, when the following program will be played:

Variations (on a theme by Handel) .....Brahms
Sonata—Op 31, No 2 .....Beethoven
Sonata—F sharp minor, op 11 .....Shumann
Nocturne .....Chopin
Three etudes .....Chopin
Two chants polonaise .....Chopin-Liszt
Legende No 2 .....Paderewski
Etude (on false notes) .....Rubinstein
Valse caprice .....Rubinstein

"PADDY'S" BIG AUDIENCE.

Music Lovers and Society's Following Moved by the Artist's Power.

Paderewski, according to his manager, is bored by adoration of the explosive, hysterical kind, so he ought to have been immensely pleased with the way his Boston devotees greeted him. It would be sacrilege to call it a critical audience, since the pianist is way beyond criticism; it was rather sympathetic, and of course it was cultured.

The house was the best of the present symphony season. The 2500 people present were emphatically the "Lang following," and comprised all the local musical prophets who long ago put the Polish master on a pedestal and inscribed him an artistic hero.

It was a remarkably fashionable house too, for a Tuesday evening symphony, and evening dress and opera gowns were conspicuous on the floor. Dainty creations of silk and lace, the show of fetching opera bonnets, a generous sprinkling of jewels and an occasional flash of a white neck above a slightly low cut bodice all told the story that Paderewski is the favored genius in all the musical world with women, and that, en masse, they never miss an opportunity to honor him.

There was the stillness of suppressed anticipation during the first orchestral number, and then all necks craned forward to catch the first glimpse of the chrysanthemum locks, as Mr Paur led the master out. The house applauded, but not vociferously; it seemed to be too curious, especially the feminine part of it, which happened to be the overwhelming part, to give itself up to emotions at that moment.

At once everybody became aware that the Pole had retained his stiff, conventional bow, which always suggested to one that he may have at some time swallowed his walking stick. But then, that became an impossible theory as soon as the bow is over, for he instantly grows delightfully supple.

The abandon of genius was just as conspicuous in his makeup as ever—the Delsartean tie, the impossible goatee and the pudgy, square-toed shoes were immensely characteristic. In the two and a half years he has been away from Boston he has grown to look even a greater man than before, just as Hugo says the masters of the ideal are sure to do as they grow old.

His hair has a goldener hue, and delighted the women to find that it was still long enough to suggest a halo.

Paderewski's manager said to the reporter that the story that the pianist would wear short locks during this tour was all an unfounded bugaboo.

"Mr Paderewski always cuts his hair down in the summer," he explained, as though he were discussing a grass crop, "in fact, he always cuts it down twice in the hot weather, and then he doesn't cut it at all in winter. Really it isn't a bit shorter than when he began his American tour, two seasons ago. It has already grown nearly an inch since we landed, and it will grow three inches more before the season is over."

But the house was not less pleased with the artist's looks than it was with his performance. There wasn't a movement in all the crowd while those slender, velvet fingers were gliding and tripping the keys—and it's an excellent test of appreciation when a crowd sits still through three concertos. The applause was not of the painfully prolonged kind, but it was generous and sincere.

They say that over in New York the women devotees of Paderewski weep whole bucketsful at his playing; that they become so unstrung that they fall on each other's necks and tell family secrets to entire strangers who happen to occupy adjoining chairs. Then some reports have it that if their darling happens to scratch his finger on the keys the Gotham girls fight with each other for a chance to get a drop of blood on their handkerchiefs.

Thank heavens, the Boston women who go to the Paderewski concerts have stronger nerves and are really sensible. They didn't weep, and they didn't pull hair, but they said very learned things about the different movements in the "fantasie," and they became so intensely wrapped up in the stories of merriment and pathos and grandeur which the brain and soul and fingers of the Pole were making that piano tell, that their jaws dropped down, and in one or two cases their glasses fell off.

It was noticed also that there wasn't any of those dreadful enunciation seances which the New York papers say occur at every Paderewski matinee there. All the Boston girls knew that W is an F in Russian, and they put a little coughing sound in the middle of his name just as it ought to be.

The musicians were more demonstrative than anybody on the floor. After the Liszt concerto they crowded round the player with "bravos" and handshakes, and the young master was very gracious. He did not inflict them with any of his stiff bows, but he gripped them by the hand and smiled as forcibly as a Paderewski can smile, and replied to their compliments in execrable English.

...f the con... encore was over ...ly regained indoors to leave the hall. The crowd stood up in their places with eyes strained on the stage, as though in hopes that the player had dropped his handkerchief or lost a cuff button and would have to come out again. Some of the daring ones went to his dressing room and had the supreme happiness of shaking hands and congratulating him.

Paderewski was very cordial with his admirers, but he behaved as though he were not sufficiently sure of his English to care to engage in much conversation.

Mr Hugo Gorlitz, his secretary, said he was hungry, and Mr Gorlitz was consequently anxious to get him away.

Items concerning Paderewski's diet are ever interesting, and it might be said here that on those days when he gives concerts he only takes a cup of tea in the morning and an egg at lunch. He goes on the platform with an empty stomach, and between every number Gorlitz hastens to his dressing room and mixes a seltzer and lemon without sugar. As soon as the concert is over the pianist takes a glass of beer.

Eleven p m is his dinner hour. In the Paderewski suite is a remarkable valet known as Baron, who acts really as a chef rather than a valet, because the artist, like most geniuses, scorns fastidiousness in dress and doesn't like to be "fussed over." The "baron," who claims to be a German nobleman, makes divine French salads and on these the pianist invariably dines. After dinner he smokes a pile of Russian cigarettes. He never smokes anything else, and imports these for his own use, having just received a fresh consignment of 10,000.

Paderewski is growing wealthy out of his American concerts. He took $178,000 back with him from his last tour. A little of this has been lost in speculation, but he has been doing a great business in England and France the last two seasons. At one recital in London last May the box office receipts were £1270.

Boston Journal.

TEN PAGES.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

PADEREWSKI.

Reappearance of the Polish Hypnotist.

Still Does He Work His Spell and Fascinate Hearers.

His Polish Fantasia Proves a Sad Disappointment.

Mr. Paderewski made his first appearance here this season last evening in Music Hall. He was assisted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Paur conductor. The hall was crowded with a wildly enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Concerto in F minor, op. 21.....Chopin
(Orchestration by Richard Burmeister.)
Concerto in E flat, No. 1.....Liszt
Polish Fantasia, op. 19.....Paderewski
On original themes:
Allegro moderato.—Vivace non troppo, ma poi molto accelerando.—Andante molto sostenuto.—Allegro giocoso.
(First time in Boston.)

When Paderewski first played in Boston—it was at a Symphony concert, Dec. 5, 1891—the Journal welcomed him as a marvelous apparition. The hysteria that broke out soon after, and at times developed into acute mania, and, in some instances, into chronic "Paddymania," did not change the opinion then expressed. The fulsome praise of press agents, open and disguised, of high and low degree, did not lead to a

IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

reversal of judgment. Nor did even the extraordinary poem of Mr. R. W. Gilder shake the judgment one whit. The Journal did not, however, cry aloud and shout, "Lo, here is the greatest pianist that ever lived. To him Rubinstein is a blunderer, Von Bülow a pedant, de Pachmann a quack, Planté a poor Frenchman, Saint Saëns a nobody—Joseffy, Rosenthal, d'Albert nothing when weighed in the balance." And yet no sane person denies the strange fascination exerted by this skillful mixer of tone colors. You may call this power by whatever name you please: personality, individuality, temperament. He may be, as some claim, an adroit hypnotizer. Some demon may have given him a ring. It may be that Hunold Singuf, the piper that charmed the rats, the women and the children of Hamelin town, is again in the flesh, after many re-incarnations. Ascribe what reason you will, physical, psychological, superstitious, fantastical, there is no denying or escaping the spell this Pole lays upon you. After you have left the hall you may in cooler moments take exception to this reading or that mood; you may regret his performance of a piece by Beethoven and remember gratefully d'Albert; you may prefer de Pachmann, on the whole, as a player of mazurkas or nocturnes of Chopin; you may talk of "breadth" and "intellectuality" which you missed; but the spell is upon you, and you remember forever the charm of the tone colors.

And what is again to be said about Paderewski's playing? You were at the concert last night; how did you convey your impressions to a friend who was not there? If you are a musician, you probably spoke of beauty of tone, evenness in scale passages and arpeggios, delicacy and spontaneity in arabesques, skill in the use of pedals, general splendor of technique? But did your friends gain any just idea of the power, the pathos, the brilliancy of the performance? Or if you are an amateur, a simple lover of music, what was there for you to do except to "babble in superlatives."

It seemed to me that Paderewski reached the summit last evening in the larghetto of the Chopin Concerto. He took the pace exceedingly slow; in fact for another dangerously slow; yet he worked wonders where another might have fallen ingloriously. For as he played it, the melos was sustained, vital, throbbing. Admirable as was his playing throughout the evening, here he seemed most truly inspired. In the Liszt Concerto and in his own Fantasia he displayed amazing artistry; but these latter compositions lend themselves chiefly to technical display and dazzling virtuosoship. And how about this Fantasia which was played here last night for the first time in Boston?

* * *

This is the history of Paderewski's Polish Fantasia. He first played it at the Norwich Festival, Eng., Oct. 4, 1893. He played it Nov. 22 of the same year at a London Symphony Concert. In Paris, March, 1894, he played it twice at the Lamourent Concerts. In May, 1894, he played it at the Netherrhenish Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. June 1, 1894, he appeared with it at a London Philharmonic Concert. In 1895, Feb. 15, he exhibited it at Dresden.

This Fantasia was first played in the United States, without orchestra, by Miss Helen Robinson, New York, June 3, 1895. Its first performance with orchestra, in this country, was at New York, Nov. 4, 1895, by the composer.

* * *

Mr. H. T. Finck, in his advance press work for Paderewski, said confidently: "The greatest of Paderewski's works are his Polish Fantasia and his opera." He then added that up to the time of writing he had heard neither; but he quotes a gentleman named Alexander McArthur, who was once Rubenstein's private secretary, and it appears that Mr. McArthur is of Mr. Finck's opinion. Now, the opinions expressed in Europe about this same Fantasia are by no means unanimously favorable. Of course, with these we now have nothing to do. To those that heard the piece last evening, the opinions of Mr. McArthur, or Mr. Barbadette, or Mr. Boutarel, or the critic who wrote a review for the Signale, should be interesting not as guide posts, but as documents illustrating a singular episode in the history of the piano.

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To me the Fantasia is interesting chiefly because Paderewski plays it. The composition in itself seems barren of ideas, often emptily bombastic, and at times a deliberate bid for cheap applause. Whatever may be the origin of the themes, they are of little beauty or nobility, and the development of them seems clumsy and ineffective. Fiorituri, fiorituri, fiorituri! And for a contrast, smash, bang, and again smash, bang! Not even Paderewski's art could elevate the intrinsic vulgarity of the allegro giocoso, or, as a clever Frenchman puts it, the allegro giocoso orchestrato piteuso maladroito nigaudinoso. The instrumentation is often thick, noisy, even brutal. The Liszt concerto is audacious enough, but there is seldom an actual entrance into the circus ring, even if there are occasional threats.

* * *

But why talk at length about Paderewski, the composer, when Paderewski, the pianist, is a more pleasing subject? Let it be said that this great pianist returns to us in the fulness of his power. The spell is as potent as when it was first felt, nearly four years ago.

PHILIP HALE.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 20, 1895.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Paderewski Concert in Music Hall a Great Triumph.

A more triumphant entree could scarcely be imagined than that of Paderewski, at Music Hall, last night. Not only was the great auditorium crowded in every part, not only was the enthusiasm intense and continuous, but the character of the concert was more suited to its surroundings than any which Paderewski has yet given in Boston This character was due in large degree to the presence of an orchestra, and not a "scrub" orchestra, picked up at the dictation of chance, but our own great symphony orchestra, under the direction of its regular conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, who deserves to share in some degree the laurels of the soloist. Even the genius of a Paderewski cannot make Music Hall a perfect place for piano recitals; much of the delicacy, the close rapport which should exist between artist and audience is lost in so large a space, even though a Paderewski audience listens with a breathless attention which most pianists cannot command. But a programme of conctrtos, of works demanding orchestral color, and, therefore, also requiring the larger hall of orchestral usage, was something more legitimate than a magnified solo recital; for the first time the picture and the frame were suited to each other.

It is difficult to speak of Paderewski without in some degree being influenced by his attractive personality; were a burly Teuton, with titanic waist and suggestions of a hearty appetite to play a similar programme equally well, it may be doubted if he would carry the crowd, or even the cultured musicians, so absolutely with him as does this refined-looking Pole. It is, however, futile to demand that the artist should perform behind a screen and if the eye is pleased while the ear is delighted, so much the better.

Nor need one carry out all the comparisons which are thrust forward by the devotees in this almost permanent craze; Paderewski is not exactly a Rubinstein, nor need he be; it is quite sufficient that he is a very great technicist, who possesses a degree of poetry that would turn the best of technicists green with envy. It is not too much to call him today the pre-eminent poet of the piano. This claim to the poetic mind combined with the perfect technique is doubly proved by the advent of the pianist as composer. Again the reviewer may decline to make invidious comparisons; it is not necessary that Paderewski, being a Pole, and having composed a Polish Fantasie, should at once be measured against Chopin. Suffice it is to state that the Polish Fantasie for piano and orchestra, which Paderewski has brought forth, is as brilliant as even the Hungarian Fantasie by Liszt, and that in managing the orchestra our present composer is far in advance of Chopin, who when he wrote any passage for orchestra or voice only gave piano music in disguise.

Naturally the Polish Fantasie, played by the composer, was the central point of interest in a programme which was exciting from first to last. As was to be expected, the work has plenty of local color, Polish themes seem to be its groundwork, (although these are original with its composer) and when one bear in mind that the music of Poland sounds the emotional gamut from deepest dejection to wildest Bacchanalian merriment, it can be imagined that the work does not lack contrast. Perhaps the extreme contrasts cause the impression of homogeneity to be somewhat weakened, but one must pay high tribute to the manner in which the composer has treated the orchestra and to the manner in which he has united his orchestral forces with the solo instrument.

A fantasie for piano and orchestra must not become a piano solo with orchestral accompaniment, and this artistic law seems to have been fully recognized by the composer. When pianists compose they generally claim the lion's share of the proceedings for their own instrument; even Rubenstein in his piano concerts too often thrusts the orchestra into the background. Not so Paderewski; he has given some of his finest points to the orchestra, and he has made a sincere effort to interweave his parts so that the orchestral impression shall remain with the auditor. He has also understood the art of working up a climax, and the finale of the work becomes a fury of brilliant execution.

Almost every instrument of the modern grand orchestra is present in the work, and the spice of the piccolo is most showily placed against the brilliant piano passages. Even the tinkling glockenspiel (the chime of high-toned bells) appears in the work, yet without giving any suspicion of tawdriness. Altogether, this work, if not attaining the power of a standard classic, yet proves abundantly that Paderewski is more than a mere interpreter, and, if one may read between the lines of its measures, he has by no means said his last word in composition yet.

Liszt's piano concerto in E flat was a splendid foil to the Paderewski Fantasie. It was folk-music, but of another nationality; it presented Hungarian in contrast with Pole, and although called a concerto, it was practically as much of a fantasie as its companion piece. It may not take the rank with musicians that the composer's second concerto, in A, does, but its effects lie much nearer the surface than the touches of the latter work, and it is always certain to excite an audience. Paderewski plays the work in a manner to beggar description; it becomes a tornado of technique, and the abandon and elan of the pianist suits [illegible] composition in classical form. Liszt, when asked what its prominent figure of seven notes meant, responded—"Das versteh't ihr alle nicht"—("None of you can understand!"), and the reiteration of this figure may conduce to an incomprehensibility with those who seek for classical form, but the lack of symmetry should not blind the auditor to the splendor of the composition.

At times its brilliancy becomes even audacious, as, for example, when the triangle (an instrument which has no definite pitch) plays a few notes of solo.

Paderewski played the showy work with a dash that was little short of phenomenal, and its climax has never been heard in such a masterly fashion in Boston before. Of course, an encore followed, and a Mendelssohn "song without words" formed an effective contrast.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Chopin concerto which preceded these works, was perfectly played. Only De Pachmann can rival Paderewski in the interpretation of Chopin, and even he does not achieve the same level in the broader and more earnest works. Paderewski, in this (F minor) concerto, makes Chopin feminine, without reducing him to effeminacy.

All through the concert the orchestra was admirable never too prominent, never too rigid. In such a concert one is apt to think only of the soloist, but it is not often that the soloist can have such efficient support as Paderewski had on this occasion.

Of course the final number (Paderewski's Polish Fantasie) won an encore, and a final rhapsodie sent everybody home in the best possible humor.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is meeting with unusual success during its tour. At the concerts given in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn last week, the houses were crowded to the doors, and there is promise for equally great enthusiasm when the other trips are made later in the season. Melba is the soloist during the present tour, and as usual her part of the programme arouses unlimited appreciation. The Tribune said of the Friday evening concert in New York: "The temptation is strong to say that the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave in the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the most brilliant that that superb organization has ever placed to its credit."

Boston Transcript

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

Music Hall: Paderewski.

Paderewski made his first appearance in this city since his return to the United States at the Music Hall last evening in conjunction with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72.
Chopin: Concerto No. 2, in F minor, opus 21.
(Orchestration by Richard Burmeister.)
Liszt: Concerto No. 1, in E-flat major.
Paderewski: Fantaisie Polonaise, opus 19.

It was good to have the great pianist come back to us; doubly good to hear him with orchestra, in the only sort of compositions for pianoforte for which the Music Hall is adapted. There was, as usual, an enormous audience to greet him; we doubt if there was an empty seat in the house, and all the available standing-room was taken.

The concert opened with a brilliant performance of Beethoven's ever-welcome "Leonore" overture, No. 3; one of the few compositions that could make such an audience forget for a few minutes its impatience to hear Paderewski.

Chopin's F minor concerto was given with the orchestral part remodelled by Richard Burmeister of Baltimore; or rather, from Burmeister's score as retouched and slightly modified by Paderewski himself. This re-orchestration by Burmeister is worth something more than passing comment; it is done on quite a different plan from that of the remodelled version of the concerto by Karl Klindworth. Chopin's use of the orchestra in his concertos has long been unfavorably looked upon by pianists and critics; his long ritornellos are now entirely out of fashion, and it cannot be truly said that the part they play in preserving the balance of the form of the compositions is in any way conspicuous. The opening ritornellos in Mozart's concertos and in Beethoven's earlier ones are far more important; they may certainly be called old-fashioned in one sense; composers have long since seen the folly of keeping the solo performer waiting through several pages of score before playing his first note; Beethoven himself saw the undesirable side of this, for, in his fourth and fifth concertos, he preceded the orchestral ritornello with some free preluding on the pianoforte; Mendelssohn and Schumann went one step further and reduced the ritornello to the simplest proportions. Then, Chopin's ritornellos are not only long, but are scored with an artless awkwardness that only adds to their dreariness. Chopin's use of the orchestra in accompanying the solo instrument was far better; now and then he even had a felicitous inspiration in this particular. His scoring of the accompaniment was, in general, very well adapted to his peculiar treatment of the pianoforte, especially so when his concertos are played in not over-large halls. Still his orchestral accompaniment is for the most part purely and simply an accompaniment; it seldom serves to add definiteness to the plastic outlines of the music, but plays the part of a, so to speak, neutral background of orchestral color.

But to remodel Chopin's orchestral part in his concertos is no easy matter. His treatment of the pianoforte is wholly individual, and the pianoforte part in these concertos of his is singularly complete in itself. To give additional pungency and zest to the orchestration, to make the orchestra, as it were, underscore some of the plastic outlines of the music, too little emphasized by the solo instrument, without unduly covering up the pianoforte part, is no easy task. Tausig and Klindworth evidently felt this, in making their respective rearrangements of the E minor and F minor concertos; they went boldly to work to substitute essentially modern orchestral effects for Chopin's timid and unskilful scoring; but their modern orchestration would not agree with Chopin's pianoforte writing, and they accordingly found themselves forced to remodel the pianoforte part as well. But to meddle with Chopin's pianoforte writing is very like tampering with Lamartine's French; the man was the most thoroughly and unexceptionably idiomatic pianoforte writer that ever put pen to paper; decidedly more so than Liszt; and any plan of rescoring his concertos which involves changing his pianoforte part stultifies itself at the outset. Burmeister has done his work far more modestly than either Tausig or Klindworth. We believe he really has changed the pianoforte part in a few passages; but Paderewski does not follow him in this; he sticks to the original version throughout; and he can do this with perfect safety, for Burmeister's scoring does not in any way necessitate a change in the pianoforte part. Upon the whole, we do not see how Burmeister could have done his work much better; his new version of the orchestral part is a really important addition to the F minor concerto, and does not interfere with the pianoforte part in the least. His pruning down the ritornellos is also an important improvement.

Paderewski's playing of the concerto was a revelation. Especially wonderful to us was his playing of the first and last movements. It was throughout the purest Chopin playing, reflecting all the ideal, if at times rather morbid, grace and warmth of sentiment in Chopin's writing, wholly in sympathy with the great master's peculiar style; yet it was the most thoroughly masculine playing—we say "yet" because too many pianists seem to think Chopin must be treated as if he were a woman—and never let poignancy of expression interfere with musical coherence, nor rhythmic freedom mar the clearness and consistency of musical form. To hear him play the first and last movements of this concerto is an education in itself. Of his playing of the beautiful Adagio we can speak with equal respect, if not quite with the same enthusiasm. Everything Paderewski does with Chopin should doubtless be regarded as to a certain extent authoritative; he probably has the Chopin traditions as well as any artist living, and his being of the same race as the composer must almost necessarily give him a certain security of insight into his works. Yet all we can say of his conception of this Adagio is that, with all its unquestionable beauty, it neither satisfies us nor convinces us. The [illegible] but we cannot imagine anything in the whole range of music going as slow as he takes the better part of this movement.

Liszt's E-flat concerto is a horse of another color. The time is long past when one was inclined to look upon this concerto as a pure monstrosity; it all seems plain sailing enough nowadays; one can hardly even remember sympathizing with John S. Dwight's calling its first theme "the east wind set to music." Our modern New Lights—with Richard Strauss at their head—have accustomed us (if not reconciled us), to far other horrors than this comparatively innocuous (if, upon the whole, rather ugly) theme. Paderewski played the concerto simply wonderfully. Let us say nothing of the exhibition of technique and physical endurance; let all that sort of thing go without saying. But the way he held the somewhat loosely constructed concerto together, as with a grasp of iron, and made it seem really like a musical composition, was truly astounding.

In his Polish Fantasia—heard here for the first time last evening—Paderewski brings us something which very decidedly goes beyond what his predecessors have done in this line of composition. We had expected, and even feared, something like Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. Well, this fantasia is like them, in one sense; but with what a difference! The work has consistency and musical form; not that it is in any traditional form, but that it really has a recognizable form of its own. Everything hangs well together in it; in listening to it you feel that the man is really saying something, and knows what he himself means. And what rich fertility of invention he shows, both in his themes and the use he makes of them. You never feel that he has had to stop and look round for his second phrases; they seem to spring quite naturally from his first, of their own accord. Then his use of the orchestra is masterly; form and color belong to each other here. A man who writes such a work is a composer; and composers—in the sense we mean—are getting to be somewhat of a rarity nowadays. The work is original, admirable in every way. His playing of it beggars description. Pianoforte fireworks we have heard before; but this brilliancy cannot be compared to anything merely pyrotechnic; it is too artistic and full of musical reason of being.

Upon the whole, Paderewski comes back to us exactly as he ought to come; just as much older in musical experience and feeling as he is in years. One does not speak of such a man's "improving;" men like Paderewski do not improve, they grow. What he was two years ago was but the opening bud of what he is now. That is what it is to be a man of genius.

The huge audience expressed its delight as only a Boston audience can; by clapping until it had got all it could out of the great pianist—the "all" in this case being represented by a Mendelssohn Song Without Words and a Liszt Rhapsody (one of the least displeasing we have yet heard).

The Boston Traveller

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

PADEREWSKI IS KING.

The Great Polish Pianist Triumphs Once More.

BIG MUSIC HALL IS THRONGED.

The Player's Own Polish Fantasie Makes an Admirable Impression. Liszt and Chopin the Other Composers.

The magic of the name of Paderewski was potent to draw to Music Hall last evening a vast audience of a quality almost unparalleled in the musical history of Boston. Fashion was there in bravest attire, and as regards the musicianship present, that old joke to the effect that if an earthquake had swallowed up the hall there would be no instructors or players left in town might almost be pardoned. Not to be seen as an enthusiastic component of that great throng was a social sin and a musical transgression. And these were the offerings that greeted the eyes of the chosen 3,000:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, op. 72 (Boston Symphony Orchestra).... Beethoven.
Concerto in F minor, op. 21 (orchestration by Richard Burmeister.....Chopin.
Concerto in E flat, No. 1.....Liszt.
Fantasie Polonaise, op. 19, on original themes: Allegro moderato—Vivace non troppo, ma poi molto accelerando—Andante molto sostenuto—Allegro giocoso.. Paderewski.

Now and again, but not too often, there arises a towering genius who makes adjectives meaningless and praise a simple matter of course. Such a man is this aureole-topped Paderewski. Say that his wonderful personality wins half the battle; say that sentimental girls are his most persistent applauders; you still have to meet the fact that the soberest sense is led captive by the witchery of his phrasing, the solid attainments of his superb technique and the absolute perfection of his sense of proportions.

Fresh from his European triumphs and wholly restored to health, he plays with a fuller inspiration and a more virile authority than ever before. That he is the greatest pianist of the world is as safe a thing to say as that two and two make four. De Pachmann may play Chopin with a more honeyed beauty, and D'Albert interpret Beethoven with more impressive grandeur, but each stops there. Paderewski successfully ranges the whole field of pianoforte music, and invests all he touches with his poetic inspiration.

The Chopin concerto is not very impressive, truth to tell. The first two movements drag somewhat, but the last, in dainty dance rhythm, arouses the lagging interest and finishes the work in a flash of glory. Chopin's orchestration was always thin and clumsy, and Mr. Burmeister has had the good sense not to depart very radically from the composer's style. Chopin's concertos are, in the main, songs for the piano, with orchestral accompaniment, and Mr. Burmeister knew this well enough; he therefore made an orchestration wholly devoid of what we now call "modern color." Indeed, in the larghetto, it was only a sort of crooning accompaniment to the melody of the solo instrument. Mr. Paderewski played the first two movements a trifle listlessly for so great an artist, but the allegro vivace went with entrancing verve, daintiness and beauty of tone.

As if to show us a wholly opposite mood, the pianist gave the fiery and tremendous Liszt concerto next. So far as prodigies of massive technique and perfect victory over enormous difficulties goes, this was the event of the evening. Old Liszt's work thrilled as never before. He may be called noisy, bombastic, insincere—anything, but when he wrote for piano and orchestra he knew what he wanted the piano to say, and the piano always says it. There is no blurring, no uncertainty. This concerto is in his most heroic vein, and it was played as it deserved to be, with a titanic power, but never forced beyond the limits of the pianoforte—it seems to have no limits to Paderewski—and a magnetism that made it irresistible. At its close a whirlwind of applause brought the pianist back many times, until at last he sat at the instrument again and gave one of his own simple pieces with great refinement.

Now came the most anticipated event of the evening, the work, whose announcement had above all called out the imposing array of really musical people in the vast audience—Paderewski's own "Polish Fantasie." This was composed in the pianist's home at the close of his American tour of 1893. It received its first public hearing at the Norwich festival in England Oct. 4 of the same year. Its success, both with the public and the not over-enthusiastic critics of that country was overwhelming, and Paderewski was hailed as the legitimate successor of Liszt in the realms of pianoforte works. The fantasie is in four well-defined, though not separated, movements. A bold prelude in G sharp minor introduces the melodic theme, and then follows a new chief theme in C major, mazurka rhythm, of comparative simplicity, but quite effective. A sombre and pathetic andante, developed from a cadence in the first movement, and beautifully announced by the English horn and the violas, follows, and, having been elaborated at some length, breaks into a brilliant finale a la Kracovienne, fairly bristling with glissandos and strongly syncopated.

This fantasie is Polish enough, there is no doubt, but that it is inspired is a matter of serious doubt, or rather of no doubt at all. It does not compare in beauty or real worth with the composer's concerto played here two years ago at a Symphony concert. Paderewski has made tremendous difficulties for himself, but that is not making music. The orchestration is very florid, sometimes obstreperously noisy. The work was played in a masterly fashion, but even genius at the piano could not make up for a surprising nodding at the composer's desk.

W. D. QUINT.

TWELVE PAGES

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1895.

Do We Want Opera?

The Philadelphia public, and particularly those who profess an interest in music, will have an opportunity to-night to indicate whether they really want opera here or not.

It is fruitless to find fault with people for not taking to "Sigurd." Reyer's lyric drama has not been generally popular. Those who dislike the modern manner find it heavy, while the Germanizers object that it has not the weight of the "Goetterdammerung," and the opposing parties agree to turn it down. But there can be no question about the beauty and splendor, the strength and brilliancy of "Les Huguenots," and there cannot be any doubt of the adequacy of the company and the special fitness of the leading artists for the presentation of this great opera. People who want to hear Meyerbeer's music, therefore, and whose interest is not confined to some famous names, cannot neglect the opera to-night.

That our public would be slow to realize the importance and value of the work done at the Academy was to be expected from all past experience. While the house was filled twice last week to hear the Boston Orchestra with a single noted singer, it is easily recalled when the Boston Orchestra played there to empty benches and this same singer appeared to an audience by no means crowded. It takes a long time for our people to find out a good thing. When they do find it out they are generally loyal but not always discriminating in their adherence to it.

It was in some ways at least a better concert that was given by Mr. Hinrichs on Tuesday to a comparatively empty house. The appeal in that case was to musical appreciation only, and naturally it was not heeded all at once. In the course of the winter our people will awaken to the presence of the strongest and best operatic organization—orchestra, chorus and leading singers—ever brought together in Philadelphia; but while the director is educating his public it is not fair that he should lack the support and encouragement of any of the comparatively limited number who are competent to recognize artistic work without respect to personal fame.

It is worth while to repeat here that the basis on which this Philadelphia season is undertaken expressly excludes that reliance on the individual "star" that is recognized by judicious observers in New York as an obstacle to any real operatic development there. The New York opera has come to be practically dependent on the star, and the result is that no real progress has been made there from the first; scarcely a new opera has been done; the organization is weaker than when it started, and the singers who really do the work are not of equal rank with those of the Philadelphia company. They give a fine spectacle at the Metropolitan, with sometimes an imposing star cast at extra prices; but the whole effect is speculative rather than artistic.

We could not maintain this kind of a show in Philadelphia, even if it were worth while, as it is not. But we can maintain good opera, conscientiously and artistically interpreted by good artists, some of them already famous and some sure to become so, and can build up, on the noble foundation already laid, an organization the like of which this country has not yet known. There can be no question of the artistic success of the undertaking, if the people of Philadelphia really want it. To be sure, the tree cannot produce perfect fruit within a few weeks of its planting, nor can we expect it to obtain popular recognition all at once. The public is apt to be exacting in proportion to its ignorance, and patience is essential to every perfect work. But the people who do possess an interest in music for its own sake and for the sake of the artistic life of the community are numerous enough in themselves to make the opera a success if they will come to its support now, while it is still in the formative stage, and give to the earnest director and his most admirable company of artists the recognition and encouragement to which they are so well entitled.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Marie Brema Was the Soloist and Received a Cordial Reception.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, in Music Hall last evening was attended by a very large audience. The selections were:

Tragic overture, op. 81.....Brahms
Air, "Dans son Obscurite".....Gounod
"Scotch" symphony.....Mendelssohn
Air "My Heart Ever Faithful".....Bach
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber

Miss Marie Brema was to have been the soloist, but the late arrival of the steamer on which that artist returned from abroad prevented her appearance, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke consented to sing at a few hours' notice. Under such circumstances criticism is uncalled for; but it may be said that she acquitted herself in a manner that won for her hearty applause and two recalls after each effort. The Brahms overture received a masterly interpretation at the hands of Mr. Paur. The reading was the clearest and the most interesting that the work has had here, and its performance by the orchestra was exceptionally brilliant and impressive.

The melodious and beautifully-made Mendelssohn symphony also obtained splendid treatment. Some important changes were made in the reading of the work in regard to tempi, but they did no violence to the essential character of the music, were in good taste and exceedingly effective. The scherzo especially was given with marked piquancy, and the martial theme with which the fianle closes was brought out with stirring nobility, the prominence into which the first horn part loomed being notably felicitous.

The performance of the work throughout was admirable and well merited the vigorous applause that rewarded it. The Weber overture, which, by the way, is beginning to be somewhat hackneyed, was read and played with a fire and a dramatic force that made it thoroughly interesting, the incomparable virtuosity of the strings being displayed at its very best.

The programme was a light one, but the plaudits that attended its performance throughout were sufficient indication that no fault was found with it on that account. The programme for the next concert will consist of selections from Volkmann, Viotti, Borodin and D'Albert, and Mr. Franz Kneisel is to be the soloist.

MUSIC CRITICS NOT IN TUNE.

Lack of Harmony in the Case of Conductor Nikisch.

Boston Writers Not Responsible for His Leaving the Symphony Orches-

Several of the New York writers about matters musical continue to cherish the belief that the music critics of Boston were instrumental in driving Mr. Nikisch from this city. Nothing could be further at variance with the real facts of the case. While it is true that criticism here was strongly adverse to the liberties taken with the master works of the great composers by Mr. Nikisch through ignorance or caprice, he held his situation at the head of the Symphony orchestra until he forfeited it by his own conduct. As it is generally understood, he received an offer as music director at the Buda-Pesth Opera House, and consulted Mr. Higginson on the subject. The latter is said to have advised Mr. Nikisch to accept it, and this piqued him so greatly that he became recalcitrant from that moment. He is said to have objected to travel with the orchestra unless he received extra remuneration for it, and the upshot was that Mr. Kneisel was called upon to lead some of the western concerts at which Mr. Nikisch was announced to appear. This complicated matters between the conductor and Mr. Higginson, and Mr. Nikisch received a suggestion that his resignation would be in order. But for his own unwarrantable conduct he would have been permitted to fill out his five years' contract instead of being obliged to depart at the end of his third year. The critics had nothing whatever to do with the matter, despite the severe animadversions they had made on his shortcomings. The gentlemen in New York who are so deeply moved over his departure do not seem to be aware that when Mr. Nikisch acquitted himself well he was as cordially praised by the Boston press as he was severely and justly censured when he gave an operatic turn to a Beethoven symphony. The real point of the case, however, is, that the critics of this city were in no wise responsible for Mr. Nikisch's discharge, or resignation, or whatever the severance of his connection with the orchestra may be properly called. As he appears to be where his methods of conducting are more warmly favored than they were in Boston, his New York friends should rejoice rather than lament that he is no longer here. In any case, they should refrain from further misrepresentation of the cause of his departure.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1895.

Fifth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—A Program of Very Familiar Numbers—Miss Clarke Takes Miss Brema's Place—The First Paderewski Recital.

The program of the fifth Symphony Concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was follows:

Tragic Overture.....Brahms
Aria "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Symphony No. 3, A minor.....Mendelssohn
"My Heart Ever Faithful".....Bach
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber

Perhaps it would be unfair to again refer to Mr. Paur's apparent inability to arrange a striking and well-contrasted program, and for this reason: as originally planned Brünnhilde's Dying Speech—and, like Charles II., she was a long time dying—might have supplied the proper balance. As Miss Brema did not appear, the scheme of the program fell to pieces.

And so the hearers last evening were like unto a family gathered together, ready to listen to the head of the household read aloud for entertainment and instruction. There are new books on the table: Meredith's "Amazing Marriage." Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure," the latest novel by the Rosny Brothers, or Judge Grant's treatise on "The Sin of Having Less Than $10,000 a Year." But the father has no curiosity; he pulls down a volume of Scott or Thackeray or Dickens, and reads for an hour or two to his own delight that which has long been familiar.

There is little to be said about the concert except that it apparently gave much pleasure to the audience. Even one of the three everlasting Weber overtures was listened to as though it were a novel, intensely interesting work. It is surely a good overture of the pot-pourri order, and it was well played; but is it really necessary to play at stated intervals this and its mates, or to administer conscientiously monthly doses of Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann? I sometimes think it would make for musical righteousness if not one of the Beethoven symphonies were heard at these concerts for a year. How fresh and overpowering in this case would one of the better of them appear, say in 1897! We are all too familiar, orchestra and audience, with the masterpieces of symphonic music. Now familiarity does not necessarily mean full appreciation.

The overture by Brahms was given effectively and so was much of the Scotch Symphony, although the first movement was diluted in a measure instead of being served hot. The introduction was taken at too slow a pace, a common error of conductors. It is an andante con moto, Mr. Paur; and then the character of the melos should indicate the pace without too precise verbal direction. As you took it, the introduction dragged. So, too, the following allegro lacked at times in spirit. But as a whole the symphony gave pleasure, although the pianissimos were not always respectfully treated, and the drummer's ears were not invariably keen.

* * *

Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang the air of Balkis in an intelligent manner and with considerable authority. She might have made more of the superb opening phrase, but as she delivered it with greater breadth in the reprise, perhaps her action was intentional. Yet surely, at the very start, this phrase should be given with all the pride and the dignity of a queen who chooses to entertain a passion for a workman. Balkis was not a shy, trembling maiden.

The air by Bach was sung with piano accompaniment and 'cello obligato, played by Messrs. Zach and Schroeder. In this selection Miss Clarke did not appear to marked advantage. It must be said, however, that the air itself is occasionally unvocal, and it is out of place in concerts of this nature.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 24, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Owing to the non-arrival on this side of Miss Marie Brema, who was to have been the soloist at last night's Symphony concert, a slight change was necessary in the programme, and in place of the Wagner aria and two songs by Schumann and Schubert, in which Miss Brema was to have been heard, the aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and Bach's aria "My Heart Ever Faithful" were sung by Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, who had been hastily called upon to fill the gap.

Miss Clarke was heard at these concerts last season, and it must be conceded that her rendering of the Gounod aria last night gave far greater satisfaction than her selections on her previous appearance. The aria is particularly suited to a full, robust voice as is Miss Clarke's, and while she does not always sing with that degree of ease which one would like to see, her tones are true and her enunciation almost faultless. While particularly fortunate in this number, not so much can be said for the Bach selection, which, while not especially interesting under the most favorable conditions, is rather above Miss Clarke's compass, as her voice is a mezzo-soprano. Barring existing conditions, however, Miss Clarke acquitted herself creditably. Her piano accompaniment was delicately played by Mr. Zach, and the 'cello obligato by Mr. Schultz.

The programme opened with Brahms's tragic overture, played in a spirited manner. But it was Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony which gave infinite pleasure, as it was read in a most intelligent and careful manner. The tempo of the last movement was taken somewhat more rapidly than usual, but it rather added to than detracted from the general effect. The overture to Weber's "Oberon" was also well played, all the subtle beauties of this number being admirably brought out. In fact, the entire concert was uniformly well played, which is a tribute to Mr. Paur's able conductorship.

At the next concert the prelude to the opera "Rubin," by D'Albert, will be heard for the first time, and Mr. Kneisel will be the soloist.

[50]

...Sunday Globe.

...DAY, NOV. 24, 1895.

...h Symphony Concert.

...symphony program of last week ...made up of standard compositions, ...hich the orchestra, as well as the ...t-going public, are familiar. ...ms' "Tragic Overture," Mendels... "Scotch" symphony, and Weber's ...verture to "Oberon" were the orches... numbers. Miss Marie Brema was ...le to arrive here in time to fill her ...gement, and Miss Caroline Gard... Clarke sang in her place. Miss ...Clarke's numbers were an aria from ...ounod's "Queen of Sheba" and a Bach ..., "My Heart Ever Faithful." The ...al style of the popular artist, and ...rich tones of her lower register are ...ited to music of a dramatic na... than to the Bach aria, and her ...ater success was gained in the first ...ection. Miss Clarke sang at a few ...hours' notice.

The irregular, though classic, form of the Brahm overture, with its different subsidiary background and rhythmic modulations, offers innumerable pitfalls for an orchestra, and only an organization capable of perfect ensemble work can give a coherent and satisfactory interpretation of the composition. The different movements are so complex and commingled that each body of instruments must do its part well, or the musical effect becomes clouded. As a whole the rendition was excellent, the working out of the different principal and counter themes being regular and clear.

The great "Scotch" symphony by Mendelssohn was grandly played. The wind instruments and violas harmonized perfectly in the opening themes and the unison work of the violins, which immediately follows, was notably crisp and melodic. The climax for the full band was given with thrilling vehemence.

The clarionets in the third part were tunefully contrasted with the "singing" of the cellos and the descending octaves by the bassoons, flutes and clarionets were also skilfully played. Of course the curious little jig by the clarionet and staccato strings went merrily until the development of the dance tune by the full orchestra, the passages terminating in a finale brilliantly played. The stately portions of the third and fourth movements were given perfectly, the closing one, sometimes known as "The Gathering of the Clans," showing splendid ensemble work.

Weber's "Oberon" was daintily performed, the phrases by the horns and the fairy-like figures by strings and flutes, being specially suggestive of the poetic, idyllic nature of the overture. This week's symphony program will be as follows: Volkmann, "Festivall" overture; Viotti, concerto for violin; Goetz, symphony in F major, op 9; Borodin, "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien;" d'Albert, prelude to opera, "Rubin," (first time). Mr Franz Kneisel will be the solo violinist.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 24, 1895.

Mr. Paur swung back to classical and standard music in appointing his part of the fifth Symphony programme. His selections were the "Tragic" overture of Brahms, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and Weber's overture to "Oberon." They were beautifully and nobly played. Not only was the technique faultless in executive passages, but the tone-color requisite for the pure violin sweeps, the far-off horn calls and the dainty wood-wind bits of the "Oberon," the concentrated elegiac breadth of gravity in the brams, and the stormy climaxes, bounding measures and sweet song of the Symphony, was always readily present. But superior to this complete external satisfaction was the quick, faithful, adaptable spirit which imbued the many phases of the chosen works with a sensibility which admitted of no cavilling criticism. The orchestra is possessing itself ever more strongly of the heart of its music and portraying it in sound and shape.

Miss Marie Brema was to sing; but, according to the fashion of foreign artists, she had pared down the probable time of transit, had taken the latest possible steamer, and of course did not arrive in season. If she had reached Boston, she would probably have been in no fit condition for singing. Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke accepted the ever difficult duty of a substitute and presented the soprano air from Gounod's "Queen of Saba" and Bach's "My heart ever faithful." We have never heard her sing so well, whether in respect of tone-production or of expressiveness. She delivered her voice easily and lightly and although it once slipped away from its place in an awkward Bach measure, this should not count as anything against her much improved definiteness in attack, her gain in smoothness and equality of gradation and her quiet broadening of delivery. The climax which precedes the return of the chief theme in the Gounod was admirably worked up and the dreadfully trying skips in the Bach were taken as justly as gently. Miss Clarke may congratulate herself safely on such obvious improvement.

The next programme is this: Volkmann, "Festival" overture; Viotti, concerto for violin, Goetz, Symphony in F. major, op. 9; Borodin, "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien;" D'Albert, prelude to opera, "Rubin," first time. Soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Emil Paur provided a delightful surprise for the public and brought consternation to the ranks of his enemies with the first concert of the famous Boston orchestra last Friday night.

It might well be said that those who came to scoff remained to pray, for the great public had been attracted by the name of Melba, to bring the favorite prima donna an ovation, and the Orchestra was to be merely an incident. It turned out quite otherwise, however, and, as a result, the wise critics are rubbing their eyes and wondering why they did not discover the genius of Herr Paur before.

It is doubtful if the Third Symphony of Beethoven ever was performed so well in the United States. First, the conception of the poetic and dramatic contents of the work was of the highest order, full of love and reverence, and Mr. Paur projected all the fire, tenderness, breadth of sorrow and heroism of his own soul into the rendition. In the first movement it at once became apparent that we were listening to a remarkable performance. The melodies were given with a variety of light and shade in tone color, rarely, if ever, heard here before, and the tempi were liberally and appropriately modified to give these beautiful effects an opportunity to impress the listeners. The contrasts of power and the most delicate pianissimo were so perfect that at times the audience were listening with bated breath. Every phrase showed thought and great care and pulsated with feeling and intelligence. Mr. Paur for once gave the Funeral March at a reasonable tempo so that the audience thoroughly enjoyed it. The Scherzo was taken at a rapid pace, but so delicately, gracefully, and withal so perfectly, as to sharpen the edge of wonder and keep the listeners continually on the *qui vive*. Such perfection of execution is, however, most essential to that tempo. But the piece suffered nothing by it; on the contrary, it gained in piquancy. The last movement was a revelation of fine shading, broad contrasts and delicacy. At the conclusion the audience gave an outburst of applause, expressing the admiration which had been growing and increasing as the performance progressed.

The "Will o' the Wisp" and "Waltz of Sylphs" of Berlioz, were given in a most translucently delicate and perfect manner. The soft, dreamy moonlight scene, the graceful, flitting motion, all so beautifully suggested with the united effect of the strings, was portrayed with a rare perfection of refinement which compelled enthusiastic applause, and brought the conductor an ovation. So, too, when accompanying the great singer in the "mad scene" from Hamlet: the perfection and artistic supremacy of the orchestra, under Mr. Paur's hands, became an equal rival with the favorite singer and lent a charm of completeness as enjoyable as it is rare. The only criticism we could possibly offer is as to the tempi of the "Kaiser March," of Wagner. This appeared a little too slow for some of the phrases. However, it was magnificently powerful and pompous.

The concert proved not only that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is one of the finest organizations in the world, but that Mr. Paur is a master able to direct it to the most perfect artistic results.

Third Symphony Concert.

It was a rainy night, and there was no outside soloist; yet the seats were filled, and there were standees. It might have been called an Evening of Program Music, whereof one would fain have more; for Goldmark's Sakuntala Overture is very descriptive, though less so than Tschaikowsky's Fantasy on the legend of Francesca da Rimini, heard here for the first time, and portraying the storms of wind greeting Dante in the second hell circle, with the loves of the unhappy pair in fleeting relief. For the first time also we heard the Dream Pantomime Music from Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel,—very suggestive of the Sandman. The symphony was the Harold in Italy, of Berlioz, another very descriptive work, with Mr. Kneisel playing the viola solo which runs through it in such ruminatic fashion.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the fifth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, with the following programme:

Tragic overture, op. 81.....Brahms
Aria, "La Reine de Saba".....Gounod
Symphony No. 3, A-minor.....Mendelssohn
Aria, "My heart ever faithful".....Bach
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Soloist, Miss Caroline G. Clark.

As will be seen, there was little given in the way of novelty; but when curiosity is unsatisfied, expectation is always on the alert, and the disappointment of today becomes the Utopia of tomorrow. Fortunately Mr. Paur has the gift of keeping one awake, even in the presence of old and tried friends. Unlike his predecessor, he has the art and taste to keep his own individuality in the background, and not thrust it in the way of the composer whose work he is interpreting. Something of popularity is lost through this method, but art is the gainer, and the conducter who depends for success on the size of his shirt cuffs, the poetic pallidness of his face and the romantic droop of his shoulders is a thing of the past.

Comparison is inevitable whenever one listens to the broad and masterly readings that Mr. Paur gives to the works of the classic composers, mistakes of judgment there occasionally are, but even these are in the direction of vigorous manliness, and not of puling sentimentality that may become a hysterical cult, but has no place in real art. The Weber overture was given with delightful freshness and spirit, and the Symphony with unfaling instinct for true values and true color, not a beauty was missed, and although now and then a conventional reading in the way of sentimental prettiness was discarded, the change was always of a higher artistic value in the way of broadness or of daintiness. The beautiful scherzo was interpreted with the rarest delicacy, although the hypercritical may have missed the "screaming of eagles" and the "perfume of the heather," the adagio with marked nobleness and dignity and the last movement with exhilerating brilliancy and spirit. Mr. Paur was in his happiest mood after his recent triumph over prejudice and malice in New York, and he won another triumph in the city where his merits are better known and appreciated.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Caroline Gardiner Clarke, who consented to sing at a few hours' notice in place of Miss Brema, who was advertised to appear. Miss Clarke's beautiful voice was at its clearest and best; the aria from the "Queen of Sheba," was sung with dramatic power and tender feeling, and the Bach aria with a fine simplicity that was an evidence of finer art. It is always a pleasure to hear Miss Clarke, for in addition to her beautiful voice her work shows evidence of rare intelligence, and the rarer feeling that instinctively reaches the very heart of the works she sings. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and after each aria she was called out again and again to bow her thanks.

The programme for the next concert is Volkmann's "Festival" overture; a concerto for violin by Viotti; Goetz's Symphony in F major; Borodin's "Eine Steppenskizzeans Mittel-Asien" and the prelude to D'Alberto opera, "Rubin." The soloist is Mr. Franz Kneisel.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

SYMPHONY AND PIANO.

Double Feast of Music For Bostonians on Saturday.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; fifth concert. The programme:
Tragic Overture .....Johannes Brahms
Aria, "La Reine de Saba".....Charles Gounod
"Scotch" Symphony,
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Aria, "My Heart Ever Faithful,"
John Sebastian Bach
Overture to "Oberon,"..Karl Maria Von Weber.

Father Neptune and his various boisterous winds prevented the arrival of Miss Marie Brema, who was to have been the soloist with Wagner, Schumann and Schuman to be interpreted, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke served in her stead at very short notice. She sang the well-frayed Queen of Sheba aria with smoothness and purity of intonation, and received much kindly applause. In the Bach aria, with accompaniment on the 'cello and the piano by Messrs. Schroeder and Zach, she was less successful, and the ensemble was at times woefully discordant.

The "Tragic Overture" proved anew how admirably Brahms stands the test of time. In imposing dignity it is unexcelled amongst all the latter-day works of its kind, and its classicism is of the sort that does not frown upon pure enjoyment. It was read and played superbly.

The beautiful "Scotch" symphony, highest type of Mendelssohn's work, has, as a whole, been better given at these concerts. The splendid burst of enthusiasm found in the allegro maestoso was taken at too rapid a pace, thus robbing it of the stately grandeur that it should possess. On the other hand, the delightfully whimsical and dainty second movement, with its airy dance measures and charming dialogue, received the most sympathetic treatment from Mr. Paur and the musicians. To hear M. Pourtau play that fascinating little tune was a most convincing lesson as to the beauty and sentiment of the clarinet in the hands of a master.

There is always a regulation amount of jeering when the "Oberon" overture makes its appearance on these programmes, perhaps because it is so eminently melodious and sparkling. But if a thing of beauty is a joy forever, then surely this romantic child of Von Weber's deserves not to be chastised for putting itself in evidence once in a while. Intense brilliancy marked its playing, and it kept the people in their seats to the very end, something that the Fifth Symphony a few weeks ago notably failed to do. That is an excellent mission for any orchestral work.

[51]

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV. 24, 1895.

Fifth Symphony Concert.

The symphony program of last week was made up of standard compositions, with which the orchestra, as well as the concert-going public, are familiar. Brahms' "Tragic Overture," Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and Weber's overture to "Oberon" were the orchestral numbers. Miss Marie Brema was unable to arrive here in time to fill her engagement, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke sang in her place. Miss Clarke's numbers were an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and a Bach solo, "My Heart Ever Faithful." The vocal style of the popular artist, and the rich tones of her lower register are better suited to music of a dramatic nature than to the Bach aria, and her greater success was gained in the first selection. Miss Clarke sang at a few hours' notice.

The irregular, though classic, form of the Brahm overture, with its difficult subsidiary background and rhythmic modulations, offers innumerable pitfalls for an orchestra, and only an organization capable of perfect ensemble work can give a coherent and satisfactory interpretation of the composition. The different movements are so complex and commingled that each body of instruments must do its part well, or the musical effect becomes clouded. As a whole the rendition was excellent, the working out of the different principal and counter themes being regular and clear.

The great "Scotch" symphony by Mendelssohn was grandly played. The wind instruments and violas harmonized perfectly in the opening themes and the unison work of the violins, which immediately follows, was notably crisp and melodic. The climax for the full band was given with thrilling vehemence.

The clarionets in the third part were tunefully contrasted with the "singing" of the cellos and the descending octaves by the bassoons, flutes and clarionets were also skilfully played. Of course the curious little jig by the clarionet and staccato strings went merrily until the development of the dance tune by the full orchestra, the passages terminating in a finale brilliantly played. The stately portions of the third and fourth movements were given perfectly, the closing one, sometimes known as "The Gathering of the Clans," showing splendid ensemble work.

Weber's "Oberon" was daintily performed, the phrases by the horns and the fairy-like figures by strings and flutes, being specially suggestive of the poetic, idyllic nature of the overture. This week's symphony program will be as follows: Volkmann, "Festivall" overture; Viotti, concerto for violin; Goetz, symphony in F major, op 9; Borodin, "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien;" d'Albert, prelude to opera, "Rubin," (first time). Mr Franz Kneisel will be the solo violinist.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 24, 1895.

Mr. Paur swung back to classical and standard music in appointing his part of the fifth Symphony programme. His selections were the "Tragic" overture of Brahms, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and Weber's overture to "Oberon." They were beautifully and nobly played. Not only was the technique faultless in executive passages, but the tone-color requisite for the pure violin sweeps, the far-off horn calls and the dainty wood-wind bits of the "Oberon," the concentrated elegiac breadth of gravity in the brams, and the stormy climaxes, bounding measures and sweet song of the Symphony, was always readily present. But superior to this complete external satisfaction was the quick, faithful, adaptable spirit which imbued the many phases of the chosen works with a sensibility which admitted of no cavilling criticism. The orchestra is possessing itself ever more strongly of the heart of its music and portraying it in sound and shape.

Miss Marie Brema was to sing; but, according to the fashion of foreign artists, she had pared down the probable time of transit, had taken the latest possible steamer, and of course did not arrive in season. If she had reached Boston, she would probably have been in no fit condition for singing. Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke accepted the ever difficult duty of a substitute and presented the soprano air from Gounod's "Queen of Saba" and Bach's "My heart ever faithful." We have never heard her sing so well, whether in respect of tone-production or of expressiveness. She delivered her voice easily and lightly and although it once slipped away from its place in an awkward Bach measure, this should not count as anything against her much improved definiteness in attack, her gain in smoothness and equality of gradation and her quiet broadening of delivery. The climax which precedes the return of the chief theme in the Gounod was admirably worked up and the dreadfully trying skips in the Bach were taken as justly as gently. Miss Clarke may congratulate herself safely on such obvious improvement.

The next progrmme is this: Volkmann, "Festival" overture; Viotti, concerto for violin, Goetz, Symphony in F. major, op. 9; Borodin, "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien;" D'Albert, prelude to opera, "Rubin," first time. Soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Emil Paur provided a delightful surprise for the public and brought consternation to the ranks of his enemies with the first concert of the famous Boston orchestra last Friday night.

It might well be said that those who came to scoff remained to pray, for the great public had been attracted by the name of Melba, to bring the favorite prima donna an ovation, and the Orchestra was to be merely an incident. It turned out quite otherwise, however, and, as a result, the wise critics are rubbing their eyes and wondering why they did not discover the genius of Herr Paur before.

It is doubtful if the Third Symphony of Beethoven ever was performed so well in the United States. First, the conception of the poetic and dramatic contents of the work was of the highest order, full of love and reverence, and Mr. Paur projected all the fire, tenderness, breadth of sorrow and heroism of his own soul into the rendition. In the first movement it at once became apparent that we were listening to a remarkable performance. The melodies were given with a variety of light and shade in tone color, rarely, if ever, heard here before, and the tempi were liberally and appropriately modified to give these beautiful effects an opportunity to impress the listeners. The contrasts of power and the most delicate pianissimo were so perfect that at times the audience were listening with bated breath. Every phrase showed thought and great care and pulsated with feeling and intelligence. Mr. Paur for once gave the Funeral March at a reasonable tempo so that the audience thoroughly enjoyed it. The Scherzo was taken at a rapid pace, but so delicately, gracefully, and withal so perfectly, as to sharpen the edge of wonder and keep the listeners continually on the *qui vive*. Such perfection of execution is, however, most essential to that tempo. But the piece suffered nothing by it; on the contrary, it gained in piquancy. The last movement was a revelation of fine shading, broad contrasts and delicacy. At the conclusion the audience gave an outburst of applause, expressing the admiration which had been growing and increasing as the performance progressed.

The "Will o' the Wisp" and "Waltz of Sylphs" of Berlioz, were given in a most translucently delicate and perfect manner. The soft, dreamy moonlight scene, the graceful, flitting motion, all so beautifully suggested with the united effect of the strings, was portrayed with a rare perfection of refinement which compelled enthusiastic applause, and brought the conductor an ovation. So, too, when accompanying the great singer in the "mad scene" from Hamlet: the perfection and artistic supremacy of the orchestra, under Mr. Paur's hands, became an equal rival with the favorite singer and lent a charm of completeness as enjoyable as it is rare. The only criticism we could possibly offer is as to the tempi of the "Kaiser March," of Wagner. This appeared a little too slow for some of the phrases. However, it was magnificently powerful and pompous.

The concert proved not only that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is one of the finest organizations in the world, but that Mr. Paur is a master able to direct it to the most perfect artistic results.

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It was a rainy night, and there was no outside soloist; yet the seats were filled, and there were standees. It might have been called an Evening of Program Music, whereof one would fain have more; for Goldmark's Sakuntala Overture is very descriptive, though less so than Tschaikowsky's Fantasy on the legend of Francesca da Rimini, heard here for the first time, and portraying the storms of wind greeting Dante in the second hell circle, with the loves of the unhappy pair in fleeting relief. For the first time also we heard the Dream Pantomime Music from Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel,—very suggestive of the Sandman. The symphony was the Harold in Italy, of Berlioz, another very descriptive work, with Mr. Kneisel playing the viola solo which runs through it in such ruminatic fashion.

Gazette

SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1895.

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the fifth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, with the following programme:

Tragic overture, op. 81.....Brahms
Aria, "La Reine de Saba".....Gounod
Symphony No. 3, A minor.....Mendelssohn
Aria, "My heart ever faithful".....Bach
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Soloist, Miss Caroline G. Clark.

As will be seen, there was little given in the way of novelty; but when curiosity is unsatisfied, expectation is always on the alert, and the disappointment of today becomes the Utopia of tomorrow. Fortunately Mr. Paur has the gift of keeping one awake, even in the presence of old and tried friends. Unlike his predecessor, he has the art and taste to keep his own individuality in the background, and not thrust it in the way of the composer whose work he is interpreting. Something of popularity is lost through this method, but art is the gainer, and the conductor who depends for success on the size of his shirt cuffs, the poetic pallidness of his face and the romantic droop of his shoulders is a thing of the past.

Comparison is inevitable whenever one listens to the broad and masterly readings that Mr. Paur gives to the works of the classic composers, mistakes of judgment there occasionally are, but even these are in the direction of vigorous manliness, and not of puling sentimentality that may become a hysterical cult, but has no place in real art. The Weber overture was given with delightful freshness and spirit, and the Symphony with unfaling instinct for true values and true color, not a beauty was missed, and although now and then a conventional reading in the way of sentimental prettiness was discarded, the change was always of a higher artistic value in the way of broadness or of daintiness. The beautiful scherzo was interpreted with the rarest delicacy, although the hypercritical may have missed the "screaming of eagles" and the "perfume of the heather," the adagio with marked nobleness and dignity and the last movement with exhilerating brilliancy and spirit. Mr. Paur was in his happiest mood after his recent triumph over prejudice and malice in New York, and he won another triumph in the city where his merits are better known and appreciated.

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The programme for the next concert is Volkmann's "Festival" overture; a concerto for violin by Viotti; Goetz's Symphony in F major; Borodin's "Eine Steppenskizzeans Mittel-Asien" and the prelude to D'Alberto opera, "Rubin." The soloist is Mr. Franz Kneisel.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

SYMPHONY AND PIANO.

Double Feast of Music For Bostonians on Saturday.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; fifth concert. The programme:
Tragic Overture .....Johannes Brahms
Aria, "La Reine de Saba".....Charles Gounod
"Scotch" Symphony,
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Aria, "My Heart Ever Faithful,"
John Sebastian Bach
Overture to "Oberon,"..Karl Maria Von Weber

Father Neptune and his various boisterous winds prevented the arrival of Miss Marie Brema, who was to have been the soloist with Wagner, Schumann and Schuman to be interpreted, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke served in her stead at very short notice. She sang the well-frayed Queen of Sheba aria with smoothness and purity of intonation, and received much kindly applause. In the Bach aria, with accompaniment on the 'cello and the piano by Messrs. Schroeder and Zach, she was less successful, and the ensemble was at times woefully discordant.

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The beautiful "Scotch" symphony, highest type of Mendelssohn's work, has, as a whole, been better given at these concerts. The splendid burst of enthusiasm found in the allegro maestoso was taken at too rapid a pace, thus robbing it of the stately grandeur that it should possess. On the other hand, the delightfully whimsical and dainty second movement, with its airy dance measures and charming dialogue, received the most sympathetic treatment from Mr. Paur and the musicians. To hear M. Pourtau play that fascinating little tune was a most convincing lesson as to the beauty and sentiment of the clarinet in the hands of a master.

There is always a regulation amount of jeering when the "Oberon" overture makes its appearance on these programmes, perhaps because it is so eminently melodious and sparkling. But if a thing of beauty is a joy forever, then surely this romantic child of Von Weber's deserves not to be chastised for putting itself in evidence once in a while. Intense brilliancy marked its playing, and it kept the people in their seats to the very end, something that the Fifth Symphony a few weeks ago notably failed to do. That is an excellent mission for any orchestral work.

[51]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 25, 1895.

The Symphony Concert---Readings Brilliant and Powerful.

Spite of the fact that the vocalist of the concert was detained upon the stormy deep and that the programme was (with one exception) not of any great profundity, the concert of Saturday was one to awaken enthusiasm, for the readings were brilliant and powerful and the execution beyond criticism. The most abstruse number of the programme came first,—Brahms' "Tragic Overture." This was read with a breadth and majesty that fitted its earnest character. The work can never be a popular one; as Bulwar-Lytton would say, "It was not written for the common herd;" it falls short of the first movement of Brahms' first symphony in its development, but compared with Mendelssohn, whose Scotch Symphony came later, it is a miracle of thematic treatment. For all its title, (it is not intended to represent any especial tragedy) the overture is not very discordant or vehement but presents the loftier, less emotional, style of a Sophocles or Aeschylus; in fact one might readily imagine Brahms inspired by the tragic muse of the old Greeks in this grave composition, and its steady and unchanging rhythm, (it has scarcely any change of rhythm or tempo throughout) suggests that resistless fate which is so often pictured in the Hellenic plays. But the ordinary auditor craves a more direct picture, and seeks in vain for the martial clangor or the feminine pathos that would garnish a modern tragedy.

As Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke took the place of the still floating Miss Marie Brema at very short notice, she is in some degree hors concours, although she needed no excusing on this account, and the expected Wagner gold was changed into Gounod silver, the aria "Plus grand dans son Obscurite" taking the place of the great finale to "Goetterdaemmerung." The number was well sung, a certain slowness of enunciation, a dwelling on the consonants, and an exaggerated Gallic nasality being the chief faults. The tender passage, "Reigne-toi, non coeur, Oubliez," was most commendably given. As a second number Miss Clarke gave Bach's "My Heart ever Faithful," to which Mr. Schroeder gave a fine violoncello obligato, and Mr. Zach furnished the piano accompaniment. It is one of the odd resemblances in music, that Jensen's romantic "Murmuring Breeze" should begin with the same phrase as this ever-faithful heart. This song of the bright Whitsuntide has some of the repetitions which mar the old school, but it nevertheless shows the radical side of Bach quite thoroughly. What a bold stroke it was to send the leading tone down a major seventh instead of up a minor second in the final cadence! Bach was at times as bold as Wagner in his progressions, and the consecutive-fifth-hunter can find even these in Bach if he searches well. Miss Clarke received abundant applause after both of her numbers.

Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony is certainly the finest of his orchestral works, although the A major ("Italian") symphony may at times display greater contrapuntal device. It was most cordially welcomed by the audience on this occasion, and it received a performance that deserves a whole host of gilt-edged adjectives.

The exposition of themes in the first movement was magnificently clear, although the subsidiary passage of the chief theme was put in somewhat too brusque contrast. The repeat of the themes before the development was not cut, as is too often the fashion nowadays; the violoncello work in the development was splendid in its effect, not only because of its broad execution, but because of the careful balance of the other parts which might have obscured it. In this careful balancing of parts we have never had a more faithful conductor than Mr. Paur.

The Scherzo was a great delight. Mendelsshon was the king of all scherzo composers; Beethoven was grotesque and hearty in his scherzi, Schumann was quietly happy, but Mendelsshon alone caught up the true humor, the dainty playfulness without vulgarity that should characterize this movement; and he never wrote a finer one than this of the Scotch symphony. Best of it all, the theme is Scotch; almost all of the German composers have aimed at Scotch effects at one time or another, Beethoven, Schumann, Bruch, etc., but only Mendelssohn succeeded in catching the true lilt of Gaelic music without dropping either into the pentatonic scale or the hackneyed "Scotch snap" figure (a dotted eighth followed by the sixteenth.) The clarinette did excellent work in this theme, and it reminded one that Mendelssohn and Weber were the first two composers who perceived the full power of the clarinette, and especially in the spectral-colored lower register. Mozart and Beethoven while using the instrument freely never suspected the ghosts that walked in the lowest tones ("chalumeau register" they are called) of the instrument.

That Mendelssohn fully appreciated the dark color is abundantly shown by his using an A clarinette (the largest and deepest of the regular clarinettes) in passages where the C clarinette (a smaller and shriller-toned instrument) is generally used, writing its passages in a flat, (since it sounds a minor third deeper than it is written,) on this occasion. The unusual form of this scherzo is in its favor; instead of using the conventional song-form with contrasted trio and return, the composer brings a concise but quite free rondo style into play and it suits the bright melody of the chief theme excellently. It did one good to hear such direct melody as is [illegible]

much as one pleases, but it is refreshing to hear such a tune in these dissonant, diminished seventh, days. Again the cellos covered themselves with glory.

The finale never had a better performance in Boston than on this occasion. Its martial character seemed to arouse all that was brilliant and dauntless in the conductor's nature, and the Ossianic prowess of it all was remarkable. The contrast of that lonely and pensive subtheme with the spirit of the chief theme is one of the finest touches in all Mendelssohn, and when it came in against a drone bass, just before the coda, clarinette and bassoon played it as if they loved it, as indeed everyone must who is musical. The loneliness of the Trossachs on an autumn evening rises to mind with its every praise. The broad hymn of thanksgiving which forms the coda to the work, beginning in the depths and rising with two repetitions to the full power of the orchestra, was taken a trifle fast for its best effect, but it went finely enough for all that. Oddly enough, just after this strong climax, Mendelssohn introduces a few phrases that are as cheap as a negro minstrel song, an instance of Homer nodding after a rhapsody. The appreciation of the symphony by the audience was evident and the spontaneity of the applause was unmistakeable.

The "Oberon" overture with which the concert ended was most brilliantly played but scarcely made as great an effect. Just as Mendelssohn made the clarinette his favorite, Weber chooses the horn as the instrument of his affection, and he never wrote an orchestral work without giving this instrument some prominent work. It would be an interesting subject to study the predilections of the great masters in the matter of instruments; Mozart loved the basset-horn and enjoyed the clarinette, but disesteemed the flute; Beethoven was never in better mood than when writing for the bassoon, but never used the English horn (the little trio, Op. 87, for various reasons does not count) and cared little for the trumpet and not at all for the harp; a study of the scoring of the masters brings out simiar points with each; there is always a favored child in the orchestral family.

All of Weber's orchestral works present more horns than a dilemma; but our horn-blowers must guard against over-blowing; the delicate effects of Weber suffer greatly if the tone begins to rasp as it sometimes does when forced beyond a certain limit. This defect was present, however, only in the first phrase, after which the quality was all that could have been desired. The working up of the climaxes, and Weber is a little theatrical in these, was as emphatic as could have been demanded, and the concert ended with a trifle of the glare of the footlights, which was not the fault of conductor or orchestra, but lay in the composition itself.

Louis C. Elson.

[illegible]Y, NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Tragic Overture, opus 81.
Gounod: Aria from "La Reine de Saba."
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch", opus 56.
Bach: Aria, "Mein glaubiges Herze."
Weber: Overture to "Oberon."
Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the singer.

Miss Marie Brema was announced on the programmes to sing Brünnhilde's great monologue from the third act of "Götterdämmerung," and two songs by Schumann and Schubert; but the late arrival of the Germanic in New York prevented her appearance. Miss Clarke took her place at only a few hours' notice.

Brahms's "Tragic Overture" was admirably played, in a way to bring its true beauty and greatness well home to the audience. What an ideally beautiful work it is! Brahms has here taken the term "tragic" in its exactest sense: not as implying a collection of horrors nor the ravings of frantic melodrama, but as fraught with all the ennobling and dignified associations of true tragedy.

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The Musical Courier.

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Tragic Overture	Brahms
Aria, Queen of Sheba	Gounod
Scotch Symphony	Mendelssohn
My Heart Ever Faithful	Bach
Overture, Oberon	Weber

There is little to be said about this concert. The overture by Brahms was well played. The symphony was read in an honest, conventional, not highly poetic manner. The opening andante con moto was dragged out wearily, and the allegro that followed yawned at times. The overture to Oberon! A good overture, but is it necessary to hear this and its mates regularly each year, and at stated intervals, just as some people take sulphur and molasses in the spring, and put on heavy underclothes November 1?

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Miss Caroline G. Clarke, who took Miss Brema's place at short notice, sang the aria from The Queen of Sheba with a display of considerable intelligence. She was less successful in the air by Bach, which is out of place in concerts of this nature.

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Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was called upon at a few hours' notice to take Marie Brema's place at the Symphony concert in Cambridge on Thursday evening, and she also sang at the Friday afternoon rehearsal in Boston. After the aria from Gounod's Queen of Sheba Miss Clarke was recalled several times, the audience showing in every way their pleasure at her singing. This was particularly complimentary, as there was naturally a feeling of disappointment at Miss Brema's non-appearance, but Miss Clarke had a great success. It was not possible in either case to have any rehearsal. Miss Clarke will also sing at the Saturday evening concert.

Nikisch and the Tannhauser Overture.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I WAS very much interested in the account of your able Berlin correspondent, dated October 15, of the wonderful performance of the Tannhäuser overture at the hands of Mr. Nikisch at the first Berlin Philharmonic concert. If the article had been written by anyone else but Mr. Floersheim I would have taken no further notice of it, but coming from such an eminent critic, and referring to such a prominent work, I am convinced that a more concise explanation would be highly interesting to every thinking musician. Mr. Floersheim states: "In the finale of the overture, in the great massive fortissimo repetition of the Pilgrims' Chorus, there is a horn part which forms a perfect second voice to the trombones that carry the melody. T his horn part hitherto was always covered by the trombones, and you could not hear it except in so far as it pertains to the general harmony of the structure. By doubling the horns, Mr. Nikisch succeeded in bringing out this underlying tenor voice, and the effect was so novel, beautiful and telling that the critics caught on to it, and it quickly became the subject of a most animated discussion."

Now all this reads very nicely, and I have little doubt that by doubling the horns, using eight, the harmony in the brass is greatly strengthened, and more in keeping with the immense power of the melody played by three trombones and three trumpets, but as to developing any important underlying tenor voice, forming a perfect second voice to the melody, that is quite another question. A careful perusal of the score fails to establish any second voice which could possibly receive prominence by such a treatment. The part in question consists of four voices, and strictly speaking one voice is as important as the other. Even if such a voice could be found, it is extremely doubtful in my mind whether the doubling of any one voice by a French horn could effect the united fortissimo efforts of three trombones and three trumpets.

I am confident that Mr. Floersheim would receive the thanks of a large number of orchestral conductors if he could further enlighten them as to just what Mr. Nikisch did in order to render the Tannhäuser overture more electrifying than it already is as scored by the composer.

Yours very truly, Ross JUNGNICKEL.

"Has attracted so much attention of late in the musical world"
—*Musical Times.*

[52]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 25, 1895.

The Symphony Concert---Readings Brilliant and Powerful.

Spite of the fact that the vocalist of the concert was detained upon the stormy deep and that the programme was (with one exception) not of any great profundity, the concert of Saturday was one to awaken enthusiasm, for the readings were brilliant and powerful and the execution beyond criticism. The most abstruse number of the programme came first,—Brahms' "Tragic Overture." This was read with a breadth and majesty that fitted its earnest character. The work can never be a popular one; as Bulwar-Lytton would say, "It was not written for the common herd;" it falls short of the first movement of Brahms' first symphony in its development, but compared with Mendelssohn, whost Scotch Symphony came later, it is a miracle of thematic treatment. For all its title, (it is not intended to represent any especial tragedy) the overture is not very discordant or vehement but presents the loftier, less emotional, style of a Sophocles or Aeschylus; in fact one might readily imagine Brahms inspired by the tragic muse of the old Greeks in this grave composition, and its steady and unchanging rhythm, (it has scarcely any change of rhythm or tempo throughout) suggests that resistless fate which is so often pictured in the Hellenic plays. But the ordinary auditor craves a more direct picture, and seeks in vain for the martial clangor or the feminine pathos that would garnish a modern tragedy.

As Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke took the place of the still floating Miss Marie Brema at very short notice, she is in some degree hors concours, although she needed no excusing on this account, and the expected Wagner gold was changed into Gounod silver, the aria "Plus grand dans son Obscurite" taking the place of the great finale to "Goetterdaemmerung." The number was well sung, a certain slowness of enunciation, a dwelling on the consonants, and an exaggerated Gallic nasality being the chief faults.The tender passage, "Resigne-toi, non coeur, Oubliez," was most commendably given. As a second number Miss Clarke gave Bach's "My Heart ever Faithful," to which Mr. Schroeder gave a fine violoncello obligato, and Mr. Zach furnished the piano accompaniment. It is one of the odd resemblances in music, that Jensen's romantic "Murmuring Breeze" should begin with the same phrase as this ever-faithful heart. This song of the bright Whitsuntide has some of the repetitions which mar the old school, but it nevertheless shows the radical side of Bach quite thoroughly. What a bold stroke it was to send the leading tone down a major seventh instead of up a minor second in the final cadence! Bach was at times as bold as Wagner in his progressions, and the consecutive-fifth-hunter can find even these in Bach if he searches well. Miss Clarke received abundant applause after both of her numbers.

Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony is certainly the finest of his orchestral works, although the A major ("Italian") symphony may at times display greater contrapuntal device. It was most cordially welcomed by the audience on this occasion, and it received a performance that deserves a whole host of gilt-edged adjectives.

The exposition of themes in the first movement was magnificently clear, although the subsidiary passage of the chief theme was put in somewhat too brusque contrast. The repeat of the themes before the development was not cut, as is too often the fashion nowadays; the violoncello work in the development was splendid in its effect, not only because of its broad execution, but because of the careful balance of the other parts which might have obscured it. In this careful balancing of parts we have never had a more faithful conductor than Mr. Paur.

The Scherzo was a great delight. Mendelsshon was the king of all scherzo composers; Beethoven was grotesque and hearty in his scherzi, Schumann was quietly happy, but Mendelsshon alone caught up the true humor, the dainty playfulness without vulgarity that should characterize this movement; and he never wrote a finer one than this of the Scotch symphony. Best of it all, the theme is Scotch; almost all of the German composers have aimed at Scotch effects at one time or another, Beethoven, Schumann, Bruch, etc., but only Mendelssohn succeeded in catching the true lilt of Gaelic music without dropping either into the pentatonic scale or the hackneyed "Scotch snap" figure (a dotted eighth followed by the sixteenth.) The clarinette did excellent work in this theme, and it reminded one that Mendelssohn and Weber were the first two composers who perceived the full power of the clarinette, and especially in the spectral-colored lower register. Mozart and Beethoven while using the instrument freely never suspected the ghosts that walked in the lowest tones ("chalumeau register" they are called) of the instrument.

That Mendelssohn fully appreciated the dark color is abundantly shown by his using an A clarinette (the largest and deepest of the regular clarinettes) in passages where the C clarinette (a smaller and shriller-toned instrument) is generally used, writing its passages in E flat, (since it sounds a minor third deeper than it is written,) on this occasion. The unusual form of this scherzo is in its favor; instead of using the conventional song-form with contrasted Trio and return, the composer brings a concise but quite free rondo style into play and it suits the bright melody of the chief theme excellently. It did one good to hear such direct melody as is given in the adagio; one may shrug the shoulders and say "Bad Sunday Song without Words," "Sentimentality," as much as one pleases, but it is refreshing to hear such a tune in these dissonant, diminished seventh, days. Again the cellos covered themselves with glory.

The finale never had a better performance in Boston than on this occasion. Its martial character seemed to arouse all that was brilliant and dauntless in the conductor's nature, and the Ossianic prowess of it all was remarkable. The contrast of that lonely and pensive subtheme with the spirit of the chief theme is one of the finest touches in all Mendelssohn, and when it came in against a drone bass, just before the coda, clarinette and bassoon played it as if they loved it, as indeed everyone must who is musical. The loneliness of the Trossachs on an autumn evening rises to mind with its every praise. The broad hymn of thanksgiving which forms the coda to the work, beginning in the depths and rising with two repetitions to the full power of the orchestra, was taken a trifle fast for its best effect, but it went finely enough for all that. Oddly enough, just after this strong climax, Mendelssohn introduces a few phrases that are as cheap as a negro minstrel song, an instance of Homer nodding after a rhapsody. The appreciation of the symphony by the audience was evident and the spantaneity of the applause was unmistakeable.

The "Oberon" overture with which the concert ended was most brilliantly played but scarcely made as great an effect. Just as Mendelssohn made the clarinette his favorite, Weber chooses the horn as the instrument of his affection, and he never wrote an orchestral work without giving this instrument some prominent work. It would be an interesting subject to study the predilections of the great masters in the matter of instruments; Mozart loved the basset-horn and enjoyed the clarinette, but disesteemed the flute; Beethoven was never in better mood than when writing for the bassoon, but never used the English horn (the little trio, Op. 87, for various reasons does not count) and cared little for the trumpet and not at all for the harp; a study of the scoring of the masters brings out simiar points with each; there is always a favored child in the orchestral family.

All of Weber's orchestral works present more horns than a dilemma; but our horn-blowers must guard against over-blowing; the delicate effects of Weber suffer greatly if the tone begins to rasp as it sometimes does when forced beyond a certain limit. This defect was present, however, only in the first phrase, after which the quality was all that could have been desired. The working up of the climaxes, and Weber is a little theatrical in these, was as emphatic as could have been demanded, and the concert ended with a trifle of the glare of the footlights, which was not the fault of conductor or orchestra, but lay in the composition itself.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Tragic Overture, opus 81.
Gounod: Aria from "La Reine de Saba."
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch", opus 56.
Bach: Aria, "Mein gläubiges Herze."
Weber: Overture to "Oberon."
Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the singer.

Miss Marie Brema was announced on the programmes to sing Brünnhilde's great monologue from the third act of "Götterdämmerung," and two songs by Schumann and Schubert; but the late arrival of the Germanic in New York prevented her appearance. Miss Clarke took her place at only a few hours' notice.

Brahms's "Tragic Overture" was admirably played, in a way to bring its true beauty and greatness well home to the audience. What an ideally beautiful work it is! Brahms has here taken the term "tragic" in its exactest sense: not as implying a collection of horrors nor the ravings of frantic melodrama, but as fraught with all the ennobling and dignified associations of true tragedy.

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Weber's "Oberon" overture, on the other hand, seemed to us to hang fire a little; it were hard to say just where the shoe pinched, but we have heard more brilliant performances of it.

Miss Clarke soon silenced all regrets at Miss Brema's non-appearance. It was a trying situation for a not very experienced singer to be placed in; but Miss Clarke fully rose to the emergency. She sang the Gounod aria admirably, in a grand, broad style, with great truth of expression, and a corresponding effect upon her hearers. No doubt the beauty of her voice was for much in this; but she has more to trust to than a sensuously beautiful organ; she has brains, schooling, and musical sense. Her singing of the Bach aria was also excellent; her tempo especially good—most sopranі take this air decidedly too slow. Bach marked it "Presto;" by which he, of course, did not mean what we understand by "Presto" nowadays; but he certainly could not have meant "slow" by it. It was unfortunate that, while the Franz score and parts to this air were reposing under their layer of dust in the library of the Harvard Musical Association, Miss Clarke had to sing it with pianoforte accompaniment, Mr. Schroeder, to be sure, playing the 'cello obbligato. But lack of time has to excuse much; and you cannot get anything out of the Harvard Musical before 2 P. M. As it was, one felt that more rehearsing (for which there was no time) would have brought the three performers—singer, 'cellist, and accompanist—to a somewhat better mutual understanding. Miss Clarke was very enthusiastically received by the audience, and recalled twice or thrice after each of her numbers. She richly deserved it.

The next programme is: Volkmann, Festival overture; Viotti, concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor; Goetz, symphony in F major, opus 9; Bordin, "A Steppe-sketch from Central Asia;" d'Albert, prelude to "Der Rubin." Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the violinist.

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Aria, Queen of Sheba.....Gounod
Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn
My Heart Ever Faithful.....Bach
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There is little to be said about this concert. The overture by Brahms was well played. The symphony was read in an honest, conventional, not highly poetic manner. The opening andante con moto was dragged out wearily, and the allegro that followed yawned at times. The overture to Oberon! A good overture, but is it necessary to hear this and its mates regularly each year, and at stated intervals, just as some people take sulphur and molasses in the spring, and put on heavy underclothes November 1?

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...TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

...STON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

...cond Concert of the Season, with an Interesting Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's second concert was given at Infantry Hall last evening. As at the first concert, the audience seemed somewhat larger than the symphony audiences of past seasons. The programme was a highly interesting and well nigh faultlessly played one; its order was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"),.....Ludwig van Beethoven.
I. Allegro con brio (E-flat major).
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai (C minor).
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace (E-flat major).
Trio (E-flat major).
IV. Finale: Allegro molto (E-flat major).
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor.....Frederic Chopin.
I. Maestoso (F minor).
II. Larghetto (A-flat major).
III. Allegro vivace (F minor).
a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps.....
b. Waltz of Sylphs.....Hector Berlioz.
(from "Damnation of Faust.")
Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram."...
.....Richard Strauss.
(First time.)

The soloist for the evening was Miss Antoinette Szumowska, a young Polish pianist, reported to be a pupil—or at least a protegee—of the famed Paderewski. The advent of a new soloist is always a matter to excite interest, and—when bringing such credentials—arouses a degree of expectation. It may be said at once that Miss Szumowska proved herself an artist in all that the term implies, and a welcome addition to the by no means overcrowded list of the world's foremost piano virtuosos. She has technic, temperament and musical feeling. It is of little value as a compliment to say nowadays of any instrumental performer that he or she possesses a finished technic, for any one aiming at a public career is presupposed to be equipped in that direction to the very limit of human endeavor. And yet there are different kinds of technic. Miss Szumowska's is of the sort that pleases by its perfection rather than of that which dazzles by pyrotechnic display or astounds by the successful storming of some apparently impregnable musical fortress. Her touch is tone-compelling; it resembles that of her famous countryman and reputed teacher, though it is safe to say she never learned it of him or any one else. For it is the one thing about piano playing that must be inborn and cannot be taught. Her scale and passage work was admirable in its accuracy, evenness and limpid effect. A keenly developed sense of rhythm was very apparent in her playing; she made her points without ever resorting to the so often abused rubato, and yet her interpretation of the concerto was a most refined and elegant one. It is impossible to say what reserve of power she may have, for her number was not one to call for the exhibition of force. But her performance was a thoroughly artistic and pleasing one. There was much applause, and Mr. Paur shook her warmly by the hand as she left the stage.

The instrumental novelty of the programme was the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss's new opera "Guntram." Music more difficult to describe than this has never been written. Mr. Apthorp, in his programme notes, frankly confesses himself unable to deal with the problem. Parts of it seemed to bear a family likeness to Berlioz's music of sylphs and gnomes which preceded it on the programme. At other times one was reminded of Wagner in those ecstatic moments when he congratulated himself upon his deliverance from all bonds of musical form or tradition. There were also hints of a circus band and of a Salvation Army parade. And when it is said that the result of this incongruous musical brew was calculated to please the carnal ear and stir the jaded sense, the whole story is told. It was played con amore by the orchestra, and Mr. Paur nearly had spasms.

The weird and charming music from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was delightfully played. In these numbers the marvellous ability of the orchestra for delicate shading and finesse was given full opportunity for display. To bring out the full effect of such music a band of virtuosi is needed. Equally good was the performance of Beethoven's "heroic" symphony, with which the concert began, a careless slip by the kettle drummer near the close of the funeral march only serving to accentuate the otherwise magnificent playing. This third symphony is a work that resembles least of all its brethren the style which Beethoven inaugurated and usually followed. It contains more than a hint of the "music of the future," and one is led to wonder if Wagner did not learn somewhat from its perusal. To be sure the brass is used with the same moderation that characterizes all Beethoven's symphonies have the ninth, but in many ways the music is strongly suggestive of the modern school. It has never been better played here, though we have heard it several times at the Symphony concerts.

The audience was not only large, but fully awake to the splendid playing of the orchestra and pianist, and greeted every number with warm and prolonged applause. There will be no Symphony concert next month, the third concert taking place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 8.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1895.

SIXTH SYMPHONY.

Mr. Kneisel Plays Finely a Viotti Concerto.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Prelude to "The Ruby".....d'Albert
(First time.)
Concerto for Violin No. 22, A minor..Viotti
Cadenza by Mr. Kneisel.
Symphony, F major, Op. 9.....Goetz
A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia..Borodin
Festival Overture, F major, Op. 50.....
Volkmann

D'Albert's first opera, "The Ruby," was produced Oct. 12, 1893, at Carlsruhe. The story is a sort of fairy romance, and the scene is Bagdad. But as we know the prelude only by concert music, we have now nothing to do with that enchanted town, or with Soliman, the jeweler, or the fair Bedura, or Asaf, or Hakam, or Irad, or the Cadi. The impression made last evening was this: The prelude might well serve for preparation for the telling an Eastern tale. The first movement, which is developed largely, is full of color, which is more striking than the themes so richly embroidered. This movement seems to me the best part of the prelude; for there is no denying the extreme beauty of the harmonic progressions, or the gorgeousness of certain orchestral effects. Occasionally there is a wave of sound that seems to come straight from that sonorous sea, the prelude to "Parsifal." Yet there is much more that is indisputably the invention of d'Albert. The lively movement that follows is ingeniously scored, but it is not so distinguished as the first.

* * *

Mr. Kneisel, who was received with loud applause, played the 22d concerto of Viotti, one of the nine written for the Salomon concerts in London, at which Viotti appeared, sometimes with Haydn and Dussek. It is a fine old work, without caprice or affectation, abounding in the serenity of the old masters, far removed from the restlessness and pessimism of today. Some say that the instrumentation of this concerto, a favorite with Joachim, was composed by Cherubini; but I can find no substantial ground for believing this. Viotti and Cherubini lodged together in Paris for six years, and Sundays the concertos of the former were played to a small audience of friends, but this concerto was written undoubtedly in London. Mr. Kneisel played with exquisite smoothness and delicacy, with purity of tone and unfaltering technique. In a word his performance was eminently gentlemanly. His cadenza was in excellent taste and not too long. The warm and long continued applause was deserved.

And yet there is no reason to believe that Viotti played this concerto in such a manner. His contemporaries assure us that his performance was "grand, imposing, full-toned, amazing for its verve and its variety." He was a revolutionary. He drove out of fashion the sentimentalists and the fiddlers of the Jarnowich pattern. Nor does the music itself warrant invariable delicacy and sweetness which last night characterized continually the performance of Mr. Kneisel.

* * *

There were several errors in the sketch of Viotti given in the Program Book. Thus Viotti died March 3, 1824, not "March 10." It was in 1798, not "1793," that he was suspected most unjustly of being "an emissary of the Revolution." He lived near Hamburg till 1801, not "1795."

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'Tis a fascinating bit of tone color, deliberately and pleasingly monotonous, suggesting thin, high air, weariness of man, and desolation of Nature. It was first performed at a Symphony concert Feb. 27, 1892.

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Gazette

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Soloist, Mr. F. Kneisel.

The Goetz symphony has a double interest. It is good music in itself, and it is the work of a man who died at the age of thirty-six, many years before the fruits of promising talent had time to ripen. Of course there is the example of Mozart in the opposite direction; but one must not study the laws of planetary motion from the dazzling and imperious comet that is a law unto itself. The symphony gains and does not lose by repetition, and of how many modern works of the second forder of merit can this be said? The ideas are dignified, and they do not fade away into meaningless ornamentation. There is an absence of serenity, for the modern world has been robbed of the gift of appreciating beauty in repose, and takes its small griefs and passions as the measure of a large universe. Goetz's pessimism, however, is not of the rabid kind that requires bass tubas, kettledrums and cymbals to give it expression. His gloom is the shadow cast by sunlight, and not the blackness of unlighted chaos. The fine first movement is filled with large ideas and real emotion. It is brilliant in the art meaning of this word, that is brilliant from internal glow, and not from external meretricious ornament. The second movement is charming and original, and was faultlessly and lovingly interpreted by Mr. Paur and his orchestra. Here were the grace, cheerfulness and placidity of a poet artist. A modern symphony that maintains its charms after thirty years have passed over it is something tnat is worthy of note, and, perhaps in the midst of so many claimants Goetz was really the "coming" man; at least his early death was a misfortune to musical art which is in sad need of vitalizing ideas in the last years of our dying century.

Mr. Kneisel gave a delightful reading of the Viotti concerto; he was in full sympathy with his composer, and the virtuoso was never displayed at the expense of the musician. The great Viotti has not been spared by cruel time we cannot force ourselves into the enthusiastic worshipping attitude of his contemporaries, but he was a true musician on the old large model, and sometimes the light of inspiration is in his face. The concerto is fresh and beautiful as of the time when when the earth was younger, and composers could sit in the mellow sunlight gazing with conviction towards the land of pure ideal beauty. In this concerto is the serenity that modern composers have lost; it is old fashioned only as all the good things of earth are old fashioned, and one listens to it with a peaceful sigh and a contented heart. It is a most fascinating work, beautiful in its simplicity, and it was beautifully played by Mr. Kneisel who was in full sympathy with the composer, and did not produced a tone that was not in keeping with the subject. Sympathy with pure beauty and simplicity, exquisite legato playing, purity of tone, perfect taste, and a masterful technique are a few of the items of Mr. Kneisel's playing, and all there, were equally prominent in Mr. Kneisel's fine cadenza. No more artistic and gracious playing has been heard at theSymphony concerts,and the soloist was greeted with the heartest applause and recalled three times.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

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Prelude to "Der Rubin".....D'Albert
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Steepe Sketch from Central Asia.....Borodin
Fest overture, in F, op. 50.....Volkmann

The D'Albert prelude was heard for the first time. The slow movement with which it opens is graceful in effect, though not very clear in meaning. The second movement is a bright and spirited allegro, with a dazzling theme that is full of promise of something ear-pleasing and brilliant, but it is scarcely fairly under way when it ends abruptly and ineffectively. There is not much invention shown in the work, which is a cleverly pieced bit of patchwork of ideas suggested by other composers, but it is warmly and richly instrumented and with striking piquancy in the finale. It shows excellent musicianship in rgeard to the technique of the orchestra and in its harmonies, though in one or two places there are some hideously ugly suspensions which jar so roughly on the ear that even their resolutions scarcely relieve the uncomfortable impression the extreme discords have made. The work, which is abundant in difficulties, was smoothly and beautifully played, but it received no very great applause. The buoyant, fresh and melodious symphony, with its masterly instrumentation, its wealth of lovely themes exquisitely treated and its steadily sustained interest, wears well. It was finely read by Mr. Paur, especially in the opening allegro and in the fascinating intermezzo, and with a grace of color throughout that was charming. Its performance by the orchestra may be praised without qualification. The wood wind was heard to exceptional advantage in the intermezzo, and in the finale the brilliancy and vigor of the strings were never more convincingly impressive. It is made clearer and clearer at each succeeding concert that the orchestra has never reached as high a state of efficiency in regard to freedom of style, precision and large warmth of sentiment as it now manifests. The quaint, beautifully colored and strikingly original sketch by Borodin was read and played delightfully.

It was a genuine pleasure to hear a Viotti concerto again. The master's works have almost passed out of the concert room. Of the 29 concertos he wrote for the violin, and which made a new epoch in the music written for that instrument, the one given last evening is the only one that is still given in public. It is an excellent example of the composer at his best. Its themes are broad, chaste and tuneful, and a noble simplicity and dignified refinement mark the work as a whole. The adagio is of exquisite beauty. The instrumentation of the concerto is more solid and effective than is usual with the composer, and it was charged that Cherubini scored the work, but evidence in support of this was never brought forward. The more brilliant moments of the concerto offer no very trying difficulties to a master of modern violin technique, and yet they are not to be scorned. In their day the performance of these concertos was less valued for the cleverness of the finger work displayed by the player than it was for the breadth of style, the fulness of tone and the classical dignity of sentiment with which they were given. Mr. Kneisel, who was the soloist of the occasion, and who was received with hearty and prolonged applause, interpreted the work with a purity of taste and of feeling, and a grace of technique that left nothing to be desired in those essentials. Nothing could have been more tender and more impressive in regard to cantabile playing than was his performance of the adagio. Something more in largeness of tone and breadth and vigor of style would perhaps have been more in harmony with the traditions that survive of the manner of Viotti in playing his own music, but the performance was an eminently pleasing one, and obtained for the artist three enthusiastic recalls.

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NEW-YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8,

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W. J. H.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Patrons of the concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House will no doubt read with great surprise in the programme of the next concert, on Thursday evening, Dec. 19, the announcement that it is the thirteen hundred and thirty-seventh performance given by this how famous organization since its inception, fourteen years ago. No other similar organization in the world can duplicate this record. Of course there are European orchestras which have been in existence many more years, and the New-York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, has over fifty years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list.

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Haydn.....Symphony No. 13
Bruch.....Scotch fantasy for violin
Tschaikowsky..Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)
Strauss..Preludes to Acts I. and II., "Guntram"
Soloist: Mr. T. Adamowski.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Second Concert of the Season, with an Interesting Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's second concert was given at Infantry Hall last evening. As at the first concert, the audience seemed somewhat larger than the symphony audiences of past seasons. The programme was a highly interesting and well nigh faultlessly played one; its order was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"),... .....Ludwig van Beethoven.
I. Allegro con brio (E-flat major).
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai (C minor).
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace (E-flat major). Trio (E-flat major).
IV. Finale: Allegro molto (E-flat major).
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor.... ..... Frederic Chopin.
I. Maestoso (F minor).
II. Larghetto (A-flat major).
III. Allegro vivace (F minor).
a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps.....
b. Waltz of Sylphs.....Hector Berlioz. (from "Damnation of Faust.")
Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram."... .....Richard Strauss. (First time.)

The soloist for the evening was Miss Antoinette Szumowska, a young Polish pianist, reported to be a pupil—or at least a protegee—of the famed Paderewski. The advent of a new soloist is always a matter to excite interest, and—when bringing such credentials—arouses a degree of expectation. It may be said at once that Miss Szumowska proved herself an artist in all that the term implies, and a welcome addition to the by no means overcrowded list of the world's foremost piano virtuosos. She has technic, temperament and musical feeling. It is of little value as a compliment to say nowadays of any instrumental performer that he or she possesses a finished technic, for any one aiming at a public career is presupposed to be equipped in that direction to the very limit of human endeavor. And yet there are different kinds of technic. Miss Szumowska's is of the sort that pleases by its perfection rather than of that which dazzles by pyrotechnic display or astounds by the successful storming of some apparently impregnable musical fortress. Her touch is tone-compelling; it resembles that of her famous countryman and reputed teacher, though it is safe to say she never learned it of him or any one else. For it is the one thing about piano playing that must be inborn and cannot be taught. Her scale and passage work was admirable in its accuracy, evenness and limpid effect. A keenly developed sense of rhythm was very apparent in her playing; she made her points without ever resorting to the so often abused rubato, and yet her interpretation of the concerto was a most refined and elegant one. It is impossible to say what reserve of power she may have, for her number was not one to call for the exhibition of force. But her performance was a thoroughly artistic and pleasing one. There was much applause, and Mr. Paur shook her warmly by the hand as she left the stage.

The instrumental novelty of the programme was the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Guntram." Music more difficult to describe than this has never been written. Mr. Apthorp, in his programme notes, frankly confesses himself unable to deal with the problem. Parts of it seemed to bear a family likeness to Berlioz's music of sylphs and gnomes which preceded it on the programme. At other times one was reminded of Wagner in those ecstatic moments when he congratulated himself upon his deliverance from all bonds of musical form or tradition. There were also hints of a circus band and of a Salvation Army parade. And when it is said that the result of this incongruous musical brew was calculated to please the carnal ear and stir the jaded sense, the whole story is told. It was played con amore by the orchestra, and Mr. Paur nearly had spasms.

The weird and charming music from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was delightfully played. In these numbers the marvellous ability of the orchestra for delicate shading and finesse was given full opportunity for display. To bring out the full effect of such music a band of virtuosi is needed. Equally good was the performance of Beethoven's "heroic" symphony, with which the concert began, a careless slip by the kettle drummer near the close of the funeral march only serving to accentuate the otherwise magnificent playing. This third symphony is a work that resembles least of all its brethren the style which Beethoven inaugurated and usually followed. It contains more than a hint of the "music of the future," and one is led to wonder if Wagner did not learn somewhat from its perusal. To be sure, the brass is used with the same moderation that characterizes all Beethoven's symphonies have the ninth, but in many ways the music is strongly suggestive of the modern school. It has never been better played here, though we have heard it several times at the Symphony concerts.

The audience was not only large, but fully awake to the splendid playing of both orchestra and pianist, and greeted every number with warm and prolonged applause. There will be no Symphony concert next month, the third concert taking place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 8.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1895.

SIXTH SYMPHONY.

Mr. Kneisel Plays Finely a Viotti Concerto.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:
Prelude to "The Ruby".....d'Albert
(First time.)
Concerto for Violin No. 22, A minor...Viotti
Cadenza by Mr. Kneisel.
Symphony, F major, Op. 9.....Goetz
A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia..Borodin
Festival Overture, F major, Op. 50..... Volkmann

D'Albert's first opera, "The Ruby," was produced Oct. 12, 1893, at Carlsruhe. The story is a sort of fairy romance, and the scene is Bagdad. But as we know the prelude only by concert music, we have now nothing to do with that enchanted town, or with Soliman, the jeweler, or the fair Bedura, or Asaf, or Hakam, or Irad, or the Cadi. The impression made last evening was this: The prelude might well serve for preparation for the telling an Eastern tale. The first movement, which is developed largely, is full of color, which is more striking than the themes so richly embroidered. This movement seems to me the best part of the prelude; for there is no denying the extreme beauty of the harmonic progressions, or the gorgeousness of certain orchestral effects. Occasionally there is a wave of sound that seems to come straight from that sonorous sea, the prelude to "Parsifal." Yet there is much more that is indisputably the invention of d'Albert. The lively movement that follows is ingeniously scored, but it is not so distinguished as the first.

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Mr. Kneisel, who was received with loud applause, played the 22d concerto of Viotti, one of the nine written for the Salomon concerts in London, at which Viotti appeared, sometimes with Haydn and Dussek. It is a fine old work, without caprice or affectation, abounding in the serenity of the old masters, far removed from the restlessness and pessimism of today. Some say that the instrumentation of this concerto, a favorite with Joachim, was composed by Cherubini; but I can find no substantial ground for believing this. Viotti and Cherubini lodged together in Paris for six years, and Sundays the concertos of the former were played to a small audience of friends, but this concerto was written undoubtedly in London. Mr. Kneisel played with exquisite smoothness and delicacy, with purity of tone and unfaltering technique. In a word his performance was eminently gentlemanly. His cadenza was in excellent taste and not too long. The warm and long continued applause was deserved.

And yet there is no reason to believe that Viotti played this concerto in such a manner. His contemporaries assure us that his performance was "grand, imposing, full-toned, amazing for its verve and its variety." He was a revolutionary. He drove out of fashion the sentimentalists and the fiddlers of the Jarnowich pattern. Nor does the music itself warrant invariable delicacy and sweetness which last night characterized continually the performance of Mr. Kneisel.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 1, 1895.

There was a good deal of variety in the sixth Symphony programme, and yet the general effect was decidedly monochromatic—probably because of the insistent domination of the tonalities of A, F and C. A divergence into some remoter key would have been welcome, even if it had come with less good cheer than pervaded most of the selections. The absolute novelty of the concert came first. This was the prelude to Eugen d'Albert's fairy-tale opera, "The Ruby," which was produced at Carlsruhe a couple of years ago. It apparently becomes its position well, because it is for the most part soft, dreamy and lingering in theme and rather ecstatic than exciting in its highest developments. The primary themes are sweet and smooth, presented at first with great simplicity, but afterwards embedded in rich, warm, harmonious instrumentation, throughout which the harp is prominent and many bits of phrase are delivered in pure obbligato. There is a brief episode of gayer mood, but this soon melts back into the slower and more tranquil mood of the opening. Other orchestral numbers were Goetz's interesting and encouraging symphony in F, with its irregular but fascinating intermezzo, its romantic adagio, and its inspiriting allegros; Borodin's quaint Central Asian sketch, wherein, as in the "Desert" of David, the vast plain's palpitating uniformity is hinted in the steady vibrant tones of the violins, while the songs of one and another people are heard in the distance, approach, blend and pass away; and finally Volkmann's "Festival" overture, energetic, jubilant and effective.

For most of the audience surely the gem of the programme was the twenty-second violin concerto of Giovanni Battista Viotti, which was chosen by Mr. Kneisel for his solo number. Although a hundred years old or more, the high-born spirit, flowing melody and elegant finish of this concerto make it seem younger and fresher than many a work of these present days. The love of music as an art and not as an argument pervades it, and its three movements are in turn gently gay, delicately melancholy and naturally brilliant. The whole glides on with perfect apparent ease; but the observant will constantly recognize passages which only a master of the violin could have written and only a virtuoso could play.

Mr. Kneisel read it all exquisitely, with growing freedom and animation for the quick movements, and for the slow one more depth of tender feeling than he is wont to show. Of course his performance was perfect in such technical details as pure intonation, limpid harmonics and absolutely clear execution. His own cadenza was appropriate, intricate and masterly.

The seventh programme names Dvorak's "Nature" overture, Reznicek's overture "Donna Diana" and Schumann's first symphony. The soloist is not yet announced.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme served up to the Symphony patrons last night was of a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, somewhat longer than usual, but withal very interesting. For the opening number the audience listened to the prelude to D'Albert's "The Ruby." The composition is of a rather quiet order in the early measures, the united horns and trumpets being given considerable prominence. In the middle of the number a rapid change takes place. The tempo becomes more rapid, and, in fact, the whole character of the composition is changed. This portion shows rich and full orchestration, and with the quick dance movement which shows itself now and again, renders it extremely interesting. Mr. Paur and his band gave it a most adequate rendering, and all its beauties were brought out with beautiful effect.

After this came the works of three composers who are not often heard at these concerts, Viotti, Goetz and Borodin. On this occasion the concerto in A minor of the first named composer was given with Mr. Kneisel as the soloist. The concerto is in three movements and is one of the best ever written by this prince of composers for the violin. Mr. Kneisel seemed to be particularly at home in this number and did it and himself great credit. All his tones were true and well defined and his use of the bow is always to be admired. In fact, this favorite violinist has seldom played any better than on this occasion, and he was rewarded with several recalls.

Goetz's symphony in F major was next on the programme. Of the four movements the second (intermezzo) is by far the most popular, and last night it was given with much spirit, the dainty, tripping passages being played exquisitely by the orchestra. "A Steppe: Sketch for Central Asia," by Borodin, and the festival overture by Volkmann completed the programme, and neither is particularly interesting, although well played.

For next week's concert the soloist will be Mr. Martinus Sieveking.

SUNDAY, DEC. 1, 1895.

Franz Kneisel Soloist at Yesterday's Symphony.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert was sufficiently weighty and lengthy to please the most ardent admirer of substantial music. That a portion of the patrons of these concerts, however, disapprove of having the program extended beyond the usual length was shown by the promptness with which a large number of people left the hall after the lapse of the hour and a half, the limit of time to which they have trained themselves to be absorbed in classic melody.

An exodus such as that which preceded the performance of the last number Friday afternoon must have been as amazing to conductor Paur as it was to the majority of the audience, who wished to hear the full program. It is noticeable that those who leave the hall before the end of the concert are often the same people who make a practice of entering after the concert has begun, and squeezing into their seats regardless of the comfort of their neighbors.

Mr Franz Kneisel was the soloist last evening. He was greeted with great heartiness, and his playing was rewarded by enthusiastic applause. Mr Kneisel is probably the ablest of resident violinists; he is unquestionably the most popular among the more intelligent of local music patrons. He is a thorough artist, conscientious and intelligent in his interpretations and unaffected in manner. His annual appearance as a soloist with the Symphony orchestra is a welcome event, as is proven by the increased size and enthusiasm of the audience.

His selection yesterday was Viotti's concerto for violin in A minor, No. 22, a work that is rarely played in these days. It is a scholarly composition and rightly deserves the esteem in which it has long been held as a classic for the violin. It is, however, an excessively elaborated work, and contains very little melody that appeals to popular taste. But it affords excellent opportunities for display of the performer's virtuosity, and for this reason, if no other, it was very acceptable to the audience.

Mr Kneisel's performance was of even excellence. He played the most intricate passages with splendid skill and accuracy of execution. The less elaborately-developed portions of the work were given with much expression, and the performance, as a whole, was remarkable for purity and breadth of tone, beauty of phrasing and refinement of finish.

The audience was especially delighted with the cadenza and its performance. It is of Mr Kneisel's own composition, and is fascinatingly brilliant in its wealth of complicated scales, bewildering runs and trills and captivating harmonic effects.

Hermann Goetz' symphony in F major was admirable played by the orchestra under Mr Paur's intelligent direction. The first movement is very long, and at times almost wearisome in its excessive repetition and over elaboration. The second movement, intermezzo, on the contrary, sparkles with melodious and brilliant orchestral effects, and is thoroughly original in its themes and their development. The horns and wood wind instruments, which are given prominence in this movement, were finely played. The third and fourth movements are interesting, and the former is notable for some odd effects in the figural variations of the first theme.

The prelude to the fairy opera "The Ruby," by Eugene d'Albert was heard here for the first time, and made a rather favorable impression. The themes are dainty and fanciful, occasionally brilliant and always interesting. The orchestration is exceedingly rich and almost all the instruments of the modern orchestra are used.

"A Steppe Sketch from Central Asia," by Alexander Borodin, is an odd bit of descriptive music, thoroughly oriental in character, and it received capital interpretation from the orchestra. Robert Volkmann's festival overture was the final number on the program, and was played with splendid spirit.

The program for the next rehearsal and concert will include: Overture, "Nature," Dvorak; overture, "Donna Diana," Reznicek and symphony No. 1, in B flat major, Schumann. There will also be other selections, and a soloist, to be announced later.

MONDAY, DEC. 2, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

It is a pleasant contrast to look from such a brainless audience to the solid music-loving gathering that crowds the same hall on Saturday evening for the Symphony orchestra concert. One is forcibly reminded to be thankful that there is a rehearsal of the same performance given Friday afternoons, when that same matinee element may abound and not disturb the Saturday night houses.

The Symphony programme Saturday evening was:

Prelude to "The Ruby".....D'Albert
Concerto for violin, in A Minor, No. 22...Viotti
Symphony, F major.....Goetz
Steppe sketch from Central Asia.....Borodin
Fest overture, in F, op. 50.....Volkmann

In the rendering of this programme the orchestra showed, as it never has before, how steeped it is in the genius of the various works it is called to perform, each player seeming, as well, perfectly in sympathy with Conductor's Paul's careful readings, and the leader in turn seeming to have the full breadth of the composer's conception well in mind. Mr. Kneisel was the soloist of the evening, and gave genuine pleasure to the most sensitive musical ear in his interpretation of the Viotti concerto. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Nature," Dvorak; concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; overture, "Donna Diana," Reznicek; symphony No. 1, Schumann. The soloist is to be Mr. Martinus Sieveking.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the sixth Symphony Concert was as follows:

Eugen d'Albert: Prelude to "Der Rubin." (First time.)
Viotti: Concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor. (Cadenza by Mr. Kneisel.)
Goetz: Symphony in F major, opus 9.
Borodin: "Eine Steppen-Skizze aus Mittel-Asien."
Volkmann: Festival Overture in F major, opus 50.
Mr. Franz Kneisel was the violinist.

Save for Mr. Kneisel's playing, it might have been called an "off night." It may be posited as almost axiomatic that no symphony programme should be without at least one work by a really first-class man; by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, or Wagner. It may also be posited that the better part of every programme, or at least half of it, should be tolerably familiar to the audience. This curiously drawn-up programme complied with neither of these conditions. There was not one great number on it, and it was all unfamiliar. Time was once when Goetz's symphony was familiar to Boston audiences; but that was twenty or twenty-five years ago; it has been virtually forgotten since then.

D'Albert's prelude to "Der Rubin" is a euphonious work, pleasant to listen to, and full of gorgeous orchestral effects and impressive modulations. The quick middle movement seems rather confusedly scored—recalling Berlioz in its general tone-color, but quite lacking his clearness—but the orchestration of the rest is masterly. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable rather than an inspiring work; for one thing, if d'Albert writes this sort of prelude to a "fairy opera," what in heaven's name has he left for a tragic opera in the grand style? It was admirably played, only Mr. Paur's tempo struck us as unimaginably slow. The thing is marked "Langsam," but not "Sehr langsam."

Goetz's symphony well shows the difference between half-developed genius and mere routine cleverness, between real musical creation and "Kapellmeistermusik." True genius is apparent in the work, but also considerable immaturity. It seems to us that the Intermezzo alone is worth preserving. It was excellently well played.

In his "Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia" Borodin seems to have fallen into a not very uncommon artistic error. He has forgotten how very differently quite similar conditions may affect the eye, on the one hand, and the ear on the other. A "naturalistic" canvass picture of a desert may be very sublime; an equally "naturalistic" tone-picture of the same is a terrible bore. We can hardly find this symphonic poem of his very tedious indeed.

Volkmann's overture is Kapellmeistermusik in its fullest bloom. Why rake up a composition of this sort? It does no one any good; least of all, the composer's memory.

Mr. Kneisel made a happy choice in the Viotti concerto. The great difficulty with the other concerts of great violinists (and not entirely great composers) has generally been the finales. These finales are generally cast in the mould of the Haydn rondo; but they, as a rule, lack Haydn's vitality and perennial strength, and sound simply antiquated and dull nowadays. But the final rondo of this concerto of Viotti's is a perfect little gem; full of life, invention, grace, and vigor, and most deliciously scored for the orchestra. Indeed, the whole concerto is a work to be spoken of with more than respect. Mr. Kneisel played it positively superbly; one does not care to ransack the dictionary for adjectives to apply to anything so thoroughly right as his playing of this charming work. It showed the composition just as it is, exhausting all its possibilities. His cadenza to the first movement was a masterpiece in its way; it is extremely seldom that one finds so harmonious an intermarriage between modern violin technique and bravura and the classical musical spirit. His playing of it was the perfection of brilliancy.

The next programme is: Dvorak, overture, "In der Natur;" Saint-Saens, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in G minor; Reznicek, overture to "Dona Diana;" Schumann, symphony No. 1, in B-flat major. Mr. Martinus Sieveking will be the pianist.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1895.

The Sixth Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; sixth concert. Mr. Franz Kneisel, soloist. The programme:

Prelude to "The Ruby. (First time.)
Eugen d'Albert
Concerto for Violin No. 22, in A minor, cadenza by Mr. Kneisel..Giovanni Battista Viotti
Symphony in F major, op. 9....Hermann Goetz
A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia,
Alexander Borodin
Festival Overture in F major, op. 50,
Robert Volkmann

The concert erred not on the score of respectability; on the other hand it did not stir the pulse in the least degree. The only novelty was Eugene D'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby," his fairy opera written in 1893. This prelude is gorgeously scored and its effect suggests vastness rather than oriental magic. An occasional touch of the later Wagner style is discernible, but the work is very characteristic, nevertheless. In the quick movement there is a deal of dainty melody and clever counterpoint writing. The prelude received splendid treatment from the orchestra.

Whenever Mr. Kneisel appears as soloist in Music Hall, regret that he has not more power and breadth is inevitable. With a proper amount of fire to combine with his extraordinary refinement, he would, in truth, be a great violinist. He played the sunny Vitotti concerto with the great delicacy and beauty of tone that we always expect from him. But even this genial and somewhat antiquated music has more inherent force than was given it.

The Goetz symphony, with its one thoroughly likeable movement, the Borodin programme piece and the Volkmann overture are all familiar and none very remarkable. They were played in a style that admits of no criticism whatever.

W. D. QUINT.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1895.

It will sound almost like fiction to read in the programme of the next concert in New-York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, December 19, that it is the 1,337th performance of this organization since its founding, fourteen years ago. Yet this remarkable total is a fact and establishes a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our New-York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and 615 in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge	97	New-Bedford	8
Philadelphia	49	Detroit	7
Providence	47	St. Louis	6
New-York	44	Columbus	6
Washington	44	Springfield, Mass.	6
Brooklyn	42	Lowell	6
Baltimore	35	Fitchburg	6
Worcester	25	Milwaukee	5
Portland, Me.	22	Lynn	5
New-Haven	21	Ann Arbor University	4
Chicago	16	Rochester, N. Y.	3
Buffalo	15	Taunton	3
Pittsburg	13	Newport, R. I.	3
Cleveland	10	Richmond, Va.	2
Louisville	10	Grand Rapids	2
Salem, Mass.	10	Norwich, Conn.	2
Fall River	10	Lawrence	2
Cincinnati	9	Haverhill	2
Hartford	8	Syracuse	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each. With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures, but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details, but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a National organization.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1895.

HUNDREDS OF CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Has Given Over 1300 Performances.

It will seem somehing like a reminiscence of the "oldest inhabitant" to read in the programme of the next concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, December 16, that it is the thirteen hundred and thirty-fourth performance by this popular organization since its debut fourteen years ago. This remarkable total is, however, a fact which is established beyond doubt, and it is a record which cannot be equalled by any other similar organization in the world. There are orchestras in Europe who have existed many years longer, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, has already over fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list.

Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and six hundred and fifteen in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Allotting to Cambridge, Mass., the first place on the list of cities visited, with a record of ninety-seven concerts given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, Philadelphia comes next, with a total of forty-nine, which includes the performance of December 16. Appended is a list of the cities visited, with the total number of performances given in each city:

Cambridge, 97; Philadelphia, 49; Providence, 47; New York, 44; Washington, 44; Brooklyn, 42; Baltimore, 35; Worcester, 25; Portland, Me., 22; New Haven, 21; Chicago, 16; Buffalo, 15; Pittsburg, 13; Cleveland, 10; Louisville, 10; Salem, Mass., 10; Fall River, 10; Cincinanti, 9; Hartford, 8; New Bedford, 8; Detroit, 7; St. Louis, 6; Columbus, 6; Springfield, Mass., 6; Lowell, 6; Fitchburg, 6; Milwaukee, 5; Lynn, 5; Ann Arbor University, 4; Rochester, N. Y., 3; Taunton, 3; Newport, R. I., 3; Richmond, Va., 2; Grand Rapids, 2; Norwich, Conn., 2; Lawrence, 2; Haverhill, 2; Syracuse, 2; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each.

Assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

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[54]

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Save for Mr. Kneisel's playing, it might have been called an "off night." It may be posited as almost axiomatic that no symphony programme should be without at least one work by a really first-class man; by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, or Wagner. It may also be posited that the better part of every programme, or at least half of it, should be tolerably familiar to the audience. This curiously drawn-up programme complied with neither of these conditions. There was not one great number on it, and it was all unfamiliar. Time was once when Goetz's symphony was familiar to Boston audiences; but that was twenty or twenty-five years ago; it has been virtually forgotten since then.

D'Albert's prelude to "Der Rubin" is a euphonious work, pleasant to listen to, and full of gorgeous orchestral effects and impressive modulations. The quick middle movement seems rather confusedly scored—recalling Berlioz in its general tone-color, but quite lacking his clearness—but the orchestration of the rest is masterly. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable rather than an inspiring work; for one thing, if d'Albert writes this sort of prelude to a "fairy opera," what in heaven's name has he left for a tragic opera in the grand style? It was admirably played, only Mr. Paur's tempo struck us as unimaginably slow. The thing is marked "Langsam," but not "Sehr langsam."

Goetz's symphony well shows the difference between half-developed genius and mere routine cleverness, between real musical creation and "Kapellmeistermusik." True genius is apparent in the work, but also considerable immaturity. It seems to us that the Intermezzo alone is worth preserving. It was excellently well played.

In his "Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia" Borodin seems to have fallen into a not very uncommon artistic error. He has forgotten how very differently quite similar conditions may affect the eye, on the one hand, and the ear on the other. A "naturalistic" canvass picture of a desert may be very sublime; an equally "naturalistic" tone-picture of the same is a terrible bore. We can hardly find this symphonic poem of his very tedious indeed.

Volkmann's overture is Kapellmeistermusik in its fullest bloom. Why rake up a composition of this sort? It does no one any good; least of all, the composer's memory.

Mr. Kneisel made a happy choice in the Viotti concerto. The great difficulty with the other concerts of great violinists (and not entirely great composers) has generally been the finales. These finales are generally cast in the mould of the Haydn rondo; but they, as a rule, lack Haydn's vitality and perennial strength, and sound simply antiquated and dull nowadays. But the final rondo of this concerto of Viotti's is a perfect little gem: full of life, invention, grace, and vigor, and most deliciously scored for the orchestra. Indeed, the whole concerto is a work to be spoken of with more than respect. Mr. Kneisel played it positively superbly; one does not care to ransack the dictionary for adjectives to apply to anything so thoroughly right as his playing of this charming work. It showed the composition just as it is, exhausting all its possibilities. His cadenza to the first movement was a masterpiece in its way; it is extremely seldom that one finds so harmonious an intermarriage between modern violin technique and bravura and the classical musical spirit. His playing of it was the perfection of brilliancy.

The next programme is: Dvorak, overture, "In der Natur;" Saint-Saens, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in G minor; Reznicek, overture to "Dona Diana;" Schumann, symphony No. 1, in B-flat major. Mr. Martinus Sieveking will be the pianist.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1895.

The Sixth Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; sixth concert. Mr. Franz Kneisel, soloist. The programme:

Prelude to "The Ruby. (First time.)
Eugen d'Albert
Concerto for Violin No. 22, in A minor, cadenza by Mr. Kneisel. Giovanni Battista Viotti
Symphony in F major, op. 9....Hermann Goetz
A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia.
Alexander Borodin
Festival Overture in F major, op. 50,
Robert Volkmann

The concert erred not on the score of respectability; on the other hand it did not stir the pulse in the least degree. The only novelty was Eugene D'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby," his fairy opera written in 1893. This prelude is gorgeously scored and its effect suggests vastness rather than oriental magic. An occasional touch of the later Wagner style is discernible, but the work is very characteristic, nevertheless. In the quick movement there is a deal of dainty melody and clever counterpoint writing. The prelude received splendid treatment from the orchestra.

Whenever Mr. Kneisel appears as soloist in Music Hall, regret that he has not more power and breadth is inevitable. With a proper amount of fire to combine with his extraordinary refinement, he would, in truth, be a great violinist. He played the sunny Vitotti concerto with the great delicacy and beauty of tone that we always expect from him. But even this genial and somewhat antiquated music has more inherent force than was given it.

The Goetz symphony, with its one thoroughly likeable movement, the Borodin programme piece and the Volkmann overture are all familiar and none very remarkable. They were played in a style that admits of no criticism whatever.

W. D. QUINT.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1895.

It will sound almost like fiction to read in the programme of the next concert in New-York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, December 19, that it is the 1,337th performance of this organization since its founding, fourteen years ago. Yet this remarkable total is a fact and establishes a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our New-York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and 615 in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge	97	New-Bedford	8
Philadelphia	49	Detroit	7
Providence	47	St. Louis	6
New-York	44	Columbus	6
Washington	44	Springfield, Mass.	6
Brooklyn	42	Lowell	6
Baltimore	35	Fitchburg	6
Worcester	25	Milwaukee	5
Portland, Me.	22	Lynn	5
New-Haven	21	Ann Arbor University	4
Chicago	16	Rochester, N. Y.	3
Buffalo	15	Taunton	3
Pittsburg	13	Newport, R. I.	3
Cleveland	10	Richmond, Va.	2
Louisville	10	Grand Rapids	2
Salem, Mass.	10	Norwich, Conn.	2
Fall River	10	Lawrence	2
Cincinnati	9	Haverhill	2
Hartford	8	Syracuse	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each. With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures, but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details, but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a National organization.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1895.

HUNDREDS OF CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Has Given Over 1300 Performances.

It will seem something like a reminiscence of the "oldest inhabitant" to read in the programme of the next concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, December 16, that it is the thirteen hundred and thirty-fourth performance by this popular organization since its debut fourteen years ago. This remarkable total is, however, a fact which is established beyond doubt, and it is a record which cannot be equalled by any other similar organization in the world. There are orchestras in Europe who have existed many years longer, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, has already over fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list.

Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and six hundred and fifteen in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Allotting to Cambridge, Mass., the first place on the list of cities visited, with a record of ninety-seven concerts given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memoriti Hall, Philadelphia comes next, with a total of forty-nine, which includes the performance of December 16. Appended is a list of the cities visited, with the total number of performances given in each city:

Cambridge, 97; Philadelphia, 49; Providence, 47; New York, 44; Washington, 44; Brooklyn, 42; Baltimore, 35; Worcester, 25; Portland, Me., 22; New Haven, 21; Chicago, 16; Buffalo, 15; Pittsburg, 13; Cleveland, 10; Louisville, 10; Salem, Mass., 10; Fall River, 10; Cincinanti, 9; Hartford, 8; New Bedford, 8; Detroit, 7; St. Louis, 6; Columbus, 6; Springfield, Mass., 6; Lowell, 6; Fitchburg, 6; Milwaukee, 5; Lynn, 5; Ann Arbor University, 4; Rochester, N. Y., 3; Taunton, 3; Newport, R. I., 3; Richmond, Va., 2; Grand Rapids, 2; Norwich, Conn., 2; Lawrence, 2; Haverhill, 2; Syracuse, 2; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each.

Assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a national organization.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1895.

Ideal Programme at Symphony Concert---Points of Interest.

To say that the programme was an ideal one is by no means to say that we enjoyed each one of its numbers, but various schools were represented and each number had its raison d'etre, and its special points of interest. There was D'Albert to show that the moderns have the thunderbolts of Jove in the grand orchestra and do not know what to do with them; there was Goetz to show that beautiful symphonies can exist even in our own times; there was Borodin for outlandish folk-music and Volkmann for a festive climax, as well as Viotti to give a trifle of an old-fashioned and a Chesterfieldian flavor to the proceedings.

D'Albert's prelude to "Der Rubin" was richer in scoring than in ideas. All its rich instrumentation did not suffice to hide its barrenness. Yet it was eminently proper to present such a work, for it shows some of the modern tendencies of composition, and particularly those which obtain in Young Germany. The composer throughout seems afraid of making an ordinary progression; he will not modulate from the tonic to the dominant without gathering in a few augmented fifths or hideous suspensions by the way. Most of the dissonances are put in with malice aforethought, to show how frightful one can make music sound and yet have it technically correct; it is about as artistic as a boy making faces to show how ugly he can make himself. The composer has succeeded in his self-imposed task, and has produced some moments of the most acute cacophony.

Mr. Kneisel is so much a favorite in Boston that the public would flock to hear him play even the Kreutzer exercises, and therefore it was not unexpected to find great enthusiasm following his performance of Viotti's violin concerto in A minor (No. 22), the only one of the numerous compositions for the violin by this old virtuoso that still holds its place upon the repertoire; yet one could as easily have become excited over Richardson's "Pamela" in literature as over this portrayal of the conservative old times of music. It was a tremendous contrast with the D'Albert struggles which had preceded it. If not exciting, it was clear, chaste and serene, and Mr. Kneisel's performance of it was absolutely classical in its repose and steadiness. The cadenza at the close of the first movement was modern enough (probably Mr. Kneisel's own composition), and was an effective placing of the modern technique against the older school of virtuosity. Here one found almost everything that is difficult,—harmonics, double-stopping, chromatic runs, skips, and dashing glissando effects, and all was given with such brilliancy that some of the audience began their applause before the orchestra had finished the movement, and were reproved for their excess of zeal by the older concert-goers.

There was a holy calm in the slow movement which was very delightful after the latterday turbulence, and in this Mr. Kneisel's pure and sufficiently broad tone was especially effective.

The finale was "Agitato Assai," but Viotti's agitation was not more furious than D'Albert's tranquility, it was a mild and placid agitation, like an oyster in a rage. Its end, however, again brought forth some brilliant points of technique and roused the audience to great and most spontaneous applause, Mr. Kneisel being recalled again and again. Now followed Goetz's beautiful symphony (his solitary large instrumental work) which was exquisitely played, sounding better than ever before. Poor Goetz! The world starved him out and killed him during the "fatal thirties," the decade that also proved fatal to Schubert, Mozart, and a host of other great composers. It is a singular fact that many of the masters died between their thirtieth and fortieth year, and also that, this dangerous decade once passed, the great musicians seemed to have a good chance at longevity. Possibly the explanation may be found in the fact that it is generally a fight with the wolf at the door for the rising composer, until forty, and after that he frequently enjoys the fruits of victory. Goetz did not enjoy these fruits; when this very symphony was played in Vienna they sent for the composer to come out of Switzerland and listen to the performance of his work; he wrote back, declining the invitation because of previous engagements, preferring not to publish the fact that he could not afford the railroad fare, and the latest years of his short life are full of equally pathetic incidents, of concerts given where he should have been abed and in the nurse's hands, of fearful hemorrhages brought on even in the green-room because of exertion in performance. And yet this symphony is full of grace and daintiness, never morbid or gloomy in its thoughts. Every part of it is unforced, natural, limpid. What a lesson this man would have taught to the dissonance-mongers had he lived! One can truly apply to him the epitaph that was written for Schubert,—"Fate has buried here a rich possession but yet greater promises."

There is much that is Mendelssohnian in the work, but it is a more modern Mendelssohn; and like Mendelssohn too, we find Goetz enjoying the flute more than the average composer does; in the first and second movements he gives important work to this instrument, and the flute deserves praise for the execution of their important passages. The horns, too, have some prominent passages; in the first movement there was a slip in their work, but in the second, in which their calls give a most effective forest color to the opening theme, they did excellent execution. This second movement, an intermezzo, might well call the fairy scenes in "Midsummer Night's Dream" to mind; fragrant woods and fairy figures are in every

The Adagio contains a wonderfully broad duet between violins and violoncellos, with pizzicato contrabass accompaniment, and this was performed in a manner that made one proud of the orchestra. One must also mention the beautiful clarinette passages in this movement; the clarinettes have never been as strong in our orchestra as they are at present.

The Finale, is to our thinking, the least successful movement of the symphony. It is an "Allegro con Fuoco," and the fiery element was pretty thoroughly quenched in Goetz's nature. The style however, very soon dropped from impetuosity into suavity, and the melodic style of the composer reasserted itself before the close. The symphony was most cordially received by the public.

"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." Borodin needed but little scratching to reveal the Oriental that was in him. In "A Steppe-sketch in Central Asia," which followed, one finds a mixture of Vodki and Hasheesh, but it is a striking bit of programme music, nevertheless. Felicien David pictures the expanse of the desert wih prolonged tones of violin, Mendelssohn shows a desolate flat sea, to our ears (in "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage") by a sustained A on the violins, and Borodin gives us similar prolonged notes, only now they typify a Steppe more boundless than an American prairie. Yet there is no plagiarism in the matter, only a certain familiarity of color, just as the long crescendo and following diminuendo recall many compositions from Beethoven's Turkish March ("Ruins of Athens") to the "Turkish Patrol." The theme given by English horn is striking and the pizzicato tread of the horses and camels in the caravan is effective enough, as is also the skilful intertwining of the two themes in the later part of the work.

With Volkmann's "Festival Overture" the concert ended. The work is not as excellent as the composer's two symphonies, but everything that Volkmann has written is worthy of respectful attention. He is always clear and concise, his works always being free from padding, and his climaxes are always well worked up. The work lost nothing in Mr. Paur's reading, which was massive and powerful and especially grandiose in the final apotheosis of the theme. The violins did some most brilliant work in the latter part of this overture, but we have come to take marvellous technique from them as a matter of course. Altogether a most fiery ending to an interesting, varied and at the same time educational, programme.

Louis C. Elson.

Sunday Herald
Baltimore
Dec 13.

Boston Symphony Concert.

The next concert in Baltimore by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, December 18, will be the 1,336th performance of this celebrated organization since its foundation, 14 years ago. In this record there enter no "Class A and Class B," "70 and 90 footer," or "two and three-year-old" fine distinctions, but rather the sweeping statement that no other similar organization in the world can show such a record. Some of the older European orchestras can show many more years of existence, and the New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can boast of its rising 50 years; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list with its grand total.

Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 37 cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited. Appended below is the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge, 97; Philadelphia, 49; Providence, 47; New York, 44; Washington, 44; Brooklyn, 42; Baltimore, 35; Worcester, 25; Portland, Me., 22; New Haven, 21; Chicago, 16; Buffalo, 15; Pittsburg, 13; Cleveland, 10; Louisville, 10; Salem, Mass., 10; Fall River, 10; Cincinnati, 9; Hartford, 8; New Bedford, 8; Detroit, 7; St. Louis, 6; Columbus, 6; Springfield, Mass., 6; Lowell, 6; Fitchburg, 6; Milwaukee, 5; Lynn, 5; Ann Arbor University, 4; Rochester, N. Y., 3; Taunton, 3; Newport, R. I., 3; Richmond, Va., 2; Grand Rapids, 2; Norwich, Conn., 2; Lawrence, 2; Haverhill, 2; Syracuse, 2; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, 1 each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performance given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures, but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details, but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts.

Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a national organization.

The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13.
Bruch.....Concerto for violin, No. 1.
(a) Handel.....Largo.
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

BALTIMORE AMERICAN
DECEMBER 1, 1895.

FASHION IN MUSIC.

Is It a Fad to Set Out Grand Orchestral Performances?

From form to fashion is a step which the fair Ophelia has, by suggestion, made easy, if, like a crab, we go backward. There are few people, says the musical critic in the libretto of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who dislike to consider anything so—what shall we call it?—say, frivolous as fashion in connection with the fine arts. Indeed, fashion has come in for little less than hard words from the seriously-inclined art-lover, although the art-purveyor often knows its value as well as another. Wagner has been especially hard on it, and has done his best to rope in Beethoven as a not-to-be-despised auxiliary in the fight against fashion.

It may safely be premised that fashion is something which the upright composer had best not to take into account at all. With the pot-boiling composer it is, naturally, quite another matter; he must follow Fashion with a milliner's sedulousness, bowing ingratiatingly in her train, while washing his hands with invisible soap—less for the sake of keeping them clean than for that of propitiating the goddess. One could wish, however, that great performers—those who really desire to be called great—would take a leaf out of the upright composer's book, and follow Fashion a little less nonchalantly than they sometimes do.

For one thing, their programs would show something more of enlivening variety. One often wonders how it can be that pianists, for instance, so persist in playing the same things all the world over. Is it possible that the great composers, the di majores of the musical Olympus, who gave to the world upwards of a hundred—sometimes over two hundred—opus-numbers apiece, have shown themselves to be really concert-worthy only in from half a dozen to a dozen of their pianoforte compositions? One of the husbands in la Poudre aux Yeux (inimitable comedy!) complains that it is all very well to subscribe to an opera box for two days in the week, but that he would really like it better if it were not "toujours Rigoletto." Well I can remember the time in Boston when we (especially we critics, who have to listen) should have liked it better if it had not been toujours Waldstein sonata—not to mention toujours some other things, by other composers, great and small. That reign of the Waldstein sonata looked very like a fashion, and like little else.

But this is not all. After Joseffy has played the Waldstein sonata, Rosenthal has played the Waldstein sonata, well-nigh all the big bugs have played the Waldstein sonata—what next? Why, here come little Tom, Dick and Harry, and, one and all, play the Waldstein sonata at their come-out recitals. Now, do these small fry of the pianoforte play the Waldstein sonata simply because they have just been fired on by vaulting ambition? H'm! Is it not rather on the principle on which, after seeing a tall, slim, graceful young woman look beautiful (if preposterous) in huge puffed sleeves and bell skirts the short, chunky and no longer young woman can not rest until she has made herself to look preposterous (without looking beautiful) in similar attire? Has not sheer Fashion had something to do with it? Come, lay your hands upon your hearts, and say it is not so.

Again, take the general style of performance at any given epoch in musical history—say, the present day. Think you that it is all owing to pure "modernity of feeling"? I don't. I am pretty sure Fashion has a great deal to do with it. When a famous man plays Beethoven or Mozart with Chopinesque rubatos or Lisztian-Magyar instability of tempo, do you imagine it is all from "modernity of feeling"? I do not see how it well can be. If a man is not an absolute crowbar of emotional inflexibility, he cannot possibly feel Beethoven just in the same way he feels Chopin or Liszt; it can't be done. Please don't bring up Rubinstein, for he is the rock upon which all general principles dash themselves to pieces. Rubinstein had to obey his own genius; when a man comes along with Rubinstein's weight of genius, it will be time to talk. People nowadays play Beethoven and Mozart like Chopin or Liszt, because that style of playing is the fashion, and they either won't or can't be unfashionable. The great people follow the fashion, and the small fry follow them—in most cases, unthinkingly.

As for the influence of Fashion—not specifically musical fashion, this time, but fashion schlechtweg—upon the public at large, and their relations to the art of music, that has been commented on to a considerable extent. And I cannot say that I quite agree with the cynical views of some persons on this subject. We are at times asked to believe that hosts of people go to concerts simply because such concerts are the fashion. This might be an all-sufficient reason for their going once or twice; but all through a season, and year in year out? No. Least of all would it explain their staying through a concert when they had once got there. Fashion is powerful, but not so all-powerful as that!

Baltimore
American
Dec 1895

The concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give in Baltimore will be the thirteen hundred and thirty-sixth performance given by this famous organization since its inception, fourteen years ago. In this respect the Symphony Orchestra holds the world's record. The soloist is Mr. Frank Ondricek. Mr. Emil Paur is conductor, his predecessors being George Henschel, Wilhelm Gericke, A. Nikisch. The performers number eighty-seven.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 161.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1895.

DELIGHTED WITH SIEVEKING.

The Symphony Audience Recalls Him Again and Again.

In the Saint-Saens Concerto He Shows Himself a Pianist of Exceptional Power—Reznicek's "Donna Diana" a Thoroughly Charming Work—An Interesting Programme.

An exceptionally interesting programme was played at last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, which, by the way, was, according to the programme book, the 717th performance of the orchestra in Boston, and the 1130th performance, counting the concerts, given here and elsewhere by the organization since its formation 14 years ago. The selections last evening were:

Overture, "Nature".....Dvorak
(First time.)
Concerto for pianoforte, G minor, No. 2,...
Saint-Saens
Overture to "Donna Diana".....Reznicek
(First time.)
Symphony No. 1, B flat.....Schumann

The soloist was M. Martin Sieveking. Of the two novelties the "Donna Diana" overture is the more attractive. It is a brilliant and thoroughly charming work, overflowing with animation, sparkling in its orchestration, delightful in the variety and the warmth of its coloring, and possessed of an original individuality fairly fascinating. It is wholly modern in treatment, but it bubbles over with melody, and is a genuine bit of refined and artistic musical comedy. It is strikingly ingenious in the use the composer has made of its leading themes in subordinate positions, and its gayety is unbroken from the first bar to the last.

Reznicek is a Viennese and is not yet 35 years old, but he has already written three or four operas and a requiem mass, in addition to a large quantity of other music, vocal and instrumental, all of which is said to be marked by strong originality and fluent in graceful and dignified melody. This overture was read and played in a manner that brought out its many beautiful points, notably its effervescent piquancy, with inspiring effectiveness. Its success with the audience was immediate and enthusiastic.

The Dvorak overture, on the other hand, is dull and labored; a curious mingling of pretentiousness and commonplace, and it meanders aimlessly on its way long after what little interest it may have by reason of its rich and skilful orchestration is exhausted. There are some few moments of vigorous power, and the work is free from the extremes of modern extravagance in search of tone color, but on the whole it is without inspiration, and despite the assistance which its title is doubtless intended to afford in regard to the story it tells, is without apparent meaning. Were is not for the flavor that is given it by the instrumentation, its almost silly and tiresome garrulity, anent nothing in particular, would be exasperating. It has every aspect of a pot-boiler, made to order and is quite unworthy the composer. A remarkably strong and thoughtful reading of the Schumann symphony, which was magnificently played from beginning to end, brought one of the most attractive concerts of the season to a fitting close.

Mr. Sieveking's performance of the Saint-Saens concerto showed him to be a pianist of rare ability. He has a beautiful technique, a clean and unerring musical touch, and he plays with fine intelligence and perfect ease. He is without affectations, is not a victim to the wiles of rubato in its irritating excesses, and his style has nothing of sugary sentimentality. On the contrary, his playing is frank, straightforward and artistic in the best sense of the word, and has the distinction of healthy virility. The player never comes between the music and its hearers with displays of disturbing peculiarities of eccentric individuality. In other words, he is an artist to whom it was a constant pleasure to listen. His finger work is exquisite in its certainty and its finish. His use of the pedals is masterly. Nothing could have been more delicate and airy than his playing of the scherzando movement, and his scale runs were as pearly as they were brilliant and even. There was a splendid fire in his performance of the finale, in which his thorough command of all the resources of modern pianoforte technique emphasized in the most convincing manner. Something more in the direction of largeness of style might have been desired, but on the whole the performance was one that could scarcely be too warmly praised. He made an unmistakable conquest of his audience, which applauded him with immense fervor at the close of the first and second movements, and when the concerto was ended it broke into a perfect frenzy of plaudits. Rarely has more enthusiasm as he aroused been earned by an artist in Music Hall, for he was stormily recalled six times.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The programme for the next performance is: Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Brahms; concerto for violin, Beethoven; rhapsody, Liszt. The soloist is to be Mr. Frank Ondricek.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Prelude to The Ruby.....d'Albert
(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 22, A minor.....Viotti
Cadenza by Mr. Kneisel.
Symphony, F major.....Götz
A Steppe Sketch from Central Asia.....Borodin
Festival Overture, op. 50.....Volkmann

The overture by Volkmann was played at the concert January 4, 1890. It might well be allowed to gather dust, for it is a cheap, flamboyant thing, distinguished neither for its thought nor for its color. Perhaps it was the noble performance of the orchestra that lent fresh beauty to the symphony by Götz; certainly the charm of much of the intermezzo and the adagio was revealed in full and grateful light.

The overture to The Ruby is interesting throughout, although the first portion (langsam) is the more suggestive and more gorgeously colored. The phrase given out by muted horns and trumpets is very effective, and there are harmonic progressions that are new and impressive. There is one suspension of absolutely delightful ugliness. The second portion (lebhaft) is brilliant enough, but it seems less distinguished and less spontaneous. This overture is a prelude to a fairy opera, with the scene at Bagdad; but d'Albert steers clear of cheap attempts at Orientalism. If he has forgotten his Goldmark he remembers his Wagner. Every now and then in the first portion a mighty wave from that sonorous sea, the prelude to Parsifal, sweeps across the hall.

Pleasing in its deliberate monotony and its suggestion of humanity crawling over desolate nature was the sketch of Borodin, the illustrious chemist, intimate with benzol, cunning in the knowledge of azotic bodies and aldehydes—the inventor of a nitrometer. I wish Mr. Paur would bring out his Second Symphony.

Mr. Kneisel played the fine concerto of Viotti with unfailing accuracy, polished to the highest degree. His cadenza was in good taste, never merely for technical display, not too long. And yet I doubt if Viotti, whose performance according to his contemporaries was "grand, imposing, full toned, amazing for its verve and its variety," ever played this concerto in such a continually amiable and courteous fashion.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1895.

Seventh Symphony Concert.

The program for the seventh concert by the Boston symphony orchestra introduced two overtures new to this city, Dvorak's "In Der Natur" and Reznicek's "Donna Diana," and Mr Martinus Sieveking made his first appearance here as pianist in the Saint Saens concerto for pianoforte. Schumann's symphony in B flat major completed the program.

Dvorak's overture is of the pastoral nature; one of those poetic compositions in which harmonic contrasts describe certain phases of nature, vaguely and irregularly thematic at times, but interesting in the varied combinations of the different instruments which illustrate in a musical way nearly everything from the singing of birds to a thunder storm. Dvorak's characteristics in modulation and turbulent episodes are marked in this work, which is effective as a whole and quite enjoyable. The orchestra was a trifle unsteady in the complex theme which follows the slow introduction, but the development and modulations were charmingly given. The amusing conversations between the horn, flute and clarinet were delightful, and the brilliant coda received a splendid interpretation.

The Reznicek overture, written in the true comic opera vein, is light and buoyant and full of fantastic orchestration and merry lights and shades. Its character is rather romantic, yet the spirit of revelry pervades the work. It was brilliantly played, the staccato passages by the violins and flutes, and their peculiar counter accents against the sustained bars of the clarinet and oboe, being notably quizzical, as it were, and mirth provoking. Schumann's symphony was beautifully read. The vigorous opening was given with requisite pomp by the brasses, and the treatment of the folk-song theme and the dancing melody of the fourth movement were perfect in harmony and rapidity of execution.

Mr Martinus Sieveking's performance of the Saint Saens concerto was admirable. It is impossible to judge of an artist's ability at a single hearing, and that with a large orchestra as a background, but Mr Sieveking showed that his powers as a pianist are of a high order. His execution is very smooth in the rapid passages, either in octaves or triplets, and his runs are not slurred, but clear and even. His forte is, perhaps, a trifle too powerful. The guitar-like accompaniment in the second movement was most delicately played, the skilful use of the pedals producing the desired effect of a stringed instrument. In the coda he exhibited commendable dash and fire. He was rapturously applauded and called out half a dozen times.

The program this week will be as follows: Brahms' symphony in E minor, Beethoven's concerto for violin and a Liszt rhapsody. Mr Franz Ondricek will be the soloist.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1895.

Seventh Symphony Concert, Emil Paur Conductor—New Compositions by Dvorak and Von Reznicek—Martinus Sieveking Plays the G Minor Piano Concerto of Saint Saens.

The program of the Symphony concert last night was as follows:

Overture, "Nature," F major.....Dvorak
(First time.)
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G minor, Saint-Saens
Overture to "Donna Diana".....Von Reznicek
(First time.)
Symphony No. 1, B-flat major.....Schumann

The concert last evening was the 1339th performance by the orchestra and the 717th performance in Boston.

* * *

Of the two novelties heard last evening, the first, Dvorak's overture, need not detain us. It is thematically weak, inconsequentially developed, and long spun out. "Echoes from Bohemia," or rather "Echoes of Dvorak," is the proper title. What has this music to do with "Nature?" Unless it is Nature as understood by the Germans and Bohemians; a beer garden, with footstools; an unabashed band playing popular ditties; old women knitting and evidently not afraid of the music. Dvorak is a cunning master of instrumentation. But clever tonal effects will not always disguise paucity and triviality of thought.

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The feature of the concert was the acquaintanceship made with the delightful overture to "Donna Diana." I say this with all respect to that excellent pianist, Mr. Sieveking. For pianists come and go. There is always a hero for the hour. Such overtures as "Donna Diana" are rare, and they remain. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Paur did not couple the overture with the Intermezzo-Waltz that is already a favorite in concert halls of London and Continental cities and will be played in Chicago next Saturday. And who is this composer?

* * *

Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek is a name unknown in Boston. He is a young composer, for he was born in Vienna in 1861, the son of an officer. About 1880 he studied for a time at the Leipzig Conservatory. His chief compositions are four operas, "The Maid of Orleans," Prague, June 19, 1887; "Satanella," Prague, May 13, 1888; "Emmerich Fortuna," Prague, Nov. 11, 1889; "Donna Diana," first produced at Prague, Dec. 16, 1894, and afterward given at Carlsruhe, Leipzig and Dessau; and a requiem mass, produced in Prague in November, 1894. The composer of these operas is his own librettist.

This "Donna Diana" is not the only operatic setting of Moreto's comedy. There is "La Principessa Filosofa," by Andreozzi, Naples, 1790, and there is "Donna Diana," by H. Hofmann, Berlin, 1886.

Now this overture of von Reznicek is conspicuous for these qualities: freshness, spontaneity, melody, ingenious thematic development and brilliant and original instrumentation. But there is more than this to be said: the music is the music of comedy. It is the fashion in these days to treat comedy in opera as though the composer were telling the fate of Montezuma or depicting Bajazet in his cage. Could there be any more inappropriate music to "The Taming of the Shrew" than that invented by poor Götz? Look at the overture of d'Albert to "The Ruby;" it was played a week ago last night and possibly you remember it. Would you have ever imagined from that music itself, without gloss or commentary, that it was a prelude to a light fairy opera with comic motives? How opposite the treatment of such subjects by men of genius like Auber or Rossini. And in his noble old age Verdi has shown the wild enthusiasts of Italy, who are steeped in pessimism and write in blood, that music can express hilarious optimism, the chatter of women plotting against Fat Jack, delicious irony, and wit, and humor.

And as Rossini wrote that masterpiece, "The Barber of Seville," and as Verdi wrote "Falstaff," so in similar spirit von Reznicek undoubtedly treated his subject, for we know that in the cities where the opera has been heard, public and critics unite the praise that only comes from honest enjoyment, and surely the man who wrote this overture could not go far wrong in the opera itself.

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Mr. Sieveking made his début at these concerts in the beautiful concerto of Saint-Saëns. In the first movement he showed a tendency to abuse the ritardando and the opening measures of the second movement were none too clearly played. With these exceptions, his performance was excellent. His technique, while it is not overwhelming, is fluent, and amply adequate for such a work as this concerto. His touch is crisp and agreeable. His phrasing last night was generally thoughtful and that of a musician. He did not force tone, however great the temptation. Nor did he give himself airs and graces of any kind. Indeed, the modesty of his bearing was almost as great a pleasure as the ability of his performance. It would be a pleasure to hear him in a program that would test his versatility and make more serious demands on his emotional powers. He pleased mightily the audience last night, for he was recalled again and again.

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A respectable, rather than an inspired, performance of the symphony of Schumann brought the close to a concert that in the main was one of genuine interest and was not too long.

PHILIP HALE.

Martinus Sieveking the Pianist From Holland.

When a stranger pianist, fiddler or singer appears at a Symphony concert there is animal curiosity to know something of the private history of the performer. So there is prattle and there is gossip, as in the days of the Della Crusca, when, as Maginn tells us, "If Mrs. Robinson's dog had a bad night's repose, it was duly and [illegible] Mrs. B.'s patch at the last ball, or the stains on Mr. M.'s full dress coat from the dropping of a chandelier, came before the earth with praiseworthy promptitude." But these childish persons were their own press agents, and peddled the gossip in a cart of their own construction. Today the "secretary" is the middleman.

Of course Mr. Martinus Sieveking does not personally work the tasteless vein that runs through the published record of his life. He is said to be a modest, honest man, free from the foolish, fatuous air that serves as atmosphere to many a wandering star.

We are first informed that Mr. Sieveking "is a Hollander by birth, coming

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

from a very old and aristocratic family, which dates its ancestry back into the 15th century, and still includes among its members many famous statesmen and professional men."

Now of what earthly or artistic importance is this story of a "very old and aristocratic family?" In the first place this particular family is comparatively young. In European families the 15th century is as 1850. I have known several Russian Princes, who had papers dating back to 469 A. D., and I once met an Italian Count who was descended in a straight line from Romulus, at least he said he was, and I know of no reason to doubt his word. All these gentlemen looked as if their line had suffered materially at the hands of Time, and they were very shy about ordering beer in those happy student days in Bohemia; and some were even in the habit of asking for a loan of a couple of marks until they heard from their bankers, who apparently mislaid continually the address of their clients.

What has art to do with this talk about "family?" I have no doubt that Mr. Sieveking has reason to be proud of his ancestors; I have no doubt that the statements are true. But the only question that concerns us is this: "How does he play the piano?"

Then there is the portentous fact that nine-tenths of the celebrated musicians come from humble stock, and Poverty is to them an unkind stepmother. There are notable exceptions, as Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. But might not these two have sung more passionate strains if they had known struggle and adversity?

It is more to the point that Mr. Sieveking was born in Amsterdam, March 24, 1867. His father was a musician, his mother was an opera singer.

"From his earliest infancy he displayed characteristics indicative of his future career. His parents testify that as soon as old enough to sit up in the cradle he would sway his body back and forward to any music he heard, changing his movements accurately to suit the change of time." Other babies have acted in similar fashion, and yet on arriving at man's estate have never touched a musical instrument, and have adopted some more peaceful calling, as law, a soldier's life, banking or burglary.

Mr. Sieveking's first teacher was his father. The boy, at the age of 10, made his début, playing Beethoven's first concerto. Then he studied for eight years harmony and composition under Franz Coenen, and the piano under Julius Rontgen. He went to Paris, and at the end of two years a suite by him was played at a Lamoureux concert.

In 1890 he went to London, from which place he made two tours with Lloyd, the tenor, Fernando Arboz, violinist, and Popper, the 'cellist. He also was with a Patti concert company. He came to the United States at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. The summer of 1895 was spent in Holland. He now lives in New York.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 8.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its seventh concert of the season, last evening, in Music Hall. The programme was:

Overture, "Nature".....Dvorak
Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, "Donna Diana".....Emil von Reznicek
Symphony No. 1, B flat major.....Schumann
Soloist, Mr. Martinus Sieveking.

In the way of novelties this programme does not call for extended comment. One may call attention to Dvorak's skill in selecting titles on the lucus a non lucendo principle, and refer to the overture of "Nature" as a fine specimen. Of course nature is so broad and includes so much that those who are gifted with powerful imaginations may detect "impressions aroused by the sight of honeysuckles," or "emotions suggested by the second reading of Herbert Spencer's Psychology" in this overture with the dignified label. The less gifted, however, have the right to complain that in his ten minutes' excursion through space the composer did not set down the item to which he wished to attract attention. A good deal may be said in favor of the artist who wrote, "This is a dog," under a figure that might have been taken for a cat or a sistrum. It does not require much labor to turn human yearning for the beautiful in the right direction, and Dvorak should have known that before his audience could discover what particular aspect of nature he wished them to see the overture would be ended. The work is somewhat trivial and artificial and occasionally brilliant. The only pity is that one can easily persuade one's self that it has all been heard before.

The soloist was a most pleasant surprise; he came here unheralded and yet his work proved that he was a pianist of the very finest calibre. He is amply provided for in the way of technique; he conquers difficulties with the ease and grace of an approved master. His playing is clean, clear, and the workmanship is of the finest quality; it is strong, virile playing without a trace of affected prettiness or morbid sentimentality. Nothing could have been more light and dainty and thoroughly artistic than the interpretation of the second movement of the concerto or more brilliant or dashing than the Presto. Throughout the playing he carried the stamp of high artistic sincerity and demonstrated that he is an artist, that is an interpreter as well as a player, and all his work is marked with largeness of style, beauty of finish and the perfection of technique. Mr. Sieveking was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was recalled five times; an honor won by his merits alone, and these merits place him in the very first rank. If all his work is as fine as the first specimen given he may have one or two equals but no superiors.

The "Donna Diana" overture is a charmingly bright and melodious work, full of infectious gayety; it is prettily and most effectively scored, and it was beautifully read by Mr. Paur, as was the grand Schumann symphony. The concert was one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The programme for the next concert is: Brahms' symphony in E minor, Beethoven's concerto for violin and a rhapsody by Liest. The soloist is Mr. Franz Ondrieck.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 8, 1895.

A new pianist and two new overtures—that is a pretty liberal proportion of novelty in one concert, and that is what Mr. Paur provided for his seventh Symphony programme. To the man first, then. This was Mr. Martinus Sieveking, of Holland, a tall, fine figure of a young man, with dark eyes and hair and curled-up moustache setting off his rather handsome countenance. He had chosen the second concerto of Saint-Saens, the brilliancy, rapidity and dash of which might well disconcert and possibly overthrow any pianist whose equipment was not of the best. But its difficulties brought neither perplexity nor fatigue to this stranger, who indeed pushed the coda of the flying presto which ends the work to such speed that the orchestra, ready as they were, had to bestir themselves to keep abreast of him. His technique is practically that which is now expected in every player who claims a place in the front rank, and it is evidently qualified by judgment and taste. In the broad, bold, sturdy solo introduction, we feared that he might be inclined to bring too heavy a hand to energetic and ensemble passages; but he generally held himself back from such excess and treated the lighter portions with dainty delicacy. He showed good sense in matching the pianoforte with the orchestra and knew when in the second and third movements he might give himself full freedom in the rendering of his own part. In each of these movements he caught and carried on the spirit of the audience and was recalled several times with honest warmth of pleased approbation.

Mr. Sieveking, we perhaps might mention, used a Mason & Hamlin grand piano, which met his requirements at every point and appeared to great advantage under his hands.

After so shining, affluent and animated a work something strenuously contrasted or unusually clever in a similar vein was obviously required, and Mr. Paur followed on with one of his novelties—the overture to Reznicek's recent opera "Donna Diana," the story of which covers virtually the same ground of light courtly intrigue as Mme. Modjeska's play of the same name. It is a gay, piquant and most fleet-footed little composition, which never stops to take breath, even when a gracious secondary theme steals quietly into the agile mirth. The orchestra played it with immense skill and spirit; but if the programme book were right in saying that it is marked to be played not only as fast as possible but also as lightly, then Mr. Paur ignored the second injunction, for he put a lot of nerve and force into the reading.

The other overture, which began the programme, was Dvorak's "Nature," an agreeable and significant idyl of larger calibre. It begins—akin to David's "Desert" and the Borodin sketch of the previous week—with a long, softly murmured single note, over which is indicated the first theme in forms which suggest the musical awakening of natural life. The songs of birds, the motion of air and leaf and water and the vague content of being are indicated in easily apprehended symbols, and then there follow brief episodes of more eager and definite happiness marching with assured and rhythmic tread. But after reaching their height, these fade down and away and the overture ends in the same vein and with much of the same phrasing which began it.

The symphony was Schumann's first, which received a magnificent rendering, the first movement being particularly ample and noble, and the fourth ascending to a climax even greater of volume and verve.

At the next concert the orchestra will play Brahms's fourth symphony and a Rhapsody of Liszt. Mr. Prank Ondricek will make his Boston debut and play Beethoven's violin concerto.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Prelude to The Ruby.....d'Albert
(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 22, A minor.....Viotti
Cadenza by Mr. Kneisel.
Symphony, F major.....Götz
A Steppe Sketch from Central Asia.....Borodin
Festival Overture, op. 50.....Volkmann

The overture by Volkmann was played at the concert January 4, 1890. It might well be allowed to gather dust, for it is a cheap, flamboyant thing, distinguished neither for its thought nor for its color. Perhaps it was the noble performance of the orchestra that lent fresh beauty to the symphony by Götz; certainly the charm of much of the intermezzo and the adagio was revealed in full and grateful light.

The overture to The Ruby is interesting throughout, although the first portion (langsam) is the more suggestive and more gorgeously colored. The phrase given out by muted horns and trumpets is very effective, and there are harmonic progressions that are new and impressive. There is one suspension of absolutely delightful ugliness. The second portion (lebhaft) is brilliant enough, but it seems less distinguished and less spontaneous. This overture is a prelude to a fairy opera, with the scene at Bagdad; but d'Albert steers clear of cheap attempts at Orientalism. If he has forgotten his Goldmark he remembers his Wagner. Every now and then in the first portion a mighty wave from that sonorous sea, the prelude to Parsifal, sweeps across the hall.

Pleasing in its deliberate monotony and its suggestion of humanity crawling over desolate nature was the sketch of Borodin, the illustrious chemist, intimate with benzol, cunning in the knowledge of azotic bodies and aldehydes—the inventor of a nitrometer. I wish Mr. Paur would bring out his Second Symphony.

Mr. Kneisel played the fine concerto of Viotti with unfailing accuracy, polished to the highest degree. His cadenza was in good taste, never merely for technical display, not too long. And yet I doubt if Viotti, whose performance according to his contemporaries was "grand, imposing, full toned, amazing for its verve and its variety," ever played this concerto in such a continually amiable and courteous fashion.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1895.

Seventh Symphony Concert.

The program for the seventh concert by the Boston symphony orchestra introduced two overtures new to this city, Dvorak's "In Der Natur" and Reznicek's "Donna Diana," and Mr Martinus Sieveking made his first appearance here as pianist in the Saint Saens concerto for pianoforte. Schumann's symphony in B flat major completed the program.

Dvorak's overture is of the pastoral nature; one of those poetic compositions in which harmonic contrasts describe certain phases of nature, vaguely and irregularly thematic at times, but interesting in the varied combinations of the different instruments which illustrate in a musical way nearly everything from the singing of birds to a thunder storm. Dvorak's characteristics in modulation and turbulent episodes are marked in this work, which is effective as a whole and quite enjoyable. The orchestra was a trifle unsteady in the complex theme which follows the slow introduction, but the development and modulations were charmingly given. The amusing conversations between the horn, flute and clarinet were delightful, and the brilliant coda received a splendid interpretation.

The Reznicek overture, written in the true comic opera vein, is light and buoyant and full of fantastic orchestration and merry lights and shades. Its character is rather romantic, yet the spirit of revelry pervades the work. It was brilliantly played, the staccato passages by the violins and flutes, and their peculiar counter accents against the sustained bars of the clarinet and oboe, being notably quizzical, as it were, and mirth provoking. Schumann's symphony was beautifully read. The vigorous opening was given with requisite pomp by the brasses, and the treatment of the folk-song theme and the dancing melody of the fourth movement were perfect in harmony and rapidity of execution.

Mr Martinus Sieveking's performance of the Saint Saens concerts was admirable. It is impossible to judge of an artist's ability at a single hearing, and that with a large orchestra as a background, but Mr Sieveking showed that his powers as a pianist are of a high order. His execution is very smooth in the rapid passages, either in octaves or triplets, and his runs are not slurred, but clear and even. His forte is, perhaps, a trifle too powerful. The guitar-like accompaniment in the second movement was most delicately played, the skilful use of the pedals producing the desired effect of a stringed instrument. In the coda he exhibited commendable dash and fire. He was rapturously applauded and called out half a dozen times.

The program this week will be as follows: Brahms' symphony in E minor, Beethoven's concerto for violin and a Liszt rhapsody. Mr Franz Ondricek will be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1895.

Seventh Symphony Concert, Emil Paur Conductor—New Compositions by Dvorak and Von Reznicek—Martinus Sieveking Plays the G Minor Piano Concerto of Saint Saens.

The program of the Symphony concert last night was as follows:

Overture, "Nature," F major .....Dvorak
(First time.)
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G minor, Saint-Saens
Overture to "Donna Diana"....Von Reznicek
(First time.)
Symphony No. 1, B-flat major.....Schumann

The concert last evening was the 1330th performance by the orchestra and the 717th performance in Boston.

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Of the two novelties heard last evening, the first, Dvorak's overture, need not detain us. It is thematically weak, inconsequentially developed, and long spun out. "Echoes from Bohemia," or rather "Echoes of Dvorak," is the proper title. What has this music to do with "Nature?" Unless it is Nature as understood by the Germans and Bohemians; a beer garden, with footstools; an unabashed band playing popular ditties; old women knitting and evidently not afraid of the music. Dvorak is a cunning master of instrumentation. But clever tonal effects will not always disguise paucity and triviality of thought.

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Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek is a name unknown in Boston. He is a young composer, for he was born in Vienna in 1861, the son of an officer. About 1880 he studied for a time at the Leipzig Conservatory. His chief compositions are four operas, "The Maid of Orleans," Prague, June 19, 1887; "Satanella," Prague, May 13, 1888; "Emmerich Fortuna," Prague, Nov. 11, 1889; "Donna Diana," first produced at Prague, Dec. 16, 1894, and afterward given at Carlsruhe, Leipzig and Dessau; and a requiem mass, produced in Prague in November, 1894. The composer of these operas is his own librettist.

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MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

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It is more to the point that Mr. Sieveking was born in Amsterdam, March 24, 1867. His father was a musician, his mother was an opera singer.

"From his earliest infancy he displayed characteristics indicative of his future career. His parents testify that as soon as old enough to sit up in the cradle he would sway his body back and forward to any music he heard, changing his movements accurately to suit the change of time." Other babies have acted in similar fashion, and yet on arriving at man's estate have never touched a musical instrument, and have adopted some more peaceful calling, as law, a soldier's life, banking or burglary.

Mr. Sieveking's first teacher was his father. The boy, at the age of 10, made his début, playing Beethoven's first concerto. Then he studied for eight years harmony and composition under Franz Coenen, and the piano under Julius Rontgen. He went to Paris, and at the end of two years a suite by him was played at a Lamoureux concert.

In 1890 he went to London, from which place he made two tours with Lloyd, the tenor, Fernando Arboz, violinist, and Popper, the 'cellist. He also was with a Patti concert company. He came to the United States at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. The summer of 1895 was spent in Holland. He now lives in New York.

* * *

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 8.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its seventh concert of the season, last evening, in Music Hall. The programme was:

Overture, "Nature".....Dvorak
Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, "Donna Diana".....Emil von Reznicek
Symphony No. 1, B-flat major.....Schumann
Soloist, Mr. Martinus Sieveking.

In the way of novelties this programme does not call for extended comment. One may call attention to Dvorak's skill in selecting titles on the lucus a non lucendo principle, and refer to the overture of "Nature" as a fine specimen. Of course nature is so broad and includes so much that those who are gifted with powerful imaginations may detect "impressions aroused by the sight of honeysuckles," or "emotions suggested by the second reading of Herbert Spencer's Psychology" in this overture with the dignified label. The less gifted, however, have the right to complain that in his ten minutes' excursion through space the composer did not set down the item, to which he wished to attract atteution. A good deal may be said in favor of the artist who wrote, "This is a dog," under a figure that might have been taken for a cat or a sistrum. It does not require much labor to turn human yearning for the beautiful in the right direction, and Dvorak should have known that before his audience could discover what particular aspect of nature he wished them to see the overture would be ended. The work is somewhat trivial and artificial and occasionally brilliant. The only pity is that one can easily persuade one's self that it has all been heard before.

The soloist was a most pleasant surprise; he came here unheralded and yet his work proved that he was a pianist of the very finest calibre. He is amply provided for in the way of technique; he conquers difficulties with the ease and grace of an approved master. His playing is clean, clear, and the workmanship is of the finest quality; it is strong virile playing without a trace of affected prettiness or morbid sentimentality. Nothing could have been more light and dainty and thoroughly artistic than the interpretation of the second movement of the concerto or more brilliant or dashing than the Presto. Throughout the playing he carried the stamp of high artistic sincerity and demonstrated that he is an artist, that is an interpreter as well as a player, and all his work is marked with largeness of style, beauty of finish and the perfection of technique. Mr. Sieveking was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was recalled five times; an honor won by his merits alone, and these merits place him in the very first rank. If all his work is as fine as the first specimen given he may have one or two equals but no superiors.

The "Donna Diana" overture is a charmingly bright and melodious work, full of infectious gayety; it is prettily and most effectively scored, and it was beautifully read by Mr. Paur, as was the grand Schumann symphony. The concert was one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The programme for the next concert is: Brahms' symphony in E minor, Beethoven's concerto for violin and a rhapsody by Liest. The soloist is Mr. Franz Ondrieck.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 8, 1895.

A new pianist and two new overtures—that is a pretty liberal proportion of novelty in one concert, and that is what Mr. Paur provided for his seventh Symphony programme. To the man first, then. This was Mr. Martinus Sieveking, of Holland, a tall, fine figure of a young man, with dark eyes and hair and curled-up moustache setting off his rather handsome countenance. He had chosen the second concerto of Saint-Saens, the brilliancy, rapidity and dash of which might well disconcert and possibly overthrow any pianist whose equipment was not of the best. But its difficulties brought neither perplexity nor fatigue to this stranger, who indeed pushed the coda of the flying presto which ends the work to such speed that the orchestra, ready as they were, had to bestir themselves to keep abreast of him. His technique is practically that which is now expected in every player who claims a place in the front rank, and it is evidently qualified by judgment and taste. In the broad, bold, sturdy solo introduction, we feared that he might be inclined to bring too heavy a hand to energetic and ensemble passages; but he generally held himself back from such excess and treated the lighter portions with dainty delicacy. He showed good sense in matching the pianoforte with the orchestra and knew when in the second and third movements he might give himself full freedom in the rendering of his own part. In each of these movements he caught and carried on the spirit of the audience and was recalled several times with honest warmth of pleased approbation.

Mr. Sieveking, we perhaps might mention, used a Mason & Hamlin grand piano, which met his requirements at every point and appeared to great advantage under his hands.

After so shining, affluent and animated a work something strenuously contrasted or unusually clever in a similar vein was obviously required, and Mr. Paur followed on with one of his novelties—the overture to Reznicek's recent opera "Donna Diana," the story of which covers virtually the same ground of light courtly intrigue as Mme. Modjeska's play of the same name. It is a gay, piquant and most fleet-footed little composition, which never stops to take breath, even when a gracious secondary theme steals quietly into the agile mirth. The orchestra played it with immense skill and spirit; but if the programme book were right in saying that it is marked to be played not only as fast as possible but also as lightly, then Mr. Paur ignored the second injunction, for he put a lot of nerve and force into the reading.

The other overture, which began the programme, was Dvorak's "Nature," an agreeable and significant idyl of larger calibre. It begins—akin to David's "Desert" and the Borodin sketch of the previous week—with a long, softly murmured single note, over which is indicated the first theme in forms which suggest the musical awakening of natural life. The songs of birds, the motion of air and leaf and water and the vague content of being are indicated in easily apprehended symbols, and then there follow brief episodes of more eager and definite happiness marching with assured and rhythmic tread. But after reaching their height, these fade down and away and the overture ends in the same vein and with much of the same phrasing which began it.

The symphony was Schumann's first, which received a magnificent rendering, the first movement being particularly ample and noble, and the fourth ascending to a climax even greater of volume and verve.

At the next concert the orchestra will play Brahms's fourth symphony and a Rhapsody of Liszt. Mr. Frank Ondricek will make his Boston debut and play Beethoven's violin concerto.

[56]

[illegible] Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

[illegible] MORNING, DEC. 5, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The audience which assembled in Music Hall last night had the pleasure of listening to the most enjoyable concert of the symphony series thus far given. The programme was a broad one, and every number was rendered magnificently. Further than this there proved to be a genuine surprise in store for the audience in the really brilliant piano playing of Mr. Martinus Sieveking.

Mr. Sieveking may be said to have made his appearance in this city quite unheralded, for beyond the mere fact that he was to be the soloist at the seventh concert, and that he hails from Holland, little or nothing was known of him. He is a rather distinguished looking gentleman and rather modest, but an artist to his fingers' tips. The Saint-Saens concerto, No. 2, has been frequently heard here. In fact, it is a rather popular composition with advanced pianists, since it affords an excellent opportunity for a show of technique. The first movement was passed over with but the ordinary amount of recognition on the part of the audience, but immediately Mr. Sieveking began the scherzo movement it became evident that his playing was of a superior order, and by the time he had finished he had completely won his audience. His playing has a marked individuality and is marked by a directness of purpose and intensity. In the legato and staccato passages he gave the greatest pleasure. His method of execution is simple and lacks entirely the mannerisms and tricks of many solo players, for which he is to be commended. The audience almost insisted on an encore, but they did manage to bring him out some seven times.

The remainder of the programme included the overture to "Nature" by Dvorak, and the overture to "Donna Diana," by Reznicek, both heard here for the first time. The first is full of quaint orchestral combinations, more interesting at the beginning than at any other portion; but the "Donna Diana" overture was as frolicsome a composition as has been heard at a Symphony for some time. From beginning to end it is a series of pretty developments, and one almost wished that the music of the entire opera might be played, if it was as charming as the overture. The Schumann Symphony No. 1 finished the programme and was magnificently played throughout.

The soloist at the next concert will be Mr. Franz Ondricek, violinist, and he will be heard in the Beethoven concerto.

Dec 15

SUNDAY HERALD

We all asked to give space for mention of this good cause, which we very gladly do. A former member of the Symphony orchestra some time ago became insane and is now under confinement on that account. Mr. Goldstein has a very deserving wife and children, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Paur, a concert will be given at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Jan. 5, by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Paderewski, Campanari and everybody who is to participate volunteering. The list of those who have already purchased tickets includes some of the very best people, many of them rehearsal and Symphony patrons.

Dec 15

BOSTON COURIER, SU

—A concert for the benefit of the family of Mr. A. Goldstein, formerly of the Symphony Orchestra, will be given at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Jan. 5. Signor Campanini is to sing, Paderewski is to play and the entire symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Paur will be heard to excellent advantage. The public, knowing of the sad affliction which has befallen Mr. Goldstein, will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to aid him, and at the same time enjoy the unusually fine programme offered.

Gazette

Dec 15

—A concert, tendered the family of Mr. A. Goldstein (a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) by the courtesy of Mr. Emil Paur and the orchestra, with the valuable assistance of Mr. Paderewski, pianist, and Mr. G. Campanari, baritone, will take place Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, at the Boston Theatre. It will draw out a large audience, many of the smart set having already subscribed. Tickets may be had at the theatre and Music Hall box office.

Dec 15

GLOBE—SUNDAY, D

—On Sunday evening, Jan 5, in the Boston theater, a benefit concert will be given by the symphony orchestra, Padcrewski and Campanari. Every performer offers his services, and the entire receipts will be given to the family of Mr A. Goldstein, a former member of the orchestra. The seats are now on sale at Music hall, and a large number of the regular season ticket holders to the concerts have purchased seats.

[illegible] explanation of the "righteous indignation" was that furnished by [illegible] Boston, proprietor of [illegible] called the Boston Symphony [illegible] recently brought suit against [illegible] to restrain them from using [illegible] Boston Symphony Club" as a [illegible] company which they were [illegible] at the title of Bach- [illegible] from the Boston [illegible] which Mr. Nikisch is direc- [illegible] "club" has had no [illegible] in lieu of the Supreme [illegible] decision in Bach- [illegible] offered title are both

There is in Boston a gentleman of Israelitish descent named Max Borchert. He is the originator of a musical club not overwhelmingly large in numbers, as there are only seven members in the club. He called it the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club. Now this, with a very slight change, is the name of a superb organization that holds the highest position all over the country, and Mr. Borchert knew what he was about when he misapplied the well-known name to his own use. Shortly after the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club another enterprising fellow formed a similar club and named it the "Boston Symphony Club," whereupon Mr. Borchert, jumping at the conclusion that he had been damaged by the usurpation of that to which he had no legal right, brought suit against the proprietor of the Boston Symony Club for stealing the name. Worst of all, Borchert won the suit. And now the real Boston Symphony orchestra are wondering if Borchert will next make an attack upon them to prevent any further infringement upon his rights.

[illegible] ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 9, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The concert of Saturday was one that ought to satisfy the most extreme craving for modern works. In comparison with the Opus 91 of Dvorak and a new overture by Reznicek, even the Saint-Saens concerto could hardly be said to belong to the most recent era of music, while the Schumann symphony seemed like a voice from the dim past. The soloist, too, made his first Boston appearance, so the character of the concert was almost wholly contemporaneous.

The opening number was Dvorak's overture, "In der Natur." In this work the composer has regarded nature from a subjective point of view. There is little or no indulgence in shepherds' duets, alpine horns, or other conventional devices of programme music, but the whole piece thrills with the joyous emotions aroused by the freshness of natural beauty. It was evidently a Wagnerian landscape that Dvorak was looking at.

The powerful opening chords, with their drone-bass accompaniment, were not unlike the first few measures of the Siegfried Vorspiel, and when the auditor's imagination was once aroused it became easy for him to find numerous resemblances, all the way from the bird-calls in the Waldesweben to the final theme of Die Walkure. But this similarity is, after all, one of style rather than that of material, and does not detract from the originality of the work. Richness of orchestral coloring is one of the chief characteristics of modern music, and can not be monopolized by any one writer, while the accidental reminiscence of other themes is more than counterbalanced by the treatment and development, which stamps this work as Dvorak's own. The overture is not in the strictest shape, but the harmonic beauty and emotional power of most of its themes received their best expression in the freer form. The work as a whole is a very worthy one, and deserves a high place among modern compositions.

After this came the soloist. Bringing new pianists to Boston may seem a little like carrying coals to Newcastle, but in this case the experiment was a total and instant success. Martinus Sieveking proved himself an artist of high rank, and the enthusiasm he aroused showed that the audience appreciated him to the full. The Saint-Saens G-minor concerto, which he played, is not well suited to display every side of a performer's talent, as it demands less of poetic interpretation than of delicate crispness of execution; but the piano part is given prominence throughout, and affords many chances for the exercise of technical skill and brilliancy. The pianist's technique was of the phenomenal sort, and no doubt won most of his recalls.

The emotional side of his playing was not brought out to any extent, but in the qualities that were demanded by the piece he was fully adequate, and his performance of the work deserves warm commendation. A decided meed of praise must be given to pianist, conductor and orchestra for the remarkable clearness of tempo and precision of attack, especially in the difficult interweavings of the second movement.

Reznicek's overture to his opera, "Donna Diana," was of a somewhat lighter character. It was lively and dashing, full of delicious brightness, and sparkling with attractive harmonies. In one or two places it seemed rather theatrical, but on the whole its standard was exceptionally high for comic opera. Reznicek is a young Viennese composer, now director of the court theatre at Weimar. He has written four operas, of which "Donna Diana" is the latest and most successful.

It was in the beautiful "Spring" symphony of Schumann that the orchestra won its greatest triumph. Mr. Paur's reading of the work was full of dignity and nobility, and it formed an excellent climax for an unusually interesting concert. A detailed account of its presentation would reveal much to applaud and almost nothing to criticise.

It may not be out of place, however, to say that the very slow introduction seemed a trifle too slow, even for andante maestoso, and that one or two phrases in the exposition of the allegro seemed blurred by the rapidity of tempo; but these are minor points, and did not in the least impair the power of the movement as a whole, while the romantic beauty of the slow movement, the brusque gayety of the scherzo, and the dainty grace of the finale were all that could be desired. Arthur Elson.

[illegible] MONDAY, [illegible] 9, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The seventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, brought the following programme:

Dvorak: Overture, "In der Natur," in F major, opus 91.
Saint-Saens: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22.
Reznicek: Overture to "Donna Diana." (First time.)
Schumann: Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, opus 38.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking was the pianist.

For general enjoyableness the concert was in sharp contrast with the preceding one: the principal two numbers—the Schumann symphony and the Saint-Saens concerto—were not only masterpieces in their way, but also quite familiar to the bulk of the audience; and the two overtures were interesting and pleasing novelties. We note, by the way, that the management of the Symphony Orchestra has begun to adopt a plan followed by some other musical organizations in the city: that of printing the number of the concert on the programme. It was, no doubt, with some surprise that many of last Saturday's audience read that this was the thirteen hundred and thirtieth concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra since its foundation in 1880; the seven hundred and seventeenth concert given in Boston. This is a pretty large record for not quite fifteen years!

As Dvorak's overture was not marked "first time" on the programme, we suppose it must have been given here before; but we certainly do not remember it. It is a work distinguished more by gracious musical beauty and a certain unobtrusive poetic imaginativeness than by originality. It is romantic in the best sense of the term; that is, poetic and intrinsically musical at the same time; the themes are full of grace and beauty, well and naturally worked out, and the whole composition organically and symmetrically developed. It is music such as is eminently pleasant to listen to. Only one finds little of the composer's specific individuality in it, and neither the themes themselves nor the general atmosphere of the composition seem particularly new. It was excellently well played.

Reznicek's light comic-opera overture is something quite different. The composer is a young Austro-Bohemian nobleman who has taken his musical calling unusually seriously for a man of his antecedents; he has adopted the musical profession in the fullest sense of the word, not contenting himself with composing, but earning his bread and butter also by conducting. After conducting at opera houses in towns of the third and fourth rank, like Graz, Zürich, Mainz and Stettin, he has risen to the conductorship of the court opera in Weimar, one of the most important posts in Germany. The very title of this overture of his is a recommendation to all who have delighted in Moreto's admirable comedy, "El desdén con el desdén." And this little preliminary glow of ready-made sympathy is only increased by finding in Reznicek's work an evident attempt to revive something of the old light comic-opera musical spirit. After the Wagnerian megalomania of Humperdinck's and Eugen d'Albert's preludes to alleged "fairy operas," it is refreshing to find some reflex of the old Rossini-Auber flash and sparkle again in an overture that has nothing to do with lyric tragedy. This overture to "Donna Diana" is of undeniably light calibre; if you look for that force of genius in it that could raise Mozart's rollicking little overture to "Figaro" to the level of a great work, you will be disappointed; but it is full of true humor, go, and dash; it sparkles like champagne; it is never vulgar, and is most deliciously scored. That a composition of this sort ought to hold a permanent place in the symphony concert repertory, may well be doubted; but it is eminently worthy of being introduced to the public at a symphony concert. We, for one, heard it with delight.

Schumann's B-flat symphony is ever welcome. Here is truly great music! One wishes that some means could be devised of overcoming the "panic terror" which attaches to that grand opening proclamation of the horns and trumpets, so that the mighty phrase should be played with complete assurance. In passages of this sort it often seems as if a conductor can do more harm than good; it is far easier for him to frighten his men than to reassure them and hold them together. Intrinsically the phrase is of the sort that ought to go all by itself, so full of rhythmic vitality is it. Last Saturday it went rather lamely and without authoritative boldness of emphasis. But, for the rest, the symphony was grandly given.

Saint-Saen's G minor concerto holds its own bravely as a work which one is ever ready to enjoy. Not a work on the most elevated plane, it is still so full of musical invention, so admirably written, and so wonderfully well scored, that it is always a true pleasure to hear it. Mr. Sieveking made, we believe, his first bow to a large Boston audience at this concert. His playing of the concerto was superb. He evidently possesses great physical strength, the exertion of which he, however, never pushes farther than the pianoforte can bear. His technique is exceedingly brilliant, if not invariably perfectly sure—now and then he strikes wrong notes. But he plays like a master, for all that. In the matter of style he is perhaps just a thought old-fashioned; he plays with more artistic measure than one is quite accustomed to nowadays, and does not by any means abuse the musical pepper-box. In the first movement of the concerto we felt that a little more outspoken grandiosity of manner would have done no harm; Saint-Saens himself takes this movement slower and with a more emphatic underscoring of "effects." But Mr. Sieveking played it with abundant vital force, superb bravura, and genuine depth of feeling. One only felt, in face of his noble simplicity of style, that Saint-Saens's music is really a little more sophisticated than all that, and that its full flavor cannot be got at by the simple methods that would apply to Beethoven. In the Allegretto scherzando Mr. Sieveking fell considerably farther short of the mark; he [illegible] founder emotional [illegible] ment. His playing was [illegible] and agile, but somewhat wooden in regularness—what the French call "matiere." In the saltarello finale, however, he carried everything before him. Since we heard the composer himself play this movement in London in 1879, we have heard no one make the effect with it that Mr. Sieveking did last Saturday. It was the ne plus ultra of irresistible bravura-playing, yet never really, so to speak, outrunning its own legs. As for technique, whew! how those terrible 3rds and 6ths went! It was thoroughly superb. The effect upon the audience was electric; the pianist was recalled seven times.

The next programme is: Brahms, symphony No. 4, in E minor; Beethoven, concerto for violin, in D major; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody: Mr. Franz Ondricek will be the violinist.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. Franz Ondricek, the Soloist, Made an Unmistakable Success.

The eighth concert of the current season of the Boston Symphony orchestra was listened to by a very large audience last evening. The programme was:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Liszt
Rhapsody Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt
(Arranged for orchestra by Karl Muller Berghaus.

The soloist was M. Franz Ondricek. The symphony is not the most interesting of its composer's works in its class, and the movement with which it ends, despite the ingenuity of the variations, on its brief chacenne theme, are steadily ugly and yawn-provoking. The andante, with its constant juggling between G sharp and G natural, which keeps the tonality in doubt, has a seriously striking originality and is peculiarly and pleasingly effective, despite its confusing effect on the ear; and the third movement, with its brightness and gay freshness, is thoroughly charming; but the work has many dry and depressing moments when the composer fully indulges his fondness for carrying thematic development to a point that becomes wearisome. The performance of the work was solid and brilliant, and it was read throughout by Mr. Paur with unbroken clearness. The now famous virtuosity of the orchestra was specially shown in the elaborate and difficult variations of the finale. A splendidly colored rendering of Berghaus' clever and effective arrangement of the Liszt rhapsody was given, the wind instruments in particular acquitting themselves with notable brilliancy. M. Pourtau's performance of the brilliant cadenzas was a superb display of technique in its fiery dash, its pearly clearness and its exquisitely pure tone. The whole interpretation was stirringly fine and impressively sympathetic. The music, it is true, is a sort of refined clap-trap, but its treatment imparted both dignity and artistic interest to it.

Mr. Ondricek, who was welcomed with great heartiness, made an unmistakable success with his audience. He was loudly applauded at the end of the first movement of the concerto, and was recalled at the close of his performance four times with excited enthusiasm. He is a spirited player, immaculately true in intonation, with an able and a daring technique, equal to all emergencies, and a style at once earnest and artistic. His bowing is large, free and graceful, and his phrasing musicianly. His tone is not large, nor is it notably warm, but it is clear and manly. It did not appear that the Beethoven concerto was best calculated to bring out what are the most striking and most characteristic qualities of his style and of his individuality as a virtuoso, and it was made evident that he would have been heard to much better advantage in a work calling for a more modern technique and sentiment than does this one. Under the circumstances it would scarcely be just to pass judgment on him after this single hearing. However, he plays as if it were a pleasure to him, and in a vein that is decidedly artistic, and he also has a personal magnetism that counts for much. It may be added that he is without trickery of any kind, and that he has a fire and an emotional feeling that carry his hearers with him. As has been said, his success was unequivocal, and it is to be hoped that he may be heard here again in a programme arranged to present him at his best.

The selections for the next concert, which is to be given on the evening of Dec. 28, are: Suite, Bach; Largo, Handel; Turkish march, Mozart; Symphony No. 1, Beethoven. The soloist is to be announced later.

[57]

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Mr. Sieveking may be said to have made his appearance in this city quite unheralded, for beyond the mere fact that he was to be the soloist at the seventh concert, and that he hails from Holland, little or nothing was known of him. He is a rather distinguished looking gentleman and rather modest, but an artist to his fingers' tips. The Saint-Saens concerto, No. 2, has been frequently heard here. In fact, it is a rather popular composition with advanced pianists, since it affords an excellent opportunity for a show of technique. The first movement was passed over with but the ordinary amount of recognition on the part of the audience, but immediately Mr. Sieveking began the scherzo movement it became evident that his playing was of a superior order, and by the time he had finished he had completely won his audience. His playing has a marked individuality and is marked by a directness of purpose and intensity. In the legarto and staccato passages he gave the greatest pleasure. His method of execution is simple and lacks entirely the mannerisms and tricks of many solo players, for which he is to be commended. The audience almost insisted on an encore, but they did manage to bring him out some seven times.

The remainder of the programme included the overture to "Nature" by Dvorak, and the overture to "Donna Diana," by Reznicek, both heard here for the first time. The first is full of quaint orchestral combinations, more interesting at the beginning than at any other portion; but the "Donna Diana" overture was as frolicsome a composition as has been heard at a Symphony for some time. From beginning to end it is a series of pretty developments, and one almost wished that the music of the entire opera might be played, if it was as charming as the overture. The Schumann Symphony No. 1 finished the programme and was magnificently played throughout.

The soloist at the next concert will be Mr. Franz Ondricek, violinist, and he will be heard in the Beethoven concerto.

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SUNDAY HERALD

We all asked to give space for mention of this good cause, which we very gladly do. A former member of the Symphony orchestra some time ago became insane and is now under confinement on that account. Mr. Goldstein has a very deserving wife and children, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Paur, a concert will be given at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Jan. 5, by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Paderewski, Campanari and everybody who is to participate volunteering. The list of those who have already purchased tickets includes some of the very best people, many of them rehearsal and Symphony patrons.

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Gazette

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An amusing example of the "righteous indignation of unholy men" was that furnished by a certain Max Bachert of Boston, proprietor of an organization called the Boston Symphony Orchestral club, who recently brought suit against parties in New York to restrain them from using the words "The Boston Symphony Club" as a name for a concert company which they were forming. Despite the fact that the title of Bachert's "club" was borrowed (?) from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. Nikisch is director and with which Bachert's "club" has had no connection at any time, the Judge of the Supreme Court in New York rendered a decision in Bachert's favor and he and his pilfered title are both

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The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 9, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The concert of Saturday was one that ought to satisfy the most extreme craving for modern works. In comparison with the Opus 91 of Dvorak and a new overture by Reznicek, even the Saint-Saens concerto could hardly be said to belong to the most recent era of music, while the Schumann symphony seemed like a voice from the dim past. The soloist, too, made his first Boston appearance, so the character of the concert was almost wholly contemporaneous.

The opening number was Dvorak's overture, "In der Natur." In this work the composer has regarded nature from a subjective point of view. There is little or no indulgence in shepherds' duets, alpine horns, or other conventional devices of programme music, but the whole piece thrills with the joyous emotions aroused by the freshness of natural beauty. It was evidently a Wagnerian landscape that Dvorak was looking at.

The powerful opening chords, with their drone-bass accompaniment, were not unlike the first few measures of the Siegfried Vorspiel, and when the auditor's imagination was once aroused it became easy for him to find numerous resemblances, all the way from the bird-calls in the Waldesweben to the final theme of Die Walkure. But this similarity is, after all, one of style rather than that of material, and does not detract from the originality of the work. Richness of orchestral coloring is one of the chief characteristics of modern music, and can not be monopolized by any one writer, while the accidental reminiscence of other themes is more than counterbalanced by the treatment and development, which stamps this work as Dvorak's own. The overture is not in the strictest shape, but the harmonic beauty and emotional power of most of its themes received their best expression in the freer form. The work as a whole is a very worthy one, and deserves a high place among modern compositions.

After this came the soloist. Bringing new pianists to Boston may seem a little like carrying coals to Newcastle, but in this case the experiment was a total and instant success. Martinus Sieveking proved himself an artist of high rank, and the enthusiasm he aroused showed that the audience appreciated him to the full. The Saint-Saens G-minor concerto, which he played, is not well suited to display every side of a performer's talent, as it demands less of poetic interpretation than of delicate crispness of execution; but the piano part is given prominence throughout, and affords many chances for the exercise of technical skill and brilliancy. The pianist's technique was of the phenomenal sort, and no doubt won most of his recalls.

The emotional side of his playing was not brought out to any extent, but in the qualities that were demanded by the piece he was fully adequate, and his performance of the work deserves warm commendation. A decided meed of praise must be given to pianist, conductor and orchestra for the remarkable clearness of tempo and precision of attack, especially in the difficult interweavings of the second movement.

Reznicek's overture to his opera, "Donna Diana," was of a somewhat lighter character. It was lively and dashing, full of delicious brightness, and sparkling with attractive harmonies. In one or two places it seemed rather theatrical, but on the whole its standard was exceptionally high for comic opera. Reznicek is a young Viennese composer, now director of the court theatre at Weimar. He has written four operas, of which "Donna Diana" is the latest and most successful.

It was in the beautiful "Spring" symphony of Schumann that the orchestra won its greatest triumph. Mr. Paur's reading of the work was full of dignity and nobility, and it formed an excellent climax for an unusually interesting concert. A detailed account of its presentation would reveal much to applaud and almost nothing to criticise.

It may not be out of place, however, to say that the very slow introduction seemed a trifle too slow, even for andante maestoso, and that one or two phrases in the exposition of the allegro seemed blurred by the rapidity of tempo; but these are minor points, and did not in the least impair the power of the movement as a whole, while the romantic beauty of the slow movement, the brusque gayety of the scherzo, and the dainty grace of the finale were all that could be desired.

Arthur Elson.

There is in Boston a gentleman of Israelitish descent named Max Borchert. He is the originator of a musical club not overwhelmingly large in numbers, as there are only seven members in the club. He called it the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club. Now this, with a very slight change, is the name of a superb organization that holds the highest position all over the country, and Mr. Borchert knew what he was about when he misapplied the well-known name to his own use. Shortly after the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club another enterprising fellow formed a similar club and named it the "Boston Symphony Club," whereupon Mr. Borchert, jumping at the conclusion that he had been damaged by the usurpation of that to which he had no legal right, brought suit against the proprietor of the Boston Symony Club for stealing the name. Worst of all, Borchert won the suit. And now the real Boston Symphony orchestra are wondering if Borchert will next make an attack upon them to prevent any further infringement upon his rights.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The seventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, brought the following programme:

Dvorak: Overture, "In der Natur," in F major, opus 91.
Saint-Saens: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22.
Reznicek: Overture to "Donna Diana." (First time.)
Schumann: Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, opus 38.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking was the pianist.

For general enjoyableness the concert was in sharp contrast with the preceding one: the principal two numbers—the Schumann symphony and the Saint-Saens concerto—were not only masterpieces in their way, but also quite familiar to the bulk of the audience; and the two overtures were interesting and pleasing novelties. We note, by the way, that the management of the Symphony Orchestra has begun to adopt a plan followed by some other musical organizations in the city: that of printing the number of the concert on the programme. It was, no doubt, with some surprise that many of last Saturday's audience read that this was the thirteen hundred and thirtieth concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra since its foundation in 1880; the seven hundred and seventeenth concert given in Boston. This is a pretty large record for not quite fifteen years!

As Dvorak's overture was not marked "first time" on the programme, we suppose it must have been given here before; but we certainly do not remember it. It is a work distinguished more by gracious musical beauty and a certain unobtrusive poetic imaginativeness than by originality. It is romantic in the best sense of the term; that is, poetic and intrinsically musical at the same time; the themes are full of grace and beauty, well and naturally worked out, and the whole composition organically and symmetrically developed. It is music such as is eminently pleasant to listen to. Only one finds little of the composer's specific individuality in it, and neither the themes themselves nor the general atmosphere of the composition seem particularly new. It was excellently well played.

Reznicek's light comic-opera overture is something quite different. The composer is a young Austro-Bohemian nobleman who has taken his musical calling unusually seriously for a man of his antecedents; he has adopted the musical profession in the fullest sense of the word, not contenting himself with composing, but earning his bread and butter also by conducting. After conducting at opera houses in towns of the third and fourth rank, like Graz, Zürich, Mainz and Stettin, he has risen to the conductorship of the court opera in Weimar, one of the most important posts in Germany. The very title of this overture of his is a recommendation to all who have delighted in Moreto's admirable comedy, "El desdén con el desdén." And this little preliminary glow of ready-made sympathy is only increased by finding in Reznicek's work an evident attempt to revive something of the old light comic-opera musical spirit. After the Wagnerian megalomania of Humperdinck's and Eugen d'Albert's preludes to alleged "fairy operas," it is refreshing to find some reflex of the old Rossini-Auber flash and sparkle again in an overture that has nothing to do with lyric tragedy. This overture to "Donna Diana" is of undeniably light calibre; if you look for that force of genius in it that could raise Mozart's rollicking little overture to "Figaro" to the level of a great work, you will be disappointed; but it is full of true humor, go, and dash; it sparkles like champagne; it is never vulgar, and is most deliciously scored. That a composition of this sort ought to hold a permanent place in the symphony concert repertory, may well be doubted; but it is eminently worthy of being introduced to the public at a symphony concert. We, for one, heard it with delight.

Schumann's B-flat symphony is ever welcome. Here is truly great music! One wishes that some means could be devised of overcoming the "panic terror" which attaches to that grand opening proclamation of the horns and trumpets, so that the mighty phrase should be played with complete assurance. In passages of this sort it often seems as if a conductor can do more harm than good; it is far easier for him to frighten his men than to reassure them and hold them together. Intrinsically the phrase is of the sort that ought to go all by itself, so full of rhythmic vitality is it. Last Saturday it went rather lamely and without authoritative boldness of emphasis. But, for the rest, the symphony was grandly given.

Saint-Saen's G minor concerto holds its own bravely as a work which one is ever ready to enjoy. Not a work on the most elevated plane, it is still so full of musical invention, so admirably written, and so wonderfully well scored, that it is always a true pleasure to hear it. Mr. Sieveking made, we believe, his first bow to a large Boston audience at this concert. His playing of the concerto was superb. He evidently possesses great physical strength, the exertion of which he, however, never pushes farther than the pianoforte can bear. His technique is exceedingly brilliant, if not invariably perfectly sure—now and then he strikes wrong notes. But he plays like a master, for all that. In the matter of style he is perhaps just a thought old-fashioned; he plays with more artistic measure than one is quite accustomed to nowadays, and does not by any means abuse the musical pepper-box. In the first movement of the concerto we felt that a little more outspoken grandiosity of manner would have done no harm; Saint-Saens himself takes this movement slower and with a more emphatic underscoring of "effects." But Mr. Sieveking played it with abundant vital force, superb bravura, and genuine depth of feeling. One only felt, in face of his noble simplicity of style, that Saint-Saens's music is really a little more sophisticated than all that, and that its full flavor cannot be got at by the simple methods that would apply to Beethoven. In the Allegretto scherzando Mr. Sieveking fell considerably farther short of the mark; he seemed to be less congenially at home in its light, tricksy [illegible] founder emotional region of the first movement. His playing was admirably brilliant and agile, but somewhat wanting in roguishness—what the French call "malice." In the saltarello finale, however, he carried everything before him. Since we heard the composer himself play this movement in London in 1879, we have heard no one make the effect with it that Mr. Sieveking did last Saturday. It was the ne plus ultra of irresistible bravura-playing, yet never really, so to speak, outrunning its own legs. As for technique, whew! how those terrible 3rds and 6ths went! It was thoroughly superb. The effect upon the audience was electric; the pianist was recalled seven times.

The next programme is: Brahms, symphony No. 4, in E minor; Beethoven, concerto for violin, in D major; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody: Mr. Franz Ondricek will be the violinist.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 168.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

M. Franz Cndricek, the Soloist, Made an Unmistakable Success.

The eighth concert of the current season of the Boston Symphony orchestra was listened to by a very large audience last evening. The programme was:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Liszt
Rhapsody Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt
(Arranged for orchestra by Karl Muller Berghaus.

The soloist was M. Franz Ondricek. The symphony is not the most interesting of its composer's works in its class, and the movement with which it ends, despite the ingenuity of the variations, on its brief chacenne theme, are steadily ugly and yawn-provoking. The andante, with its constant juggling between G sharp and G natural, which keeps the tonality in doubt, has a seriously striking originality and is peculiarly and pleasingly effective, despite its confusing effect on the ear; and the third movement, with its brightness and gay freshness, is thoroughly charming; but the work has many dry and depressing moments when the composer fully indulges his fondness for carrying thematic development to a point that becomes wearisome. The performance of the work was solid and brilliant, and it was read throughout by Mr. Paur with unbroken clearness. The now famous virtuosity of the orchestra was specially shown in the elaborate and difficult variations of the finale. A splendidly colored rendering of Berghaus' clever and effective arrangement of the Liszt rhapsody was given, the wind instruments in particular acquitting themselves with notable brilliancy. M. Pourtau's performance of the brilliant cadenzas was a superb display of technique in its fiery dash, its pearly clearness and its exquisitely pure tone. The whole interpretation was stirringly fine and impressively sympathetic. The music, it is true, is a sort of refined clap-trap, but its treatment imparted both dignity and artistic interest to it.

Mr. Ondricek, who was welcomed with great heartiness, made an unmistakable success with his audience. He was loudly applauded at the end of the first movement of the concerto, and was recalled at the close of his performance four times with excited enthusiasm. He is a spirited player, immaculately true in intonation, with an able and a daring technique, equal to all emergencies, and a style at once earnest and artistic. His bowing is large, free and graceful, and his phrasing musicianly. His tone is not large, nor is it notably warm, but it is clear and manly. It did not appear that the Beethoven concerto was best calculated to bring out what are the most striking and most characteristic qualities of his style and of his individuality as a virtuoso, and it was made evident that he would have been heard to much better advantage in a work calling for a more modern technique and sentiment than does this one. Under the circumstances it would scarcely be just to pass judgment on him after this single hearing. However, he plays as if it were a pleasure to him, and in a vein that is decidedly artistic, and he also has a personal magnetism that counts for much. It may be added that he is without trickery of any kind, and that he has a fire and an emotional feeling that carry his hearers with him. As has been said, his success was unequivocal, and it is to be hoped that he may be heard here again in a programme arranged to present him at his best.

The selections for the next concert, which is to be given on the evening of Dec. 28, are: Suite, Bach; Largo, Handel; Turkish march, Mozart; Symphony No. 1, Beethoven. The soloist is to be announced later.

[57]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1895.

1337.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its second concert in New York city at the Metropolitan Opera House December 19. It will be its 1,337th performance since its foundation fourteen years ago. How eloquent these figures are. Here is our own Philharmonic Society over a half century in existence, and we would like to know if it can show such a dazzling record!

Little wonder then that Boston's band easily ranks at the top. There is no orchestra in the United States like it; no orchestra in the world like it. What orchestra plays with the supreme finish of this one, despite the gaucherie of its present leader? Fourteen years of incessant rehearsing, think of it gentlemen of the New York Philharmonic Society! Who will dare dispute the claim that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the national orchestra of this land? Some day our sleepy old Philharmonic Society will awaken to the fact that it has been hopelessly outpaced in the race for perfection. The sooner the better say we. It would be a good thing to rehearse more frequently, gentlemen of the Philharmonic Society. Think of Boston's orchestra and rehearse, rehearse, never cease rehearsing.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

1,339 Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:—

Cambridge,	97	New Bedford,	8
Philadelphia,	49	Detroit,	7
Providence,	47	St. Louis,	6
New York,	44	Columbus,	6
Washington,	44	Springfield, Mass.,	6
Brooklyn,	42	Lowell,	6
Baltimore,	35	Fitchburg,	6
Worcester,	25	Milwaukee,	5
Portland, Me.,	22	Lynn,	5
New Haven,	21	Ann Arbor Uni.,	4
Chicago,	16	Rochester, N.Y.,	3
Buffalo,	15	Taunton,	3
Pittsburg,	13	Newport, R.I.,	3
Cleveland,	10	Richmond, Va.,	2
Louisville,	10	Grand Rapids,	2
Salem, Mass.,	10	Norwich, Conn.,	2
Fall River,	10	Lawrence,	2
Cincinnati,	9	Haverhill,	2
Hartford,	8	Syracuse,	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston, and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a National organization.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, December 7, the 1,330th performance by the orchestra, and the 717th performance in Boston, was as follows:

Overture, Nature (first time)..... Dvorák
Concerto for piano, No. 2, G minor..... Saint-Saëns
Overture to Donna Diana (first time)..... Reznicek
Symphony No. 1, B flat major..... Schumann

The feature of the concert, in spite of the many excellences in the performance of Mr. Martinus Sieveking, was the acquaintanceship with Reznicek's overture. I do not know whether you have heard it in New York; it is likely that you know it; here in Boston novelties come late. This overture is conspicuous for its spontaneity, grace, originality, and, above all, for its true comedy spirit. It is the tendency of many Germans to exhaust the resources of the orchestra and the patience of the hearers by attempting to be profound and symbolical when they are setting a light and sparkling subject to music. This overture of Reznicek is full of chatter, badinage, woman's laughter, playful intrigue, ironical reflections. Itself is pure comedy from beginning to end. Masterly is the treatment of the chief theme, and the instrumentation is a surprise and a delight.

I hunted about to learn something of Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek. The *Signale* said lately that he was the son of an officer of high rank; that he was born in Vienna in 1860, and that about 1880 he studied at the Leipsic Conservatory.

Does anyone over here know the merits or the weaknesses of these operas by him: The Maid of Orleans, Prague, 1887; Satanella, Prague, 1888; Emmerich Fortuna, Prague, 1889? Reznicek is his own librettist. A requiem mass by him was performed in Prague in November, 1894.

The overture by Dvorák seemed inconsequential and long drawn out. The dress was brave and glittering, but the body was poorly nourished and of little substance.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking is a pianist of fluent and equally developed technic. His touch is eminently agreeable. In bravura passages he plays as a rule with crystalline clearness and with a certain unostentatious distinction. And there was something last evening very charming about his performance. He came dangerously near belittling the first movement by an abuse of ritardando, and the first measures of the second movement were none too clear. But with these exceptions his performance was such as to elicit genuine admiration. The audience, charmed by him, recalled him again and again. PHILIP HALE.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in Music Hall last evening:

Symphony No. 3, E-minor..... Brahms
Concerto for violin, D-major..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2..... Liszt
(Scored by Karl Muller Bergham.)
Soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek.

The Brahms symphony was finely interpreted, so finely and sympathetically that not a single beauty was missed and it was easy to follow the complex thoughts of the composer in all their mutations. The pleasure was great, but it was purely intellectual, which seems to be the result at which modern genius aims. It may be, however, that in a large work of art feeling counts for as much as intellect, and it has yet to be proved that complexity of thought is the highest distinctive mark of things aesthetic. So far as art-loving mortals are concerned the sublimity of thought that is above human understanding and feeling has no higher claim to consideration than that which is beneath the level of thought. In listening, admiringly always, to his works one wishes that Brahms would occasionally forget that he had been called a Grecian and that Schumann had said that the graces and the gods have been his guardians. It is rarely by merely wishing that a man can acquire the heroic proportions of a Pheidian statue, and the effort of continually posing for an ideal must tell even on the best organized nervous tissue. Brahms is so great that one is continually regretting that he is not greater, and regret becomes tinged with indignation when the suspicion arises that the flight of his wings is impeded by the weight of his academical gown. In this noble fourth symphony, for example, what a fine relief there would be if the master now and then allowed us to forget that he had full control of his thoughts and allowed inspiration to take care of itself, or seem to take care of itself. The scholar, however, always rises above the prophet. Brahms is a Greek, and unfortunately centuries of civilization have converted us into Goths, and our king is Wagner.

Of the soloist of the evening, Mr. Franz Ondricek, it would be uncritical to judge, after one hearing; but there is surely no mistake in recognizing him as the gifted artist. He has passion and feeling, brilliancy and dash, and an individuality that overtops every other charactistic, an individuality that impresses one from the start, and abides with one to the end. Then he has a beautiful clearness and purity of intonation and a wild and abrupt impetuosity, the finest grace and tenderness and a technical skill that places him in the front rank as a composer. That he is entirely satisfactory as a Beethoven player cannot be asserted, for he is lacking in largeness, power and majesty. At times there are an unaccountable jerkiness in his playing, a splitting of large phrases into small sentences, and a pretty sentimentalism that are foreign to the genius of Beethoven. Want of space prevents us from going into details, and we can only generalize the sum of the impressions produced by Mr. Ondricek, by saying that his work is marked by sweetness and ease, rather than by dignity and majesty. He is an artist by instinct, but one is more interested in his personality than in his interpretations, a second hearing may modify this judgment, and a man may be a virtuoso without reaching up to the height of a Beethoven.

There will be no symphony concert next week.

Eighth Symphony Concert of the Fifteenth Season — Franz Ondricek, Violinist, Makes His Debut in Boston—Announcements for the Coming Week.

The program of the 1338d performance of the Symphony Orchestra and the 719th in Boston was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E mino.r..... Brahms
Concerto for violin, in D major.... Beethoven
(Cadenzas by Joachim.)
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2..... Liszt
(Scored by Mueller-Berghaus.)

The last movement of the fourth symphony of Brahms is still for many a hard nut. They admit gladly the power of the first movement and the strange beauty of the andante, with its shifting or uncertain tonality and its hint at the priests' chorus in the first act of "Aida;" but they cannot crack or do not care to crack the tough shell of the finale. Basso ostinato, passa caglia or chaconne variations—these are fine words. A little definite music would be more to the purpose. As the fourth symphony is to the first, so is the third to the second, and of all these the third is that which undoubtedly pleases the greatest number of musicians and music lovers. It is over ten years since this fourth symphony was first played at Meiningen. Shall we have a fifth from the son of the double bass player? Or is he, as some claim, at the end of his honorable career? Surely the compositions of his last years do not promise greatly for future works of long breath.

* * *

The wild Hungarian rhapsody has been played here with greater fire and freedom, but I doubt if anywhere or at any time has there been a more admirable display of all that is artistic in clarinet playing than that given by Mr. Pourtau. Already in the symphony of Brahms he had made the audience rejoice in his presence. In the rhapsody he showed that a great artist can ennoble triviality or even vulgarity in a catch-penny cadenza. For purity and beauty of tone, brilliancy, audacity of technique, distinction in phrasing, and modest yet unmistakable authority, Mr. Pourtau's performance last night was one long to be remembered. And in this connection it may be added that the work of the wood-wind was conspicuously good throughout the evening, as, in fact, was the technical performance of the whole orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Ondricek met with undoubted popular success, if applause and recalls are any sure manifestations of honest pleasure. He has played the concerto of Beethoven many, many times. In the sketch of his life, on another page of the Journal, allusion is made to this fact. I first heard him in Berlin in February, 1884. He then played this same concerto, and, as I remember, he played it better than he did last evening. Eleven years of wandering virtuoso life are apt to tell on the solidity and the true artistry of any violinist. Now, there was last evening much to praise in Mr. Ondricek's performance, from the technical as well as the spiritual standpoint. It seemed, however, that the concerto itself is not the touchstone of his temperament. It seemed as though it irked him; as though he were eager to break away from it and to find some more congenial, larger outlet for his stormy nature. I say stormy,—and yet this is only an impression; even in fiery passages, he might remain cold, or he might show violence,—not to be despised at times,—rather than any controlled passion or depth of feeling. Would that he had chosen another concerto! For, surely, Mr. Ondricek did not gain his pronounced European reputation by the performance of this concerto alone. I confess that last night he did not move me. Yet many must have been moved, or they would not have been so vigorous in their applause of this modest, unassuming man. Let us have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Ondricek in a recital where he can play pieces that test his versatility and put in full light his temperament and virtuosoship.

PHILIP HALE.

* * *

Franz Ondriczek, or Ondricek, the violinist, who made his début in Boston at the Symphony concert last evening and whose portrait is in the illustrated section of the Journal, was born at Prague, April 29, 1859. He is the son of a professional musician, who was then the violinist at the Landes Theatre. The father was the son's first teacher, and as he led a sort of orchestra for dancing, the boy was able to play in it at a very early age. At the age of 7 Franz played concertos of de Beriot and when he was 14 he entered the conservatory at Prague. Three years after he took the first prize by his performance of the Beethoven concerto. A merchant in the city took enough interest in him to give him the money for study in Paris. Franz entered the famous conservatory, was a pupil of Massart and shared the first prize with Achille Rivarde and Mendels in 1879.

After this honor he sojourned in Paris and other towns of France, appearing in concerts, as those of Pasdeloup, for two years. Since then he has led the life of a wandering virtuoso. When he appeared in Vienna in 1882, Hanslick likened him to Ferdinand Laub, also of Prague, who was born in 1832 and died in 1875. They say that he is the only one to whom Achille Paganini showed the body of his father; for he invaded the vault to thus give testimony of his admiration. But this story is told of other violinists.

Mr. Ondriczek made his début in this country at New York, Nov. 15-16, 1895, when he played Dvorak's concerto.

PHILIP HALE.

The Musical Courier.

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Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:—

Cambridge,	97	New Bedford,	8
Philadelphia,	49	Detroit,	7
Providence,	47	St. Louis,	6
New York,	44	Columbus,	6
Washington,	44	Springfield, Mass.,	6
Brooklyn,	42	Lowell,	6
Baltimore,	35	Fitchburg,	6
Worcester,	25	Milwaukee,	5
Portland, Me.,	22	Lynn,	5
New Haven,	21	Ann Arbor Uni.,	4
Chicago,	16	Rochester, N.Y.,	3
Buffalo,	15	Taunton,	3
Pittsburg,	13	Newport, R.I.,	3
Cleveland,	10	Richmond, Va.,	2
Louisville,	10	Grand Rapids,	2
Salem, Mass.,	10	Norwich, Conn.,	2
Fall River,	10	Lawrence,	2
Cincinnati,	9	Haverhill,	2
Hartford,	8	Syracuse,	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston, and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a National organization.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, December 7, the 1,330th performance by the orchestra, and the 717th performance in Boston, was as follows:

Overture, Nature (first time)..... Dvorák
Concerto for piano, No. 2, G minor.....Saint-Saëns
Overture to Donna Diana (first time)..... Reznicek
Symphony No. 1, B flat major .....Schumann

The feature of the concert, in spite of the many excellences in the performance of Mr. Martinus Sieveking, was the acquaintanceship with Reznicek's overture. I do not know whether you have heard it in New York; it is likely that you know it; here in Boston novelties come late. This overture is conspicuous for its spontaneity, grace, originality, and, above all, for its true comedy spirit. It is the tendency of many Germans to exhaust the resources of the orchestra and the patience of the hearers by attempting to be profound and symbolical when they are setting a light and sparkling subject to music. This overture of Reznicek is full of chatter, badinage, woman's laughter, playful intrigue, ironical reflections. Itself is pure comedy from beginning to end. Masterly is the treatment of the chief theme, and the instrumentation is a surprise and a delight.

I hunted about to learn something of Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek. The *Signale* said lately that he was the son of an officer of high rank; that he was born in Vienna in 1860, and that about 1880 he studied at the Leipsic Conservatory.

Does anyone over here know the merits or the weaknesses of these operas by him: The Maid of Orleans, Prague, 1887; Satanella, Prague, 1888; Emmerich Fortuna, Prague, 1889? Reznicek is his own librettist. A requiem mass by him was performed in Prague in November, 1894.

The overture by Dvorák seemed inconsequential and long drawn out. The dress was brave and glittering, but the body was poorly nourished and of little substance.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking is a pianist of fluent and equally developed technic. His touch is eminently agreeable. In bravura passages he plays as a rule with crystalline clearness and with a certain unostentatious distinction. And there was something last evening very charming about his performance. He came dangerously near belittling the first movement by an abuse of ritardando, and the first measures of the second movement were none too clear. But with these exceptions his performance was such as to elicit genuine admiration. The audience, charmed by him, recalled him again and again.

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15.

The Symphony Concert.

The following is the programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in Music Hall last evening:

Symphony No. 3, E-minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, D-major.....Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.....Liszt
(Scored by Karl Muller Bergham.)
Soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek.

The Brahms symphony was finely interpreted, so finely and sympathetically that not a single beauty was missed and it was easy to follow the complex thoughts of the composer in all their mutations. The pleasure was great, but it was purely intellectual, which seems to be the result at which modern genius aims. It may be, however, that in a large work of art feeling counts for as much as intellect, and it has yet to be proved that complexity of thought is the highest distinctive mark of things aesthetic. So far as art-loving mortals are concerned the sublimity of thought that is above human understanding and feeling has no higher claim to consideration than that which is beneath the level of thought. In listening, admiringly always, to his works one wishes that Brahms would occasionally forget that he had been called a Grecian and that Schumann had said that the graces and the gods have been his guardians. It is rarely by merely wishing that a man can acquire the heroic proportions of a Pheidian statue, and the effort of continually posing for an ideal must tell even on the best organized nervous tissue. Brahms is so great that one is continually regretting that he is not greater, and regret becomes tinged with indignation when the suspicion arises that the flight of his wings is impeded by the weight of his academical gown. In this noble fourth symphony, for example, what a fine relief there would be if the master now and then allowed us to forget that he had full control of his thoughts and allowed inspiration to take care of itself, or seem to take care of itself. The scholar, however, always rises above the prophet. Brahms is a Greek, and unfortunately centuries of civilization have converted us into Goths, and our king is Wagner.

Of the soloist of the evening, Mr. Franz Ondricek, it would be uncritical to judge, after one hearing; but there is surely no mistake in recognizing him as the gifted artist. He has passion and feeling, brilliancy and dash, and an individuality that overtops every other charactistic, an individuality that impresses one from the start, and abides with one to the end. Then he has a beautiful clearness and purity of intonation and a wild and abrupt impetuosity, the finest grace and tenderness and a technical skill that places him in the front rank as a composer. That he is entirely satisfactory as a Beethoven player cannot be asserted, for he is lacking in largeness, power and majesty. At times there are an unaccountable jerkiness in his playing, a splitting of large phrases into small sentences, and a pretty sentimentalism that are foreign to the genius of Beethoven. Want of space prevents us from going into details, and we can only generalize the sum of the impressions produced by Mr. Ondricek, by saying that his work is marked by sweetness and ease, rather than by dignity and majesty. He is an artist by instinct, but one is more interested in his personality than in his interpretations, a second hearing may modify this judgment, and a man may be a virtuoso without reaching up to the height of a Beethoven.

There will be no symphony concert next week.

Boston Journal

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

Eighth Symphony Concert of the Fifteenth Season — Franz Ondricek, Violinist, Makes His Debut in Boston—Announcements for the Coming Week.

The program of the 1338d performance of the Symphony Orchestra and the 719th in Boston was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, in D major....Beethoven
(Cadenzas by Joachim.)
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt
(Scored by Mueller-Berghaus.)

The last movement of the fourth symphony of Brahms is still for many a hard nut. They admit gladly the power of the first movement and the strange beauty of the andante, with its shifting or uncertain tonality and its hint at the priests' chorus in the first act of "Aida;" but they cannot crack or do not care to crack the tough shell of the finale. Basso ostinato, passa caglia or chaconne variations—these are fine words. A little definite music would be more to the purpose. As the fourth symphony is to the first, so is the third to the second, and of all these the third is that which undoubtedly pleases the greatest number of musicians and music lovers. It is over ten years since this fourth symphony was first played at Meiningen. Shall we have a fifth from the son of the double bass player? Or is he, as some claim, at the end of his honorable career? Surely the compositions of his last years do not promise greatly for future works of long breath.

* * *

The wild Hungarian rhapsody has been played here with greater fire and freedom, but I doubt if anywhere or at any time has there been a more admirable display of all that is artistic in clarinet playing than that given by Mr. Pourtau. Already in the symphony of Brahms he had made the audience rejoice in his presence. In the rhapsody he showed that a great artist can ennoble triviality or even vulgarity in a catch-penny cadenza. For purity and beauty of tone, brilliancy, audacity of technique, distinction in phrasing, and modest yet unmistakable authority, Mr. Pourtau's performance last night was one long to be remembered. And in this connection it may be added that the work of the wood-wind was conspicuously good throughout the evening, as, in fact, was the technical performance of the whole orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Ondricek met with undoubted popular success, if applause and recalls are any sure manifestations of honest pleasure. He has played the concerto of Beethoven many, many times. In the sketch of his life, on another page of the Journal, allusion is made to this fact. I first heard him in Berlin in February, 1884. He then played this same concerto, and, as I remember, he played it better than he did last evening. Eleven years of wandering virtuoso life are apt to tell on the solidity and the true artistry of any violinist. Now, there was last evening much to praise in Mr. Ondricek's performance, from the technical as well as the spiritual standpoint. It seemed, however, that the concerto itself is not the touchstone of his temperament. It seemed as though it irked him; as though he were eager to break away from it and to find some more congenial, larger outlet for his stormy nature. I say stormy,—and yet this is only an impression; even in fiery passages, he might remain cold, or he might show violence,—not to be despised at times,—rather than any controlled passion or depth of feeling. Would that he had chosen another concerto! For, surely, Mr. Ondricek did not gain his pronounced European reputation by the performance of this concerto alone. I confess that last night he did not move me. Yet many must have been moved, or they would not have been so vigorous in their applause of this modest, unassuming man. Let us have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Ondricek in a recital where he can play pieces that test his versatility and put in full light his temperament and virtuosoship.

PHILIP HALE.

* * *

Franz Ondriczek, or Ondricek, the violinist, who made his début in Boston at the Symphony concert last evening and whose portrait is in the illustrated section of the Journal, was born at Prague, April 29, 1859. He is the son of a professional musician, who was then the violinist at the Landes Theatre. The father was the son's first teacher, and as he led a sort of orchestra for dancing, the boy was able to play in it at a very early age. At the age of 7 Franz played concertos of de Beriot and when he was 14 he entered the conservatory at Prague. Three years after he took the first prize by his performance of the Beethoven concerto. A merchant in the city took enough interest in him to give him the money for study in Paris. Franz entered the famous conservatory, was a pupil of Massart and shared the first prize with Achille Rivarde and Mendels in 1879.

After this honor he sojourned in Paris and other towns of France, appearing in concerts, as those of Pasdeloup, for two years. Since then he has led the life of a wandering virtuoso. When he appeared in Vienna in 1882, Hanslick likened him to Ferdinand Laub, also of Prague, who was born in 1832 and died in 1875. They say that he is the only one to whom Achille Paganini showed the body of his father; for he invaded the vault to thus give testimony of his admiration. But this story is told of other violinists.

Mr. Ondriczek made his début in this country at New York, Nov. 15-16, 1895, when he played Dvorak's concerto.

PHILIP HALE.

...SDAY, DEC. 15, 1895.

...Eighth Symphony Concert.

...celebrated violinist, Franz On... was the soloist at the eighth ...ony concert, the program of ... was as follows: Symphony No. ... E minor, Brahms; concerto for ... in D major, Beethoven; Hungar... rhapsody No. 2, Liszt. The Bee... concerto, probably the most dif... written for the violin, severely ... the abilities of any artist, and ... commendation is due Mr On... for a fine interpretation of this ... composition. The artist's tones ... pure, whether in singles or in ... the harmonies are very sweet ... clear and all difficulties in rapid ... fingering especially staccato, were deft... surmounted and smoothly executed. ... bowing, as a rule, was free from a ... quality in the forte passages and ... the cadenzas he met every require... artistically and with technical ... precision. In the second part of the ... concerto the solo elaborations of the ... theme by the united strings were de... lightfully delicate. The dance themes ... were also brilliantly played. The artist ... was greeted with tumultuous enthus... asm at the close of his performance.

The Brahms overture was admirably played by the orchestra. The many strange cross harmonies which run through this work were given with the usual weird effect, and the musical conflict at times seemed almost unearthly. Mr Paur conducted with authority, possibly accentuating the peculiarities of the overture somewhat too forcefully. The Beethoven number was the artistic success of the program, and showed the perfect team work of the members. The Liszt "Rhapsody" was given with due sonority in the first part, closing with a joyous musical revel in the Friska. The latter was specially spirited, and put the audience in thorough good humor.

The remarkable record of the Boston symphony orchestral concerts probably cannot be duplicated in the world of musical performances. Last night's concert was the 1333d by the organization and the 719th given by the orchestra in this city. Some of the famous orchestras of Europe can show many years more of existence, and the New York philharmonic society, the parent of orchestras in this country, has half a century's work to point to. But the concerts given annually by all these organizations are few in number, while the activity of the Boston organization is practically only limited by the number of days and nights in the season.

Outside of this city Cambridge heads the list with 98 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence. In no less than 45 other cities and towns in the United States has the Boston symphony orchestra given concerts, from Maine ont to Minnesota. New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Providence, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, Pittsburg, Louisville, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St Paul and Minneapolis are among the principal cities visited.

Assuming an average of four selections for each concert, the orchestra has played some 5000 or 6000 numbers. More than a thousand soloists have appeared with the orchestra, about half of them vocalists and among them pianists, violinists and cellists. The standing of the soloists appearing with this orchestra is well known. By its work in 17 states of the union the Boston symphony orchestra may, perhaps, reasonably claim to be the national orchestra.

There will be no concerts this week. The program for Dec 27 and 28 is as follows: Suite, Bach; Largo, Handel; "Turkish March," Mozart, and Beethoven's symphony No. 1. The soloist will be announced later.

French and Italian Opera.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, ETC.

The eighth Symphony concert—the 1333rd in the orchestra's full sequence—was popularly notable because it introduced to Boston the Bohemian violinist, Mr. Frank Ondricek. He is an artist who will probably be distinguished in memory more for delicacy than depth, for fancy than for force, for velocity than vehemence, for sweetness than for spirit, for elegance than for emotion. At his debut in New York he played from his countryman—Dvorak—but here in Boston he chose that chief among classics, the one concerto of Beethoven. His performance was alike beautiful and masterly within those lines of discrimination which we have just hinted. His execution was as flawless and free as it was easy and light, his bowing elastic and sweeping, his finger work of perfect distinction, his tone always smooth, persuasive and tender, and in its upper range of that aerial purity which we scarcely expect elsewhere than in harmonies. His phrasing was just and his taste refined and he shone especially in the short slow movement, and in the poising figures and rapid flights of the final allegro. In its genre, it was a performance of the first order and the player's numerous recalls were well won.

The orchestra began the concert with a fine and firm rendering of Brahms's fourth symphony, which has so much true beauty in its second movement, so much good spirit in its third and fourth, and in its first so many learnedly ugly passages than one cannot guess why the composer made them such, for they obscure and burden an exposition which might else edify and gratify. A magnificent performance of Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody, in the famous orchestration of Muller-Berghaus, ended the programme. And if even that idol of some biassed New Yorkers, Mr. Nikisch, could inspire and cause a more scintillant, buoyant, kaleidoscopic and vitalised reading, we wish he would come over and do it. But then he couldn't.

No concert this week, and for next week this programme: Bach, Suite; a, Haendel, Largo; b. Mozart, Turkish March; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1. Soloist to be announced.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Another thoroughly enjoyable concert in what is thus far proving the best of the symphony season was that given last night. The Brahms Symphony No. 4 is always well received; Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 2 will always retain its popularity, and add to this a most accomplished violinist in the person of Mr. Franz Ondricek, in the foremost of all violin concertos, Beethoven's D major, and it will easily be seen that here is a delightful programme.

Considerable interest naturally centred in Mr. Ondricek, and he has been rather extravagantly praised in the West. Much had therefore been expected of him, and it is but just to say that he almost realized the expectations of his audience. His method of execution is rather varied, but this feature would be more clearly brought out in a recital, when he would interpret the works of several composers. He has a perfect mastery of the instrument, and his technique is about all the most exacting could demand. The Beethoven concerto presents many technical difficulties, but he overcame them in the easiest possible manner. The short staccato notes fell from his instrument like rain drops, while the sweeping runs were as smooth and as easily executed as could be possible. Mr. Ondricek has perfect self-possession, a strong, sure and steady bow, and his fingers glide over the strings with remarkable smoothness and agility. He has a firm touch, and every note is brought out with great clearness. Especially pleasing was he in the larghetto movement, the beauty of which he seemed to be in sympathy with fully. The audience took very kindly to him, and he was recalled five times.

The Liszt rhapsody was given a magnificent rendering by the orchestra and was a happy ending to the programme.

There will be no concert next week, but for the week after Bach, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven will be the composers heard.

THE BALTIMOREAN.

303 East Baltimore Street.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The next Concert in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be given at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening next, December 18, it will be the 1,336th performance by this organization since its foundation, 14 years ago. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 57 cities throughout the United States, 35 of which were given in the city of Baltimore. The Boston Symphony, although but fourteen years old, can boast of having given a greater number of concerts than any other European or American organization of its kind. There have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed during its existence; over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violon cellists.

The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn. . . . . Symphony No. 18.
Bruch. . . . . Concerto for violin, No. 1.
(a) Handel. . . . . Largo
(b) Mozart. . . . . Turkish March
Tschaikowsky. . . Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

SUNDAY GLOBE-

...AY, DECEMBER 15, 18...

—On Sunday evening, Jan 5, in the Boston theater, a benefit concert will be given by the symphony orchestra, Paderewski and Campanari. Every performer offers his services, and the entire receipts will be given to the family of Mr A. Goldstein, a former member of the orchestra. The seats are now on sale at Music hall, and a large number of the regular season ticket holders to the concerts have purchased seats.

—Friday afternoon's symphony rehearsal was the 1332d concert given by the organization and the 718th concert given in Boston.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, opus 98.
Beethoven: Concerto for violin, in D major, opus 61.
(Cadenzas by Joachim.)
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.
(Scored for orchestra by Karl Muller-Berghaus.)

Mr. Franz Ondricek was the violinist.

After a Brahms symphony one is somewhat inclined to wonder which particular one of his four one likes best; and the doubting scale of one's liking is very apt to dip in favor of the one heard last. This one in E minor seems, for the nonce, well-nigh matchless. It is not conceived in the grand vein of the symphonies in C minor and F major; it has neither the vast symphonic proportions and depth of passionateness of the former, nor the heroic sweep and constant contrasts of light and shade of the latter; but in a certain exquisiteness of poetic imagination it surpasses them both. It is also somewhat more concisely written than either; here Brahms shows less than usual of the Beethovenish "unwillingness to stop," and more of the French instinct for letting well-enough alone. The great work was excellently played; we were glad to see Mr. Paur cure his former over-slow tempo in the first movement, and no longer emphasize the "non troppo" in the composer's marking to the point of entirely effacing the "Allegro."

Müller-Berghaus has surely never done more entirely fine work in the way of orchestral arranging than in his transcription of Liszt's second rhapsody; to be sure, we have not yet heard his (said-to-be) wonderful arrangement of Beethoven's C-sharp minor quartet—an attempt which seems at first thought to verge dangerously on vandalism—but this transcription of Liszt's rhapsody certainly seems to stand well at the head of all work of the sort. It throws the arrangement of the same piece by Liszt himself and Doppler well into the shade. One can hardly believe it to have been made by the same man who made the coarse and vulgar arrangement of Rubinstein's Valse-Caprice! It was admirably played, Mr. Pourtau doing absolute wonders with the clarinet cadenzas.

Mr. Franz Ondricek, the noted Bohemian violinist, made his first bow before a Boston audience with the Beethoven concerto. His performance of the great work made a somewhat mixed impression upon us. For one thing, it should be said that the concerto was by no means well accompanied, especially in the first movement. In one way Mr. Ondricek's playing gave us unfeigned pleasure: it was generally free from a certain capricious excessiveness that has marred the performance of some great violinists who have visited this city—August Wilhelmj at the head of them. Wilhelmj's playing of the Beethoven concerto (also ill accompanied, by the way) is never to be forgotten by anyone who listened to it intently; we almost wish we had never heard it, for it has, in spite of ourselves, remained in our mind as a sort of background against which we have heard all subsequent performances of the work. Unspeakably grand in power and richness of tone, dazzling in its daring brilliancy of technique, and full of contagious warmth and fire, it was yet perhaps the most wantonly perverse piece of playing we have ever heard from a great performer. It was as if Wilhelmj had searched the (Wagnerian) scriptures to his own confusion. Yet, with all this, it had that in it which made it stick fast in the memory; and, as we have said, it keeps obstinately cropping up in our mind as a sort of diabolically distorted standard by which to judge other performances of the work. It is, as the French say, an "obsession" of which we cannot rid ourselves. When we hear a violinist steer clear of Wilhelmj's sins, we instinctively count it to his credit, and cannot help looking upon this purely negative virtue as a positive one. And this negative virtue Mr. Ondricek certainly has. He has, moreover, a fine, if not very large, tone; great, if somewhat superficial, brilliancy of technique; and considerable warmth of feeling; conspicuous personal magnetism and charm he also has. Yet we could not feel that he showed a totality of conception at all commensurate with the grandeur of the composition; if he seldom displeased or shocked us, he did not really carry us away. His playing was too often of the sort that goes in at one ear and out at the other; leaving no distinct impress upon the memory. Only now and then, in his playing of slow cantilena, did he show what we—with our present limited means of judging—are inclined to think his real Achilles heel; in such passages he seems to aim at emotional expressiveness too exclusively through beauty of tone and poignancy of accent, without taking into account the organic musical structure of the phrase he is playing. His phrasing is often downright bad, of the merely salon-sentimental sort—like Vladimir de Pachmann's, when the great pianist is at his worst (a vastly different thing from De Pachmann's phrasing at its best). Upon the whole, we liked Mr. Ondricek's playing of the slow movement (barring the cantabile passages) best. But there could be no doubt of the impression he produced upon the audience—and this is always worth considering—that was distinctly fine and vital; he was applauded to the echo.

The next programme is: Bach, suite in D minor; Haydn, symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8); Handel, Largo from "Serse" (transcribed by Hellmesberger); Mozart, Turkish March from the A major sonata (transcribed by Herbeck); Beethoven, symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21.

The rehearsal and concert come on Dec. 27 and 28 respectively; there will be no rehearsal and concert this week.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1895.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING ESSAYS THE SAINT-SAENS' PIANO CONCERTO IN BOSTON.

This artist appeared at the Seventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, and with what success, can be gleaned from the following critique in the "Gazette": The soloist was a most pleasant surprise; he came here unheralded and yet his work proved that he was a pianist of the very finest calibre. He is amply provided for in the way of technique; he conquers difficulties with the ease and grace of an approved master. His playing is clean, clear, and the workmanship is of the finest quality; it is strong, virile playing, without a trace of affected prettiness or morbid sentimentality. Nothing could have been more light and dainty and thoroughly artistic than the interpretation of the second movement of the concerto, or more brilliant or dashing than the Presto. Throughout the playing he carried the stamp of high artistic sincerity, and demonstrated that he is an artist, that is, an interpreter as well as a player, and all his work is marked with largeness of style, beauty of finish, and perfection of technique. Mr. Sieveking was received with the greatest enthusiasm and was recalled five times; an honor won by his merits alone, and these merits place him in the very first rank. If all his work is as fine as the first specimen given, he may have one or two equals, but no superiors.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15, 1895.

Eighth Symphony Concert.

The celebrated violinist, Franz Ondricek, was the soloist at the eighth Symphony concert, the program of which was as follows: Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Brahms; concerto for violin in D major, Beethoven; Hungarian rhapsody No. 2, Liszt. The Beethoven concerto, probably the most difficult written for the violin, severely taxes the abilities of any artist, and general commendation is due Mr Ondricek for a fine interpretation of this complex composition. The artist's tones are pure, whether in singles or in chords, the harmonies are very sweet and clear and all difficulties in rapid fingering especially staccato, were deftly surmounted and smoothly executed. His bowing, as a rule, was free from a harsh quality in the forte passages and in the cadenzas he met every requirement artistically and with technical precision. In the second part of the concerto the solo elaborations of the theme by the united strings were delightfully delicate. The dance themes were also brilliantly played. The artist was greeted with tumultuous enthusiasm at the close of his performance.

The Brahms overture was admirably played by the orchestra. The many strange cross harmonies which run through this work were given with the usual weird effect, and the musical conflict at times seemed almost unearthly. Mr Paur conducted with authority, possibly accentuating the peculiarities of the overture somewhat too forcefully. The Beethoven number was the artistic success of the program, and showed the perfect team work of the members. The Liszt "Rhapsody" was given with due sonority in the first part, closing with a joyous musical revel in the Friska. The latter was specially spirited, and put the audience in thorough good humor.

The remarkable record of the Boston symphony orchestral concerts probably cannot be duplicated in the world of musical performances. Last night's concert was the 1333d by the organization and the 719th given by the orchestra in this city. Some of the famous orchestras of Europe can show many years more of existence, and the New York philharmonic society, the parent of orchestras in this country, has half a century's work to point to. But the concerts given annually by all these organizations are few in number, while the activity of the Boston organization is practically only limited by the number of days and nights in the season.

Outside of this city Cambridge heads the list with 98 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence. In no less than 45 other cities and towns in the United States has the Boston symphony orchestra given concerts, from Maine ont to Minnesota. New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Providence, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, Pittsburg, Louisville, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St Paul and Minneapolis are among the principal cities visited.

Assuming an average of four selections for each concert, the orchestra has played some 5000 or 6000 numbers. More than a thousand soloists have appeared with the orchestra, about half of them vocalists and among them pianists, violinists and cellists The standing of the soloists appearing with this orchestra is well known. By its work in 17 states of the union the Boston symphony orchestra may, perhaps, reasonably claim to be the national orchestra.

There will be no concerts this week. The program for Dec 27 and 28 is as follows: Suite, Bach; Largo, Handel; "Turkish March," Mozart, and Beethoven's symphony No. 1. The soloist will be announced later.

French and Italian Opera.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, ETC.

The eighth Symphony concert—the 1333rd in the orchestra's full sequence—was popularly notable because it introduced to Boston the Bohemian violinist, Mr. Frank Ondricek. He is an artist who will probably be distinguished in memory more for delicacy than depth, for fancy than for force, for velocity than vehemence, for sweetness than for spirit, for elegance than for emotion. At his debut in New York he played from his countryman—Dvorak—but here in Boston he chose that chief among classics, the one concerto of Beethoven. His performance was alike beautiful and masterly within those lines of discrimination which we have just hinted. His execution was as flawless and free as it was easy and light, his bowing elastic and sweeping, his finger work of perfect distinction, his tone always smooth, persuasive and tender, and in its upper range of that aerial purity which we scarcely expect elsewhere than in harmonies. His phrasing was just and his taste refined and he shone especiall in the short slow movement, and in the poising figures and rapid flights of the final allegro. In its genre, it was a performance of the first order and the player's numerous recalls were well won.

The orchestra began the concert with a fine and firm rendering of Brahms's fourth symphony, which has so much true beauty in its second movement, so much good spirit in its third and fourth, and in its first so many learnedly ugly passages than one cannot guess why the composer made them such, for they obscure and burden an exposition which might else edify and gratify. A magnificent performance of Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody, in the famous orchestration of Muller-Berghans, ended the programme. And if even that idol of some biassed New Yorkers, Mr. Nikisch, could inspire and cause a more scintillant, buoyant, kaleidoscopic and vitalized reading, we wish he would come over and do it. But then he couldn't.

No concert this week, and for next week this programme: Bach, Suite; a. Haendel, Largo; b. Mozart, Turkish March; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1. Soloist to be announced.

BOSTON POST.

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Another thoroughly enjoyable concert in what is thus far proving the best of the Symphony season was that given last night. The Brahms Symphony No. 4 is always well received; Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 2 will always retain its popularity, and add to this a most accomplished violinist in the person of Mr. Franz Ondricek, in the foremost of all violin concertos, Beethoven's D major, and it will easily be seen that here is a delightful programme.

Considerable interest natuarlly centred in Mr. Ondricek, and he has been rather extravagantly praised in the West. Much had therefore been expected of him, and it is but just to say that he almost realized the expectations of his audience. His method of execution is rather varied, but this feature would be more clearly brought out in a recital, when he would interpret the works of several composers. He has a perfect mastery of the instrument, and his technique is about all the most exacting could demand. The Beethoven concerto presents many technical difficulties, but he overcame them in the easiest possible manner. The short staccato notes fell from his instrument like rain drops, while the sweeping runs were as smooth and as easily executed as could be possible. Mr. Ondricek has perfect possession, a strong, sure and steady bow, and his fingers glide over the strings with remarkable smoothness and agility. He has a firm touch, and every note is brought out with great clearness. Especially pleasing was he in the larghetto movement, the beauty of which he seemed to be in sympathy with fully. The audience took very kindly to him, and he was recalled five times.

The Liszt rhapsody was given a magnificent rendering by the orchestra and was a happy ending to the programme.

There will be no concert next week, but for the week after Bach, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven will be the composers heard.

THE BALTIMOREAN.

302 East Baltimore Street.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The next Concert in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be given at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening next, December 18, it will be the 1,386th performance by this organization since its foundation, 14 years ago. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 57 cities throughout the United States, 85 of which were given in the city of Baltimore. The Boston Symphony, although but fourteen years old, can boast of having given a greater number of concerts than any other European or American organization of its kind. There have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed during its existence; over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violon cellists.

The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn. . . . . Symphony No. 18.
Bruch. . . . . Concerto for violin, No. 1.
(a) Handel. . . . . Largo
(b) Mozart. . . . . Turkish March
Tschaikowsky. . . Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

SUNDAY GLOBE-

AY, DECEMBER 15, 18

——On Sunday evening, Jan 5, in the Boston theater, a benefit concert will be given by the symphony orchestra, Paderewski and Campanari. Every performer offers his services, and the entire receipts will be given to the family of Mr A. Goldstein, a former member of the orchestra. The seats are now on sale at Music hall, and a large number of the regular season ticket holders to the concerts have purchased seats.

——Friday afternoon's symphony rehearsal was the 1332d concert given by the organization and the 718th concert given in Boston.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, opus 98.
Beethoven: Concerto for violin, in D major, opus 61.
(Cadenzas by Joachim.)
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.
(Scored for orchestra by Karl Muller-Berghaus.)
Mr. Franz Ondricek was the violinist.

After a Brahms symphony one is somewhat inclined to wonder which particular one of his four one likes best; and the doubting scale of one's liking is very apt to dip in favor of the one heard last. This one in E minor seems, for the nonce, well-nigh matchless. It is not conceived in the grand vein of the symphonies in C minor and F major; it has neither the vast symphonic proportions and depth of passionateness of the former, nor the heroic sweep and constant contrasts of light and shade of the latter; but in a certain exquisiteness of poetic imagination it surpasses them both. It is also somewhat more concisely written than either; here Brahms shows less than usual of the Beethovenish "unwillingness to stop," and more of the French instinct for letting well-enough alone. The great work was excellently played; we were glad to see Mr. Paur cure his former over-slow tempo in the first movement, and no longer emphasize the "non troppo" in the composer's marking to the point of entirely effacing the "Allegro."

Müller-Berghaus has surely never done more entirely fine work in the way of orchestral arranging than in his transcription of Liszt's second rhapsody; to be sure, we have not yet heard his (said-to-be) wonderful arrangement of Beethoven's C-sharp minor quartet—an attempt which seems at first thought to verge dangerously on vandalism—but this transcription of Liszt's rhapsody certainly seems to stand well at the head of all work of the sort. It throws the arrangement of the same piece by Liszt himself and Doppler well into the shade. One can hardly believe it to have been made by the same man who made the coarse and vulgar arrangement of Rubinstein's Valse-Caprice! It was admirably played, Mr. Pourtau doing absolute wonders with the clarinet cadenzas.

Mr. Franz Ondricek, the noted Bohemian violinist, made his first bow before a Boston audience with the Beethoven concerto. His performance of the great work made a somewhat mixed impression upon us. For one thing, it should be said that the concerto was by no means well accompanied, especially in the first movement. In one way Mr. Ondricek's playing gave us unfeigned pleasure: it was generally free from a certain capricious excessiveness that has marred the performance of some great violinists who have visited this city—August Wilhelmj at the head of them. Wilhelmj's playing of the Beethoven concerto (also ill accompanied, by the way) is never to be forgotten by anyone who listened to it intently; we almost wish we had never heard it, for it has, in spite of ourselves, remained in our mind as a sort of background against which we have heard all subsequent performances of the work. Unspeakably grand in power and richness of tone, dazzling in its daring brilliancy of technique, and full of contagious warmth and fire, it was yet perhaps the most wantonly perverse piece of playing we have ever heard from a great performer. It was as if Wilhelmj had searched the (Wagnerian) scriptures to his own confusion. Yet, with all this, it had that in it which made it stick fast in the memory; and, as we have said, it keeps obstinately cropping up in our mind as a sort of diabolically distorted standard by which to judge other performances of the work. It is, as the French say, an "obsession" of which we cannot rid ourselves. When we hear a violinist steer clear of Wilhelmj's sins, we instinctively count it to his credit, and cannot help looking upon this purely negative virtue as a positive one. And this negative virtue Mr. Ondricek certainly has. He has, moreover, a fine, if not very large, tone; great, if somewhat superficial, brilliancy of technique; and considerable warmth of feeling; conspicuous personal magnetism and charm he also has. Yet we could not feel that he showed a totality of conception at all commensurate with the grandeur of the composition; if he seldom displeased or shocked us, he did not really carry us away. His playing was too often of the sort that goes in at one ear and out at the other; leaving no distinct impress upon the memory. Only now and then, in his playing of slow cantilena, did he show what we—with our present limited means of judging—are inclined to think his real Achilles heel; in such passages he seems to aim at emotional expressiveness too exclusively through beauty of tone and poignancy of accent, without taking into account the organic musical structure of the phrase he is playing. His phrasing is often downright bad, of the merely salon-sentimental sort—like Vladimir de Pachmann's, when the great pianist is at his worst (a vastly different thing from De Pachmann's phrasing at its best). Upon the whole, we liked Mr. Ondricek's play- of the slow movement (barring the cantabile passages) best. But there could be no doubt of the impression he produced upon the audience—and this is always worth considering—that was distinctly fine and vital; he was applauded to the echo.

The next programme is: Bach, suite in D minor; Haydn, symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8); Handel, Largo from "Serse" (transcribed by Hellmesberger); Mozart, Turkish March from the A major sonata (transcribed by Herbeck); Beethoven, symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21.

The rehearsal and concert come on Dec. 27 and 28 respectively; there will be no rehearsal and concert this week.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1895.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING ESSAYS THE SAINT-SAENS' PIANO CONCERTO IN BOSTON.

This artist appeared at the Seventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, and with what success, can be gleaned from the following critique in the "Gazette": The soloist was a most pleasant surprise; he came here unheralded and yet his work proved that he was a pianist of the very finest calibre. He is amply provided for in the way of technique; he conquers difficulties with the ease and grace of an approved master. His playing is clean, clear, and the workmanship is of the finest quality; it is strong, virile playing, without a trace of affected prettiness or morbid sentimentality. Nothing could have been more light and dainty and thoroughly artistic than the interpretation of the second movement of the concerto, or more brilliant or dashing than the Presto. Throughout the playing he carried the stamp of high artistic sincerity, and demonstrated that he is an artist, that is, an interpreter as well as a player, and all his work is marked with largeness of style, beauty of finish, and perfection of technique. Mr. Sieveking was received with the greatest enthusiasm and was recalled five times; an honor won by his merits alone, and these merits place him in the very first rank. If all his work is as fine as the first specimen given, he may have one or two equals, but no superiors.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
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MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 16, 1895.

Programme of Interest and Variety at Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday, (the 719th performance of the orchestra in Boston), presented a programme of much interest and of varied style; there was a Brahms symphony for a modern classic, the Beethoven violin concerto, and a Liszt Rapsody for spice.

Brahms' fourth symphony received a really great performance; with an orchestra that has vanquished every tecnical difficulty and a conductor who thoroughly maintains its discipline, and has, besides, the keenest analytical gifts, such a result was but natural, but it was none the less a delightful surprise to find Brahms, the abstruse, Brahms, the incomprehensible, clarifying under the process of intelligent interpretation. Brahms, of course, demands something from the auditor; it requires some degree of mental effort to disentangle the skein of thoughts that he presents, but, once unravelled, one finds symmetry. design, and beauty in almost all of his work. This symphony, in E minor, begins with a conservative scoring, and in its first two movements presents only the regular instruments of the classical orchestra. The modern tendency against repetitions is frequently shown in Brahms, and in this work the themes do not repeat before development. The relation of the themes to each other is rather vague, and the continuous development, even from the first phrase, is apt to puzzle many a non-musician.

The second movement is possibly the most beautiful single movement to be found in any of Brahms' symphonies. In its use of old modes the composer seems to accentuate the fact that his road leads towards the ancient intellectuality in music, (this extreme intellectuality was well analyzed in the programme-book), although he differs so essentially in construction and expression from the old contrapuntists. In the persistent reiteration of the opening figure of this movement one cannot fail to be reminded of the recurring figure (also one of dreamy melancholy), of the slow movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony, and the same brooding character is in the two movements. Waldau's verse might well be the motto of this weirdly attractive Andante:—

There floats in the air an old, old tune,
Not cry of grief nor shout of glee,
Yet sadly-sweet, the ancient rune,
As if it both might be.

The horns and clarinets played exquisitely in this movement, and the balance of all the parts was something to awaken enthusiasm.

In the two last movements Brahms becomes heavier in his scoring, and one finds almost all the most modern paraphernalia from the Allegro Giocoso to the end. Yet, if one must strike a balance, the strength of the symphony lies chiefly in its first two movements. Joviality never seems to sit easily upon Brahms, and he gives us brusque effects instead of playfulness. But this brusquerie was given with such virility, the unison passages went with such a broad sweep, that the movement never seemed to say so much before.

In the finale one finds the devout follower of Beethoven. Just as the great symphonist took a simple conjunct theme in his ninth symphony and made ingenious variations upon it, the modern classicist takes a Passacaglia of eight measures and evolves an endless variety of thoughts from its simple scale-construction. It must be confessed that it is music for the mind rather than for the emotions. The Passacaglia was a stately dance of the old Spanish court, and probably its name did not come from the Spanish ("Pasar" and "Calle"—which would mean "moving along the streets") but from the Italian ("Passo Gallo"—"the Rooster-step") which much better explains its stately, or rather bombastic, character. Even in the scoring Brahms follows Beethoven in some degree, for the contra-bassoon is not used in any obligato but merely doubles the contrabasses, or forms a bass to the woodwind, and trombones and other instruments suggest the finale of the ninth symphony, although the use of a third kettledrum in something that Beethoven did not venture upon. It was a hopeful sign that the public seem to enjoy this symphony and that it received a generous amount of applause.

Boston in the past has had a superabundance of great pianists, but now that one pianist has temporarily secured a monopoly of the art-market we seem to be turning to a number of violinists, and Europe has given us small change for Isaye and Thomson in Marsick, Rivarde, Nndriczek, and others. The violinist made his debut in Beethoven's violin concerto. He made a most favorable impression, although it is possible that he will gain rather than lose by subsequent hearings in other schools. He has not the breadth of Isaye, and in the deeper passages one misses something of the massive power which Beethoven calls for in G string work. But the flawless tone, always absolutely pure in intonation, the brilliant and incisive quality of the passages in high position, the clear harmonics, the masterly double-stopping, all justified the enthusiasm which the artist evoked. His cadenza in the first movement was especially great in double-stopping and was played with seeming ease. Only in those four great accented notes which form the undertone of the whole movement, and which also formed the substratum of the cadenza, one could have asked for more power. He gave the first movement in a somewhat free tempo which made the orchestral support somewhat difficult, but it is to the credit of Mr. Paur that the ensemble was never disturbed. Mr. Ondriczek played the larghetto with absolute beauty and the finale was also all that could be desired. This concerto has the artistic fault that gives all its noblest ideas to the first movement and consequently the [illegible] subsequent move-

ments come in the nature of an anti-climax. There are but four standard masterpieces in this form of composition,—this Beethoven work, the Brahms concerto, the Mendelssohn concerto, and Bruch's violin concerto in G minor; one would wish to hear the artist in one of the last two, for he seems especially gifted in brilliancy and delicacy of performance, both of which are largely called upon in these two works. Mr. Ondriczek is a master of shading and of expression.

Beethoven's concerto for the violin is probably the severest test that any violinist can undertake, for the composer's orchestral mind constantly went beyond his vehicle of expression, and while he does not pile up points of virtuosity in the Paganini manner, he sometimes gives orchestral thoughts to the solo instrument which demand a gigantic power which cannot always be evoked from it. All of Beethoven's concertos, after the C minor piano concerto, are in some degree symphonies, the effect made is generally an orchestral one, and the soloist can scarcely expect the same result for himself that would follow a less homogeneous composition.

Those four accents which give the composition such a rugged power appear in music in many different works; of course they suggest "destiny knocking at the door" in the fifth symphony, but one may also find a very marked appropriation of these poundings in Schubert's great symphony in C major. It is said that Beethoven, always sensitive to rhythmic effects, took the idea from a drunken man pounding on a street-door in Vienna.

It may be interesting to produce here the lines which first announced this concerto in Leipzig, in January, 1807; the correspondent of the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" writes as follows:—

"Those who reverence the Beethoven muse will be interested to hear that this composer has recently completed a violin concerto,—so far as I know, his first,—which the violin-player Klement, greatly admired here, gave recently in a benefit concert with his usual elegance and delicacy"!!

The concert ended with a fiery performance of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, arranged for the orchestra by Mueller-Berghaus. This arrangement seems better than the one made by Liszt himself, together with Doppler. Both composers took the work out of its original piano key when scoring it for orchestra (for in orchestral work compositions in many sharps or flats are exceedingly difficult for the wind-instruments, especially the wood-wind), but Liszt put it up a semitone from the original key, gaining brightness by the proceeding, while Mueller-Berghaus lowered it a semitone. Spite of this, however, the latter made the better work. If we are not mistaken this was No. 12 in the original numeration of the Rhapsodies, and the other arrangement was played less than a year ago in these concerts; yet the family resemblance among these rhapsodies is so strong that one might readily mistake one for another. There are some especially exciting points about this score and it was played with all possible orchestral virtuosity. Among the various points of excellence one must single out for especial praise the glorious cadenza work of M. Pourtau, the clarinettist, and the brilliant fortissimo passage, with its soft echo, played by Mr. Schuecker, the harpist. The chromatic work given by full orchestra was something phenomenal; yet when one bears in mind that our orchestra has now given 1333 concerts, and has probably had over 4000 rehearsals, that the material has remained practically unchanged for many years past, that the organization is headed by a man who does not allow the routine work to become lax, one expects great things and can understand why the orchestral concerts of Boston are probably now the foremost of the world.

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Louis C. Elson.

[60]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

Nor does the eighth Symphony concert (December 14) call for extended comment. This was the program:

Symphony, No. 4, E minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, D major.....Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.....Liszt
(Scored by Müller-Berghaus.)

The technical performance of the orchestra was worthy of loudest praise. The reading by Mr. Paur of the symphony was unimaginative. Too often there was heaviness instead of lightness, and rigidity instead of elasticity. The rhapsody by Liszt has been played here with more dazzling brilliancy and keener rhythmic incisiveness. Wonderful and long to be remembered was the artistry of Mr. Pourtau, the first clarinet, in both symphony and rhapsody.

Mr. Ondricek made his début here in a concerto which apparently did not place in clearest light the characteristics that have given him as violinist an enviable reputation in Europe. To be sure, he has played the concerto of Beethoven many times. They say he played it when he took the first prize at the Prague Conservatory. He often chose it in his wandering concert life on the Continent. I heard him play it in Berlin February 11, 1884, at a Philharmonic concert led by Dr. Wüllner, and he then showed a solidity and a control over rhythm that were missed last evening. Perhaps he has since tired of it; or a virtuoso's life has perhaps made him chiefly desirous of tone and reckless brilliancy. There were many hints last evening of genuine temperament; but I cannot say that he moved me for a moment, although I remembered him with pleasure.

A more phlegmatic player might have given greater satisfaction in this concerto, much of which—especially in the rondo—is a good deal of a bore. As Mr. Ondricek will in all probability give a recital in Boston, let us defer further criticism until his next appearance. Suffice it now to say that his tone last evening was not always scrupulously pure, that his rhythm was at times unnecessarily and ineffectively unsteady; and the occasional coarseness, say rather exaggerated vigor, was out of place in this particular work. On the other hand, there were many admirable features in his performance, and the audience was so pleased that it recalled him three or four times.

The program for the 28th—there will be no Symphony concert this week—will be as follows: A suite of Bach; Händel's Largo and Mozart's Turkish March; Beethoven's First Symphony. The soloist's name is not yet announced. What in the world was Mr. Paur thinking of when he made out such a program! Is this what is apologetically described as an "educational concert"?

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

American 12/14/95

Boston Symphony's Second Concert of the Season.

The second concert in Baltimore by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given next Wednesday evening at Music Hall. These concerts have become leading features of the Baltimore musical season, and are attended each year by an ever-widening circle of music-lovers. The individual excellence of the musicians and the carefulness of preparation that characterizes all its performers have established a very high standard for its concerts, and have made the Boston Symphony Orchestra a welcome visitor to Baltimore. Mr. Franz Ondricek, the violin virtuoso, who has been well received in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia will be the soloist in Wednesday's concert, and the following program has been arranged:

Haydn.....Symphony in G major, No. 13
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin, No. 1
(a.) Handel.....Largo
(b.) Mozart.....Turkish March
Tschaikowsky Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Miss Martha Barry, of St. Ann's choir, was the soloist at the Cathedral Sodality services on last Friday evening. Her selection, which was most beautifully rendered, was Cherubini's "Ave Maria."

The Kreisel Quartet, with Harold Randolph as pianist, will render a splendid program at Music Hall next Thursday afternoon.

EVENING TELEGRAPH—PHILADELPHIA.
DECEMBER 14, 1895.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Philadelphia Academy of Music next Monday evening will be the 1335th performance of this organization since its founding, fourteen years ago. This remarkable total establishes a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and the New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances of the orchestra have been given in Boston and 615 in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, and Philadelphia comes next with forty-nine concerts. Assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists, and violoncellists. The programme of Monday evening includes Haydn's Symphony in G Major, No. 13; the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss' *Guntram*, and Tschaikowsky's *Francesca da Rimini* fantasia. The soloist will be Mr. Franz Kneisel, who will play Viotti's concerto for the violin in A minor.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.—SUNDAY,
DECEMBER 15, 1

The Boston Symphony's Matinees.

The second of the popular matinees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is announced for next Saturday afternoon, December 21, with a very attractive programme, opening with the ever popular overture, "William Tell." The solo performers are Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano; Mr. Franz Ondricek, the eminent violin virtuoso, and in addition to these a solo part for Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the first 'cello of the orchestra, in the serenade for string orchestra by Volkmann. Mr. Ondricek will play the concerto for violin by Bruch. The orchestral selections, in addition to the "William Tell" overture, will be the largo of Haendel, the Turkish march of Mozart and the well-known Hungarian rhapsody of Lizst. For a second selection Mr. Ondricek will play the famous "Witches' Dances" of Paganini, with piano accompaniment. The Lizst rhapsody No. 2 closes the concert.

To-morrow evening at the Academy of Music its second concert of the season will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The fine programme will be made up of Haydn's symphony in G major, and for the first time at these concerts the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss' "Guntram" and Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia. The soloist on the occasion is Franz Kneisel, who will play Viotti's concerto for the violin in A minor.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.—SUNDAY,
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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme announced for the next concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening contains out of the four numbers to be performed two novelties—the Preludes to Acts I and II of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, and the orchestral fantasia based upon the story of Francesca da Rimini, by the Russian composer, Tschaikowsky. The other two numbers are the concerto for violin, by Viotti and the Symphony No 13 of Haydn. Both Viotti and Haydn belonged to the last century, so that the programme is evenly divided between the old masters and modern composers.

"Guntram" is the name of a knight who belonged to an order known as "The Fighters for Love," who struggled, not with the sword, but with word and song, and the preludes are from an opera in three acts written by Richard Strauss and first produced at the Musicians' Festival, at Weimar, in 1894, and first given at the Royal Court Opera, in Munich, last April.

The symphony, like most of Haydn's compositions, is of the tuneful, bright order, and by no means the classical monster so often feared by the average concert-goer. In fact, one of the most serious handicaps in the presentation of what is commonly termed "classical music" is the very slight knowledge conveyed to the average concert-goer by the titles of the selections to be performed. The violin concerto, by Viotti, for illustration, to be played by Mr. Kneisel, is one of the most beautiful, tuneful and enjoyable compositions ever written for the violin. It is full of fascinating melodies and has none of the technical difficulties with which modern compositions are too often apt to bristle.

This concert will also be notable as the thirteen hundred and thirty-fourth performance of this now celebrated organization since its foundation fourteen years ago. Some of the older European orchestras can show many more years of existence, and the New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can boast of its rising fifty years; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list with its grand total.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER—TUESDAY
DECEMBER 17, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A Classical Performance at the Academy of Music Last Night.

The second of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Academy of Music last night, when there were presented the preludes to Acts I and II of Guntram, Richard Strauss; a concerto for violin by Viotti with cadenza by Mr. Kneisel; Haydn's symphony in G major and Tchaikowsky's fantasia, "Francesca di Rimini."

"Gunthram" has for its subject a company of old time singers, who agreed to fight for Brotherly Love, through the power of song. In the prelude to Act I the theme is worked out in a solemn manner, the strings having the chief work to do. It was delicately rendered by the orchestra, and was in strong contrast to the second prelude, the festival of victory, which was music that was light and joyous, but which sounded more like a bacchanalian march than that which would be given by a company of "pious singers."

The concerto by Viotti is an excellent example of his work. In Mr. Kneisel's hands the beautiful adagio movement was given a rich setting. He is never conscious of his audience, he feels truly what the music means; he has breadth of style, and a clear penetrating tone, and he plays with true intonation. All music-lovers know the Haydn symphony. Nothing could have been more charming than the orchestral rendering of the minuetto movement. Above all composers Haydn was spontaneous, and the players seemed to have caught his spirit, imparting to the movement a rich and delicious swing and rhythm. The Tschaikowsky fantasia is a wildly wierd composition, employing the full strength of the orchestra, the bassos and woodwinds being largely called upon. It abounds in strange harmonies and difficult technical effects, which were pictured with the greatest ease by the players, but it is disappointing, and in various ways strongly recalls Wagner's "Midnight Ride of the Valkyries."

The Academy of Music was crowded with a most enthusiastic audience.

[illegible]
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Second Concert of This Season's Series of Five—The Saturday Programme.

Conductor Paur certainly deserves the palm for mixing his palette with contrasting tones. Last night, metaphorically speaking, after leading us up to the gates of heaven with the Guntram music of Strauss—a rather theatrical heaven of the Parsifal type—we were given a peep by means of the Haydn lays at the practicing of a presumably heavenly choir, only to be hurried to the second circle of hell, as interpreted by Tschaikowsky, and left there after being buffeted by rushing winds and general Walpurgis night blasts. So the programme of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was arranged, and with strong effect, too, save that the Tschaikowsky was a trifle too fantastic, not to say tedious, for even the most inveterate ten years' attendant on the concerts might object to too much of the second circle of Hades, though it be the mis-en-scene of a Florentine poet onomatopoetically treated by a modern Slav.

But aside from Tschaikowsky—and he is to be heard—the programme was thoroughly satisfying. That Mr. Kneisel was the soloist, naturally made it so for many, especially as the concerts chosen—Viotti's in A minor—was such a flawless gem. It was not alone Mr. Kneisel, however, the especially striking morceaux being the largo Haydn's symphony in G major, and the prelude to act 1 from Richard Strauss' "Guntram." The Guntram music was given for the first time here and proved a delightful surprise. The prelude to act 1 was especially rich in fine harmonies, most mystical, and reflected in its strains the idea that is basis of the work, a sort of earthly choir of singers who would externalize the power of the cross in song. It is meant to have a suggestion of holiness and elevation, after the Parsifal method, and so it was that heaven opened the concert. The second prelude was a dance and festival measure, and of the earth earthy, in vivid contrast to the rich effects of the first prelude. It was short and to the point, and went off with a rush.

The second number, the Viotti concert, was a lovely thing as a whole, but the adagio was especially exquisite and delicious. Mr. Kneisel played the opening movement with its florid passages most effectively, and his closing cadenza was Melba-like in its purity of tone and flexibility. Then came the adagio and the closing movement with its agitation and final scurry. Mr. Kneisel's work is always taking, but he seemed to be in particularly fine form last evening in a composition suited to his temperament and technique.

The Haydn symphony is a jolly and lively one, with contrasted phrases, and an especially fine largo which might well be termed quasi religioso as the well known theme, and an impressive one it is, has become one of the solid ornaments of hymnology and was doubtless familiar to most of those present. The largo and the finale, a lively allegro, are its strong features, and Mr. Paur brought out all the beauty there was in the composition. After the symphony came the Tschaikowsky Francesca da Rimini fantasie. This is supposed to describe the meeting of Dante and Francesco and Paolo, and it does that and a good deal more. It was heard for the first time, but is not likely to become a prime favorite.

On Saturday afternoon at 2.30 Mr. Paur will give the second popular concert, and Philadelphia, which unfortunately was denied the pleasure of hearing Rivarde, will hear Ondricek, who is equally well spoken of. The programme is as follows: Rossini, overture, "William Tell;" selection, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson; Volkman, serenade for string orchestra; solo violoncello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder; Bruch, concerto for violin, No. 1, Mr. Franz Ondricek; Haendel, largo; Mozart, Turkish march, from "Ruins of Athens;" songs with piano, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson; Paganini, Witches' Dances, Mr. Franz Ondricek; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.
DECEMBER 17, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Large Audience Hears Paur's Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music was very well attended last night. The programme was one of great attraction. There were only four numbers, but all were notable. The first consisting of the preludes to acts one and two of Richard Strauss' "Guntram," heard for the first time in Philadelphia, was interesting as being a higher operatic flight than is commonly associated with the name of Strauss; both proved excellent examples of the modern unconstrained method of the younger composers, and while somewhat lacking in the symbolic imagination at which they aimed, were yet fairly strong in effect. The second number, a Viotti concerto for the violin, with Mr. Kneisel for the soloist, was a thing of beauty indeed and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The third, the Haydn symphony in G major was given by Mr. Paur in a real masterly manner, with the greatest dignity and justice, and with all the quiet sympathy that this conductor always feels, but which is not always most expressive when applied to other composers. The programme closed with Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, played for the first time at these concerts, and one of the most advanced of modern picturesque fantasias. The subject is indeed one which lends itself singularly well to musical picture drawing, and Tschaikowsky has taken advantage of his opportunities. The storm of purgatory and the flight of the unhappy lovers are suggested with strength and wild imagination. Mr. Paur has added to the repertory of his orchestra a selection which will be often redemanded.

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THE EVENING NEWS.

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TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

FRANZ ONDRICEK TO BE THE VIOLIN SOLOIST.

The Orchestra Arrives in Town Today and Will Go Over to Washington Tonight, Returning for the Performance at Music Hall Tomorrow Night—Salvini at Ford's—Gladys Wallis at Harris' Academy of Music.

Franz Ondricek of Bohemia, violinist, will be the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's December concert tomorrow evening. It will be the 1336th concert of that organization since it began business in 1881.

The following is the programme:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13.
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin No. 1.
(a) Handel.....Largo.
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Ondricek was born in Prague, where his father was a musician, and while quite young he was compelled to assist his father to earn a living for the family. In his 7th year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos. In his 14th year he was admitted to the Conservatory. After three years he received the first prize for his mature rendition of the Beethoven concerto.

Purity of intonation, warm and sympathetic interpretation, individuality of conception, verve and temperament are the salient qualities of Ondricek's playing.

The company arrived here this morning. It will give a concert in Washington tonight.

The Four Conductors.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Paur. He is the fourth conductor the Symphony Orchestra has had. George Henschel was the first. He served three years, and went back to London. Gericke was the next. After five years of striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither himself nor the orchestra, he returned to Vienna.

Nikisch came next—Nikisch, the poetic, the romantic, the graceful Hungarian. He had been the leader of the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control.

When Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to go to Boston he was followed by the same man who succeeded him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before. Mr. Paur is cast in a different mold from any of his predecessors, for his enthusiasm manifests itself in a most pronounced fashion whenever he takes the baton in his hand. He is broad in his tastes, appreciative and intelligent in his reading, and a thorough musician.

PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILADELPHIA,
[illegible]ING, DECEMBER 17,

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening drew a very large and appreciative audience. The programme led off with the preludes to Acts I and II of Richard Strauss's "Guntram," for the first time at these concerts. The opera was originally produced at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894. The first prelude is in a pastoral strain, while the second is typical of a festival of victory and has many marks of merit. The music, while of an advanced order, is not the merely intricate noise which too many *fin de siècle* compositions are, in the opinion of many who do not consider themselves wanting in musical culture. Viotti's concerto for violin, in A minor, followed, with Mr. Kneisel as soloist. His delightful work was beautifully rendered, and Mr. Kneisel was warmly applauded for his admirable execution. The feast of the evening was Haydn's Symphony in G major, which was given as only Mr. Paur's artists can give it—on this side of the water, at least. The lovely melodies were interpreted with an accuracy and a sympathy that were in fine keeping with the reputation of the orchestra, and furnished new laurels for the accomplished leader. Tschaikowsky's fantasie, "Francesca da Rimini," a weird portrayal of a passage from Dante's "Inferno," concluded the evening's bill.

The second of the orchestra's popular matinées is announced for next Saturday afternoon, December 21, when the orchestra will play the "William Tell" overture of Rossini; the "Serenade," for string orchestra, by Volkmann, with a solo part for Alwin Schroeder, the first 'cello of the orchestra; the "Largo" of Handel, the "Turkish March" of Mozart and the "Hungarian Rhapsody" of Liszt. The soloists will be Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson, a soprano from Chicago, who makes her debut in Philadelphia, and Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who plays the No. 1 Concerto of Bruch and the "Witches' Dances" of Paganini.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

Nor does the eighth Symphony concert (December 14) call for extended comment. This was the program:

Symphony, No. 4, E minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, D major.....Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.....Liszt
(Scored by Müller-Berghaus.)

The technical performance of the orchestra was worthy of loudest praise. The reading by Mr. Paur of the symphony was unimaginative. Too often there was heaviness instead of lightness, and rigidity instead of elasticity. The rhapsody by Liszt has been played here with more dazzling brilliancy and keener rhythmic incisiveness. Wonderful and long to be remembered was the artistry of Mr. Pourtau, the first clarinet, in both symphony and rhapsody.

Mr. Ondricek made his début here in a concerto which apparently did not place in clearest light the characteristics that have given him as violinist an enviable reputation in Europe. To be sure, he has played the concerto of Beethoven many times. They say he played it when he took the first prize at the Prague Conservatory. He often chose it in his wandering concert life on the Continent. I heard him play it in Berlin February 11, 1884, at a Philharmonic concert led by Dr. Wüllner, and he then showed a solidity and a control over rhythm that were missed last evening. Perhaps he has since tired of it; or a virtuoso's life has perhaps made him chiefly desirous of tone and reckless brilliancy. There were many hints last evening of genuine temperament; but I cannot say that he moved me for a moment, although I remembered him with pleasure.

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The program for the 28th—there will be no Symphony concert this week—will be as follows: A suite of Bach; Händel's Largo and Mozart's Turkish March; Beethoven's First Symphony. The soloist's name is not yet announced. What in the world was Mr. Paur thinking of when he made out such a program! Is this what is apologetically described as an "educational concert"?

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.
American Sunday 12/14/95

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Bruch.....Concerto for Violin, No. 1
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PHILADELPHIA TIMES.
DECEMBER 15, 18

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The Press
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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Second Concert of This Season's Series of Five—The Saturday Programme.

Conductor Paur certainly deserves the palm for mixing his palette with contrasting tones. Last night, metaphorically speaking, after leading us up to the gates of heaven with the Guntram music of Strauss—a rather theatrical heaven of the Parsifal type—we were given a peep by means of the Haydn lays at the practicing of a presumably heavenly choir, only to be hurried to the second circle of hell, as interpreted by Tschaikowsky, and left there after being buffeted by rushing winds and general Walpurgis night blasts. So the programme of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was arranged, and with strong effect, too, save that the Tschaikowsky was a trifle too fantastic, not to say tedious, for even the most inveterate ten years' attendant on the concerts might object to too much of the second circle of Hades, though it be the mis-en-scene of a Florentine poet onomatopoetically treated by a modern Slav.

But aside from Tschaikowsky—and he is to be heard—the programme was thoroughly satisfying. That Mr. Kneisel was the soloist, naturally made it so for many, especially as the concerts chosen—Viotti's in A minor—was such a flawless gem. It was not alone Mr. Kneisel, however, the especially striking morceaux being the largo Haydn's symphony in G major, and the prelude to act 1 from Richard Strauss' "Guntram." The Guntram music was given for the first time here and proved a delightful surprise. The prelude to act 1 was especially rich in fine harmonies, most mystical, and reflected in its strains the idea that is basis of the work, a sort of earthly choir of singers who would externalize the power of the cross in song. It is meant to have a suggestion of holiness and elevation, after the Parsifal method, and so it was that heaven opened the concert. The second prelude was a dance and festival measure, and of the earth earthy, in vivid contrast to the rich effects of the first prelude. It was short and to the point, and went off with a rush.

The second number, the Viotti concert, was a lovely thing as a whole, but the adagio was especially exquisite and delicious. Mr. Kneisel played the opening movement with its florid passages most effectively, and his closing cadenza was Melba-like in its purity of tone and flexibility. Then came the adagio and the closing movement with its agitation and florid scurry. Mr. Kneisel's work is always taking, but he seemed to be in particularly fine form last evening in a composition suited to his temperament and technique.

The Haydn symphony is a jolly and lively one, with contrasted phrases, and an especially fine largo which might well be termed quasi religioso as the well known theme, and an impressive one it is, has become one of the solid ornaments of hymnology and was doubtless familiar to most of those present. The largo and the finale, a lively allegro, are its strong features, and Mr. Paur brought out all the beauty there was in the composition. After the symphony came the Tschaikowsky Francesca da Rimini fantasie. This is supposed to describe the meeting of Dante and Francesco and Paolo, and it does that and a good deal more. It was heard for the first time, but is not likely to become a prime favorite.

On Saturday afternoon at 2.30 Mr. Paur will give the second popular concert, and Philadelphia, which unfortunately was denied the pleasure of hearing Rivarde, will hear Ondricek, who is equally well spoken of. The programme is as follows: Rossini, overture, "William Tell;" selection, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson; Volkman, serenade for string orchestra; solo violoncello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder; Bruch, concerto for violin, No. 1, Mr. Franz Ondricek; Haendel, largo; Mozart, Turkish march, from "Ruins of Athens;" songs with piano, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson; Paganini, Witches' Dances, Mr. Franz Ondricek; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.
DECEMBER 17, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Large Audience Hears Paur's Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music was very well attended last night. The programme was one of great attraction. There were only four numbers, but all were notable. The first consisting of the preludes to acts one and two of Richard Strauss' "Guntrain," heard for the first time in Philadelphia, was interesting as being a higher operatic flight than is commonly associated with the name of Strauss; both proved excellent examples of the modern unconstrained method of the younger composers, and while somewhat lacking in the symbolic imagination at which they aimed, were yet fairly strong in effect. The second number, a Viotti concerto for the violin, with Mr. Kneisel for the soloist, was a thing of beauty indeed and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The third, the Haydn symphony in G major was given by Mr. Paur in a real masterly manner, with the greatest dignity and justice, and with all the quiet sympathy that this conductor always feels, but which is not always most expressive when applied to other composers. The programme closed with Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, played for the first time at these concerts, and one of the most advanced of modern picturesque fantasias. The subject is indeed one which lends itself singularly well to musical picture drawing, and Tschaikowsky has taken advantage of his opportunities. The storm of purgatory and the flight of the unhappy lovers are suggested with strength and wild imagination. Mr. Paur has added to the repertory of his orchestra a selection which will be often redemanded.

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

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TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

FRANZ ONDRICEK TO BE THE VIOLIN SOLOIST.

The Orchestra Arrives in Town Today and Will Go Over to Washington Tonight, Returning for the Performance at Music Hall Tomorrow Night—Salvini at Ford's—Gladys Wallis at Harris' Academy of Music.

Franz Ondricek of Bohemia, violinist, will be the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's December concert tomorrow evening. It will be the 1336th concert of that organization since it began business in 1881.

The following is the programme:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13.
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin No. 1.
(a) Handel.....Largo.
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Ondricek was born in Prague, where his father was a musician, and while quite young he was compelled to assist his father to earn a living for the family. In his 7th year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos. In his 14th year he was admitted to the Conservatory. After three years he received the first prize for his mature rendition of the Beethoven concerto.

Purity of intonation, warm and sympathetic interpretation, individuality of conception, verve and temperament are the salient qualities of Ondricek's playing.

The company arrived here this morning. It will give a concert in Washington tonight.

The Four Conductors.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Paur. He is the fourth conductor the Symphony Orchestra has had. George Henschel was the first. He served three years, and went back to London. Gericke was the next. After five years of striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither himself nor the orchestra, he returned to Vienna.

Nikisch came next—Nikisch, the poetic, the romantic, the graceful Hungarian. He had been the leader of the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control.

When Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to go to Boston he was followed by the same man who succeeded him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before. Mr. Paur is cast in a different mold from any of his predecessors, for his enthusiasm manifests itself in a most pronounced fashion whenever he takes the baton in his hand. He is broad in his tastes, appreciative and intelligent in his reading, and a thorough musician.

PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILADELPHIA,
ING, DECEMBER 17,

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening drew a very large and appreciative audience. The programme led off with the preludes to Acts I and II of Richard Strauss's "Guntram," for the first time at these concerts. The opera was originally produced at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894. The first prelude is in a pastoral strain, while the second is typical of a festival of victory and has many marks of merit. The music, while of an advanced order, is not the merely intricate noise which too many *fin de siècle* compositions are, in the opinion of many who do not consider themselves wanting in musical culture. Viotti's concerto for violin, in A minor, followed, with Mr. Kneisel as soloist. His delightful work was beautifully rendered, and Mr. Kneisel was warmly applauded for his admirable execution. The feast of the evening was Haydn's Symphony in G major, which was given as only Mr. Paur's artists can give it—on this side of the water, at least. The lovely melodies were interpreted with an accuracy and a sympathy that were in fine keeping with the reputation of the orchestra, and furnished new laurels for the accomplished leader. Tschaikowsky's fantasie, "Francesca da Rimini," a weird portrayal of a passage from Dante's "Inferno," concluded the evening's bill.

The second of the orchestra's popular matinées is announced for next Saturday afternoon, December 21, when the orchestra will play the "William Tell" overture of Rossini; the "Serenade," for string orchestra, by Volkmann, with a solo part for Alwin Schroeder, the first 'cello of the orchestra; the "Largo" of Handel, the "Turkish March" of Mozart and the "Hungarian Rhapsody" of Liszt. The soloists will be Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson, a soprano from Chicago, who makes her début in Philadelphia, and Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who plays the No. 1 Concerto of Bruch and the "Witches' Dances" of Paganini.

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THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 189

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy.

An unusually interesting programme was presented last evening at the Academy of Music by Conductor Emil Paur, and rarely has his well-trained orchestra been heard to greater advantage. There were two novelties given—selections from Richard Strauss' opera of "Guntram," and the "Francesca da Rimini Fantasia," by Tschaikowsky. The other numbers included Haydn's symphony in G minor (No. 13), and the elaborate concerto for violin, by Giovanni Viotti. The soloist of the evening was drawn from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, First Violinist Kneisel sustaining the burden of the Viotti concerto. He played with conscientious care, no ordinary skill, a large measure of graceful expression, and in several passages exhibited a complete mastery over his instrument. His work as a whole, pleasing as it was, however, lacked that ringing tonal strength which is so generally associated with artists of the first rank. Leader Paur's treatment of the Haydn symphony was marked by that artistic and sympathetic direction which is characteristic of this leader, although the final movements somehow left an impression that the number was being hurried. This criticism cannot, however, be applied to the opening diversion, which was most admirably and exquisitely performed. The Strauss selections, while interesting from the manner in which they were given, failed to arouse any demonstrative show of appreciation, but certainly a most hearty welcome was accorded to the Tschaikowsky composition, a weird, grotesque (yet, in portions, tenderly sentimental) concept, which was played with a coloring and expression exactly adjusted to the evident intentions of the composer. The meeting of Paola and Francesca da Rimini in the second circle of the poet's imagined hell is the chief episode of this fantastical musical creation, and the tender sighing of love and the mournful cadence of grief are most weirdly alternated in an almost demoniac whirl of shrieking wind. This eccentric composer has not departed from anything that might be expected from him in a musical illustration of a scene so dramatic, and his elaboration of the theme is surely Doresque in its effect. On Saturday afternoon there will be another popular matinee concert, the soloists of the occasion being Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson and Mr. Franz Ondricek.

NORTH AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17, 1895.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There was the usual crowd at the Academy of Music last evening, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Puar, gave the second concert in its series for the current season. The notable feature of the programme was the violent nature of the contrasts which it presented. Two of the numbers on the programme, the Haydn Symphony and the Viotti Concerto, were admirable examples of the classic style, while the other two, the Strauss preludes and the Tschaikowsky fantasia, illustrated in a very emphatic and impressive manner the furthermost vagaries of the ultra-advanced modern school. It is probable that most hearers derived more enjoyment from the old than from the new. Of the two Strauss preludes, the first is mystic to the point of unintelligibility, while the second is such an extraordinary example of cacophony as has no parallel save in some New Year's eve charvari. The "Francesca da Rimini" music is more comprehensible. It portrays in a very vivid and eloquent manner the sufferings of the famous lovers in that circle of the Inferno to which Dante assigned them, and it exhibits in an impressive manner the imaginative power and the musical genius of its distinguished author. But after all, for music pure and simple, the Haydn and Viotti numbers were greatly to be preferred. The former was rendered by the orchestra with superb spirit and appreciative sentiment, while the interpretation of the Viotti violin concerto by Mr. Franz Kneisel, facile, masterly and sympathetic, well deserved the tumultuous applause which it elicited.

The orchestra will give a matinee concert at the Academy next Saturday, when the following will be the programme: Rossini overture, "William Tell". Selection, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson. Volkmann serenade for string orchestra. Solo violoncello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder. Bruch concerto for violin, No. 1. Mr. Franz Ondricek. a. Haendel, largo. b. Mozart, "Turkish March," from "Ruins of Athens." Songs with piano, Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson. Paganini, Witches' Dances. Mr. Franz Ondricek. Liszt Rhapsody, No. 2.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Philharmonic Concert,

BY

The Boston Symphony ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Emil Paur, Director.

SOLOISTS,

Mme. DeVERE SAPIO,

FRANZ KNEISEL.

FRIDAY EVENING, December 20, At 8:15.

Tickets at Brooklyn Institute, 502 Fulton St; also at Chandler's 300 Fulton St.

SECOND POPULAR MATINEE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA | ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
ASSISTED BY
Miss GENEVIEVE CLARK WILSON, Soprano, and Mr. FRANZ ONDRICEK, Violinist.
Saturday Afternoon, December 21, at 2.30.
PROGRAMME.

Rossini.....Overture, "William Tell"
Selection—Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson.
Volkmann.....Serenade for String Orchestra
Solo Violoncello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder.
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin, No. 1
Mr. Franz Ondricek.
a. Haendel.....Largo
b. Mozart.....''Turkish March''
Songs with Piano—Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson.
Paganini.....''Witches' Dances''
Mr. Franz Ondricek.
Liszt.....Rhapsody No. 2

Tickets now on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut street.

Notes of Coming Music.

The opera season will open in Brooklyn on Tuesday evening with an offering which indicates that Abbey and Grau wish to deal fairly by their Brooklyn patrons. The work will be "Carmen," with the magnetic Calve, who was so sorely missed at the performance of that opera here last year. With her will be Lubert, the tenor; Saville as Michaela, Ancona as the toreador and Bauermeister, De Vries and Van Cauteren. Guiri will be the solo dancer and Bevignani will conduct. These, except Ancona, have been the artists in the New York cast, and all of them have been found satisfactory there, the house being packed at every performance. Maurel has not been a satisfactory bull fighter vocally, and his absence from the Brooklyn cast will be one of those things that never will be missed. Brooklyn will hope to hear this great actor later as Falstaff, a part which depends less upon vocal beauty than dramatic skill.

The important concerts this week are crowded into the last two days. On Friday night the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the auspices of the institute, will give the second of its series of concerts at the Academy. The programme this time swings as far to the highly musical as before it ran to the popular. The opening symphony is Brahms No. 4 in E minor, and Brahms is a pretty hard nut for a popular audience. However, the uneducated listeners had their turn on the "Lucia" scales and it is only fair to give the music students a chance. This symphony will be followed by a violin concerto, No. 22 in A minor by Viotti, played by that thorough artist, Franz Kneisel. Clementine De Vere Sapio, who has not been heard in Brooklyn for some years and who has won high praise in Europe since, will sing the mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." This is showy but not comic like the one from "Lucia" in which Melba disported herself. Then follow two familiar but beautiful things for the orchestra, Handel's "Largo," which has retained its vogue ever since Mr. Thomas popularized it, and Mozart's "Turkish March." The concert will end with a genuine novelty, the preludes to acts one and two of Richard Strauss' opera "Guntram." This Strauss is principally known here by his symphonic poem, "Death and Glorification," which is music of a high order. If these preludes prove as fine the audience will have reason to be grateful to the institute for their presentation.

The third of Miss Hooper's series of morning concerts at the Pouch mansion will be given next Saturday and will serve to introduce Lilian Blauvelt in some of those songs in which she is most charming. Miss Hooper's own violin playing, which has been modestly kept in the background so far, and a new child pianist, Laura Sanford, who has made something of a sensation when she has appeared in New York, Albany and Chicago. She is a pupil of Amy Fay, and is expected to do wonders when she grows up, so remarkable are her present achievements.

On Saturday evening a new pianist, the Countess Gilda Ruta, will be introduced to Brooklyn at Historical hall under the management of E. H. Colell. She is an Italian composer and pianist who has appeared but little in this country, but who has been praised where she has been heard. She will have the assistance of Selma Luster, sopiano. Signor Pisacane, baritone, and a double quartet for the accompaniments in the following programme:

Nocturne, "Danz Mistica e Musette," allegra appassionate ..... Gilda Ruta
Countess Gilda Ruta.
Lent ..... Mazzone
Sig. J. Pisacane.
a Adagio, sonata op. 27 ("Moonlight")..Beethoven
b Minuetto ..... Mozart
c Serenade ..... Van Westerhout
d Rondo ..... Scarlatti
Countess Gilda Ruta.
Waltz from the opera "Narcisse".....Giannini
Miss Selma Luster.
Adagio from concerto in C minor.....Gilda Ruta
For piano and double quartet.
Nocturne in F major .....Chopin
'Hungarian Fantasie'' ..... Liszt
For two pianos.
First piano, Countess Gilda Ruta.
Second piano, Cav. Albano Seismut-Doda.
Aria from "Carmen"..... Bizet
Sig. Pisacane.
Polacca ..... Gilda Ruta
For piano and double quartet.
Countess Gilda Ruta.

The [illegible] Press
DAILY EDITION.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Something About Its Attractive Programme for To-morrow Evening.

Here is the programme for the second Boston Symphony concert here at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening:

Symphony in G minor (No. 13).....Hadyn
Fantasie on Scotch Folk Melodies for violin
Max Bruch
Fantasie for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini"
Tschaikowsky
Preludes to Acts I. and II. of Guntram
Richard Strauss

Mr. Adamowski will be the solo attraction. Tschakowsky's fantasia and the Strauss preludes will be given for the first time at these concerts.

The fantasia is a piece of fantastic picturesque writing, its poetic keynote being the "cruellest winds under a dark and gloomy air" of the second circle of hell, as described by Dante. The poet's meeting with Francesca and Paolo is an episode about the middle of the piece.

"Guntram" was first brought out at the Musicians' Festival at Weimar in 1894, and was given at the Royal Court Opera in Munich last April. The subject is the "Fighters for Love," an order of knights who fight for the Cross and brotherly love with word and song.

Haydn's symphony in G was written for Paris in 1786.

The Telegram

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert List a Wonderful One.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the prinicpal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on Dec. 21, this famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of 1,309 performances, thus establishing a record that probably can not be duplicated in the world. Some of the older Europen orchestras have been in existence many more years, and the New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 623 in 37 cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in the Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited, with Providence well toward the head of the list with forty-seven concerts.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety.: Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the tournament at Barre, winning a number of prizes. As this was out of the distance allowed by class A riders without a special sanction, both men were transferred to class B by Chairman Gideon.

performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over 1,500 private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony orchestra is now a national organization.

The Washington Post
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Ondricek Was the Soloist and the Orchestral Numbers Were Well Rendered.

The concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night was the 1,335th performance of that famous organization, and the forty-fourth in this city. It was one of the most satisfactory of the whole series.

The Brahms symphony, which opened the programme, is a work of great classicality, but by no means cold or unimpassioned. It abounds in many beautiful melodies and afforded frequent opportunities for the artists in the orchestra to demonstrate their skill as soloists. Mr. Paur's reading was in thorough harmony with the spirit of the composer, and the generous applause which was given to the work was richly deserved. The other orchestral numbers were the largo from "Xerxes," by Handel, and though this extremely beautiful number has been given here before by the orchestra, it is safe to say that its deeply religious sentiment was never more impressively emphasized. It served also as a vehicle for the display of the splendid development of the strings, and in this alone, apart from its sympathetic interpretation, was a striking contribution to the evening's programme. The preludes to the first and second acts of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, were novelties, and were extremely interesting, both as melodious works and as technical compositions.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Franz Ondricek, who played Bruch's concerto for the violin with much feeling, breadth of tone, and a true and artistic instinct. He had perfect command over the instrument, exhibiting admirable technique, and the finale was given in a masterly manner.

Baltimore American AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD, AND THE OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

"WE BUILD."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

ONDRICEK, THE VIOLINIST,

Established in Favor of Music Lovers—Boston Symphony.

The second Boston symphony concert took place last evening at Music Hall, and, as usual, a large and enthusiastic audience was present. These concerts are now being appreciated at their true worth, as they are of high artistic excellence. One could wish for greater eclecticism in the program schemes, however, for Mr. Paur is keeping to a very classic regimen this season. Last evening's program contained but one modern composer in the orchestral selections, and was as follows: Symphony in G major, Haydn; concerto, for violin, in G minor, Bruch; the "Largo," of Handel, and "Turkish March," of Mozart, and the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, of Tchaikowsky.

Hadyn is justly called the real creator of the modern symphony. He enlarged the form as a whole, extended the separate movements, and developed the so-called art of free thematic treatment. In his development of this principle is recognized a power of invention and fertility of imagination only equaled by few others. He also laid the foundation of modern orchestration, and his originality cannot be over-estimated. He was the immediate precursor of Mozart and Beethoven, in whom the symphony found its highest and greatest expression. In this G-major symphony we find the geniality and playfulness so characteristic of Hadyn, and it was performed with the limpidity, smoothness and crispness it demands.

Bruch's fine first violin concerto served as a most effective medium to introduce the soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek. This violinist, although occupying for several years a high position in the world of music in Europe, is a newcomer here this season. It did not take him longer than his first appearance in New York to establish his artistic claims, and his every appearance has been attended with enormous success. His playing proved him the possessor of a pure, vibrant tone, not very large, but of fine, penetrating quality; a free, impassioned style, and great virtuosity, and his success with the audience was immediate. He gave a very artistic interpretation of the concerto, throughout which his intonation was nearly flawless. He was enthusiastically recalled a half-dozen times.

The next two numbers, Handel's "Largo" and Mozart's "Turkish March," were, of course, the most popular of the program, and the demand for an encore to the former, although refused, was most insistent. A great deal of the applause for this number was due Mr. Kneisel, the concert-master, whose, big, lovely tone and broad style made his obligato one of the treats of the evening.

The concert was brought to a close by a stirring performance of the Tchaikowsky "Fantasia." This is an intensely dramatic piece of writing, entirely without traditional form, and brings in all the resources of the modern orchestra. Without doubt, Tchaikowsky's mastery of technical expression is as of much value in his compositions as the material he expresses, and in none of his works is it better proven than in this "Fantasia." The playing of the orchestra was superb throughout the whole concert, and Mr. Paur is to be congratulated on its splendid condition this season.

Violinist Ondricek, with his brother Charles, paid a visit to the City Hall yesterday, and was introduced to Mayor Hooper by Frank Rohan and B. Gregr, two well-known Bohemians.

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INCOMPLETE

THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1

ONDRICEK, VIOLINIST.

His First Appearance Here with the Boston Orchestra.

The second of the concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night at Music Hall before an audience which seemed even larger than was present at the first one.

The programme was not so interesting as is usually presented by the orchestra, although nothing but praise can be said concerning the playing and conducting of Director Paur. The tendency of the management this season seems to be to try to please all tastes, so that it has decided at times to introduce compositions which are hardly worthy of a place on the programme of such a magnificent orchestra.

The symphony performed was the Haydn G major. It is refreshing in this age of lavish orchestration to hear occasionally the simple and restful strains of Haydn's somewhat antiquated compositions.

Haydn's music is as distinctly typical of the eighteenth century—an age of formalism—as French rationalism or rococco furniture. Along with its artificiality, however, there is the freshness and cheeriness of the composer's genial nature. The symphony was also interesting in that it offered an opportunity for the comparison of Haydn's resources with the methods of modern orchestration.

The other side of the comparison was supplied by the closing number on the programme—a descriptive Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," by Tschaikowsky. This work is as modern, both in the matter of scoring and in the style of composition, as the symphony is archaic. Tschaikowsky even gets beyond Berlioz's most sonorous efforts.

The soloist of the evening was Franz Ondricek, violinist, who is now visiting the United States for the first time. His performance can only merit the high praise which has been bestowed upon him uniformly during his present tour. He played the first Bruch concerto in G minor, which, although performed before at these concerts, probably never received a more interesting and musicianly interpretation.

The orchestra also played a "Turkish March," by Mozart.

The inevitable Hændel Largo, which, as played by the orchestra, is, in spite of its frequent repetitions, incomparable, afforded the audience an opportunity of showing its appreciation of Mr. Franz Kneisel's superb work. As to encores, frequent criticisms were passed upon Mr. Paur's chariness.

THE MORNING HERALD

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19.

ONDRICEK AND KNEISEL.

They Divide Honors at the Concert Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Summed up, the performance given in Music Hall last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a veritable "Feast of the Fiddles."

Solo honors were, beyond a doubt, divided between two masters of the bow, both named Franz. One was featured as the star of the occasion, while the other as concert-meister, revealed new magnificence in an old and time-honored composition. There was the Haydn G major symphony, the Bruch concerto and the largo from Handel's opera "Xerxes," leaving only the fantasie "Francesca da Rimini," by Tschaikowsky, to give any play at all to the heavier instruments; yet this number, which concluded the concert, was by far the feature of the orchestral work.

Chief interest was centred, however, in the appearance of Franz Ondricek, whose fame as a violin virtuoso had preceded him to the city. Others of equal reputation have been here before him, but the signal triumphs of Sarasate, Thomsen and Ysaye are, as yet, new to those who frequent concerts of this nature. There is always an inherent inclination at comparison when the work of musical giants are considered, but in the case of Ondricek this is hardly possible, because in form, style and method he stands alone. Despite his stature he impresses one immediately with the vigor and sincerity with which he gets to work.

There is ample in the Bruch concerto, so vainly attempted by violinists of the day and mastered by so few, to tax the resources of the artist, but with Ondricek the difficulties were as mere child's play, and it was probably this confidence of the master of technique that caused him at times to hurry unnecessarily the quick passages, causing the intermediary tones to become at times indistinct. And this was his only fault. A broad, beautiful tone, clear harmonics and precise intonation of accord, either in stuccato or slurred, characterizes quickly the artistic accomplishments of the man. His performance of the beautiful Adagio was splendid, and those present evinced their disappointment at his not being down on the programme for a second number by recalling him again and again after the number was completed, hoping in vain for an encore.

Hardly had the applause for Ondricek died away before there was a storm of appreciative recognition for Kneisel. He played the solo in the Handel Largo, beautifully arranged with harp accompaniment, by Hellmesberger, of Vienna, and both Mr. Pauer and his talented concert-meister were given an ovation.

The Haydn Symphony was somewhat of a disappointment. One hardly looks for a composition of such a light nature on a Boston orchestra programme. And then, again, modern interpolations in an ancient arrangement, no matter how well done, are very rarely of a satisfactory nature. In decided contrast was the Tschaikowski number, with its wealth of tone coloring and theoretical revelations. The composition is descriptive of Dante's visit to the inner circle of hell, where he hears the story of Francesca da Rimini. There is, indeed, novelty in the tuba and trombones playing in contra melody to the combined strings and reed, yet neither overpowering them nor marring the effect of continuous chromatics which tell vividly of the "cruel'st winds under a dark and gloomy air." In weird and striking melody of Russian ring the tale is told, and the whole brought to an inspiring [illegible]

Der Deutsche Correspondent.

Donnerstag, den 19. Dezember 1895

Ondricek und die Bostoner.

Erstes Auftreten des berühmten böhmischen Geigenvirtuosen Ondricek im zweiten Concert des Bostoner Symphonie-Orchesters.

„Nur wo die Fertigkeit höheren Zwecken dient, hat sie Werth;" diese Wahrheit, welche sich in Schumann's „musikalischen Haus- und Lebens-Regeln" findet, ist verkörpert in Franz Ondricek, dem berühmten böhmischen Geigen-Virtuosen, der gestern Abend in dem Conzerte, welches das Bostoner Symphonie-Orchester in der Musik-Halle gab, als Solist die zahlreichen Zuhörer erfreute. In der That hat nur jene Virtuosität immer künstlerischen Werth, welche ihr technisches Können nicht als Selbstzweck herauskehrt, sondern als Mittel zu dem Zwecke benützt, den Inhalt der Tondichtung in vollendeter Gestalt wieder zu geben.

Die hiesige Kunst-Gemeinde hat in den letzten Jahren gar manchen Geigen-Virtuosen gehört, Thompson, Ysaye u. A. und jetzt Ondricek, und Alle strebten darnach, dem Altmeister Joachim es gleich zu thun, welcher als der größte und vornehmste Violinvirtuos jetzt dasteht.

Franz Ondricek, welcher gestern vor dem hiesigen Publikum zum ersten Mal erschien, ist, wie sein Spiel zeigte, ein Geiger großen Styls, ein Virtuose bester Bedeutung. Sein Ton ist süß, voll und markig, die Intonation sicher und glockenrein, seine Technik außerordentlich, ebenso solid wie brillant. Was aber besonders interessant bei ihm ist, das ist, daß er seinen Sinn streng auf den Inhalt des Tonwerkes hält, musikalische Empfindung mit einer von virtuosem Geflunker freien Technik zu verbinden sich bestrebt und dadurch einen künstlerischen Genuß in vollem Maße bietet.

Für seine Darbietung hatte er sich Max Bruch's G-Moll Violin-Conzert gewählt, eines der klassischsten Werke, welche für die Geige geschrieben sind. Wie sehr sein brillantes Spiel die Zuhörer entzückte, bewies der Beifall, welcher bereits nach dem Adagio sich Bahn brach, mehr aber noch der viermalige ehrende Hervorruf, welcher dem Künstler nach dem Vortrage zu Theil wurde. Sicherlich würde aber dieser noch mehr zur Geltung gekommen sein, wenn die Begleitung des Orchesters eine etwas zurückhaltendere gewesen wäre. Es wäre dies aus dem Grunde zu empfehlen gewesen, weil Ondricek's Ton kein gerade großer ist, und es bei dem schnellen Spiel auch nicht sein konnte.

Uebrigens war Hr. Ondricek nicht der einzige Violin-Solist, wenngleich er allein als solcher auf dem Programm verzeichnet stand. Hr. Franz Kneisel spielte nämlich das Solo in dem bekannten Händel'schen „Largo," das eine sehr schöne Darlegung fand u. dem Dirigenten Paur und Hrn. Kneisel anhaltenden Applaus eintrug. Immerhin war es aber doch etwas Befremdendes, bei aller Anerkennung, die man Hrn. Kneisel als Solisten zollen muß, daß Hr. Paur das „Largo" auf das Programm gesetzt und gleich hinter dem Violin-Conzert, das Ondricek spielte, folgen ließ.

Als symphonisches Werk bildete Haydn's G-Dur-Symphonie die Eröffnung des Conzerts. Hr. Paur wußte ihr mit seinem Orchester eine kraftvolle, frische Wiedergabe zu bereiten. Das Allegretto und das letzte Allegro erhielten den meisten Beifall. Mozart's „türkischer Marsch" wurde mit Feuer und Schwung gespielt und gefiel natürlich sehr. Den Schluß des Conzertes bildete eine Orchester-Fantasie „Francesca da Rimini" von Tschaikowsky, ein bizarres Tonwerk, welches eine Stelle aus Dante's großem Epos in musikalischem Bilde vorführt, und in dem der Componist einen Sturm mit allen ihm zu Gebote stehenden Instrumenten den Zuhörern vorführt und aus diesem Hintergrunde melodiöses Andante cantabile sich als Episode ablösen läßt, um dann wieder in den rasenden Wirbelsturm überzugehen. Die Darbietung des fantastischen Stückes seitens des Orchesters war eine anerkennenswerthe, wie man es bei den Bostonern voraussetzen darf. Das nächste Conzert findet am 22. Januar statt. Eine starke Delegation der hiesigen böhmischen Kolonie wohnte dem gestrigen Conzerte bei.

THE WORLD: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

De Koven's Unstinted Praise of the 1337th Concert of This Splendid Organization of Players.

At the Metropolitan Opera-House last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared at the 1337th concert it has given since its foundation, about fifteen years ago. Mr. T. Adamowski was the soloist.

One can better appreciate the enormous number of concerts given by this orchestra during its comparatively short career when one considers that the Philharmonic Society, during its fifty-three years of existence, has only given about 600 in all. And the playing of the two orchestras is about in proportion to the number of concerts given by each.

In spite of its daintiness and vivacity, the rare elegance of style and finish which it exhibits, and the fresh and gay melodic beauties which glow on every page of the score, Haydn's G major symphony—No. 8 in the Peters, No. 13 in the Breikopf and Hartel editions, and letter "V" in the catalogue of the London Philharmonic Society—struck me, I must confess, as a trifle archaic. The surpassing excellence of the strings of the Boston Orchestra was most evident in the exquisite rendering of this number, which was read by Mr. Paur with spirit, dignity and classic feeling. It evidently was an admirable foil to the rich modernity of Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia" for violin, which followed it on the programme.

Admirably written for orchestra as well as for the solo instrument, I have always thought this fantasia the best concert solo of the entire violin repertoire, as it is full of interest, varied and appropriate local color, romantic feeling and picturesque effects. Mr. Adamowski has always appealed to me as an artist of much temperament, refinement and true poetic and artistic feeling, but his admirable playing of this number proved conclusively that he has of late grown in breadth and authority of style, and in technical finish, force and facility. His tone, always smooth and mellow, has also notably increased in power and fulness, while losing nothing of its sweetness. When we have such artists in this country, I fail to see the necessity of the present heavy importation of violinists from abroad.

Mr. Adamowski's violin sings and wooes one with caresses rather than commands, and this is true of his playing in general, which lacks, perhaps, something of temperamental energy. But most artistic and enjoyable violin playing for all that; I have not heard better, if, indeed, as good this season. The exquisite poetic tenderness of the andante and the brilliancy, dash and technical accuracy of the finale were alike admirable. The artistic intelligence of Mr. Adamowski's phrasing, the purity of his intonation and the clarity of his runs and passage work struck me especially. He was most warmly received, being recalled several times.

Tschaikowsky may rage and storm in turbulent passion, as in the "Francesca da Riminis" fantasies, superbly played last night, but he is never coarse and repellant like Koch, Richard Strauss et al. This fantasia is by no means the equal of the "Hamlet" in either interest power or beauty and yet is instinct with all of the composer's individuality, emotional force and faculty of pictorial expression. Two preludes from Richard Strauss's opera, "Guntram," also forcibly played — how horribly noisy and blatant he is at times—brought an enjoyable concert to a close. I can hardly believe that the good people of New York realize what they miss in the way of absolutely unsurpassed orchestral playing in failing to attend these concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in larger numbers. There is certainly no orchestra in this country that can hold a candle to it.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1895.

Mr. "Tim" Adamowski was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night. Mr. Adamowski wears good clothes and plays the violin very well. He is also a great friend of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, a fact that some people know and others do not know. Mr. Adamowski is not a great player, but he is music to the tips of his fingers, and if he would take the trouble would rank considerably higher as a violinist than he does. But it is a pleasure to hear him play. He goes on about his business, and has no time for the affected manners of soloists in general. He played last night the "Fantasia, or Scotch-Folk Melodies," by Max Bruch. This is almost a great composition. Mr. Adamowski did not get much out of the first two movements, but he got his bearings later on and played the andante and finale in really fine style. Mr. Paur's programme was rather an odd affair. Nobody but Mr. Paur would have started off with Haydn's "Symphony" in G major, and followed it with the fantasia and Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Remini" and Richard Strauss's preludes to acts one and two of "Guntram." The last number didn't amount to much, but Tschaikowsky's fantasia was very enjoyable. It is fully scored and depicts scenes in hell. The Metropolitan Opera-House was well filled.

THE MAIL EXPRESS.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY [illegible]

DECEMBER 20, 1895.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Concert—"Tristan und Isolde."

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, Herr Paur leading and Mr. T. Adamowsky being the soloist. Haydn's G major symphony, No. 8, in the Peters edition, was the opening number, and the charming quaintness and dainty simplicity of the work were enjoyed with the usual pleasure.

Mr. Adamowski's rich and well-rounded violin tones were heard to advantage in Max Bruch's Fantasia of Scotch Folk Melodies. This work affords grateful opportunity for the soloist to display tenderness and feeling as well as technical skill, and Mr. Adamowski embraced the chance with unfailing ability. The breadth and yet gentleness with which the memory-laden old English and Scotch airs flowed from under his bow appealed deeply to his hearers.

The tragic and portentous "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia of Tschaikowsky followed Bruch's work, and this was rendered by the orchestra with the ominous and awe-inspiring might that were appropriate. Herr Paur and his forces entered most fully into the spirit of the unearthly composition, and the recondite and mysterious elements were brought out with intelligence and yet without suffering from a too obvious or matter-of-fact interpretation.

The preludes to acts I. and II. of Richard Strauss's "Guntrum," concluded the programme. The second of these preludes had been played at the first New York Symphony concert. Herr Strauss is an enthusiastic composer who has made use of every orchestral device and artifice to color and "season" his music. Frequently these outside adornments appear to weigh rather too heavily on his laboring muse, and the result, while novel and even interesting, does not invariably bring satisfaction.

NEW YORK RECORDER

DECEMBER 20, 1895.

ITS SECOND CONCERT.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Delights a Big Audience at the Opera House.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme, one of potent contrast, comprised Haydn's G major Symphony, Tschaikowsky Orchestral Fantaisie, Francesca da Krimini, and the preludes to acts one and two of Richard Strauss' Guntram. The soloist was Mr. T. Adamowski, who played Bruch's Fantasie on Scotch Folk melodies, and who proved quite as popular a favorite as any prima donna.

From the lucidity, the harmonic clarity of Haydn's work to the ultra-modern high-colored moods of Tschaikowsky' and Strauss was a step to place the orchestra on its mettle. It took it, however, with signal success. No less pure and delicately outlined was the symphony than were the Tschaikowsky and Strauss works vivid, sonorous and boldly traced.

Mr. Paur improves. He showed last evening more graceful susceptibility joined to a warmer glow than at any previous New York appearance. In the Tschaikowsky number he warmed up to something like magnetic fervor, and conducted with amazing fire and abandon. Again, in the prelude of No. 2, of Strauss he showed verve and abandon in a degree novel to him, and the orchestra, obedient to his lead, played with superb tone, vigor, warmth and color.

To hear the Boston Symphony is to set one on the search for due terms of praise which shall not be a repetition of old enconiums. The force, the beauty in detail, the control of nuance, the finish of this band are unsurpassed, and whatever may be urged against Mr. Paur's lack of poetry or passion, there can be no gainsaying that the band played last evening to match its best record of old, and the fact is beginning to make itself suspected that the mountain is moving toward Mahomet. Mr. Paur seems warming up and fitting himself more duly to evoke the best possibilities of the band, which for a time put forth many prominent beauties unsuggested, while others were hidden away in the shade.

The symphony was delightfully given, the largo and minnetto following were delivered with rare purity and grace. The volume and glow in the passionate Tschaikowsky work, the feverish sweep and gorgeous color were brought out with powerful effect, and, of course, the instrumental poise was as ever a thing to delight in.

The first Strauss prelude, a feverish bit of Wagnerism, in which the composer forgot about taking any thematic material with him when he set out, is not a match for the second, which was played with immense life and dash, a gorgeous bit of revel.

Mr. Adamowski, a soloist of sufficient beauty and polish of style to make him desirable to be heard oftener, played the Bruch Fantaisie with delightfully smooth purity and finish. A slight wavering in intonation in the pretty sherzo, when the solo instrument coquets so daintily with the orchestra, was the one blemish on an otherwise beautiful performance. His tone is even and mellow, his style flowing, and his phrasing exceptionally smooth and intelligent. He had an enthusiastic reception, as he deserved, and had four recalls.

There was a good house, although no Melba was this time in the case.

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THE MORNING ADVERTISER.
Y, DECEMBER 20,

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A GOOD PROGRAMME PLAYED.

Adamowski, the Soloist, Mr. Paur, Leader, and the Orchestra Acquit Themselves Creditably.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was not a programme of unmixed joy, because there were several numbers on it that might profitably have been omitted. After tasting of the lyric exaltation and shivering in the stormy blasts of hell in Tschaikowsky's marvelous "Francesca da Rimini," the brilliant brutalities of Richard Strauss' "Guntram," were sadly anti-climacteric. Strauss is wonderful at handling orchestral masses. He is a painter, a theatrical scene painter, not a poet psychologist like Tschaikowsky. So the prelude to his "Guntram"—a music drama on Wagnerian lines, and produced in Weimar—was meaningless after the passionate wailings of that pair who forever are whirled in hell's fury because "out of the book they read no more that day."

The "Francesca da Rimini" is one of its composer's greatest works. It is not programme music, yet the intellectual scheme is indicated by the title. A tremendous thunder-riven poem, full of pain and the passion that is pain. Of the beauty of the scoring, it is unnecessary to speak. It is a great vibrant fresco.

The "Guntram" prelude is pitched in the "Lohengrin" mood, but Mr. Strauss has not much to say. The prelude to the second act was introduced here by Walter Damrosch at the first Symphony Society concert. It is full of bright, superficial animation.

Emil Paur opened his evening with a Haydn symphony, faultlessly played, technically considered, but a little too stiff and thin for the Haydn lover. It lacked the naive, joyous touch. Timothee Adamowski gave us a most finished and amiable performance of Bruch's arrangement of Scottish airs for violin and orchestra, a clever work and less patchwork than you would imagine. It has been played here, and I think that I heard Sarasate in it, but I am not sure, for I may be confounding this Scotch fantasy with his performance of MacKenzie's "Pibroch."

Mr. Adamowski, who is known as "Handsome Tim," is an artist of modest demeanor, who plays gracefully and musically. There are plenty of stiff hedges to jump over in this showy piece, but his technique never failed him. In cantabile passages his tone was charming, and he played the old melodies of Scotland with genuine emotion. He was recelled five times. The orchestra is composed of angels, not men; you can hear their wings rustle as they play, and even the tympanist sings in his resilient instrument. The Tschaikowsky symphonic poem sent me home happy.

JAMES HUNEKER.

THE SUN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

Boston Symphony Concert.

Schumann said many wise things, among them this: "Without enthusiasm nothing comes out right in art." It seems to us New Yorkers that no body of musicians ever had more enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* than the Boston Symphony orchestra. Their concert last evening held indisputable evidence of the intensity and earnestness possessed by each single member of the band as well as proof of their exceeding skill. One of the numbers, Tschaikowsky's Fantasia called "Francesca da Rimini," was a marvel of execution. The composition itself is worthy of the highest praise, being at the very height of its author's powers in his most inspired mood. Those who know Tschaikowsky's abilities will recognize that his best work is to be classified with the loftiest in modern composition, and that it holds its own well, even when in juxtaposition with the old classic writers. The fantasia is a mass of beauties; it is thickly woven with exquisite phrases that are intertwined with a deftness more wonderful than ever was called to the making of tapestries or princely textures. And underneath the mass of sound surge continually waves of passion so restless and compelling that the listener finds his own emotions dragged and pulled irresistibly along until he is left quivering and panting with the rush of agitated feeling that this powerful music excites. No one who heard Paur's interpretation of this glorious bit of orchestral eloquence could say that it fell short of absolute perfection. The plastic welding of phrases, the elastic swing, the ebb and flow of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, everything needful to an entirely ideal rendering, was found in the playing of the Boston men.

No less exact and admirable was the dear old Haydn Symphony in G major, so sunshiny, so full of that simple, childlike faith, without which no soul gets very far either in this world or the next. It is an essence too much hidden and neglected in these latter days, and it is therefore refreshing to find it embodied in music for us, and it is something to be thankful for when leaders bring out the restful, confiding, quaint old things. They are like nature's own healing—like grass, trees, flowers, blue skies, and balmy air.

Mr. T. Adamowski was the soloist of the evening. He gave Bruch's arrangement of "Scotch Airs." It is a pleasing composition, with mellow orchestration and considerable sentiment, some of which Mr. Adamowski brought to light. He also revealed a neat and facile, though by no means dashing, technique, and a cold and unimpassioned manner, with distinct limitations in artistic temperament.

Strauss's extracts from "Guntram" made but a poor showing against the radiant background of Tschaikowsky's work. They are full of talent and a clever bent for orchestration, but their roots do not strike deep into the soil of fame.

New-York Daily Tribune.
FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

In the evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert at the Opera House. In most respects, but particularly in the matter of attendance, the affair was in rather sharp contrast with the first concert a month ago. The audience, though not numerous, was extremely kind and gave a full measure of appreciation to the orchestra's work, which was much better in the latter part of the programme, devoted to Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," and two preludes from Richard Strauss's "Guntram," (the second of which had previously been played here by the Symphony Society) than it was in the first part, filled by Haydn's sunshiny symphony in G major, No. 8, in the Peters edition. In this there was too little grace, too little continuity of idea, too little attention to euphony, too much isolation of phrases and striving for thickness of tone. It was all but impossible to avoid a comparison with the band's performance of the same work under Gericke—a performance that was set down, and deservedly so, as memorable. After the symphony Mr. Adamowski played Bruch's Fantasie on Scotch airs, and put to his credit the best performance with which he has favored New-York. But the work is broader in spirit than he conceives it.

The Evening Post.
New York, Friday, Dec. 20, 1895.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Probably the audiences at the New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be larger than they are if Mr. Paur would condescend to make up occasionally an interesting programme. It ought to be obvious without comment that a Haydn symphony is utterly out of place in so vast a house as the Metropolitan. You can hear the music, but there is no caloric in it; it leaves you cold and impassive. Max Bruch's "Fantasia on Scotch Folk Melodies," on the other hand, is warmly enough scored for a large hall, but it is interesting only in so far as the folk melodies are in evidence; Bruch's own contributions are commonplace. This piece in four movements was played by Mr. Adamowski, with clever technique but somewhat cool expression. Then came the only really enjoyable piece on the programme, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," which Mr. Paur and his musicians played superbly. But why this should have been followed up by the preludes to acts i. and ii. of Richard Strauss's "Guntram" passes comprehension. The second is all sound and fury, without the semblance of an idea, and the first is a ludicrous mixture of fragments from Wagner's two Grail operas; you never know whether the next bar will suggest "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal," but feel sure that it will be one or the other. The next concert of the Boston Orchestra will be on January 23.

NEW YORK HERALD.
— DECEMBER 20, 1895.—

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Music by Haydn, Bruch, Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss, interpreted by the great Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Emil Paur's direction, should have attracted a larger audience to the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Only a few boxes were filled and many seats were unoccupied.

Haydn's symphony in G major was the first number on the programme. The melodious Largo was magnificently played. The symphony was followed by a brilliant rendering of Max Bruch's Scotch Fantasia by Mr. T. Adamowsky, the well known violinist, with the accompaniment of the orchestra. Mr. Adamowsky well deserved the applause and many recalls given him.

The best and most enlivening number of the concert was the fantasie "Francesca da Rimini," by Tschaikowsky, the interpretation of which called for all the resources of the orchestra. It was given with all the spirit and vigor demanded.

The concluding numbers were the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss' "Guntram."

The Press
DAILY EDITION.
NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

A NEW STRAUSS OPERA.

Not Johann, but Richard, and the Symphony Orchestra Played It.

Mr. Adamowsky certainly can't complain of the welcome he received in this city last night at the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. He played Max Bruch's "Fantasie on Scotch Melodies" with great spirit and was recalled again and again.

The other numbers on the programme were Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 13, Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini Fantasie" and the preludes to Acts I. and II. of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Guntram," which was given in the Royal Court Opera in Munich last April.

The band, under Emil Paur, did fine work. The Metropolitan Opera House was fairly well filled.

BOSTON HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVIII., NO. 173.
FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1895.

SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK.

Its Artistic Offering Received by a Comparatively Small Audience.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1895. Music by Haydn, Bruch, Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss, interpreted by the great Boston Symphony orchestra, under Emil Paur's direction, should have attracted a larger audience to the Metropolitan Opera House this evening. Only a few boxes were filled, and many seats were unoccupied.

Haydn's symphony in G major was the first number on the programme. The melodious largo was magnificently played. The symphony was followed by a brilliant rendering of Max Bruch's Scotch fantasie by Mr. T. Adamowski, with the accompaniment of the orchestra. Mr. Adamowski well deserved the applause and many recalls given him.

The best and most enlivening number of the concert was the fantasie "Francesca da Rimini," by Tschaikowsky, the interpretation of which called for all the resources of the orchestra. It was given with all the spirit and vigor demanded. The concluding number were the preludes to the first and second acts of Richard Strauss' "Guntram."

Brooklyn Daily Eagle
SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The second of the season's orchestral concerts under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute occurred at the Academy of Music last night, and while the holiday shopping affected the attendance to a slight degree, the audience was far larger than it used to be when the Symphonists were giving concerts here on their own responsibility. It was not an ideal programme that Mr. Paur offered, however. As he had been criticised for frivoling at the first concert, he resolved to rebuke the critics by abstinence from lightness this time, and he put on the abstruse Fourth symphony of Brahms, and the preludes to two acts of Richard Strauss' "Guntram" as the pieces of resistance. The lightening offsets, however, were light enough. There was another mad scene—an improvement on the Donizetti one, as it was from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet"—the Viotti concerto for violin and Mozart's "Turkish March," with Herbeck's orchestration. The best thing on the programme and one on which all tastes could meet in common, thereby proving its worth and greatness, was Handal's largo, solid, strong and beautiful, and played by the matchless strings, harp and horns, of this great band in a superb manner. The audience wanted this piece to be played again, and it was one of the rare occasions when a repetition would have been excusable; but Mr. Paur ruled otherwise, though he and Mr. Kneisel, who had the solo phrases, were kept bowing long enough to have played it half through.

It can hardly be said the Brahms symphonies improve on acquaintance. Remarkable ingenuity they have, and all the scientific resources of the muscian, but music is not primarily or consciously a science; it is an art and will be so regarded while there are voices or instruments to give breath to it. The Fourth symphony of this writer perhaps is the least stirring and musical of the series. It is prose all through. Strange that a man with such a technic of utterance should find so little to say with it. And even as to form, Brahms is exceeding cautious of beauty. Once or twice, to be sure, he forgets himself in the andante, and admits a hint of the charm that we look and listen for, but catching himself at it he promptly reforms and goes bumbling around with his confounded problems of harmonic resolution and other disagreeable mathematics, and when, at the last, he says to himself that the pupils have learned their lesson and can have a little fun, his chaconne comes in like the gambol of a hippopotamus.

While the orchestra's work in this number was of its usual perfection, on the face, the musicians did not appear to be much in sympathy with the work, and it proceeded with obvious heaviness. The Viotti concerto that followed was refreshing by comparison. It was music of a less ambitious and scientific sort, but it was fresh and simple, and it exhibited the solo player, Franz Kneisel, to advantage. His smooth, firm tone, his easy mastery of the strings, his nice sense of meaning, won not only the applause of the audience, but brought the ratta from his associates. But a good deal of the bravura was not worth the playing, now, was it? The broad and noble largo of Handel was followed by the Mozart march, which was played with spirit, and the closing number was the "Guntram" music of Strauss. The serious Strauss. In this the composer has out-Wagnered Wagner, or tried to. He has broken away from form as far as it is possible to do so, and has made Brahms seem almost classically regular by contrast. His instrumentation is as vehement and independent as his manner, and if Liszt had lived to hear the explosions in the second prelude of his "Guntram" series wouldn't he have been mad! The trouble with Strauss is that he unconsciously imitates his master, instead of taking inspiration from him. "Parsifal" has been his model in the first of the two preludes, and there is the sustaining of strings in alt that we have grown used to in that opera and in "Lohengrin." But while there is force there is lack of intensity and purpose in it. It is force going to waste. The second prelude has vivacity and a kind of gayety, as is fitting to a record of victory.

Clementine De Vere Sapio was the singer of the Thomas number. She has improved in voice during her wanderings over the face of the earth and through the various concert halls thereof, and sings with more breadth and certainty, though her upper notes occasionally resist, with a trifle of rasp, the effort to force them. The piece, separated from its illustrative action, is a piece of show; but she sang the scales rapidly, and when it came to the little Swedish folk song, sandwiched into the exhibition, she gave it a really artistic and sentimental interest. Mrs. Sapio was in good voice and spirits, and her work was applauded with enthusiasm. The next concert of the orchestra will be given on January 24.

THE STAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 21, 1895.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Truly the union of the Brooklyn Institute with the Boston Orchestra, is proving a blessing and a joy. Despite the proximity of Christmas, not to mention a rather formidable programme, the Academy of Music was well filled last evening, if not completely full. In place of the rows upon rows of empty seats so noticeable last winter, there were attentive individuals, and where coldness once reigned supreme, enthusiasm seems to have become the order of the day. Mr. Paur is Mr. Paur, but the orchestra is one of the institutions of the country, and to listen to its marvellous performances is always a privilege and a delight. There is not an orchestra in New York that can be mentioned in the same day with this from Boston, when the pure technical excellence, which comes from constant drill is the matter in question. As for the reading of the compositions which they essay, there is where the conductor becomes all important, and it is only a partisan who can be satisfied with the majority of the interpretations by Mr. Paur. At the same time he is a strict disciplinarian, and his men are allowed to perform no slovenly work. It is enough to make one weep to see the results obtained by continual rehearsal alone, when we observe certain talented conductors laboring with much preoccupied or indifferent material. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a striking example of the magnificent prizes, which may be won through just "keeping at it."

For those who like Brahms, the fourth symphony, in E minor, will prove just the sort of thing they like! It is eminently intricate, elaborate and scholarly, but in the whole four movements there is scarcely one peg to hang the imagination upon, and as for musical feeling, except in a most formal, mathematical and and sublimated form—perish the thought! Those who don't like Brahms, who find him exceedingly dry and tedious, would not enjoy his compositions even in the hands of the Boston Orchestra. Yet, the performance was admirable, the symphony being more in harmony with Mr. Paur's tactics and methods than some others we wot of, and this first number on the programme ended amidst acclamations and applause. Later on we had Handel's exquisite Largo, with Mr. Kneisel at the violin, immediately succeeded by Mozart's fascinating "Turkish March," orchestrated by Herbeck. The remaining orchestral numbers were Richard Strauss' Preludes to the first and second acts of "Guntram," two ambitious and somewhat turgid examples of modern music writing, inevitably suggesting the omnipresent influence of Wagner.

Perhaps the most delightful number of the evening was Viotti's concerto for violin, in A minor,, which gave ample opportunity for Mr. Kneisel to do some of his effective work. So true an artist could not fail to bring out the limpid harmonies, the classical beauty, of Viotti's charming composition. Each of the three movements was heartily applauded, and one would have been glad to hear more of that sweet, refined, lovely tone, that sincere conception and finished tecnique. This concerto and the Handel Largo, which latter received four rounds of applause, exemplify the power of music in its most pure, gentle and inspiring form.

Curious what a vogue the mad scene from "Hamlet" is having this winter! First it was Melba, with her voice of velvet and her perfect floriture. Then Calve, with her marvelous histrionic gifts. Last night it was Mme. Clementine De Vere Sapio, with an inferior vocal equipment to either. The aria was sung well, for Mme. Sapio has an excellent and highly cultivated, if somewhat worn, voice. As long as the singer confined herself to her middle and lower register, all went well, but the high tones were often a trifle harsh. Her execution was easy and fluent, however, and the brilliant ornamentation was neither slighted nor butchered.

Mr. Paur was as prompt with his audience as with his men, the concert began on time and no number lagged, and it was precisely two hours in length. Nobody was tired, and the evening proved more than satisfactory, if countenances and enthusiasm are any indication. The third concert of the season with the Boston Orchestra will take place Jan. 24.

SYMPHONY'S 1336TH CONCERT.

Franz Ondricek Is Given a Hearty Reception.

The audience liked the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 1336th concert so much at Music Hall last night that it insisted on having some of the numbers repeated. But Conductor Paur would not break the rule. Haydn's music, simple and strong, was the feature of the orchestral selections. The audience gave Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, an enthusiastic reception, which must have warmed his heart toward America. In his first tour in this country he is being welcomed by appreciative audiences in the principal American cities. The orchestra left Baltimore this morning for New York.

[64]

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Second Concert of the Season at the Academy of Music.

The popularity of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was evinced again last night by the attendance of Brooklyn's best people at the Academy of Music, which was well filled. Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor, had selected a choice classical programme, and every number was listened to with rapt attention, and the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop, not only in the soli but in the choruses. Johannes Brahm's Symphony, No. 4, in E-minor, op. 98, was the first number, in four movements, every one of which was freely applauded, but the second movement (andante moderato) probably gave most satisfaction, especially the second theme in E-major.

The second number was Giovanni Battista Viotti's Concerto for violin, in A-minor, in three movements, in which Franz Kneisel, the violinist, scored a great success, and he was vigorously applauded after every movement, and when he retired he was twice recalled. The great audience at times seemed to suspend its breath and not a shading was lost on the hearers. When Mr. Kneisel left the stage the applause of his associates in the orchestra was as liberal as that of the audience, a tribute seldom accorded to performers.

Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio was heard to advantage in the mad scene from "Hamlet," by Ambroise Thomas. Mme. Sapio has been heard so frequently, and she is so great a favorite with Brooklyn audiences that it unnecessary to say that her reception was hearty, and it is also unnecessary to say that the song was well sung, and that it was well received, the singer being recalled twice.

In the largo from Handel's "Serse" (Xerxes), arranged by Joseph Hellmesberger, a duo for violin and harp is the striking feature. Mr. Kneisel was the violinist and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker was the harpist. This was more acceptable to the audience than any of the other numbers, and Mr. Paur had to wait for several minutes for the applause to cease. It was renewed again and again, but there was no encore.

Mozart's "Turkish March" and the preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, were the last two numbers of the programme. The orchestra maintained its high reputation for precision and execution. Mr. Paur is not the one to allow any slighting of any part, and he is ably seconded by the performers, individually and collectively.

The following appeared in THE AMERICAN HEBREW of Dec. 9

THE AMERICAN HEBREW

On Thursday evening the second Concert of the famed Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme arranged by Mr. Paur exhibited all the best qualities of his orchestra. The first selection was the symphony in G. Major by Haydn. The fourth movement of this symphony is one of the prime favorites among Haydn's symphonic rondeaus. Max Bruch's Fantasia on Scotch folk-melodies for violin was performed in a masterly manner by Mr. Max Adamoski. Max Bruch is one of the most distinguished of modern composers. His Kol Nidre is among the most popular of modern compositions and his choral works indicate great dramatic power.

Tschaikowsky's Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," and Richard Strauss' Preludes to Guntram were played for the first time.

All lovers of what is best in music should not fail to attend these concerts. The leader is in thorough sympathy with his work. The orchestra responds to his every call, and the compositions are worthy of interpretation by such an orchestra. No wonder that this organization announces its 1337th concert with such deserved pride.

[illegible] WORLD [illegible] DECEMBER 22, 1895

[illegible] the [illegible] concert [illegible] was that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was the best performance given by the orchestra since its organization—not so long ago but that we can all remember it. The concert was on the whole a most enjoyable one. I should have preferred myself something a little less archaic in pattern and mould than the Haydn symphony, but as played by the orchestra it had a quaint, old-fashioned flavor by no means without its charm. It also furnished an admirable contrast to Bruck's "Scotch Fantasie," to my thinking the very best violin solo in the whole concert repertoire which followed it.

The concerto was admirably played by Mr. T. Adamowski, one of the first violins of the orchestra. I have always looked upon Mr. Adamowski as a player of great temperament, poetic feeling and refinement, but his really most artistic and finished playing of this concerto convinced me that of late he has been working hard at his art, and has in consequence gained notably in breadth, authority and technical finish and facility. Beautiful violin playing surely! Sometimes it seems to me hardly worth while to import so many violin players of rather doubtful attainments from abroad when we have such artists at home.

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Ondricek's Debut.

The second popular matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon before the thinnest audience to which that famous and superb organization has played in this city in a number of years. The occasion was notable, too, for the debut of Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, whose playing of Beethoven's celebrated concerto was one of the features of the recent anniversary jubilee in honor of that great maestro's memory. This virtuoso of the bow played yesterday the solo violin in Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, Op. 26, and Paganini's "Witches' Dances." A heavy-built, square-shouldered and square-jawed performer, with a heavy lock dangling from his shaggy pate over his broad forehead, his personality was an unbelying index to his artistic style. There was no fascinating touch to his bowing or stopping, and no enthusiastically inspiring tones coaxed from his violin; but his bowing was powerful and broad, his management of the shifts a perfect art of compact mastery, and his interpretations were deeply intellectual, if not sparklingly sensuous. In the adagio movement there was, unfortunately, however, a slight tonal discord in one of the strings at certain intervals. The other feature of the afternoon was Mr. Alvin Schroeder's splendid performance of the violoncello solo in Volkmann's Serenade in D minor, Op. 69. He proved himself to be a finely sympathetic 'cellist, while the entire concert served to reveal the varied beauty of the entire strings. Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson was the vocal soloist.

Record

OPERA AND CONCERT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second matinee for the season at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, and although, owing to the determents of the strike and the attractions of Christmas shopping, the audience was small, the concert was a most delightful one. Chief among the orchestral features were a superb rendering of the magnificent "William Tell" overture, a most sympathetic and beautiful interpretation of Volkmann's D minor string serenade, the 'cello obligato of which was exquisitely played by Mr. Schroeder, and a masterly performance of Handel's familiar "Largo." The occasion was made additionally interesting by the first appearance of Franz Ondricek, a violinist of great power, who played the Bruch G minor concerto in a most masterly way, and of Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson, a mezzo-soprano singer of decided attainments, who undoubtedly has a brilliant future before her. The third of these matinees is announced for Saturday, January 25.

H. Lancecraft

The Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony popular Saturday concerts were announced as experiments. Judging from yesterday's very meager attendance the experiment is not likely to prove a success unless special efforts are made to attract the public by means of great names. The strike was no doubt responsible for part of the falling off, but the slump, for it was slump when you compare it with the first concert which jammed the Academy, was due to the fact that a programme presenting largely as an attraction the orchestra and a virtuoso on the violin is not a drawing card in Philadelphia. It may be a sad state of affairs, but it seems to be so. Of course, the concert was a fine one and Ondricek, the only great violinist Philadelphia has heard this year in any sort of repertoire, proved himself a master indeed. His tone is rich, sonorous and poetical and his technique of the highest order.

Press

News 12/17

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

FRANZ ONDRICEK TO BE THE VIOLIN SOLOIST.

The Orchestra Arrives in Town Today and Will Go Over to Washington Tonight, Returning for the Performance at Music Hall Tomorrow Night—Salvini at Ford's—Gladys Wallis at Harris' Academy of Music.

Franz Ondricek of Bohemia, violinist, will be the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's December concert tomorrow evening. It will be the 1336th concert of that organization since it began business in 1881.

The following is the programme:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13.
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin No. 1.
(a) Handel.....Largo.
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Ondricek was born in Prague, where his father was a musician, and while quite young he was compelled to assist his father to earn a living for the family. In his 7th year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos. In his 14th year he was admitted to the Conservatory. After three years he received the first prize for his mature rendition of the Beethoven concerto.

Purity of intonation, warm and sympathetic interpretation, individuality of conception, verve and temperament are the salient qualities of Ondricek's playing.

The company arrived here this morning. It will give a concert in Washington tonight.

The Four Conductors.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Paur. He is the fourth conductor the Symphony Orchestra has had. George Henschel was the first. He served three years, and went back to London. Gericke was the next. After five years of striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither himself nor the orchestra, he returned to Vienna.

Nikisch came next—Nikisch, the poetic, the romantic, the graceful Hungarian. He had been the leader of the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control.

When Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to go to Boston he was followed by the same man who succeeded him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before. Mr. Paur is cast in a different mold from any of his predecessors, for his enthusiasm manifests itself in a most pronounced fashion whenever he takes the baton in his hand. He is broad in his tastes, appreciative and intelligent in his reading, and a thorough musician.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The second concert of this magnificent organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will take place next Wednesday, December 18, at the Music Hall. This is the fourteenth year of their existence, and next Wednesday's concert will be the 1336th performance which has been given by them in 17 States and 45 cities. The soloist at Wednesday's concert will be Mr. Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist, whose recent coming to this country has created a furore in musical circles and captivated the cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn, Symphony No. 13; Bruch, Concerto for violin, No. 1; *a.* Handel, Largo; *b.* Mozart, Turkish March; Tschaikowsky, Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini" (first time at the concert). The sale at seats begins Monday at Albert's.

Herald 12/16

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall next Wednesday evening—which, by the way, is the 1,336th performance of this now famous organization since its founding 14 years ago, and the 35th performance in Baltimore—has for its programme the works of five composers, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Tschaikowsky and Bruch. As is usually the case in programmes of orchestral concerts at the present time, four out of five of these composers are no longer living, and in fact three of them, Haydn, Handel and Mozart, belong to a past century. It is indeed a tribute to the lasting quality of the music written by these men of years ago that their works retain the position of honor upon nearly every programme.

The Haydn Symphony No. 13, which opens the programme, is of the joyous, tuneful nature to be expected of this composer. Next comes the violin concerto No. 1, of Bruch, a selection due to the fact that this composer achieved his greatest reputation by his works for the violin.

The Largo of Handel is one of the most effective and popular selections ever rendered by the Boston Symphony or, in fact, any other orchestra. The title of the selection conveys but a very faint idea of its beauty. After a short introduction, the melody or air is played by the first violin as a solo, accompanied by the harp; then repeated by all the violins in unison, with the accompaniment at the last of the full orchestra. The effect of this number upon every audience is instantaneous, and if the custom of the Boston Symphony Orchestra allowed encores this number would never fail to gain one.

It is a great pity that Tschaikowsky, whose fantasia "Francesca da Rimini" closes the programme, could not have lived to a ripe old age, for his works gave promise of greater compositions to come, and the musical public is indeed loser by his recent death.

The soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek, is a Bohemian, with an established European reputation, who made his debut in this country on the 15th of last month in New York. He has recently appeared with the Boston SymphonyOrchestra in its regular series of concerts in Boston.

Sun 12/14 95

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place at Music Hall next Wednesday evening.

The soloist will be Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who is making his first concert tour of America this winter.

He began his tour just a month ago with a highly successful appearance in connection with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and his subsequent concerts are described as a continued triumph. In both Europe and this country his playing has been compared to that of Paganini.

The programme for the concert includes Haydn's "Symphony in G Major, No. 13;" Bruch, "Concerto for Violin No. 1;" Handel's "Largo" Mozart's "Turkish March," and Tschaikowsky's fantasia for orchestra, entitled "Francesca da Rimini," the first time at these concerts. Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor.

American 12/15

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Boston Symphony's Second Concert of the Season.

The second concert in Baltimore by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given next Wednesday evening at Music Hall. These concerts have become leading features of the Baltimore musical season, and are attended each year by an ever-widening circle of music-lovers. The individual excellence of the musicians and the carefulness of preparation that characterizes all its performers have established a very high standard for its concerts, and have made the Boston Symphony Orchestra a welcome visitor to Baltimore. Mr. Franz Ondricek, the violin virtuoso, who has been well received in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia will be the soloist in Wednesday's concert, and the following program has been arranged:

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Bruch.....Concerto for Violin, No. 1
(a.) Handel.....Largo
(b.) Mozart.....Turkish March
Tschaikowsky Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Miss Martha Barry, of St. Ann's choir, was the soloist at the Cathedral Sodality services on last Friday evening. Her selection, which was most beautifully rendered, was Cherubini's "Ave Maria."

The Kreisel Quartet, with Harold Randolph as pianist, will render a splendid program at Music Hall next Thursday afternoon.

[65]

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THE WORLD: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1895

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Record

OPERA AND CONCERT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second matinee for the season at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, and although, owing to the determents of the strike and the attractions of Christmas shopping, the audience was small, the concert was a most delightful one. Chief among the orchestral features were a superb rendering of the magnificent "William Tell" overture, a most sympathetic and beautiful interpretation of Volkmann's D minor string serenade, the 'cello obligato of which was exquisitely played by Mr. Schroeder, and a masterly performance of Handel's familiar "Largo." The occasion was made additionally interesting by the first appearance of Franz Ondricek, a violinist of great power, who played the Bruch G minor concerto in a most masterly way, and of Miss Genevieve Clark Wilson, a mezzo-soprano singer of decided attainments, who undoubtedly has a brilliant future before her. The third of these matinees is announced for Saturday, January 25.

H. American

The Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony popular Saturday concerts were announced as experiments. Judging from yesterday's very meager attendance the experiment is not likely to prove a success unless special efforts are made to attract the public by means of great names. The strike was no doubt responsible for part of the falling off, but the slump, for it was slump when you compare it with the first concert which jammed the Academy, was due to the fact that a programme presenting largely as an attraction the orchestra and a virtuoso on the violin is not a drawing card in Philadelphia. It may be a sad state of affairs, but it seems to be so. Of course, the concert was a fine one and Ondricek, the only great violinist Philadelphia has heard this year in any sort of repertoire, proved himself a master indeed. His tone is rich, sonorous and poetical and his technique of the highest order.

Press

News 12/17

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

FRANZ ONDRICEK TO BE THE VIOLIN SOLOIST.

The Orchestra Arrives in Town Today and Will Go Over to Washington Tonight, Returning for the Performance at Music Hall Tomorrow Night—Salvini at Ford's—Gladys Wallis at Harris' Academy of Music.

Franz Ondricek of Bohemia, violinist, will be the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's December concert tomorrow evening. It will be the 1336th concert of that organization since it began business in 1881.

The following is the programme:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13.
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin No. 1.
(a) Handel.....Largo.
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Ondricek was born in Prague, where his father was a musician, and while quite young he was compelled to assist his father to earn a living for the family. In his 7th year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos. In his 14th year he was admitted to the Conservatory. After three years he received the first prize for his mature rendition of the Beethoven concerto.

Purity of intonation, warm and sympathetic interpretation, individuality of conception, verve and temperament are the salient qualities of Ondricek's playing.

The company arrived here this morning. It will give a concert in Washington tonight.

The Four Conductors.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Paur. He is the fourth conductor the Symphony Orchestra has had. George Henschel was the first. He served three years, and went back to London. Gericke was the next. After five years of striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither himself nor the orchestra, he returned to Vienna.

Nikisch came next—Nikisch, the poetic, the romantic, the graceful Hungarian. He had been the leader of the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control.

When Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to go to Boston he was followed by the same man who succeeded him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists at the very same Stadt Theatre several years before. Mr. Paur is cast in a different mold from any of his predecessors, for his enthusiasm manifests itself in a most pronounced fashion whenever he takes the baton in his hand. He is broad in his tastes, appreciative and intelligent in his reading, and a thorough musician.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The second concert of this magnificent organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will take place next Wednesday, December 18, at the Music Hall. This is the fourteenth year of their existence, and next Wednesday's concert will be the 1336th performance which has been given by them in 17 States and 45 cities. The soloist at Wednesday's concert will be Mr. Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist, whose recent coming to this country has created a furore in musical circles and captivated the cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn, Symphony No. 13; Bruch, Concerto for violin, No 1; *a.* Handel, Largo; *b.* Mozart, Turkish March; Tschaikowsky, Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini" (first time at the concert). The sale at seats begins Monday at Albert's.

Herald 12/6

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall next Wednesday evening—which, by the way, is the 1,336th performance of this now famous organization since its founding 14 years ago, and the 35th performance in Baltimore—has for its programme the works of five composers, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Tschaikowsky and Bruch. As is usually the case in programmes of orchestral concerts at the present time, four out of five of these composers are no longer living, and in fact three of them, Haydn, Handel and Mozart, belong to a past century. It is indeed a tribute to the lasting quality of the music written by these men of years ago that their works retain the position of honor upon nearly every programme.

The Haydn Symphony No. 13, which opens the programme, is of the joyous, tuneful nature to be expected of this composer. Next comes the violin concerto No. 1, of Bruch, a selection due to the fact that this composer achieved his greatest reputation by his works for the violin.

The Largo of Handel is one of the most effective and popular selections ever rendered by the Boston Symphony or, in fact, any other orchestra. The title of the selection conveys but a very faint idea of its beauty. After a short introduction, the melody or air is played by the first violin as a solo, accompanied by the harp; then repeated by all the violins in unison, with the accompaniment at the last of the full orchestra. The effect of this number upon every audience is instantaneous, and if the custom of the Boston Symphony Orchestra allowed encores this number would never fail to gain one.

It is a great pity that Tschaikowsky, whose fantasia "Francesca da Rimini" closes the programme, could not have lived to a ripe old age, for his works gave promise of greater compositions to come, and the musical public is indeed loser by his recent death.

The soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek, is a Bohemian, with an established European reputation, who made his debut in this country on the 15th of last month in New York. He has recently appeared with the Boston SymphonyOrchestra in its regular series of concerts in Boston.

Sun 12/14 95

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place at Music Hall next Wednesday evening.

The soloist will be Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who is making his first concert tour of America this winter.

He began his tour just a month ago with a highly successful appearance in connection with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and his subsequent concerts are described as a continued triumph. In both Europe and this country his playing has been compared to that of Paganini.

The programme for the concert includes Haydn's "Symphony in G Major, No. 13;" Bruch, "Concerto for Violin No. 1;" Handel's "Largo" Mozart's "Turkish March," and Tschaikowsky's fantasia for orchestra, entitled "Francesca da Rimini," the first time at these concerts. Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor.

American 12/15

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Boston Symphony's Second Concert of the Season.

The second concert in Baltimore by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will be given next Wednesday evening at Music Hall. These concerts have become leading features of the Baltimore musical season, and are attended each year by an ever-widening circle of music-lovers. The individual excellence of the musicians and the carefulness of preparation that characterizes all its performers have established a very high standard for its concerts, and have made the Boston Symphony Orchestra a welcome visitor to Baltimore. Mr. Franz Ondricek, the violin virtuoso, who has been well received in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia will be the soloist in Wednesday's concert, and the following program has been arranged:

Haydn.....Symphony in G major, No. 13
Bruch.....Concerto for Violin, No. 1
(a.) Handel.....Largo
(b.) Mozart.....Turkish March
Tschaikowsky Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

Miss Martha Barry, of St. Ann's choir, was the soloist at the Cathedral Sodality services on last Friday evening. Her selection, which was most beautifully rendered, was Cherubini's "Ave Maria."

The Kreisel Quartet, with Harold Randolph as pianist, will render a splendid program at Music Hall next Thursday afternoon.

[65]

SUNDAY, . DECEMBER 22, 1895.

Since its inception, 14 years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of 48 concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past 11 years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on Dec. 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of 1339 performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and the New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than 50 years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and 620 in 37 cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in their Memorial hall, heads the list of the cities visited. With such a remarkable grand total of performances given, there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures. As the Boston Smyphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts.

e Independent, N. Y. C.

DEC 26 1895

Music.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE orchestral concert of last week was the Boston Symphony's second one of the season. It was also the one thousand, three hundred and thirty-seventh concert since the orchestra was organized, fourteen years ago. The program made an acrobatic leap from the old to the new in contrasting Haydn's cheerful and lucid G Major Symphony (P. E. No. 8) with Tschaikofsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, and two orchestral extracts from Richard Strauss's opera "Guntram." The "Scotch Fantasia" of Max Bruch was also given, with that fluent and elegant violinist, Mr. Timothée Adamofski as soloist. The performance of the orchestra was of finer finish than has been the case with its recent work here; and Mr. Paur and that surpassing band, with whose presidency he has been honored, received much applause from a small but contented audience. In further reference to the extraordinary industry and success of the Orchestra, it may be said that out of the full series of concerts above enumerated, 719 have been given in Boston, and 615 have been divided among other American cities. Cambridge has heard 97; Philadelphia, 49; Providence, 47; New York and Washington, 44 each; Brooklyn, 42; Baltimore, 35; Worcester, 25; Portland, 22; New Haven, 21; Chicago, 16; Buffalo, 15; Pittsburg, 13; and a long group of important towns from ten to two apiece. Between six thousand and seven thousand numbers have furnished the programs, and more than a thousand soloists have been heard. It is to be remembered that the Orchestra still rests on the basis of a private subsidy from one art-loving Boston gentleman, who does for the public of his city and country what no Esterhazy or Harcourt would do.

Life 12/14

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MUSIC HALL—BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The next Concert in Baltimore by this great orchestrian organization will be at the Music Hall, Mt. Royal avenue, on Wednesday next, December 18th, being the 1,336th performance of this celebrated aggregation of artists since its foundation. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 37 large cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of the cities visited. With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an array of figures. As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details, but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist, who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is a choice one and should please the most exacting.

News 12/12

OVER 1300 CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Holds the World's Records.

It will seem something like a reminiscence of the "oldest inhabitant" to read in the programme of the next concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall on December 18 that it is the 1336 performance by that organization since its debut, 14 years ago. This total is, however, a fact established beyond doubt, and is probably the world's record. There are orchestras in Europe which have existed many years longer, and the New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, has already over 50 years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony undoubtedly heads the list.

Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and 615 in 37 cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College, heads the list of cities visited.

Assuming an average of five selections for each concert, between 6000 and 7000 numbers have been performed. Over 1000 soloists have appeared, more than one-half of them being singers, while the rest have been divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

THE DAILY LEDGER.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON,

DECEMBER 23, 1895.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Thirteen Hundred and Thirty-nine Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal cities of New England. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in their Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge,	97.	New Bedford,	8.
Philadelphia,	49.	Detroit,	7.
Providence,	47.	St. Louis,	6.
New York,	44.	Columbus,	6.
Washington,	44.	Springfield, Mass.,	6
Brooklyn,	42.	Lowell,	6.
Baltimore,	35.	Fitchburg,	6.
Worcester,	25.	Milwaukee,	5.
Portland, Me.,	22.	Lynn,	5.
New Haven,	21.	Ann Arbor, Uni.,	4.
Chicago,	16.	Rochester, N. Y.,	3.
Buffalo,	15.	Taunton,	3.
Pittsburg,	13.	Newport, R. I.,	3.
Cleveland,	10.	Richmond, Va.,	2.
Louisville,	10.	Grand Aapids,	2.
Salem, Mass.,	10.	Norwich, Conn.,	2.
Fall River,	10.	Lawrence,	2.
Cincinnati,	9.	Haverhill,	2.
Hartford,	8.	Syracuse,	2.

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony orchestra is now a national organization.

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 20, 1895.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

1,339 Concerts Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played in Washington and in Baltimore this week. This superb organization, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration, to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21st, this now famous organization has given the really-remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge	97
Philadelphia	49
Providence	47
New York	44
Washington	44
Brooklyn	42
Baltimore	35
Worcester	25
Portland, Me.	22
New Haven	21
Chicago	16
Buffalo	15
Pittsburg	13
Cleveland	10
Louisville	10
Salem, Mass.	10
Fall River	10
Cincinnati	9
Hartford	8
New Bedford	8
Detroit	7
St. Louis	6
Columbus	6
Springfield, Mass.	6
Lowell	6
Fitchburg	6
Milwaukee	5
Lynn	5
Ann Arbor University	4
Rochester, N. Y.	3
Taunton	3
Newport, R. I.	3
Richmond, Va.	2
Grand Rapids,	2
Norwich, Conn.	2
Lawrence	2
Haverhill	2
Syracuse	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston, and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists, and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a national organization.

PROVIDENCE

DECEMBER 15, 1895

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert List a Wonderful One.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on Dec. 21, this famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of 1,309 performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older Europen orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 623 in 37 cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in the Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited, with Providence well toward the head of the list with forty-seven concerts.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over 1,500 private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony orchestra is now a national organization.

[66]

Ohio State Journal.

SUNDAY, - DECEMBER 22, 1895.

Since its inception, 14 years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of 48 concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past 11 years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on Dec. 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of 1339 performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and the New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than 50 years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston and 620 in 37 cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in their Memorial hall, heads the list of the cities visited. With such a remarkable grand total of performances given, there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures. As the Boston Smyphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts.

The Independent, N. Y. C.

DEC 26 1895

Music.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE orchestral concert of last week was the Boston Symphony's second one of the season. It was also the one thousand, three hundred and thirty-seventh concert since the orchestra was organized, fourteen years ago. The program made an acrobatic leap from the old to the new in contrasting Haydn's cheerful and lucid G Major Symphony (P. E. No. 8) with Tschaikofsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, and two orchestral extracts from Richard Strauss's opera "Guntram." The "Scotch Fantasia" of Max Bruch was also given, with that fluent and elegant violinist, Mr. Timothée Adamofski as soloist. The performance of the orchestra was of finer finish than has been the case with its recent work here; and Mr. Paur and that surpassing band, with whose presidency he has been honored, received much applause from a small but contented audience. In further reference to the extraordinary industry and success of the Orchestra, it may be said that out of the full series of concerts above enumerated, 719 have been given in Boston, and 615 have been divided among other American cities. Cambridge has heard 97; Philadelphia, 49; Providence, 47; New York and Washington, 44 each; Brooklyn, 42; Baltimore, 35; Worcester, 25; Portland, 22; New Haven, 21; Chicago, 16; Buffalo, 15; Pittsburg, 13; and a long group of important towns from ten to two apiece. Between six thousand and seven thousand numbers have furnished the programs, and more than a thousand soloists have been heard. It is to be remembered that the Orchestra still rests on the basis of a private subsidy from one art-loving Boston gentleman, who does for the public of his city and country what no Esterhazy or Harcourt would do.

Life 12/14

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MUSIC HALL—BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The next Concert in Baltimore by this great orchestrian organization will be at the Music Hall, Mt. Royal avenue, on Wednesday next, December 18th, being the 1,336 h performance of this celebrated aggregation of artists since its foundation. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 37 large cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of 97 concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are given under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of the cities visited. with such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an array of figures. As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details, but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist, who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is a choice one and should please the most exacting.

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News 12/2

OVER 1300 CONCERTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Holds the World's Records.

It will seem something like a reminiscence of the "oldest inhabitant" to read in the programme of the next concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall on December 18 that it is the 1336 performance by that organization since its debut, 14 years ago. This total is, however, a fact established beyond doubt, and is probably the world's record. There are orchestras in Europe which have existed many years longer, and the New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, has already over 50 years to its credit, but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony undoubtedly heads the list.

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Assuming an average of five selections for each concert, between 6000 and 7000 numbers have been performed. Over 1000 soloists have appeared, more than one-half of them being singers, while the rest have been divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

THE DAILY LEDGER.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON,

DECEMBER 23, 1895.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Thirteen Hundred and Thirty-nine Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal cities of New England. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21, this now famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in their Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge,	97.	New Bedford,	8.
Philadelphia,	49.	Detroit,	7.
Providence,	47.	St. Louis,	6.
New York,	44.	Columbus,	6.
Washington,	44.	Springfield, Mass.,	6
Brooklyn,	42.	Lowell,	6.
Baltimore,	35.	Fitchburg,	6.
Worcester,	25.	Milwaukee,	5.
Portland, Me.,	22.	Lynn,	5.
New Haven,	21.	Ann Arbor, Uni.,	4.
Chicago,	16.	Rochester, N. Y.,	3.
Buffalo,	15.	Taunton,	3.
Pittsburg,	13.	Newport, R. I.,	3.
Cleveland,	10.	Richmond, Va.,	2.
Louisville,	10.	Grand Aapids,	2.
Salem, Mass.,	10.	Norwich, Conn.,	2.
Fall River,	10.	Lawrence,	2.
Cincinnati,	9.	Haverhill,	2.
Hartford,	8.	Syracuse,	2.

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violincellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen states are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a national organization.

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 20, 1895.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

1,339 Concerts Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played in Washington and in Baltimore this week. This superb organization, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration, to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on December 21st, this now famous organization has given the really-remarkable total number of thirteen hundred and thirty-nine performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years, and our own New York Philharmonic Society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and six hundred and twenty in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard College in their Memorial Hall, heads the list of cities visited, which we append below, with the total number of concerts given in each city:

Cambridge	97
Philadelphia	49
Providence	47
New York	44
Washington	44
Brooklyn	42
Baltimore	35
Worcester	25
Portland, Me.	22
New Haven	21
Chicago	16
Buffalo	15
Pittsburg	13
Cleveland	10
Louisville	10
Salem, Mass.	10
Fall River	10
Cincinnati	9
Hartford	8
New Bedford	8
Detroit	7
St. Louis	6
Columbus	6
Springfield, Mass.	6
Lowell	6
Fitchburg	6
Milwaukee	5
Lynn	5
Ann Arbor University	4
Rochester, N. Y.	3
Taunton	3
Newport, R. I.	3
Richmond, Va.	2
Grand Rapids,	2
Norwich, Conn.	2
Lawrence	2
Haverhill	2
Syracuse	2

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Toledo, Albany, Erie, Melrose, Lewiston, and Wakefield, one each.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between six and seven thousand numbers performed. Over one thousand soloists have appeared, something over one half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists, and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over fifteen hundred private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization founded and maintained by a private citizen, it has always been the policy of the management to refrain from the publication of any financial details; but it is safe to assert that even the most moderate average receipts would result in an enormous sum of money expended in the patronage bestowed upon these concerts. Seventeen States are represented in the list of cities given above, excellent evidence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now a national organization.

TELEGRAM, PROVIDENCE,

DECEMBER 15, 1895

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert List a Wonderful One.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends on Dec. 21, this famous organization has given the really remarkable total number of 1,309 performances, thus establishing a record that probably can not be duplicated in the world. Some of the older Europen orchestras have been in existence many more years, and the New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 623 in 37 cities throughout the United States from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in the Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited, with Providence well toward the head of the list with forty-seven concerts.

With such a remarkable grand total of performances given there is naturally unlimited opportunity for detailed statistics of the greatest variety. Lack of space prevents an extended array of figures; but attention is called to the fact that, assuming an average of five selections for each concert, there have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed. Over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the rest divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists. Bearing in mind that all the performances given by the orchestra en route are made up of selections already played in the Boston concerts, there have been over 1,500 private rehearsals. It is also worthy of note that ten of the members of the orchestra the first season still remain with the organization, and over one-half the orchestra have been members for ten years.

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Dec 25

THE MUSICAL COURIER

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last Thursday night in the Metropolitan Opera House. The attendance was slim, for Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor, is not a favorite in New York city, but it was a satisfying program and a satisfying performance, despite Mr. Paur's readings. The program was this:

Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).....Josef Haydn
Fantasia on Scotch folk melodies, for violin, op. 46...Max Bruch
Introduction, grave (E flat minor).
Adagio cantabile (E flat major).
Scherzo, allegro (G major).
Andante sostenuto (A flat major).
Finale, allegro guerriero (E flat major).
Fantasie for orchestra, Francesca da Rimini, op. 32, Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky
(First time at these concerts.)
Preludes to Acts I. and II. of Guntram, op. 25...Richard Strauss
(First time at these concerts.)

Mr. Timothée Adamowski was the solo violinist.

Mr. Paur made an error in playing both the Guntram preludes. The second, which we have heard at Mr. Damrosch's hands, would have sufficed, or, better still, to have ended the evening with Tschaikowsky's noble poem.

Richard Strauss is primarily a theatrical scene painter. He had the theatre in his mind's eye when he composed Guntram, a work of inordinate length and almost insuperable difficulties. The prelude to Act I. is conceived in a Lohengrin mood, but on a plane of higher dynamic intensity. It is scored remarkably, even in these days, when every young composer who has nothing to say yet contrives to say it amazingly well. Dazzling white this prelude moves in Graal-like processional tones. The strongly marked mystic element, *Guntram*, the "Fighter for Love," love of the Cross, becomes monotonous, for we miss the context, the music drama itself. As program writing this prelude is empty, devoid of appreciable content, yet it means much in the theatre.

The second prelude is a bright, animated picture containing some of Strauss' eccentric harmonic effects, but after all not ungrateful in the concert room.

How different is the effect of that great, passionate Francesca da Rimini, a tremendous thunder-riven poem, full of pain and the passion that is pain and the regrets of that world famous pair who "read no more that day" of the fatal book. It was a foregone conclusion that Tschaikowsky would be enthralled by Dante's hapless lovers, the twain in hell's stormy blast. He has made a poem of the story that is worth a dozen music dramas by latterday composers, and, if the truth be boldly spoken, a score in pregnant motifs, marvelous molding of material color and dramatic truthfulness that far exceeds in sheer musical value many symphonies by classicists in which the themes are without vitality because of the forbidding frozen form. In a word Tschaikowsky is a poet-psychologist as well as a composer. To quote a writer in THE MUSICAL COURIER, "he says great things in a great manner," and this sympathetic poem is a specimen. Its whirling fury, hopeless despair, "all hope abandon ye who enter here" is carved on its harmonic portals, its unflagging life and its tenderness make us again sorrow for the dead master.

Even Emil Paur could not prevent his band from playing superbly in this number. Technically it was a superb performance. As a reader Mr. Paur is too constrained, too angular and unpoetic to dig deep in the passionate vein before him, but he worked hard and doubtless was surprised himself at the result.

The Haydn symphony, a gem among its composer's flawless gems—was rather pedestrian, lacking in grace and naïveté, although a clean cut performance.

The Scotch fantasia was played here last season by M. Ysaye. It is a clever orchestral collocation of familiar Scotch melodies and, while not symphonically welded, the treatment by the composer is dignified, consistent and far from suggesting patchwork, as do most paraphrases of the sort. The solo instrument has plenty of stiff technical work, and a breadth of style is certainly called for, especially in the last section. Mr. Adamowski played with much ease and graceful finish, suggesting limitless work since he was heard here last. He was hardly big enough for the warlike last allegro, but he displayed much spirit, abundant technic, and in the cantabiles he was smooth and agreeable, if not very hot blooded. He got five recalls.

The orchestra, an exemplar among all orchestras, did some remarkable things. The brilliancy of attack, the sensuous tonal beauty, the élan, elasticity and unanimity in feeling—especially in the expression of searching emotion—were as ever wonderful. It is a practical object lesson to hear this band play, and from the tympanist to the harpist all are artists. We listened with extreme pleasure to the lovely tone of Mr. Pourtau's clarinet. It is a great band.

Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, of Chicago, will be the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Philadelphia this week. Mrs. Wilson is not a stranger to Boston. She was here a few days on her return from London, where she passed the summer studying with Mr. Georg Henschel. While here she sang for the Cecilia, and made a great impression. She is said to be a dramatic soprano with a voice of exceptional sonority. She began her studies in Boston, where she will be well remembered as the soprano of one of the leading Roxbury churches.

The Boston Symphonians came over on Friday night and played for us. There was a good and eager house, but if the first concert was purposely made light that the Philistines might be lured in and taught to know an orchestra when they saw one, I fear that some of them repented of their interest before this second concert was over. For Mr. Paur had prepared a phenomenally unattractive program. That Fourth Symphony of Brahms is an interesting piece of mechanism, or even of philosophy, if you like, but there isn't a heart throb, there isn't a moment of tenderness, there isn't a lapse into dream, there isn't a ray of sunshine. Pardon me for not being able to agree with some folks who think otherwise, but that is the view of it that is forced upon one citizen of this republic. If a man puts his character into his work, what is Brahms when he is at home? He sounds like a rough and opinionated Bismarck; a Dr. Johnson, an "ursa major," and I wonder if he has a Boswell. The andante alone, of the whole symphony, has some instants of charm, but these seem to have crept in unbeknownst. It cannot be that Brahms ever intended them. So, good people, who never heard a real orchestra before, don't imagine that this is the kind of thing that all orchestras play all of the time. There are pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schubert and a lot of other folks that I am sure you would like if you heard Mr. Paur play them; pieces with tunes in them and likewise hearts in them.

Mrs. Clementine de Vere-Sapio, who has widened vocally, artistically and a little bit physically, sang the mad scene from Thomas' Hamlet. It will be observed that Mr. Paur is heading a bull movement in mad scenes. At the last concert he gave us the crazy business from Lucia. We are wondering whether some new man has written something in the same line for the next concert. A mad scene from Fritz in an Asylum, or Francis Fischer Powers, Italo Campanini and M. W. Whitney in The Wild Man of Borneo, or some more dainty little thing from The Gay Parisians might hit the popular taste and swell the box receipts. But, seriously, if we promise to be very, very good, will you please let us have something different, Mister?

Mrs. Sapio sang the mad scene well enough. It is not worth singing in concert anyway, except for the little Swedish folk song that interrupts the number, and this was so much more feeling and beautiful than the scales that the judicious wondered why it was and why it is that singers like this will choose to merely display their technics instead of their minds and souls and the art that informs them. But it will be a long day before the music is accepted as better than the musician or the singer. The other soloist was Mr. Franz Kneisel, who did his part in the Händel largo and the Viotti concerto with skill and modesty, though in the concerto there was likewise a good deal that was not worth while. The cadenza at the end of the moderato seemed about a quarter of an hour long. As to the largo it was magnificent. It swept glooms and cobwebs out of brains, it visibly and audibly soared from the earth and took the listeners with it. Where will Brahms be in the next century? Händel will be here just the same.

Mozart's brisk little Turkish march was played with the animation of an Armenian atrocity, and was timely because of the newspaper narratives. Richard Strauss' two preludes from Guntram wound up the bill in an awakening and pyrotechnic fashion. Turning to Mr. Apthorp's usually critical and instructive observations in the program we were all grieved to find that there was no narrative. Mr. Apthorp had sighed resignedly into print, "Neither of these two movements is susceptible of technical analysis." And no more are they, for a fact. You can't analyze the aurora borealis, or the Jabberwock, or Mr. George Francis Train his mind; therefore you cannot analyze anything so utterly formless as the Guntram episodes. Let it pass that they are more different kinds of music in ten minutes than all of the nine symphonies, and that Wagner is the master of Mr. Strauss and that the pupil tries only to follow his master.

There is a sense of harmony in the man, too, and the second of the preludes has a rejoicing mood, but while the violins are proclaiming their happiness the drums and cymbals and triangles and jewsharps and other instruments of calathembian origin fall upon the helpless strings and wipe the academy up with them. And great is the chortling and wild the hubbub when this thing happens. Why could we not have just one sane, easy, melodious, agreeable thing for a wind up? And there will be no more symphonies until January 24.

Baltimore 12/14

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The next Concert in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be given at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening next, December 18, it will be the 1,356th performance by this organization since its foundation, 14 years ago. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 615 in 87 cities throughout the United States, 85 of which were given in the city of Baltimore. The Boston Symphony, although but fourteen years old, can boast of having given a greater number of concerts than any other European or American organization of its kind. There have been between 6,000 and 7,000 numbers performed during its existence; over 1,000 soloists have appeared, something over one-half of them singers, and the balance divided among pianists, violinists and violoncellists.

The soloist for the next concert here will be Franz Ondricek, the famous violinist who, since his recent coming to this country, has created a furore in musical circles. The programme for the concert is as follows:

Haydn.....Symphony No. 13
Bruch.....Concerto for violin, No. 1
(a) Handel.....Largo
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

MUSIC HALL

Mt. Royal Ave. & Cathedral St.

BOSTON

Symphony Orchestra,

MR. EMIL PAUL, Conductor.

SECOND CONCERT,

Wednesday Evening, December 18th, at 8.15.

—PROGRAMME.—

Haydn, Symphony No. 13. Bruch, Concerto or Violin, No. 1. Handel, Largo. Mozart, Turkish March. Tschaikowsky, Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Opus 32.

Soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek.

Tickets on sale at Alberts', 13 N. Charles Street.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1895.

A New Music Hall.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

The question as to the necessity of a new Music Hall for Providence is not an easy one to answer from my point of view. In the first place it is always a difficult matter to provide at one and the same time an auditorium perfectly adapted for concert performances and also available for other entertainments. The best appointed opera house is not by any means always the best concert room. The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for instance, is somewhat too large for purely orchestral concerts, and Carnegie Music Hall is equally unadapted for operatic performances.

A happy combination of both opera house and concert hall would be a most desirable feature in any of our largest cities, both from an artistic standpoint and as a business investment, and yet such a combination, I venture to say, cannot be found in this country.

There is no question whatever as to the value to Providence of a music hall properly constructed, of good capacity and easy of access, but unless such a hall can be used for a great variety of entertainments, it is not at all likely that a sufficient number of concerts of the highest order would be given, not only in Providence, but in any other city, to justify the investment necessary for such a hall. Infantry Hall, from its very location, being a long flight of stairs above the level of one street and considerably below the level of another, of course, leaves much to be desired, as the audience room of such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but fairness compels the admission that it compares favorably with audience rooms in other cities.

Architects all over the world have found no more vexed problem for their consideration than the successful construction of a concert hall. If the acoustics are perfect—which is very rarely the case—the ventilation is faulty and vice versa. My own idea of an auditorium, such as not only Providence, but every other city in this country needs to-day, is an opera house perfect in all its appointments, sufficiently isolated from the street to be free from any of its disturbing noises, and so constructed that it can be reduced in size to the smaller requirements of a concert hall, this last being accomplished by movable screens cutting off the upper balconies.

It is a very easy matter to say that a location in the very heart of the city is the most easy of access, and therefore the most desirable, but again, there arises the heavy investment necessary for ground rent in such a centre.

Everything considered, Infantry Hall must continue the concert room for all first-class musical attractions in Providence, until some public-spirited citizen, actuated by a noble sentiment rather than by his business judgment, shall give to your city an auditorium satisfactory both to your public and to amusement organizations visiting your city.

FREDERIC R. COMEE,
Assistant Manager,
Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Boston, Dec. 26, 1895.

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Dec. 25

THE MUSICAL COURIER

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last Thursday night in the Metropolitan Opera House. The attendance was slim, for Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor, is not a favorite in New York city, but it was a satisfying program and a satisfying performance, despite Mr. Paur's readings. The program was this:

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Mr. Timothée Adamowski was the solo violinist.

Mr. Paur made an error in playing both the Guntram preludes. The second, which we have heard at Mr. Damrosch's hands, would have sufficed, or, better still, to have ended the evening with Tschaikowsky's noble poem.

Richard Strauss is primarily a theatrical scene painter. He had the theatre in his mind's eye when he composed Guntram, a work of inordinate length and almost insuperable difficulties. The prelude to Act I. is conceived in a Lohengrin mood, but on a plane of higher dynamic intensity. It is scored remarkably, even in these days, when every young composer who has nothing to say yet contrives to say it amazingly well. Dazzling white this prelude moves in Graal-like processional tones. The strongly marked mystic element, *Guntram*, the "Fighter for Love," love of the Cross, becomes monotonous, for we miss the context, the music drama itself. As program writing this prelude is empty, devoid of appreciable content, yet it means much in the theatre.

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(a) Handel.....Largo
(b) Mozart.....Turkish March.
Tschaikowsky...Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
(First time at these concerts.)

MUSIC HALL

Mt. Royal Ave. & Cathedral St.

BOSTON

Symphony Orchestra,

MR. EMIL PAUL, Conductor.

SECOND CONCERT,

Wednesday Evening, December 18th, at 8.15.

—PROGRAMME.—

Haydn, Symphony No. 13. Bruch, Concerto or Violin, No. 1. Handel, Largo. Mozart, Turkish March. Tschaikowsky, Fantasia for Orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Opus 32.

Soloist, Mr. Franz Ondricek.

Tickets on sale at Alberts', 13 N. Charles Street.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1895.

A New Music Hall.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

The question as to the necessity of a new Music Hall for Providence is not an easy one to answer from my point of view. In the first place it is always a difficult matter to provide at one and the same time an auditorium perfectly adapted for concert performances and also available for other entertainments. The best appointed opera house is not by any means always the best concert room. The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for instance, is somewhat too large for purely orchestral concerts, and Carnegie Music Hall is equally unadapted for operatic performances.

A happy combination of both opera house and concert hall would be a most desirable feature in any of our largest cities, both from an artistic standpoint and as a business investment, and yet such a combination, I venture to say, cannot be found in this country.

There is no question whatever as to the value to Providence of a music hall properly constructed, of good capacity and easy of access, but unless such a hall can be used for a great variety of entertainments, it is not at all likely that a sufficient number of concerts of the highest order would be given, not only in Providence, but in any other city, to justify the investment necessary for such a hall. Infantry Hall, from its very location, being a long flight of stairs above the level of one street and considerably below the level of another, of course, leaves much to be desired, as the audience room of such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but fairness compels the admission that it compares favorably with audience rooms in other cities.

Architects all over the world have found no more vexed problem for their consideration than the successful construction of a concert hall. If the acoustics are perfect—which is very rarely the case—the ventilation is faulty and vice versa. My own idea of an auditorium, such as not only Providence, but every other city in this country needs to-day, is an opera house perfect in all its appointments, sufficiently isolated from the street to be free from any of its disturbing noises, and so constructed that it can be reduced in size to the smaller requirements of a concert hall, this last being accomplished by movable screens cutting off the upper balconies.

It is a very easy matter to say that a location in the very heart of the city is the most easy of access, and therefore the most desirable, but again, there arises the heavy investment necessary for ground rent in such a centre.

Everything considered, Infantry Hall must continue the concert room for all first-class musical attractions in Providence, until some public-spirited citizen, actuated by a noble sentiment rather than by his business judgment, shall give to your city an auditorium satisfactory both to your public and to amusement organizations visiting your city.

FREDERIC R. COMEE,
Assistant Manager,
Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Boston, Dec. 26, 1895.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1895.

THE SUPERB QUALITIES OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA RECOGNIZED.

The New York music reviewers are gradually becoming cognizant of the superiority of this superb orchestra and the intellectual and musical powers of its gifted conductor, Mr. Emil Paur. The New York "World" speaks in this strain of the noble organization's concert last week:

"At the Metropolitan Opera House, December 19, the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared at the 1,337th concert it has given since its foundation, about fifteen years ago. One can better appreciate the enormous number of concerts given by this orchestra during its comparatively short career when one considers that the Philharmonic Society, during its fifty-three years of existence, has only given about 600 in all. And the playing of the two orchestras is about in proportion to the number of concerts given by each.

"In spite of its daintiness and vivacity, the rare elegance of style and finish which it exhibits, and the fresh and gay melodic beauties which glow on every page of the score, Haydn's G major Symphony struck me, I must confess, as a trifle archaic. The surpassing excellence of the strings of the Boston Orchestra was most evident in the exquisite rendering of this number, which was read by Mr. Paur with spirit, dignity and classic feeling. It evidently was an admirable foil to the rich modernity of Bruch's 'Scotch Fantasia' for violin, which followed it.

"Tschaikowsky may rage and storm in turbulent passion, as in the 'Francesca da Rimini fantasie, superbly played last night, but he is never coarse and repellant like Koch, Richard Strauss et al. This fantasia is by no means the equal of the 'Hamlet' in either interest, power or beauty, and yet is instinct with all of the composers individuality, emotional force and faculty of pictoral expression. Two preludes from Richard Strauss's opera, 'Guntram,' also forcibly played—how horribly noisy and blatant he is at times—brought an enjoyable concert to a close.

"I can hardly believe that the good people of New York realize what they miss in the way of absolutely unsurpassed orchestral playing in failing to attend these concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in larger numbers. There is certainly no orchestra in this country that can hold a candle to it."

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

The New York "Sun" is no less pronounced in its admiration of the results achieved:

"Schumann said many wise things, among them this: 'Without enthusiasm nothing comes out right in art.' It seems to us New Yorkers that no body of musicians ever had more enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* than the Boston Symphony orchestra. Their concert last evening held indisputable evidence of the intensity and earnestness possessed by each single member of the band as well as proof of their exceeding skill. One of the numbers, Tschaikowsky's Fantasie called 'Francesca de Rimini,' was a marvel of execution. The composition itself is worthy of the highest praise, being at the very height of its author's powers in his most inspired mood. Those who know Tschaikowsky's abilities will recognize that his best work is to be classified with the loftiest in modern composition, and that it holds its own well, even when in juxtaposition with the old classic writers. The fantasia is a mass of beauties; it is thickly woven with exquisite phrases that are intertwined with a deftness more wonderful than ever was called to the making of tapestries or princely textures. And underneath the mass of sound surge continually waves of passion so restless and compelling that the listener finds his own emotions dragged and pulled irresistibly along until he is left quivering and panting with the rush of agitated feeling that this powerful music excites.

"No one who heard Paur's interpretation of this glorious bit of orchestral eloquence could say that it fell short of absolute perfection. The plastic welding of phrases, the elastic swing, the ebb and flow of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, everything needful to an entirely ideal rendering, was found in the playing of the Boston men.

"No less exact and admirable was the dear old Haydn Symphony in G major, so sunshiny, so full of that simple, childlike faith, without which no soul gets very far, either in this world or the next. It is an essence too much hidden and neglected in these latter days, and it is therefore refreshing to find it embodied in music for us, and it is something to be thankful for when leaders bring out the restful, confiding, quaint old things. They are like nature's own healing—like grass, trees, flowers, blue skies, and balmy air."

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCVIII., NO. 182.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven Contribute to the Programme.

Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven contributed to the programme of the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall, last evening. The selections were evidently made with a historical interest in view, the Haydn symphony being one of the composer's least pretentious and most naive, and that by Beethoven being his first. The absence of anything even remotely suggesting music of the modern school gave the programme a novel but not unpleasing aspect. It was as follows:

Suite in D major.....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (the "Surprize")..Haydn
Turkish march, from the A major sonata....
Mozart
(Arranged by Herbech.)
Largo from "Xerxes".....Handel
(Arranged by Hellmesberger.)
Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven

The familiar air in the Bach suite and the Handel largo were the successes of the evening as far as applause was concerned, the latter meeting with so much favor that an effort was made to encore it, but in vain. All which again bears testimony to the fondness of even a Symphony audience for a simple tune. It is not easy to believe in these days of massive instrumentation, to which one listens with utter calm, that the drum-stroke in the andante from which the Haydn symphony takes its name could have startled the audience that first heard it as it is said to have done. Listened to with modern ears, it is the tamest of all possible attempts at a surprise; but, then, modern ears are so accustomed to the blaring of brass, the swishing of cymbals and the banging of tympani and bass drums that it would be difficult to surprise them with anything short of a thinly arranged score. The least effective number was the arrangement of the Mozart march, which, though instrumented cleverly enough, is not improved by transposition from the pianoforte to the orchestra, and it made no very marked impression.

The Bach suite was given with a keenly sympathetic feeling for the spirit of the music, the opening movement, the lento and the two gavottes notably so. Mr. Paur is always notably felicitous in his reading of Haydn, and a charmingly piquant rendering of the work further enforced this fact. The performance throughout was delightful in its daintiness and its finish, but it must be confessed that if the symphony were never heard again Haydn's fame would in no wise suffer, for the music has become quaintly archaic, and is far from deserving to rank among the composer's more important work in its class. The Handel largo was splendidly played, the perfection of the unrivalled string orchestra looming out, if possible, more convincingly than ever.

There was a very large audience, that seemed to be in an admirable mood for enjoying the performances, and its applause was heartier and more frequent than at any of the preceding concerts of the season.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "La Patrie," Bizet (first time); suite, "Namouna," Lalo (first time); symphony, B flat, Volkmann. The soloist is to be Miss Rosa Olitzka of the Metropolitan Opera company, who will sing the aria, "Parto, parto," from Mozart's "Titus," and "Ah mon fils" from "Le Prophete," by Meyerbeer.

PRAISED BY GOTHAM CRITICS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra in Fine Favor in New York.

The music critics of the New York papers, in their notices of the performances by the Boston Symphony orchestra there this season, are overstinted in their praise of the efficiency of the orchestra. They seem to take a special pleasure in affirming that New York has no such admirable body of instrumental performers, and some do not hesitate to express the belief that there is no more perfectly disciplined orchestra in existence. They have never before been so enthusiastic in their commendation of the organization, nor so persistent in demonstrating it. This fact is, of course, very flattering to Mr. Paur, for it is not to be supposed that the orchestra has brought itself up to the high state of perfection that has so stirred the admiration of New York, although, to judge by the utterances of some of the less friendly critics, who still continue to mourn the passing of Mr. Nikisch, one might fancy that they believed it possible that an orchestra can lift itself by its own bootstraps, unaided by its conductor. The organization was left in a very demoralized state by Mr. Paur's predecessor. It went from good to bad, and from bad to worse, with distressing steadiness, and, if Mr. Nikisch had ruled over its destinies for a few years longer, he would have undone completely all that Mr. Gericke achieved with it. However, that misfortune was luckily avoided by Mr. Nikisch's departure, and after two years under the sway of Mr. Paur the orchestra has not only recovered its earlier standard, but, under its present conductor, has won a recognition in New York remarkable for the unreserve and the frank heartiness that characterize it. Some of the critics, in praising the performances, forget to mention Mr. Paur's name in connection with them, while others are inclined to suggest that the fine results obtained are in spite of the conductor; but one might as well assume that a vessel goes on its course uninfluenced by the man at the wheel; or that an officer directing military evolutions does so under the discipline of the rank and file. An orchestra, no heed how admirable may be the material of which it is composed, cannot regulate its own performances. Whether it acquit itself well or otherwise, the conductor is responsible, and to him pertains the praise or the blame, as each is called for. The orchestra remains, fundamentally, essentially, the same, as far as its components are concerned, that it was under Mr. Nikisch, and, if it now wins greater praise in New York than was ever bestowed on it before, the credit for its fuller efficiency must naturally and justly be given to the conductor under whom it has become entitled to such increased laudation.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 29.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its ninth concert last evening in Music Hall. The programme was:

Suite in D-major.....Bach
Symphony, G-major.....Haydn
Turkish March.....Mozart
Largo from Serse.....Handel
Symphony No. 1, C-major.....Beethoven

A very attractive if not novel programme; a programme that allowed one to forget modern restlessness, turbulence and progress, and to temporarily return to a world of art that we are said to have outgrown. It is always a delight to harken to genius, especially genius sanctified by time, and the delight is not lessened by the privilege we latest-born moderns enjoy, of combining tolerance with pleasure. We are not cruel enough to rob the old masters of their immortality, but we add to our intellectual stature by referring to their quaintness and simplicity, thus implying how much better we moderns could do the work if we had the time. Whenever Haydn or Handel is dealt with, the modern advanced critic feels it a duty to himself and to posterity to play the part of patron, and to first excuse the genius that he is good-natured enough to praise.

There is no destructive power in quaintness, however; it will not bite, as Hazlitt said of the allegory in the Fairy Queen, and considering what a burden of quaintness we of today are preparing for the student's of music of the future, quaintness burdened with ponderosity, we can well afford to forgive the great musicians for having the misfortune of being born before us, and of being guided by a fashion which is not ours.

The programme was delightfully interpreted by Mr. Paur and his orchestra, and without a trace of patronage; the Bach suite was given with a fine flowing geniality; the second movement particularly being given with exquisite grace and sweetness there was quaintness of course; but as all good music is always modern and as much modern music is not good, the suite lost nothing by being quaint, rather gained from being written at a time when "barn-door shuffles" were an undreamed of possibility of the future.

The Haydn symphony was most delightfully and sympathetically read, Mr. Paur, with all his deference for modern genius, being singularly happy in interpreting the work of the classic old composers. There were spirit, grace and sweetness; brilliancy and playfulness; a perfect reading of a most delightful work.

The Mozart march is taken from the A-major pianoforte sonata and was scored for the orchestra by Herbeck of Vienna; scored coarsely, noisily, with much noise of drums, cymbals and triangle, suggesting ambulant musicians calling attention to a Punch and Judy show. We all know how Mr. Wopsle honored Shakspeare with a pair of tights, and Herbeck of Vienna rendered the same service to Mozart by means of drum and cymbals.

The arrangement of the Handel largo by Hellmesberger is more reverent, even though it is somewhat startling in the way of tone color, this work was most charmingly played by the orchestra and aroused the the audience to a rare pitch of enthusiasm. Equally meritorious was the playing of the Beethoven symphony; in short, no better and more sympathetic work has been given by the Symphony Orchestra than the work of last evening. It was a light holiday programme of the finest quality.

The programme for the next concert is; Overture "La Patrie," Bizet; Suite "Namoura," Lalo; and symphony in B flat major, Volkmann. The soloist has not yet been announced.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 29, 1895.

The proof of all puddings is in their eating, and Mr. Paur's ninth concert—the 1341st in his orchestra's long series—was more delightful and proportionate in performance than it promised to be. For he had arranged one of his progressive-composition programmes, as they might be called, proceeding from Bach to Beethoven via Haydn, Handel and Mozart. But there were good contrasts and evolutions, there was spirit, the choices were discreet, and in one number there was a deal of novelty, although the thing itself belongs with those which concert-goers know by heart—or think they do when they hear them.

The concert began with Bach's D-major suite, in which there was a plenty of breadth and depth in spite of the master's limited instrumental scheme. In the lento the bits for solo violin supported by the reduced band were charmingly set off against the returns with the full force, and the subsequent dance figures had a firm step and yet an elastic one. Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, not too often heard nowadays, followed in a light and cheery reading from which was not absent just that touch of humor which gives the symphony its name by bursting unexpectedly into the smooth andante. Mozart's Turkish march, from his A-major sonata, and far better suited to the Hopkinson Smith imaginary Turk than to the "unspeakable" creature of Armenian tyranny, was tinglingly marked off, and then came the favorite Largo from Handel's "Xerxes." But not altogether as of old, with a long thin line of violinists drawing it out in unison all across the platform. A version made by Hellmesberger was used and stirred an unwonted enthusiasm, for if gave a new sensation. Introduced over a calm basis of wooden wind and horn tone, the air was first deliciously rendered by Kneisel to Mr. Schueckers's harp accompaniment, and then passed to all the first violins, the support gradually increasing until the full orchestra brought in a thrilling climax more rich and voluminous than the common version dreams of. An excellent reading of Beethoven's first symphony, in whose pages dwells openly the influence of Mozart beside the genius of the new master, ended the concert.

For next Saturday this will be the programme: Bizet, Overture, "La Patrie," (first time); Lalo, Suite, "Namouna," (first time); Volkmann, Symphony in B-flat major. Soloist to be announced.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Herald.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1895.

Ninth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Emil Paur Conductor—A Familiar Program and No Soloist.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening was as follows:

Suite in D major .....Bach
Symphony in G major. "Surprise"...Haydn
Turkish March from the A major Sonata .....Mozart
(Scored for orchestra by Herbeck.)
Largo from "Serse".....Handel
(Scored for violins and orchestra by Hellmesberger.)
(Violin Solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)
Symphony No. 1 .....Beethoven

This program was certainly a singular one. It had no historical or "educational" significance, although one might at first have supposed that Mr. Paur intended to show the growth in instrumentation; but the vulgar arrangement of the childish music of Mozart is distinctively modern, and so is Hellmesberger's arrangement of the air from "Xerxes," or, to speak by the card, "Serse." If Mr. Paur proposed to give a light and gay concert, one in sympathy with the season, he is apparently without sense of humor.

Here was a program without contrast. Now contrast is the very essence of vitality in a concert. No one of the pieces chosen, except the Turkish arrangement, is to be objected to per se; but when they are solemnly paraded in a row, and when the first symphony of Beethoven brings up the rear, the result is monotony. There are people who think it the proper thing to be conservative; conservatism they regard as the undiscriminating worship of composers alleged to be great. These people are very apt to shy at the name of a modern composer, especially if no one in whose authority they can rely has told them, "really, he's not a bad fellow after all; you will find his music interesting." No doubt these same people enjoyed thoroughly the concert of last night from A to Izzard.

* * *

About this concert there is little to be said. Do you wish, oh reader, an elaborate discussion of the gavotte, bourée, gigue? Or a Plutarchian comparison between Mozart and Haydn as writers of symphonies? It would be very easy to thus fill two or three columns. Do you wish an inquiry into the character of Turkish music before 1638, when Amurat IV. saved the life of Schah Culi, a famous harper, at Bagdad, and took him to Turkey, where he honored him? Or would you like to hear of the dismal failure of Handel's "Xerxes," when it was first brought out? It failed ignobly, although there was a comic character in it, and a few little choruses, a rare thing in the opera of Handel's day. Or would you be pleased with a disquisition on the youth of Beethoven, with the introduction of the approved phrase, "paw of the lion?" The proper place for all these essays is the program book; not in a review of a concert in which the numbers are very familiar. Besides the reader that glances at reviews is supposed to be a person of musical intelligence; and really, what is the use of a reviewer playing the pedagogue on such slight provocation?

Suffice it then to say that the air of Bach, finely played by Mr. Kneisel and the orchestra, the andante of Haydn's Symphony, and the largo of Handel pleased the audience mightily. Indeed, the applause that followed the largo was the most genuine and the most protracted that I have heard at a Symphony concert after any purely orchestral number for five years. The symphony of Beethoven was played by the orchestra in a rather perfunctory manner; and no wonder. It was at the end of a program that was of little interest to the players, and the work itself does not inspire under such circumstances.

* * *

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29, 1895.

Ninth Symphony Concert.

Last week's Symphony program was of a very substantial nature, consisting of Bach's suite in D major, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's "Turkish March," the largo from Handel's "Serse" and Beethoven's symphony No. 1. Mr Franz Kneisel played the violin solo in the Handel work. The audience was conservative in applause and enthusiasm, except in the latter number, in which the notably artistic performance of Mr Kneisel and the harpist, Mr Schuecker, aroused a storm of plaudits.

The largo, as arranged by Hellmesberger, gives prominence to the violin and harp, the aria of Xerxes in the first act being the theme given to the violin, this instrument being supported throughout by the harp. The extreme delicacy of Mr Kneisel's playing calls for high commendation. The pure, cautabel quality of his tones and the beautiful shadings, made his performance the feature of the concert. Equal praise is due Mr Schuecker, whose work, though less prominent, was all that could be desired. The blending of the two instruments was perfect, and the artists were justly entitled to the marks of appreciation showered upon them.

The different styles of the compositions showed the orchestra to good advantage. In the Bach suite the "irregularities" of the first movement were played with admirable precision, and Mr Kneisel performed his share in the solo parts well. The strings gave excellent results in the familiar second part, and the different dance themes, which complete the suite, were distinctly and characteristically set forth. Haydn's "Surprise" symphony was smoothly given as a rule, the elaborate fantasia of the first movement being, perhaps, taken at a little too rapid tempo. The "crashes" in the second part were not over accentuated, which is somewhat rare in this movement.

The Beethoven symphony was brilliantly interpreted. The cadence fortissimo of the first movement was notably smooth and vigorous, and the lighter passages, so varied and playful, were brilliant examples of the fine team work of the orchestra. The vivacity of the menuetto and country dance tunes was splendidly preserved. Mozart's "Turkish March" seemed merely child's play to the men, and it was performed with all due pomp and percussion effects.

The program this week will consist of two novelties, Bizet's overture, "La Patrie" and Lalo's suite, "Namoura" and the Volkmann symphony in B flat major. Miss Olitzka will be the soloist.

[69]

American Art Journal.

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PRAISED BY GOTHAM CRITICS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra in Fine Favor in New York.

The music critics of the New York papers, in their notices of the performances by the Boston Symphony orchestra there this season, are overstinted in their praise of the efficiency of the orchestra. They seem to take a special pleasure in affirming that New York has no such admirable body of instrumental performers, and some do not hesitate to express the belief that there is no more perfectly disciplined orchestra in existence. They have never before been so enthusiastic in their commendation of the organization, nor so persistent in demonstrating it. This fact is, of course, very flattering to Mr. Paur, for it is not to be supposed that the orchestra has brought itself up to the high state of perfection that has so stirred the admiration of New York, although, to judge by the utterances of some of the less friendly critics, who still continue to mourn the passing of Mr. Nikisch, one might fancy that they believed it possible that an orchestra can lift itself by its own bootstraps, unaided by its conductor. The organization was left in a very demoralized state by Mr. Paur's predecessor. It went from good to bad, and from bad to worse, with distressing steadiness, and, if Mr. Nikisch had ruled over its destinies for a few years longer, he would have undone completely all that Mr. Gericke achieved with it. However, that misfortune was luckily avoided by Mr. Nikisch's departure, and after two years under the sway of Mr. Paur the orchestra has not only recovered its earlier standard, but, under its present conductor, has won a recognition in New York remarkable for the unreserve and the frank heartiness that characterize it. Some of the critics, in praising the performances, forget to mention Mr. Paur's name in connection with them, while others are inclined to suggest that the fine results obtained are in spite of the conductor; but one might as well assume that a vessel goes on its course uninfluenced by the man at the wheel; or that an officer directing military evolutions does so under the discipline of the rank and file. An orchestra, no heed how admirable may be the material of which it is composed, cannot regulate its own performances. Whether it acquit itself well or otherwise, the conductor is responsible, and to him pertains the praise or the blame, as each is called for. The orchestra remains, fundamentally, essentially, the same, as far as its components are concerned, that it was under Mr. Nikisch, and, if it now wins greater praise in New York than was ever bestowed on it before, the credit for its fuller efficiency must naturally and justly be given to the conductor under whom it has become entitled to such increased laudation.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 29.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its ninth concert last evening in Music Hall. The programme was:

Suite in D-major.....Bach
Symphony, G-major.....Haydn
Turkish March.....Mozart
Largo from Serse.....Handel
Symphony No. 1, C-major.....Beethoven

A very attractive if not novel programme; a programme that allowed one to forget modern restlessness, turbulence and progress, and to temporarily return to a world of art that we are said to have outgrown. It is always a delight to harken to genius, especially genius sanctified by time, and the delight is not lessened by the privilege we latest born moderns enjoy, of combining tolerance with pleasure. We are not cruel enough to rob the old masters of their immortality, but we add to our intellectual stature by referring to their quaintness and simplicity, thus implying how much better we moderns could do the work if we had the time. Whenever Haydn or Handel is dealt with, the modern advanced critic feels it a duty to himself and to posterity to play the part of patron, and to first excuse the genius that he is good-natured enough to praise.

There is no destructive power in quaintness, however; it will not bite, as Hazlitt said of the allegory in the Fairy Queen, and considering what a burden of quaintness we of today are preparing for the student's of music of the future, quaintness burdened with ponderosity, we can well afford to forgive the great musicians for having the misfortune of being born before us, and of being guided by a fashion which is not ours.

The programme was delightfully interpreted by Mr. Paur and his orchestra, and without a trace of patronage; the Bach suite was given with a fine flowing geniality; the second movement particularly being given with exquisite grace and sweetness there was quaintness of course; but as all good music is always modern and as much modern music is not good, the suite lost nothing by being quaint, rather gained from being written at a time when "barn-door shuffles" were an undreamed of possibility of the future.

The Haydn symphony was most delightfully and sympathetically read, Mr. Paur, with all his deference for modern genius, being singularly happy in interpreting the work of the classic old composers. There were spirit, grace and sweetness; brilliancy and playfulness; a perfect reading of a most delightful work.

The Mozart march is taken from the A-major pianoforte sonata and was scored for the orchestra by Herbeck of Vienna; scored coarsely, noisily, with much noise of drums, cymbals and triangle, suggesting ambulant musicians calling attention to a Punch and Judy show. We all know how Mr. Wopsle honored Shakspeare with a pair of tights, and Herbeck of Vienna rendered the same service to Mozart by means of drum and cymbals.

The arrangement of the Handel largo by Hellmesberger is more reverent, even though it is somewhat startling in the way of tone color, this work was most charmingly played by the orchestra and aroused the the audience to a rare pitch of enthusiasm. Equally meritorious was the playing of the Beethoven symphony; in short, no better and more sympathetic work has been given by the Symphony Orchestra than the work of last evening. It was a light holiday programme of the finest quality.

The programme for the next concert is; Overture "La Patrie," Bizet; Suite "Namoura," Lalo; and symphony in B flat major, Volkmann. The soloist has not yet been announced.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 29, 1895.

The proof of all puddings is in their eating, and Mr. Paur's ninth concert—the 1341st in his orchestra's long series—was more delightful and proportionate in performance than it promised to be. For he had arranged one of his progressive-composition programmes, as they might be called, proceeding from Bach to Beethoven via Haydn, Handel and Mozart. But there were good contrasts and evolutions, there was spirit, the choices were discreet, and in one number there was a deal of novelty, although the thing itself belongs with those which concert-goers know by heart—or think they do when they hear them.

The concert began with Bach's D-major suite, in which there was a plenty of breadth and depth in spite of the master's limited instrumental scheme. In the lento the bits for solo violin supported by the reduced band were charmingly set off against the returns with the full force, and the subsequent dance figures had a firm step and yet an elastic one. Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, not too often heard nowadays, followed in a light and cheery reading from which was not absent just that touch of humor which gives the symphony its name by bursting unexpectedly into the smooth andante. Mozart's Turkish march, from his A-major sonata, and far better suited to the Hopkinson Smith imaginary Turk than to the "unspeakable" creature of Armenian tyranny, was tinglingly marked off, and then came the favorite Largo from Handel's "Xerxes." But not altogether as of old, with a long thin line of violinists drawing it out in unison all across the platform. A version made by Hellmesberger was used and stirred an unwonted enthusiasm, for if gave a new sensation. Introduced over a calm basis of wooden wind and horn tone, the air was first deliciously rendered by Kneisel to Mr. Schueckers's harp accompaniment, and then passed to all the first violins, the support gradually increasing until the full orchestra brought in a thrilling climax more rich and voluminous than the common version dreams of. An excellent reading of Beethoven's first symphony, in whose pages dwells openly the influence of Mozart beside the genius of the new master, ended the concert.

For next Saturday this will be the programme: Bizet, Overture, "La Patrie," (first time); Lalo, Suite, "Namouna," (first time); Volkmann, Symphony in B-flat major. Soloist to be announced.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1895.

Ninth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Emil Paur Conductor—A Familiar Program and No Soloist.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening was as follows:

Suite in D major .....Bach
Symphony in G major. "Surprise"...Haydn
Turkish March from the A major Sonata .....Mozart
(Scored for orchestra by Herbeck.)
Largo from "Serse".....Handel
(Scored for violins and orchestra by Hellmesberger.)
(Violin Solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)
Symphony No. 1 .....Beethoven

This program was certainly a singular one. It had no historical or "educational" significance, although one might at first have supposed that Mr. Paur intended to show the growth in instrumentation; but the vulgar arrangement of the childish music of Mozart is distinctively modern, and so is Hellmesberger's arrangement of the air from "Xerxes," or, to speak by the card, "Serse." If Mr. Paur proposed to give a light and gay concert, one in sympathy with the season, he is apparently without sense of humor.

Here was a program without contrast. Now contrast is the very essence of vitality in a concert. No one of the pieces chosen, except the Turkish arrangement, is to be objected to per se; but when they are solemnly paraded in a row, and when the first symphony of Beethoven brings up the rear, the result is monotony. There are people who think it the proper thing to be conservative; conservatism they regard as the undiscriminating worship of composers alleged to be great. These people are very apt to shy at the name of a modern composer, especially if no one in whose authority they can rely has told them, "really, he's not a bad fellow after all; you will find his music interesting." No doubt these same people enjoyed thoroughly the concert of last night from A to Izzard.

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About this concert there is little to be said. Do you wish, oh reader, an elaborate discussion of the gavotte, bourée, gigue? Or a Plutarchian comparison between Mozart and Haydn as writers of symphonies? It would be very easy to thus fill two or three columns. Do you wish an inquiry into the character of Turkish music before 1638, when Amurat IV. saved the life of Schah Culi, a famous harper, at Bagdad, and took him to Turkey, where he honored him? Or would you like to hear of the dismal failure of Handel's "Xerxes," when it was first brought out? It failed ignobly, although there was a comic character in it, and a few little choruses, a rare thing in the opera of Handel's day. Or would you be pleased with a disquisition on the youth of Beethoven, with the introduction of the approved phrase, "paw of the lion?" The proper place for all these essays is the program book; not in a review of a concert in which the numbers are very familiar. Besides the reader that glances at reviews is supposed to be a person of musical intelligence; and really, what is the use of a reviewer playing the pedagogue on such slight provocation?

Suffice it then to say that the air of Bach, finely played by Mr. Kneisel and the orchestra, the andante of Haydn's Symphony, and the largo of Handel pleased the audience mightily. Indeed, the applause that followed the largo was the most genuine and the most protracted that I have heard at a Symphony concert after any purely orchestral number for five years. The symphony of Beethoven was played by the orchestra in a rather perfunctory manner; and no wonder. It was at the end of a program that was of little interest to the players, and the work itself does not inspire under such circumstances.

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Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29, 1895.

Ninth Symphony Concert.

Last week's Symphony program was of a very substantial nature, consisting of Bach's suite in D major, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's "Turkish March," the largo from Handel's "Serse" and Beethoven's symphony No. 1. Mr Franz Kneisel played the violin solo in the Handel work. The audience was conservative in applause and enthusiasm, except in the latter number, in which the notably artistic performance of Mr Kneisel and the harpist, Mr Schuecker, aroused a storm of plaudits.

The largo, as arranged by Hellmesberger, gives prominence to the violin and harp, the aria of Xerxes in the first act being the theme given to the violin, this instrument being supported throughout by the harp. The extreme delicacy of Mr Kneisel's playing calls for high commendation. The pure, cantabel quality of his tones and the beautiful shadings, made his performance the feature of the concert. Equal praise is due Mr Schuecker, whose work, though less prominent, was all that could be desired. The blending of the two instruments was perfect, and the artists were justly entitled to the marks of appreciation showered upon them.

The different styles of the compositions showed the orchestra to good advantage. In the Bach suite the "irregularities" of the first movement were played with admirable precision, and Mr Kneisel performed his share in the solo parts well. The strings gave excellent results in the familiar second part, and the different dance themes, which complete the suite, were distinctly and characteristically set forth. Haydn's "Surprise" symphony was smoothly given as a rule, the elaborate fantasia of the first movement being, perhaps, taken at a little too rapid tempo. The "crashes" in the second part were not over accentuated, which is somewhat rare in this movement.

The Beethoven symphony was brilliantly interpreted. The cadence fortissimo of the first movement was notably smooth and vigorous, and the lighter passages, so varied and playful, were brilliant examples of the fine team work of the orchestra. The vivacity of the menuetto and country dance tunes was splendidly preserved. Mozart's "Turkish March" seemed merely child's play to the men, and it was performed with all due pomp and percussion effects.

The program this week will consist of two novelties, Bizet's overture, "La Patrie" and Lalo's suite, "Namoura" and the Volkmann symphony in B flat major. Miss Olitzka will be the soloist.

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BOSTON POST.
SUNDAY DECEMBER 29.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Five composers were represented on last night's programme at the ninth Symphony concert, and a somewhat unusual feature was the performance of two symphonies, Haydn's G major and Beethoven's No. 1 in C major, the latter ending the programme.

The Bach suite in five movements opened the programme, and was played in beautiful fashion, especially the popular second movement for strings only, and which is frequently heard in chamber concerts, and which on this occasion gave unbounded pleasure, if judged by the amount of applause which it received. The Haydn symphony is always a pleasing composition, for its several melodious phrases are so prettily developed as to present a series of beautiful tone pictures. The second movement contains the surprise, which gives the symphony its name, and which consists of a crash on a fortissimo chord, following upon several pianissimo measures on the strings. In this movement a good idea is had of how many variations can be evolved out of a simple theme.

Mozart's Turkish march, which, to be apropos of the times, should have followed something of an Armenian character, gave the brasses a good opportunity to work off some of their surplus energy. It is rather noisy in character, but is of much more dignity than such pieces are wont to be. Handel's "Largo" proved to be something of a triumph for Mr. Kneisel, who played the solo part. He gave it a beautiful and effective rendering, and at its close was obliged to acknowledge the applause four times. Although the largo has been played very many times, it is doubtful if the entire orchestra was ever before in such perfect touch with the composition, and the result was a smooth and even reading throughout. The Beethoven symphony closed a most enjoyable programme. It was played in a spirited manner, much of it being taken at a rather rapid tempo.

At next week's concert two novelties will be heard for the first time, Biset's overture to "La Patrie" and Lalo's suite, "Namouna." The Volkmann symphony in B flat major will also be played. The soloist of the occasion will be announced later.

MONDAY, DEC. 30, 1895.

BOSTON STANDARD.

They Say Director Emil Paur Has a Hair Cut for Christmas.

One of Conductor Emil Paur's Xmas presents was a haircut. A closely cropped beard went with it. Naturally enough then, when he mounted the platform to direct the 1341st performance of the Boston Symphony orchestra—the 721st in Boston—he was not readily recognized. Mr. Paur has never been over long in the habit of his coiffure, like many of his players, but this was a sudden reduction from the average contour and aspect of his physiognomic symphony in brown. However, all that was soon forgotten in the hearing of this program:

Suite in D major.....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G major (the "Surprise")..Haydn
Turkish march, from the A major sonata...
Mozart
(Arranged by Herbech.)
Largo from "Xerxes".....Handel
(Arranged by Hellmesberger.)
Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven

There was nothing modern in the selections as if to sympathize with the passing of the old year, though Mozart's Turkish march made the tramp of the departing gay and tinkling.

After sawing away—most sympathetically, too—among the cobwebs of Bach's suite in D major, a happier and more interesting mood was mustered up in the hearing of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony. Handel's largo was the most pronounced success of the evening, Mr. Kneisel receiving several encores on his solo. The romantic flavor of it was delicious and had a most sympathetic reading from Conductor Paur and his men. The humor of even a Saturday night symphony was shown in its grateful and gracious reception of so simple an air, as in contrast to its cold stony stare and hurried exit after the dreary Beethoven symphony.

The program for the next concert is: Overture, "La Patria," Bizet (first time); suite, "Namouna," Lalo (first time); symphony, B flat, Volkmann. The soloist is to be Miss Rosa Olitzka of the Metropolitan Opera company, who will sing the aria, "Parto, parto," from Mozart's "Titus," and "Ah mon fils," from "Le Prophete," by Meyerbeer.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 30, 1895.

The Symphony Concert--A Simple Programme Well Performed.

Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Handel and the Beethoven of the first period (when he resembled Haydn) was a return to first principles with a vengeance. Such a list was bound to suffer from lack of contrast even though it was brimful of tunes such as the most modern composers affect to scorn, and the laity love. It was possibly to avoid giving the men much rehearsal work during the holiday season that so simple a programme was compiled, and it is as well to state at once that audience was not less in size than if more exciting works had been given, even the rows of seatless ones remaining to the very end, and the applause being more enthusiastic than ever.

Bach's Suite in D major gave the string orchestra its opportunity, and it was played most brilliantly. Only in the Gavotte did a degree of over-confidence lead to a few ragged attacks. The triumph of the strings was shared in by the trumpeter, Mr. Mueller, who had most difficult work to do in this suite, but journeyed along his thorny path without a break. Mr. Kneisel played the solo of the second movement with great beauty, and the fine effect of the contrabass pizzicati must also be noted. The Gavotte, spite of the exception mentioned above, was very effective. Bach always keeps to the true style of the gavotte, even to the beginning upon the third beat, which gives the dance its dainty syncopation, and which Corelli and other ancients did not always do. The Gigue might have been taken quicker, but perhaps Mr. Paur tempered the tempo to the wind, for the trumpet could scarcely have borne a greater speed. The era of Bach and Handel was the golden epoch of trumpet-playing, and some of the trumpet passages which they wrote seem almost impossible to the modern player, even on the keyed trumpet. It must be borne in mind, however, that they possessed trumpets of narrower tube than those of today.

Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, the "symphony with the kettledrum stroke" as the Germans call it, seemed a rather thin dilution of music, after the practical joke of following a soft and soothing passage with a bang was passed. Yet Haydn must have enjoyed just this second movement, the best of the work, for he afterwards used the theme as accompaniment to "With Eagerness the Husbandman" in his "Creation." But the practical joke is by no means the best in the classical repertoire; Beethoven's drunken bassoonist, with his three notes, in the sixth symphony. Mendelssohn's snoring ophicleide and braying bassoon (two phases of Bottom, the weaver,) in the "Midsummer-night's dream" overture, or Mozart's "Musical Jokes" in which a country bandmaster without ideas or learning sets out to compose a classical work, are all on a higher plane, and perhaps a movement from the last-named work might sometime be performed when the programme leans to the rollicking mood.

The symphony was, however, excellently played, and the kettle-drummer, who used to run amuck through the classics in former years, and was then suppressed, enjoyed his new-found liberty.

The arrangement of Mozart's Turkish movement from one of his piano sonatas was interesting because of Herbeck's ingenious instrumentation; but it is about as Turkish in its character as the fig-paste sold by street venders nereabouts as genuine "Rahat Lakoum." Beethoven fell into the same error as Mozart in supporting that clatter and bang and skips and short grace-notes would probably picture everything Oriental in music. After all it is chiefly St. Saens who has given a true idea of Oriental music to the Occidental concert-room. Instead of staccato skips we should have portamento wails, the augmented second should play an important part as well as the flat seventh, and the rhythm although persistent, should never be as powerful as in the Mozart or Beethoven Turkish pieces.

Although there was no soloist upon the programme, Mr. Kneisel, besides the obligato mentioned above, played the melody of the Handel "Largo" with the utmost expression, and this, together with Mr. Schuecker's harp-playing, gave something of the individuality of solo-playing to parts of the concert. Besides this, the performance of the Largo theme in unison by all the violins as climax to this number was a magnified solo that aroused an enthusiasm beyond any orchestral number given this season. The men played it better than they did some years ago when they all stood in line at the footlights,—at least at the front of the platform,—and gave it in more sensational guise.

The concert ended with Beethoven's first symphony, the weakest of the nine, and evidently a graft, although a fine one, upon the Haydn tree. Although Beethoven began the century with its symphonies (this, although composed in 1799 was first heard in 1800) he did not begin a new era at once; it was not until 1804 and the Heroic symphony that Haydn and his methods were brushed almost entirely aside by a broader treatment, a vaster development, and a Coda that made a true climax. But there are touches in the symphony that deeply interest the musical student, in the light of what came after it; one finds, for example, in the second movement, a kettle-drum passage that was immeasureably more independent than anything that had preceded it on this instrument; earlier composers had used the kettle-drum only as an instrument of rhythm, but Beethoven liberated it, as he afterwards did other of the humbler instruments of the orchestra, notably the contrabasses.

It is interesting, too, to see the great freedom of the minuet as compared with the formalism of Haydn, and even of Mozart, in this movement. Haydn had laid down the law that every full sonata form must present the minuet as one of its movements; this was much as if every modern composer were obliged to give one waltz in each large instrumental composition that he wrote; Beethoven follows the rule of his teacher, but his minuet is more of a scherzo than the scherzo of the second symphony,—the first symphonic scherzo of the repertoire.

But in the finale Beethoven is again the obedient follower of Haydn. As the idea of the symphony came from the suite, and as the suite ended with a rollicking gigue, it was held to be essential to end the symphonic form with a lively and jovial movement. In this symphony Beethoven achieved just this point; he is genial, melodic, rollicking, but he is not the giant of tones, and the finale is not a climax. Already in the second symphony one finds the more resolute finale foreshadowed, and from the time of the third symphony the sop to Cerberus of a lively movement to send people away in a good humor is put away altogether. The reading of the work was all that could have been desired, and the general execution proved that the plaudits of the New York press which have been recently showered upon our orchestra are not undeserved, for the organization was never in more perfect and artistic condition than it is now. Louis C. Elson.

NOTES.

The soloist at this week's symphony concert will be Miss Rosa Olitzka of the Metropolitan Opera Co. of New York, who will sing an aria from Mozart's "Titus" and "Ah! Mon Fils!" from Meyerbeer's "Prophete."

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1895.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the ninth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Bach: Suite in D major.
Haydn: Symphony in G major, "Surprise" (B. & H., No. 6; Peters, No. 4).
Mozart: Turkish March from the A major Sonata. (Scored for Orchestra by Herbeck.
Handel: Largo from "Serse." (Scored for Violins and Orchestra by Hellmesberger.) Violin solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21.

Probably one of the most astonishing programmes on record! A Bach suite, a Haydn symphony, Beethoven's earliest symphony (which belongs to his first, or Haydn-Mozart manner), and two transcriptions, thrown in as tidbits; both of the latter being arrangements of things lying within the same general chronological circle! It is like a five-course dinner of nothing but beef—cooked in five different ways. Somewhat too much of a good thing!

The opening overture of the Bach suite (Grave and fugued Vivace), was capitally played; with good ensemble, fire and vigor of accent. Mr. Kneisel's full-tone playing of the violin solo passages was simply admirable. The three trumpets, with Mr. Pierre Müller at their head, also did splendidly, as indeed they did throughout the suite. The favorite air (second movement) satisfied us less. There were too many modern salon airs and graces in the phrasing of the first violins, too mush instability of tempo, in a word, too much merely skin-deep sentiment. And we know of only one word in any language fitly to characterize the notion of having each section of the movement first played by a solo violin and then repeated by all the first violins, and this is the French word bete. Both the Gavottes and the Bourrée seemed to us to be played rather weakly, with insufficient force of accent, and somewhat too slow. The final Gigue, too, seemed to lack something of its native brilliancy and dash. Taken as a whole, we have seldom heard this suite produce so little effect.

Haydn's "Surprise" symphony is not often heard here nowadays; but it is a charming work, full of Haydn's best qualities. The Andante—with its single crash of Paukenschlag surprise—is treated with such exquisite humor that whatever of "childishness" there may be in its theme is nothing but fascinating. The performance was decidedly the best of the evening, and did full justice to the composition; it was full of life, tricksy delicacy, and force.

Herbeck's scoring of Mozart's Turkish March was done with a certain definite purpose; the march, so arranged, was to be played between the acts of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with the Turkish subject of which opera the march has some affinity. Herbeck accordingly scored it for the same orchestra that Mozart used in the overture and the more fully orchestrated numbers of the opera itself. With the artistic propriety of introducing this march between the acts of the "Entführung" we have nothing to do here. But we must say that it seems rather a futile trifle to put upon the programme of a Symphony concert. It was excellently well played, but called forth more smiles than enthusiasm.

The notorious Handel Largo is a horse of another color. That this unspeakable piece of vulgarity should be exceedingly popular is nothing surprising; what is more surprising is that conductors of Symphony concerts should care to cater to the worst phase of popular taste in performing it. Hellmesberger has here taken an essentially charming little quasi-pastoral air by Handel—in its original shape it is a perfect musical expression of elegant dolce far niente, you can almost imagine Xerxes yawning while singing it—transposed it to a more brilliant key, changed its tempo from easily flowing Larghetto to a portentous Largo, and so dressed it up in impressive modern orchestration that it sounds for all the world like another Matthias Keller's "American Hymn." Rescoring Beethoven's first symphony for full "Nibelungen" orchestra, with all Meyerbeer's instruments of percussion, and playing it half as slow again as it was written (to enable the contrabass-tuba to keep up with the 'celli and basses), would be no worse offence against musical common sense and good taste. If this deplorable piece is ever played again here, we heartily recommend having four cornets play parallel with the violins on the melody; then the audience may at last feel for itself how vulgar it is!

It has become the fashion lately to sneer at Beethoven's C major symphony, on the ground that, in it, one does not get "the whole Beethoven." But we think that, had the score been signed by Mozart or Haydn, instead of by Beethoven, no such sneers would have ever been heard of. We have always found it an entirely charming work, fully worthy of its composer; there is not a moment of weakness nor dulness in it; and, because Bethoven has done far greater things in a far greater way, we cannot see why this essentially fine and genial composition should be cast into oblivion by them. But we certainly do not want to hear this symphony played as it was last Saturday evening. All All four movements were terribly dragged; it seemed almost as if Mr. Paur wished to prove to the audience that the work was not of sufficient calibre to stand "Brahms" tempi. Curiously enough—and, we imagine, quite unprecedentedly in the experience of most concert-goers—he took the first two movements (Allegro con brio, and Andante cantabile con moto) at exactly the same tempo! His beat gave the rhythmical unit at precisely 96 of the metronome in both cases. And the Minuet (Allegro molto e vivace) went only just a shade faster, with the beat at 102! The Finale (with the half-note at 76 and a fraction) was also too slow. All the life and go was taken clean out of the symphony. We do not know the authority of the metronome-marks in Peters's edition of the full score: half-note at 112 for the first Allegro; eighth-note at 120 for the Andante; dotted half-note at 108 for the Minuet; and half-note at 88 for the Finale. But these markings certainly seem to us more in harmony with the character of the work than Mr. Paur's tempi.

It is the fashion nowadays to pooh-pooh metronome-marks as superfluous guides to the intelligent interpreter. It is a little curious, however, that three of the most noted come-outers in all musical history, three of the most determined pioneers in new and unexplored musical directions, should have valued the metronome very highly. These were Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner; men by no means chargeable with musical "Philistinism." Beethoven was immensely interested in the metronome, and attributed a high degree of importance to it. Berlioz was a persistent champion of the metronome, as the only unmistakable interpreter between composer and performer in the matter of correct tempo. Wagner, to be sure, gave up using the metronome after "Tannhäuser;" but why? As he himself has been at pains to tell us, it was solely and simply because, after all the trouble he had taken carefully to metronomize every tempo and every change of tempo in "Rienzi," the "Holländer," and "Tannhäuser," sore experience taught him that conductors did not mind his metronome-marks in the least. He accordingly abandoned the metronome, not because it was intrinsically useless and superfluous, but because he could not get conductors to pay any regard whatever to his marking. It has often seemed to us that the now current fashion of pooh-poohing the metronome has its basis, not in the fact that the metronome is a purely mechanical—and hence "inartistic"—instrument, but in the quite different fact that authentic metronome marks set a hard-and-fast limit to that "individuality of interpretation," without which many conductors and performers today would find it hard to discover their own reason of being. The metronome, once recognized as an unquestionable expression of the composer's intention as regards tempo, would sadly curtail what seems at times to be the most cherished "right" (Heaven save the mark!) of the modern conductor and performer—the "right" of doing everything differently from everybody else.

The next programme is: Bizet, overture, "Patrie;" Lalo, suite, "Namouna;" Volkmann, symphony No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 53; songs to be announced. Miss Olitzka will be the singer.

The Boston Traveler
MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1895.

THE SYMPHONY.

An Ultra-Classical Programme. Which Was Played Very Finely in the Main.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; ninth concert. The programme:
Suite in D major.....John Sebastian Bach
Symphony in G major, "Surprise".....
Franz Josef Haydn
Turkish March from the A major Sonata (scored for orchestra by Herbeck).....
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Largo from "Serse" (scored for violins and orchestra by Hellmesberger.) Violin solo by Mr. Frank Kneisel.)....George Frideric Handel
Symphony No. 1, in C major, op. 21.....
Ludwig van Beethoven

It was classicism with a vengeance, and yet the concert was not o'er long, nor was there even the usual rush for home before the final movement of the closing symphony. One could not escape a slight feeling of cloyedness, however, for everything was in practically the same mold, spite of the pleasing varieties upon that mold. Only the Mozart march climbed out of the rut, and sounded new and almost modern.

The Bach suite is a fine example of the old master's dainty and courtly music of that style, and it was beautifully played, Mr. Muller distinguishing himself by his trumpet work and Mr. Kneisel by his violin.

Haydn's "Surprise" symphony was not so surprising as in former years. In fact the full orchestra's crash after each repetition of the second movement theme was very mild, indeed, and no one unacquainted with the work would have felt the slightest wonderment or moved a single inch in his seat. Otherwise, the symphony went with charming ease and grace.

Mozart's Turkish march, in which there is nothing Turkish, was brought forth with splendid rythm and tone color for so aged a work. It really might have been published yesterday and not have been called antique.

What is there about Handel's "Largo" that always raises the most furious uproar whether it is played at a beer garden, a theatre or a symphony? The people went into the usual raptures Saturday night, and for no special reason other than that it was the "Largo," for it has been better performed in this city. It seemed overburdened with orchestration, garish and affected, where simplicity should have been its prevailing spirit.

The Beethoven first symphony was excellently played, but it is gradually becoming ineffective and ought to be played only on rare occasions simply to show the wonderful difference in the composer's later manners.

Boston Transcript
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

IT WAS A FINE CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Probably I shall be called a musical barbarian by some people, but at the same time I would like to thank Mr. Paur through your columns for the very delightful programme which he gave us at the Symphony rehearsal and concert of last week.

And I have good reason to think that the majority of those who were present on those occasions will agree with me in pronouncing the programme as the most enjoyable of the season thus far.

BEACON HILL.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1895.

[70]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

The program of the ninth Symphony concert, in Music Hall, last evening, was as follows:

Suite in D major, ... Bach
Symphony G major, Surprise, ... Haydn
Turkish march from the A major sonata, . . . Mozart
(Scored for orchestra by Herbeck.)
Largo from Serse, ... Händel
(Scored for violins and orchestra by Hellmesberger.)
(Violin solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)
Symphony No. 1, ... Beethoven

Truly an astounding program! One without any possible historical value; for the arrangements of the march of Mozart and the air of Händel are distinctively modern. And, pray, what excuse can Mr. Paur give?

Such a program does not inspire an orchestra or a reviewer. I do not propose to take your space by dilating upon the performance or digressing after the manner of the pedagogue. The air from the suite, finely played by Mr. Kneisel and orchestra, as well as the andante from Haydn's symphony, was applauded warmly. For the last five years I have never heard such genuine and long protracted applause as that which followed the performance of Handel's Largo last night.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday, January 4, will include Bizet's overture La Patrie, suite, Noumana, Lalo; Volkmann's B flat major symphony. Miss Olitzka will sing airs by Mozart and Meyerbeer.

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCIX., NO. 5.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two Musical Novelties—Miss Rosa Olitzka Received with a Chilling Reserve.

Two musical novelties and a new singer were the features of the tenth Boston Symphony concert of the season in Music Hall last night. The programme was:

Symphony No. 2, D minor.....Dvorak
Aria, "Parto, parto," "Titus".....Mozart
Suite, "Namouna".....Lalo
"Ah, mon fils!" "Le Prophete".....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Patrie".....Bizet

The novelties were the "Namouna" suite and the Bizet overture, and the singer was Miss Rosa Olitzka. The Lalo music, as given, consists of a prelude, a serenade, a theme with variations, a market day show and a market day festival. It was written for a ballet, but has little of the grace and lightness that characterizes French ballet music generally, and does not suggest dancing except in the last two movements, which have a boisterous swing adapted to a rude bucolic merry making. The score is abundant in extraordinary harmonies, reckless dissonances, strange accents and odd rhythmic unconventionalities. Of flowing melody there is little, except in the first of the two market movements, where there are a few movements of charming tunefulness; but, on the whole, the music is chiefly tone color, and wonderful enough it is in its originality, its variety and its brilliancy.

This score again emphasizes the fact that the modern French composer has learned every secret of instrumental effect, and is the master, par excellence, of piquancy, picturesqueness, contrast and daintiness in orchestration. The music itself is labored, and shows every sign of deliberate manufacture. It never for the briefest moment suggests spontaneity in invention, and when it is all over one carries nothing away but a memory of the remarkable skill of the composer in imparting interest to his bald platitudes through the agency of splendid and almost unique orchestration. It was brilliantly and perfectly played, and was warmly applauded, the noise and unceasing bustle of the closing movement having excited the audience to an enthusiasm that the music itself, as music pure and simple, scarcely merited. The Bizet overture is of little musical value, and is scarcely worthy the composer. It is vague in form, and says but little that was worth the saying with so much of pompous pretentiousness. There are several fine instrumental climaxes, and the scoring generally is rich and massive, particularly toward the end of the overture, where there is a gorgeous piling up of one powerful effect upon another, but it is fustian after all, and one is deafened rather than convinced.

Miss Olitzka, who, by the way, was received with a chilling reserve that must have proved far from encouraging to her, has a beautiful contralto voice of large range and evenly balanced through its whole compass. It is full, sympathetic in quality, and shows every evidence of careful cultivation. Unfortunately, she has a distressing tremolo, and a tendency to make an excessive use of portamento in and out of season, "scooping" up and down with persistency that imparts a monstrously lachrymose effect to her singing. Her style is somewhat exaggerated, and is better adapted to the operatic than to the concert stage, the latter requiring a reserve, a reserve and an artistic discretion of a higher order than Miss Olitzka manifested in her performance last night. She sang the Mozart aria intelligently, and to some extent in the Mozart spirit, but the effort, as a whole, was ineffective, and was marred by the tremolo already mentioned, and also by exaggeration in expression. The Meyerbeer aria was better and more broadly sung, and with a sincerity that was unmistakable. The audience, though it was not stirred to enthusiasm by her, was quite generous in its applause, and recalled her after each selection.

The Dvorak symphony does not improve upon acquaintance, and seemed to-night dull and over-garrulous, while the movement, despite its energy and dramatic intent, scarcely escaped becoming tedious. Mr. Paur read the work fine-ly, bringing out every point and accenting the individual character of the music with perfect clearness, and the orchestra was at its best through the concert.

The programme this week is: Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; Scotch fantasy for violin and orchestra, Max Bruch; aria, Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang (first time); overture, "The Corsair," Berlioz (first time). Mr. T. Adamowski is to play the solo part in the Bruch fantasy, and Miss Gertrude Franklin will sing Miss Lang's aria.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 5.

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening, the tenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall. The following is the programme:

Symphony No. 2, D minor.....Dvorak
Aria "Parto Parto".....Mozart
Suite, "Namouna".....Lalo
Arioso from "Il Profeto".....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Patrie".....Bizet
Soloist, Miss Rosa Olitza.

In listening to Dvorak's music, a lover of pure music must occasionally regret that he cannot summon up enthusiasm at will, and go into ecstasies over work that moves him only to calm admiration. It cannot be denied that Dvorak is an artist; but the last word has not been said as to his power as a creator. To one unbiassed by theory, who does not instinctively and reverentially doff his hat to folk-song, and find the end of the evolution of art in its beginnings, who simply asks for good music, utterly indifferent as to its nationality Dvorak appears, not infrequently, dull and prolix, and his art work a fine imitation, rather than a genuine article. It is always safe to doubt the inspiration of an artist who has a theory, and the sounder his theme the greater should be the doubt. The hen cackles after the egg is laid; but no amount of cackling will produce the egg which is a gift of nature; an inheritance not purchasable, and inexplicable even after science has finished its demonstration.

Dvorak is a maker of music, not a producer; the materials given, he can work them up into a most attractive symphony; but with him there is no spontaneous generation of material; no soul gift, no transmution of baser metal through the alchemy of imagination. In the way of creative power there is nothing new in this symphony in D-minor. It is all very old material worked over again by the artist, who has gained in dexterity but not in ideas. The manufacture is of the best, but the real merit of the wine lies in its label only. When modern art theorists, after a prejudiced trial, have condemned Beauty to execution, she may perhaps ascend the scaffold, exclaiming: "Oh, folk song, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Be this as it may, there is nothing of high imagination or of high thought in the Dvorack's symphony; there is noise that affects dignity as in all modern works; there are spirit, brilliancy and learning, but after hearing all we are not filled with the enthusiasm of the poet, but rather with the intellectual pleasure of the anatomist who stands before his work exclaiming: "What a wonderful piece of work is the human skeleton."

Of the soloist of the evening, Miss Rosa Olitza, a long criticism is not necessary. Miss Olitza's voice is cloudy, not particularly pleasant in quality and of exceeding tremulousness that grows monotorous through persistency. Miss Olitza sings with taste and feeling, and the selection from Meyerbeer was interpreted with intensity and dramatic power. The Mozart aria was sung with less effect; it was defective both on the side of art and nature. It is only just to add that the singer aroused much enthusiasm in the audience, and after the Mozart aria received two bouquets.

The Lalo suite is a charming work, fresh, dainty and piquant; it is not of a high order, but it is marked by sincerity and filled with ideas, and so one will readily forget to ask why it was given at a symphony concert. The Bizet overtueas was a disappointment; noisy, commonplace and occasionally vulgar. It was brilliantly played by the orchestra; but, unfortunately, no emotional Frenchman can write of "Patrie" and retain his taste and judgment at the same time.

The programme for the next concert is: Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 6; Bruch's Scotch Fantasy; Aria by Miss Margaret R. Lang, and Berlioz's overture, "Corsair." The soloists are Miss Franklin and Mr. Adamowski.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 5, 1896.

Sunday ought to be welcome to the attendants upon last night's Symphony concert—the tenth in the current series—because it will give them the needed opportunity for resting their ears and recovering their nerves. A more noisy and exhausting concert we have rarely heard, save from some avowedly brass-band organization in a Gilmore or a Sousa programme. The usual brass choir, flanked by the brass tuba and a pair of cornets, and pretty nearly all the instruments of percussion, —except the marrow-bones and cleavers and Bottom's favorite, the tongs—were in full play most of the time; and even when some provision for gentler moments had been made, orchestra and conductor alike seemed unable to condescend to it. What can have induced Mr. Paur to perpetrate so uproarious a programme it is hard to guess; unless, failing to find any contrasts to suit him, he concluded to go on at a high pressure from beginning to end.

The symphony was Dvorak's second—in D minor—which is in itself neither cheerful nor cal mative. It has delicate bits and suave passages, particularly in the opening allegro and adagio; there are sweetly melodic phrases, which flow prettily along for short distances with harmonious thirds and fifths; there are fine tissues and rich colorings; there are interesting combinations and quaint instants, like the odd punctuation-marks which the trombones drop into the phrasing of the second movement; but, as a whole, it is an aggressive music, which compels attention and quite wearies the listener by the severity and sternness of its assertions. Even its scherzo—like so many modern ones—is not true to its name and is neither gay nor tricky, but only bizarre, while the adagio itself has to rise into a fierce outburst before it can end Per contra, the final allegro dies down midway, as if it were a Titan dropping to earth for an instant, to gather up new energy for another battle.

The second orchestral number was a novelty—Lalo's "Namouna" suite. Why "Namouna?" If there be any reason, the programme-book did not know it or did not deign to impart it. But the suite is exciting and admirable none the less. As has been said before, Lalo united Spanish ardor with French elegance, and in these numbers he is fervid to Orientalism, vehement, clangorous and dominants but poetry, fancy and tasteful sensitiveness are not forgotten. He glows with as many colors and revels in as many devices as Richard Strauss, but he is not lurid, extravagant or vulgar. His prelude is like the slow dawning of of a tropical sunrise over rolling wastes of mighty waters. Radiance and motion are doubly redoubled and intensified until a magnificent, glorious and resplendent day asserts itself in superb command. Or if one prefers, this shall be a gorgeous sunset, whose splendors seem nobler, grander and more luminous than noonday. Then a serenade, quaintly gay, floating from windy voices over the violin strings and the harps, twangling their broken chords. Then a lively air set out in fanciful variations and rhapsodic digressions. Finally two scenes of "Market Day Shows and Festivals," in which mirth, jollity and fantasy almost run riot through a score of instrumental ingenuities.

To end the programme Mr. Paur had set another new thing—Bizet's "Patrie" overture, a spread-eagle, hip-hip-hurrah-boys thing which seemed as though it might have been written for the first day of the Venezuela uproar. It thumped and stamped, banged and clattered, set all the drums and cymbals rattling, clashing and rumbling, and could not keep down toward placidity any longer or better than the famous fiddler of the Fezziwig dancing-party. It is an able composition, of course, but it glares in color and exceeds in demonstrativeness.

Between these numbers were put two vocal selections assigned to Miss Rosa Olitzka, one of the Metropolitan opera contraltos, who had chosen "Parto, Parto," from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito," and "Ah, mon fils," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." From the first some gentle coolness and simple grace were confidently hoped. But alas! Miss Olitzka delivered her Mozart just as she did her Meyerbeer and as she might have delivered her Verdi and her Wagner, if she had had any—with a tremolo so pronounced that at times it seemed trying to be a trill, and a melodramatic portamento which was too much even for the second air. She is young, piquant and modish, and she has a noble, beautiful natural voice, extending from low G to high B, rich and resounding in quality and capable of true emotional expression. But she forces it into a pharyngeal tone-production in order to augment its apparent volume, and she has overworked it evidently in contention with arduous music and implacable orchestras—just as Miss Brema was doing with her voice last year. The consequences are some gain in power and a greater loss in art and truth.

In the course of the programme were many obbligati—some of considerable length—and Messrs. Mole, Muller and Pourtau especially distinguished themselves.

The next programme stands thus: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, second performance; Bruch, Scotch Fantasy, Mr. Adamowski; Margaret Ruthven Lang, Aria, first time, Miss Franklin; Berlioz, overture, "Corsair," first time.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

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Suite in D major, ... Bach
Symphony G major, Surprise, ... Haydn
Turkish march from the A major sonata, . . . Mozart
(Scored for orchestra by Herbeck.)
Largo from Serse, ... Händel
(Scored for violins and orchestra by Hellmesberger.)
(Violin solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)
Symphony No. 1, ... Beethoven

Truly an astounding program! One without any possible historical value; for the arrangements of the march of Mozart and the air of Händel are distinctively modern. And, pray, what excuse can Mr. Paur give?

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The program of the Symphony concert Saturday, January 4, will include Bizet's overture La Patrie, suite, Noumana, Lalo; Volkmann's B flat major symphony. Miss Olitzka will sing airs by Mozart and Meyerbeer.

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCIX., NO. 5.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two Musical Novelties—Miss Rosa Olitzka Received with a Chilling Reserve.

Two musical novelties and a new singer were the features of the tenth Boston Symphony concert of the season in Music Hall last night. The programme was:

Symphony No. 2, D minor.....Dvorak
Aria, "Parto, parto," "Titus".....Mozart
Suite, "Namouna".....Lalo
"Ah, mon fils!" "Le Prophete".....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Patrie".....Bizet

The novelties were the "Namouna" suite and the Bizet overture, and the singer was Miss Rosa Olitzka. The Lalo music, as given, consists of a prelude, a serenade, a theme with variations, a market day show and a market day festival. It was written for a ballet, but has little of the grace and lightness that characterizes French ballet music generally, and does not suggest dancing except in the last two movements, which have a boisterous swing adapted to a rude bucolic merry making. The score is abundant in extraordinary harmonies, reckless dissonances, strange accents and odd rhythmic unconventionalities. Of flowing melody there is little, except in the first of the two market movements, where there are a few movements of charming tunefulness; but, on the whole, the music is chiefly tone color, and wonderful enough it is in its originality, its variety and its brilliancy.

This score again emphasizes the fact that the modern French composer has learned every secret of instrumental effect, and is the master, par excellence, of piquancy, picturesqueness, contrast and daintiness in orchestration. The music itself is labored, and shows every sign of deliberate manufacture. It never for the briefest moment suggests spontaneity in invention, and when it is all over one carries nothing away but a memory of the remarkable skill of the composer in imparting interest to his bald platitudes through the agency of splendid and almost unique orchestration. It was brilliantly and perfectly played, and was warmly applauded, the noise and unceasing bustle of the closing movement having excited the audience to an enthusiasm that the music itself, as music pure and simple, scarcely merited. The Bizet overture is of little musical value, and is scarcely worthy the composer. It is vague in form, and says but little that was worth the saying with so much of pompous pretentiousness. There are several fine instrumental climaxes, and the scoring generally is rich and massive, particularly toward the end of the overture, where there is a gorgeous piling up of one powerful effect upon another, but it is fustian after all, and one is deafened rather than convinced.

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The Dvorak symphony does not improve upon acquaintance, and seemed often dull and over-garrulous, while the finale, despite its energy and dramatic sentiment, scarcely escaped becoming tiresome. Mr. Paur read the work finely, bringing out every point and accenting the individual character of the work with perfect clearness, and the orchestra was at its best through the whole concert.

The programme this week is: Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; Scotch fantasy for violin and orchestra, Max Bruch; aria, Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang (first time); overture, "The Corsair," Berlioz (first time). Mr. T. Adamowski is to play the solo part in the Bruch fantasy, and Miss Gertrude Franklin will sing Miss Lang's aria.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 5, 1896.

Sunday ought to be welcome to the attendants upon last night's Symphony concert—the tenth in the current series—because it will give them the needed opportunity for resting their ears and recovering their nerves. A more noisy and exhausting concert we have rarely heard, save from some avowedly brass-band organization in a Gilmore or a Sousa programme. The usual brass choir, flanked by the brass tuba and a pair of cornets, and pretty nearly all the instruments of percussion, —except the marrow-bones and cleavers and Bottom's favorite, the tongs—were in full play most of the time; and even when some provision for gentler moments had been made, orchestra and conductor alike seemed unable to condescend to it. What can have induced Mr. Paur to perpetrate so uproarious a programme it is hard to guess; unless, failing to find any contrasts to suit him, he concluded to go on at a high pressure from beginning to end.

The symphony was Dvorak's second—in D minor—which is in itself neither cheerful nor cal mative. It has delicate bits and suave passages, particularly in the opening allegro and adagio; there are sweetly melodic phrases, which flow prettily along for short distances with harmonious thirds and fifths; there are fine tissues and rich colorings; there are interesting combinations and quaint instants, like the odd punctuation-marks which the trombones drop into the phrasing of the second movement; but, as a whole, it is an aggressive music, which compels attention and quite wearies the listener by the severity and sternness of its assertions. Even its scherzo—like so many modern ones—is not true to its name and is neither gay nor tricky, but only bizarre, while the adagio itself has to rise into a fierce outburst before it can end Per contra, the final allegro dies down midway, as if it were a Titan dropping to earth for an instant, to gather up new energy for another battle.

The second orchestral number was a novelty—Lalo's "Namouna" suite. Why "Namouna?" If there be any reason, the programme-book did not know it or did not deign to impart it. But the suite is exciting and admirable none the less. As has been said before, Lalo united Spanish ardor with French elegance, and in these numbers he is fervid to Orientalism, vehement, clangorous and dominants but poetry, fancy and tasteful sensitiveness are not forgotten. He glows with as many colors and revels in as many devices as Richard Strauss, but he is not lurid, extravagant or vulgar. His prelude is like the slow dawning of of a tropical sunrise over rolling wastes of mighty waters. Radiance and motion are doubly redoubled and intensified until a magnificent, glorious and resplendent day asserts itself in superb command. Or if one prefers, this shall be a gorgeous sunset, whose splendors seem nobler, grander and more luminous than noonday. Then a serenade, quaintly gay, floating from windy voices over the violin strings and the harps, twangling their broken chords. Then a lively air set out in fanciful variations and rhapsodic digressions. Finally two scenes of "Market Day Shows and Festivals," in which mirth, jollity and fantasy almost run riot through a score of instrumental ingenuities.

To end the programme Mr. Paur had set another new thing—Bizet's "Patrie" overture, a spread-eagle, hip-hip-hurrah-boys thing which seemed as though it might have been written for the first day of the Venezuela uproar. It thumped and stamped, banged and clattered, set all the drums and cymbals rattling, clashing and rumbling, and could not keep down toward placidity any longer or better than the famous fiddler of the Fezziwig dancing-party. It is an able composition, of course, but it glares in color and exceeds in demonstrativeness.

Between these numbers were put two vocal selections assigned to Miss Rosa Olitzka, one of the Metropolitan opera contraltos, who had chosen "Parto, Parto," from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito," and "Ah, mon fils," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." From the first some gentle coolness and simple grace were confidently hoped. But alas! Miss Olitzka delivered her Mozart just as she did her Meyerbeer and as she might have delivered her Verdi and her Wagner, if she had had any—with a tremolo so pronounced that at times it seemed trying to be a trill, and a melodramatic portamento which was too much even for the second air. She is young, piquant and modish, and she has a noble, beautiful natural voice, extending from low G to high B, rich and resounding in quality and capable of true emotional expression. But she forces it into a pharyngeal tone-production in order to augment its apparent volume, and she has overworked it evidently in contention with arduous music and implacable orchestras—just as Miss Brema was doing with her voice last year. The consequences are some gain in power and a greater loss in art and truth.

In the course of the programme were many obbligati—some of considerable length—and Messrs. Mole, Muller and Pourtau especially distinguished themselves.

The next programme stands thus: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, second performance; Bruch, Scotch Fantasy, Mr. Adamowski; Margaret Ruthven Lang, Aria, first time, Miss Franklin; Berlioz, overture, "Corsair," first time.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Badly Arranged Program With Two Novelties.

The Voice of Rosa Olitzka Better Than Her Art.

The program of the tenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall last evening was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D minor, Op. 70..Dvorak
Aria, "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart
(Clarinet obbligato by Mr. Leon Pourtau.)
Suite, "Namouna".....Lalo
(First time.)
Arioso, "Ah! My Son," from "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Patrie".....Bizet
(First time.)

This concert was another proof of the awkwardness of Mr. Paur in program-making. There was little or no contrast. With the exception of the dull and antiquated aria of Mozart, the selections were from composers of the romantic school. The symphony of Dvorak is not among the most distinguished of his works. Neither of the Frenchmen was shown at his best. One selection like the suite from "Namouna" is enough for a concert; a great overture or a great symphony, or at least some widely differing piece should be played the same evening.

The ballet of "Namouna," produced March 6, 1882, at the Paris Opéra, is founded on an episode in the memoirs of Casanova, who enjoys justly the reputation of being the most entertaining scoundrel and blackguard that ever cheated at cards or broke a woman's heart. Namouna, a Greek slave, is won at dice from a corsair, Adriani, by Don Ottavio. There are adventures and murderous plots. The corsair is killed and the lovers married after their long and arduous dance and pantomime.

Lalo wrote the music of this ballet at great disadvantage. Vaucorbeil, who had promised to produce his "Roi d'Ys," kept putting off the performance and finally proposed a ballet. He gave Lalo three months for the task. Lalo worked night and day, for he wrote slowly and conscientiously. One night he was striken by paralysis. They say that Gounod generously assisted him in scoring the last act.

The ballet was a failure. Lalo had the unenviable reputation in Paris of being a serious musician, a writer of orchestral pieces and chamber music. It was assumed that he could not write a ballet. The audience went to see it chiefly to confirm its suspicions.

The suite from this ballet, however, has been played all over Europe, and in certain American cities. It deserved last night a more cordial reception in Boston. While the music has not the sensuous charm, the fascinating grace, or the irresistible rhythm of Delibes's ballets, it is nevertheless worthy of the attention of all lovers of tonal color. The prelude is singular, with a monotony that is not without charm; it is full of ingenuity in the instrumentation. The serenade of Namouna is clever but not distinguished.

The theme with variations is in the ballet a "divertissement des fleurs." The theme is one of refined beauty rather than one that appeals at once to a large audience. The variations are ingenious, and the use of the brass is at times remarkable. The fourth movement, "Market Day Shows" and "Market Day Festival," is the one that first arouses the average hearer to even mild enthusiasm. There is a striking effect gained by a cornet that seems to me worth more than the whole development of the final jig, for it is original; it stands out; it remains in the memory.

Lalo won his first success with "Le Roi d'Ys" when he was 65 years old. Bizet died without knowing of the success of "Carmen" before he was 37 years old.

They tell this story about "Patrie!" which was first played at a Pasdeloup concert, Feb. 15, 1874. The title was at first simply "Ouverture dramatique." Bizet had thought of his beloved France, her humiliation and mourning. But believing that such a theme would not suit a time of peace in the city that had seen the German soldiers parading in triumph, he took for his subject Poland. Pasdeloup suggested shortly before the concert the title by which the overture is now known.

This same overture seems to me the weakest thing of Bizet that I have ever heard. I find in it neither depth of thought nor brilliancy of expression. The opening march seems ordinary and tiresome. The body of the overture is not impressive. Not once either in attempt to depict shock of battle or the desolation of a conquered country was there the feeling of nobility or strength. The piece seems to me labored and dull from beginning to end. It is, indeed, perfunctory music. Nor can I understand why the composer of "L'Arlésienne" and "Carmen" allowed this overture to leave his portfolio of attempts and failures.

* * *

There are charming passages in the symphony. The scherzo throughout is delightful, and there are beautiful spots in the adagio. But the symphony as a whole appears to be a study in experimental instrumentation rather than a firmly-knit and convincing work.

* * *

They that are interested in Miss Olitzka, who made her début in Boston last evening, will find a true sketch of her career in another column. When she sang in Berlin early in 1891, before she was known in opera, she sang the same old air of Mozart. It is therefore probably her show piece. The air itself is as dead as the opera from which it is taken. When Carolina Perini first sang it audiences were accustomed to such unmeaning and undramatic airs. That Sextus, a Roman lover, was played by a woman, was a part of the old practice of "opera seria," for the hero in the 17th century and also frequently in the 18th was a male soprano.

Miss Olitzka has naturally a fine voice, liberal in compass, rich and beautiful in quality. I fear she has never learned some of the rudiments of the art of singing. Her tone-production cannot honestly be praised, and her glowing temperament is not under artistic control. While she has a certain facility in coloratura, her agility is reckless rather than finished. Her attack is often a scoop. And she has the German trick of pouncing upon a favorite tone in her voice and shaking it and holding it and calling attention to it and doing all sorts of queer and wonderful things with it.

In "Ah! My Son"—she sang the air in French—she showed undoubted dramatic feeling. She did not sing it, however, with authority, and, it may be said here, that her "stage presence" is, unfortunately, neither graceful nor one that at once inspires confidence in ability to perform the task. But let us wait and hear her in opera.

* * *

The program book was noticeable for inaccurate statements and unaccountable omissions.

Bizet died at Bougival, not at Paris, as stated by the program book.

"On his return from Rome, he (Bizet) brought out an opera, 'Vasco de Gama,' in 1863, but with little success." Bizet never wrote an opera with such a title. He did write a symphony with choruses, entitled "Vasco de Gama." It was his second "envoi de Rome." It was played at a concert of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. After his death this "Ode Symphonique" was published by Choudens.

The program book speaks of the "immediate and overwhelming success" of "Carmen." The fact is that "Carmen" was almost a failure when it was first brought out in Paris. It was condemned by sleek burgesses as "immoral." Its lack of success hastened the death of Bizet. Produced March 3, 1875, it was performed only 47 times that year, and not until it had triumphed throughout Germany was it appreciated in Paris.

There is no mention of Bizet's opera "Don Procopio," opera bouffe in two acts sent to the Academy from Rome in 1859. The manuscript was found only a year or two ago.

No one would infer from the biographical sketch of Lalo in the program book that the French composer died April 22, 1892, at Paris. There is no mention of his opera "La Jacquerie," which, finished after his death by Arthur Coquard, was produced at Monte Carlo, March 8, 1895, with Mrs. Deschamps, Miss Loventz, Bouvet and Jéhin as the chief singers.

"A Serenade and a Fantaisie Norvégienne, for violin and orchestra were first played in Berlin." The serenade is for violin. The "Rhapsodie Norvégienne," not "Fantaisie, etc.," is for orchestra. It was produced in Berlin, Oct. 26, 1879. The concerto for 'cello was produced in Berlin, not "in Paris." There is no mention of the singular music written by Lalo for "Nero," produced at the Hippodrome, March 28, 1891, or of the piano concerto, played by Diemer at Châtelet.

"Namouna * * * was given only 15 times." It was given 16 times according to Noel and Stoullig.

There is on page 341 a list of operas entitled "La Clemenza di Tito." Instead of "Jommelli (Stuttgart, about 1758)," read "Jommelli (Ludwigsburg, 1765)." Nor is the list complete. These should be added: Caldara (Vienna, 1734); Mazzoni (Lisbon, 1755); Grua (Mannheim, 1748); Galuppi, about 1760.

"La Clemenza di Tito," by Mozart, was not called a "dramma serioso;" it was called "opera seria."

Mr. Apthrop, the compiler of the program book, says: "The air (Parto, parto) has not been heard in Boston, I believe, for many years." But this air was sung Feb. 20, 1890, at a Baermann concert in Union Hall by Miss Franklin, and Mr. Strasser played the clarinet obligato.

PHILIP HALE.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY SOLOIST.

Mlle. Rosa Olitzka Chats of Herself and Boston.

The Singer's Personality—Is Visiting a Sister—Her Teacher and Her Early Career—Debut in Opera—Her Roles—Her London Success—Enthusiastic Over Boston and the Orchestra.

This afternoon at the Symphony rehearsal Boston will hear for the first time one of the strangers of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau opera company, Mlle. Rosa Olitzka, a countrywoman of the popular Jean de Reszke, of Paderewski and Modjeska, as well as of Adamowski.

Mlle. Olitzka arrived in town two days ago, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. Strook, on Wyman street, in Jamaica Plain, where early last evening she was seen by a representative of The Herald.

Mlle. Olitzka is an interesting woman, with bright black eyes and a piquant face, framed in the blackest of hair, and when she received her caller yesterday was attired in a dark red street frock, trimmed with black, and very becoming to her decided brunette type. She has an engaging manner and pretty desire to be liked, and speaks English, as all Poles do, fluently, but with a pretty hesitancy and a very pronounced and very engaging accent. She is not tall, but her figure is round and graceful, and her speaking voice is beautiful.

Mlle. Olitzka, on her own evidence, was born at Warsaw, although the London papers have set her natal place down several times as Saragossa, and indeed she looks much more Spanish than northern in every way. She was born in 1872, and has been before the public but little over four years, having made her debut at the age of 19, while still a student in Berlin.

Her father, who had a beautiful voice, was cantor in the first Jewish synagogue in Berlin, where his chanting of the Jewish melodies was a feature of the service. All of his children inherited his musical nature, although none but Mlle. Rosa has ever appeared in public. There is, however, a younger sister with a soprano voice, of whose future the family have great hopes, but she is still studying.

Mlle. Olitzka submitted to being questioned with perfect equanimity and graciousness, sympathizing with the desire to have things straight, and doing her best to make them so.

"You won't mind questions, Mlle. Olitzka, of course?"

"I should be pleased to answer them," was the first reply.

"You were born where?"

"At Warsaw, in Poland."

"And educated where?"

"In Berlin, where my father lived. My first teacher was Mme. Artot Padilla, and afterward I was with Prof. Julius Hey.

"And when did you make your very first appearance in public?"

"While I was studying I often appeared in concerts in Berlin and at Frankfort-on-the-Main and Magdeburg."

"Can you remember the date of your first appearance in concert?"

"I am afraid that I cannot. It was at a philharmonic concert. I often appeared at those concerts in Berlin given by Count Frizky, a famous German pianist, who had but one arm, and yet who was a marvellous pianist, making music with his one hand that sounded in volume and tone like an organ. He was famous in Germany. Afterward he was first intendant at the Court Opera at Pesth, but I think he has retired now. He lost his wife, and it was a great grief to him. Then I appeared at Wagner concerts, and the Museum's at Frankfort and Magdeburg. All these are regular concerts of the musical season and well known all over Germany."

"And when did you make your debut in opera?"

"At Brunn in September, 1892, as Azucema, in 'Il Trovatore.' I was engaged there for that entire season, and sang a great many parts, including Fides in 'Le Prophet,' Ortrud in 'Lohengrin,' 'Carmen,' 'Mignon,' Fricka in 'Walkure,' 'Orfeo' and all the usual contralto and mezzo-soprano roles."

"And you went from there to the Kroll Opera, Hamburg?"

"I did, for the season of '92 and '93, but before that, in the summer of 1892, I was invited to sing in Berlin, and I appeared there once, singing the same role in which I had made my debut at Brunn, Azucema. I made my debut in Hamburg in October, 1892, again as Azucema in 'Il Trovatore,' and the following year I went to England, where much of my time has been spent since."

"Then you have not sung at Vienna at all?"

"No. I had an offer to appear there, but my father was not willing to have me go so far from home, and although I have always had it in my mind to sing at the Court Opera House there, I have never yet done it. Hamburg was not so far, and he liked it better that I should go there, and therefore I did."

Mlle. Olitzka made her first appearance in London at the Press Fund dinner at the Hotel Metropole. That was in June, 1893, and the following week she gave a concert at the Prince's Hall. Sir Augustus Harris then heard her and engaged her for three years, and she made her debut at Covent Garden in "Seigfried" that same season, as Erda, and later was one of the company that was sent into the provinces to sing such roles as Ortrud and Azucena and Carmen. She has been a member of the Covent Garden company ever since, and has now several years' contract to fulfil, returning at once that her American season is finished in May to London for the next season there.

Mlle. Olitzka was one of the first members of the company to come to America, and she sang in London up to the very last evening of her stay there, having been in the autumn the most successful member of the Grand English opera company, which with the aid of Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. E. C. Hedmondt got together for a season of opera at Covent Garden, and with which two Americans, Alice May Estey and Marie Duma (Maude Starkweather), were connected. On the very last night in London Mlle. Olitzka sang Carmen with great success to tumultuous applause.

"I am afraid," said the young singer, when the questioning was over, "that I tell it to you all so badly. I have once had something written about me in London by a gentleman who have known all about me, and it was everything all correct, so I regret that my brother-in-law is not at home. I am sure that he has it in a book, but my sister cannot find it. It is such a pity, because it might serve you to get right what I do not remember. And, if you please, I have also to apologize for my bad English, I fear."

On being assured that her English was far from bad, indeed, that it was very pretty, she repaid the compliment by saying that the interviewer's English was the pure English of London town and very different from that of the New Yorkers that she had met. "I have sung in four languages," she added, "French, Italian, German and English, and I like English to sing some roles in. In the company they say to me: 'Well, madamoiselle, why do you not sing your next role in Chinese?' That is, I suppose, because so many singers, especially French and Italian, do not trouble to learn English."

Questions about her career being done, Mlle. Olitzka became quite cheerful, and with a sigh of relief began talking about Boston and the Symphony orchestra, meeting both subjects with an enthusiasm which she found some difficulty in putting into words.

"Oh, you have such a beautiful city," she exclaimed, clasping her hands rapturously, and with a genuine manner that there was no doubt but that she meant it. "I cannot tell you how beautiful it seems to me. I am so glad to stay out here with my sister, who married an American six years ago, and we have not seen her, oh, for a great while. We had intended to stop at the Brunswick Hotel, is it? But our sister would not hear of it, and it is very delightful to drive into the city from here, and the country all about it is so pretty; and, oh, your orchestra. I do assure you I have heard the big orchestras in Vienna and all over Europe, and all the big English orchestras, that led by Sir Charles Halle, in particular; but I have never heard such an orchestra as this. It was our first experience, also, of Herr Paur as a conductor, but, of course, we know all about him, and had very many times at home heard him as a pianist. Oh, yes; Emil Paur was well known there. What a conscientious, musicianly conductor he is, too; so careful that everything shall be just right. I enjoyed the rehearsal very much, and every one was very kind to me, and after I sung, the musicians all applauded me very heartily. I felt very grateful to them."

The singer had seen many curiosities about Boston which reminded her, as it does all foreigners, of London. She wanted to know, with some anxiety, if the musical set liked Mozart, and she was curious in regard to the building in which opera was given here, and asked many questions about its size and peculiarities, which showed that the subject was a matter of conversation. She was also, very naturally, curious to know what operas and what artists drew big houses, and whether or not the immense temporary opera house was often full or n[ot].

Mlle. Olitzka is accompanied by a married sister, who came with her from Europe, and is her constant companion. There is a strong family likeness between them, but the elder sister is much stouter than the singer, and watches over her, even in a conversation, with an almost maternal solicitude that everything should be quite right.

Mlle. Olitzka's voice is, to quote an English writer, "of remarkable compass, and she finds no difficulty in singing from the C in alt to the lower C in the small octave. Her voice has puzzled critics both here (which means in London) and in Germany, and she has been described

ROSA OLITZKA.

both as a mezzo-soprano and a contralto, but she prides herself on possessing a pure contralto voice," and that is something which the Boston critics will find out tomorrow.

Next week, to the singer's great delight, she appears for the first time in New York as Fricka, which, with Fides, in "Le Prophet," and Ortrud, in "Lohengrin," are her favorite roles. In regard to her part in the opera season at Mechanics' Hall next month she, of course, as yet knows nothing.

Boston Sunday Globe

SUNDAY, JAN. 5, 1896.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

Mlle Rosa Olitzka, the soloist at the 10th symphony concert, proved to be an artist of undoubted ability. The range of her voice is extensive and the pure contralto register is sonorous, sweet and quite powerful. The upper tones are clear, but they sounded slightly metallic. There was also a slight vibrato in the forte passages, though it was not prominent enough to suggest uncertainty in tone production. Her first selection, an aria from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," was excellently phrased and, excepting the slight deviation from the pitch in the upper notes, there was little to criticise in the performance. Her voice harmonized well with the obligato of the clarinet, that instrument being superbly played by Mr Pourtau.

Her interpretation of the Fides aria, "Figlio, il ciel," from "The Prophet," was admirable throughout, the lines being given with dramatic intensity and without marring their musical effect. In this number the noble quality of Mlle Olitzka's deeper register was specially evident, the sustained notes being resonant, full and finished smoothly without deflecting in power. In these numbers the artist plainly indicated that in opera she should prove even more satisfactory than on the concert platform. Mlle Olitzka was presented with a large laurel wreath and recalled several times after each selection.

The orchestral numbers were Dvorak's symphony No. 2 in D minor, Lalo's "Namouna" suite and Bizet's overture, "Patrie," the latter played for the first time here. Dvorak's composition, so largely strenuous and somber in material, showed the great ensemble work capable with this orchestra, and throughout the performance Mr Paur evidently had his men under perfect control. All of the forte and fortissimo passages were well set forth by the different contingents. In the second movement the elaborate melodies were played without a break in the various rhythms, and the contrasted themes in the third movement were piquantly and delicately given.

The ballet music of "Namouna" received a brilliant interpretation, although the drum beats in the fourth movement were of an uneven tempo. The curious play of sensuous melodies in the first part of the movement were specially delightful. The Bizet overture was performed with true military pomposity and percussion effect. The composition is showy and elaborate, and these elements were not lacking in its rendition.

Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. T. Adamowski will be this week's soloists. The program will be as follows: Symphony No. 6, Tschaikowsky; Scotch fantasy, Bruch; Aria, Margaret Ruthven Lang; overture, "Corsair," Berlioz. The last two numbers will be performed for the first time.

Boston Journal.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1896.

Concert at the Boston Theatre for the Benefit of the Family of Mr. E. Goldstein — Appearance of Paderewski.

The program of the concert given last night at the Boston Theatre by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Miss Franklin and Mr. Paderewski for the benefit of the family of Mr. E. Goldstein was as follows:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, op. 72.....Beethoven
Ave Maria.....Gounod
(Violin obligato by Mr. T. Adamowski.)
Miss Franklin.
Fantasie Polonaise, op. 19.....Paderewski
Mr. Paderewski.
Suite, "Namouna".....Lalo
"Repentir".....Gounod
Miss Franklin.
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt
(Scored by Karl Muller-Berghaus.)
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Accompanist, Mr. Max Zach.

Surely there was a noble response to a call for a deserving charity. Mr. Goldstein was for several years the leader of the double-basses of the Symphony Orchestra. He was most diligent in his public duties; estimable in his private life; highly accomplished as a master of his instrument. He contributed in no mean degree to the state of proficiency that now gives this orchestra its enviable reputation throughout the musical world.

Mr. Goldstein is now in the McLean Asylum hopelessly insane. It is believed that his madness, which first manifested itself by his declarations of his enormous wealth and correspondingly charitable intentions, is the result of a fall which injured the back of the skull, but from which it was at first supposed he recovered.

* * *

To assist in raising a fund to provide for the family of this unfortunate musician, the Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Paur gladly contributed their services. Mr. Paderewski, with his accustomed generosity and manly interest in humanity, desired to give his aid. Mr. Campanari, formerly of the orchestra, was equally eager, but he is under an inexorable contract with his managers, and as his services were needed in New York, he was unable to sing last night. Miss Franklin consented kindly, and at short notice, to take his place.

* * *

The theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The orchestral numbers were performed brilliantly under Mr. Paur's direction. Mr. Paderewski played with his usual maestria, and was applauded vociferously. He played in response the arrangement by Liszt of Schubert's "Hark, hark the Lark," and a waltz by Chopin. Miss Franklin sang with her customary skill. The net receipts, we are told, will be about $3000.

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ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 6, 1896.

The Symphony Concert of Saturday--Clangor and Sensation.

The concert of Saturday (the 723d of the Boston series)' was as full of clangor and sensation as its predecessor had been of tranquility and classicism. Mr. Paur must have taken a lesson from the chef of the Bowery restaurant who recommended that the hairs and the butter be served on separate plates. The programme began with Dvorak's second symphony. This work scarcely represents the best school of this composer; in it Dvorak seems to endeavor to become abstruse and achieves dulness rather than profundity. It is as if he were trying on the mantle of Brahms and found it rather a loose fit. The symphony plunges into a strange path even from its very first figure, and the entire first movement, although its shape is quite correct and according to classical rule, seems disjointed and heterogeneous.

The Scherzo is probably the clearest bit of the symphony, and Mr. Paur brought out its swingy character in an excellent manner. The influence of folk-music is apparent in almost every part of the symphony, spite of the involved character of some of the treatment. The finale was very finely played. It is characteristic and powerful, the best movement of the whole work. It was given with an analytical clearness that brought its different themes and contrasts into bold relief, and the sinister theme with its baleful augmented second, very like "Telramund's Curse-motif" in "Lohengrin," was especially effective.

Now followed the soloist of the concert, Miss Rosa Olitzka, who sang Mozart's seldom heard "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito." She did not sing it well, possibly from nervousness, for her voice had a tremolo that sometimes almost obliterated the pitch, there seemed to be considerable insecurity of intonation, and the portamento was pushed to the verge of vocal tobogganing. Nevertheless, the artist was recalled three times, received floral tributes, and sang much better in "Ah! Mon Fils" (which she gave in French), a song more adapted to her expressive and dramatic manner than the first number. Miss Olitzka seems out of her element in the concert-room, and judging by the fervor displayed in the Meyerbeer number, needs the adjuncts of footlights, costumes, and dramatic action. Even in the second number the portamento was decidedly overused and became a glissando.

Lalo's suite entitled "Namouna" was a number full of interest, just such a novelty as we need occasionally upon our programmes irrespective of its merits or defects, to show what is being done by the moderns in the various schools of composition. Without the explicit statement that "Namouna" is a series of excerpts from a ballet, the suite would be almost unintelligible, for its begins with a prelude that is sufficient to usher in the Fates and it ends with a musical circus. It is scored in better fashion than any ballets that we know of except certain parts if Rubinstein's "Feramors" or "The Demon."

The scoring sometimes suggests Wagner, sometimes Goldmark, and calls for heavier forces than any except the greatest works. Two harps were used and were most necessary in certain parts of the suite, but of course the ophicleide could not be furnished in America and the bass tuba took its place, although the latter has not quite the rancous tone-color of the instrument with the Greek name.

The first movement of the suite was a noble glow of tone-color, and the constant reiteration of the harp-figures made an effective kind of pedal-point that we do not often hear.

The second movement, a very short one, was a "Serenade," and presented scale-progressions as wierd as those used by Brahms in the slow movement of his fourth symphony. Its short and direct melody and the simple effect produced by the pizzicati of strings and the accompaniment of the harps could not fail to please the audience, and the movement won much applause.

There was the most brilliant orchestration in the variations which constituted the next movement, but no really sustained thought or continuity such as one expects in these days when variation has become thematic development.

The two last movements (which merge into one) constituted the circus aforesaid. The performance was something superb (bravo! Mr. Paur and orchestra), the scoring as spicy as if Lalo had emptied the entire pepper-box into this portion of the work, but again the thoughts, per se, were weak and spasmodic. Cornet double-tongueing, a snappy rhythm that caused feet to tap and heads to wag, a couple of thundering climaxes, and that was all. One must, however, not censure Lalo too greatly for this, but remember that the work was written under exceptional pressure and with necessary haste. Yet with even this excuse made, it may be charged against the modern French school that its development of ideas has not kept pace with its progress in orchestration; Berlioz led the way to the latter, but when will some great French composer arise to lead these skilful scorers towards a working out of work on broader lines? The French composers of the present mostly give us a succession of little pictures, never a broad canvas with appropriate coherency.

The overture by Bizet, entitled "Patrie," is something unworthy of his fame and it came at the wrong time, too, for it is a work brimful of noise and fury, succeeding after the excitement of Lalo had had the nature of an anti-climax. Instead there was presented to the audience brilliant orchestration in lieu of ideas, and this from the composer who has ideas in his usual compositions more than any other Frenchman of them all! In the overture we have so distinct a reminiscence that it amounts to plagiarism; it is simply the idea of the "Bacchanalian March" as treated in "The Damnation of Faust," repeated in almost every detail, with a gentler episode thrown in as counterpoise. Yet even in this unworthy and unoriginal pasticcio one could occasionally get a glimpse of genius as, for example, in the central portion of the work, just before the return of the rather tawdry march-theme. Such a work, however weak it may be, has a certain right upon the Boston Symphony programmes, for Bizet is great enough that we should know all that he has done in the large forms, and to watch him copying Berlioz is not uninteresting; but the work came at decidedly the wrong moment, and either "Nomouna" or "Patrie" should have been kept waiting for a more fitting opportunity, and the two compositions should not have been suffered to neutralize each other.

The reviewer had almost forgotten to mention the excellent clarinette obligato to the Mozart aria, which was played by M. Pourtau; it was of course most artistically done, and called to mind the fact that Mozart was the first composer to really appreciate the clarinette. Handel, the great experimenter in early orchestration, used the simple clarinette of his time (then called Shawm) once only, and then gave it up as a poor instrument, but Mozart in his latest years was continually giving this instrument a post of prominence, although even he did not realize all its possibilities, and the spectral tone-color of its deepest register was first properly employed by Weber in the incantation scene of "Der Freischuetz," and by Mendelssohn in the Scotch symphony. As a supporting instrument against the voice the clarinette has some advantages over the flute, for its middle register comes nearer to the tone-color of the human voice than the flute does. Especially is this the case with a mezzo soprano or alto voice, and here the clarinette blends most perfectly, producing a duet that more artistic than the flute-and-voice, and trumpet-and-voice combinations which Handel inaugurated.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Daily Globe.
MONDAY, JAN. 6, 1896.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS.

This Time for the Benefit of a Former Member of the Symphony Orchestra—Enormous Audience and Large Receipts.

The concert given last evening, in aid of the family of Mr A. Goldstein, a former member of the Boston symphony orchestra, attracted one of the largest and perhaps the most fashionable audience ever assembled in the Boston theater on a Sunday evening. Every seat was occupied and all the standing room on the floor, and in the balconies was crowded, so there must have been nearly 4000 people present.

The receipts were larger than hoped for, and as the expenses were very small, all who had participated in the entertainment concert having freely volunteered their services, it is thought that Mr Goldstein's family will receive the substantial sum of $3000.

Aside from the satisfaction afforded by contributing to a worthy cause, the audience was well repaid for attending the concert by the excellence of the program. Paderewski was naturally the chief attraction, and the announcement of his appearance alone would no doubt have been sufficient to crowd the theater. It was exceedingly kind of the distinguished pianist to volunteer his services, and his generosity cannot be too heartily praised.

It was at considerable personal inconvenience that he was enabled to play here last evening, for it necessitated his travelling two nights on the railroad. He arrived yesterday morning, having left New York, after his concert there Saturday night, and was obliged to leave Boston on the midnight train, so as to fill his engagement in Syracuse this evening.

Every number of last evening's program was thoroughly enjoyable, and received enthusiastic applause from the appreciative audience. Mr G. Campanari had expected to be the vocal soloist, but was obliged to sing at a concert in New York, so Miss Gertrude Franklin kindly consented to appear. Mr Paur and all the members of the Symphony orchestra contributed their services.

The program was as follows:

Beethoven,
Overture to Leonore, No. 3, in C major, op 72
Gounod .....Ave Maria
(Violin obligato by Mr T. Adamowski.)
Miss Franklin.
Paderewski .....Fantasie polonaise, op 19
Mr Paderewski.
Lalo .....Suite, Namouna
Gounod .....Repentir
Miss Franklin.
Franz Liszt .....Hungarian rhapsody No. 2
(Scored by Karl Muller-Berghaus.)
Rossini .....Overture, William Tell

Mr Paderewski so recently played his Fantasie Polonaise here that it is unnecessary at this time to again comment upon the brilliancy of the composition or reiterate praises of its superb interpretation. A second hearing of the work increases one's admiration for its manifold beauties. It is not exactly the sort of a composition that would appeal very strongly to the average Sunday evening assemblage, but yesterday's audience was no ordinary gathering, and there was no doubt about the polonaise and its performance being thoroughly appreciated. Mr Paderewski was applauded with the wildest enthusiasm, and after he had returned and bowed his acknowledgments half a dozen times, he played Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's song, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," and played it exquisitely.

Miss Franklin's singing of the "Ave Maria" was thoroughly artistic and enjoyable, and scarcely less delightful was her interpretation of the "Repentir." Both selections were cordially applauded.

Regarding the playing of the orchestra under Mr Paur's direction, it is only necessary to state that each selection was played as it only could be played by this incomparable band. The audience seemed to enjoy the Lalo suite, "Namouna," more than any other number, and it certainly was superbly played.

BOSTON HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 6.
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THE GOLDSTEIN CONCERT.

The grand concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, in the Boston Theatre, last evening, in aid of the family of Mr. A. Goldstein, a former member of that organization, brought out a remarkably brilliant and fashionable audience. Every seat in the house was occupied, and, on the lower floor, all the available standing room. The receipts were something over $3000, and a handsome sum, therefore, will go to the cause for which the entertainment was given. Mr. Goldstein was the principal contrabassist of the orchestra from its formation up to the time when the distressing malady that overtook him rendered him incapable of pursuing his professional duties, and made his removal to an insane asylum imperative. He was an excellent musician, and a masterly performer on the instrument to which he devoted his talents. His disease is incurable, and he will pass the rest of his days in confinement. His family being left without support, his late comrades took this method to come to his assistance, and with the gratifying results named.

Mr. Paderewski and Miss Gertrude Franklin assisted, the latter kindly replacing Mr. G. Campanari, who was to have appeared, but whose duties at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York prevented his coming hither. Mr. Paderewski played his Fantasie Polonaise. The reception accorded him, it is hardly necessary to add, was enthusiastic, and his playing was, as usual, rewarded with a tempest of applause. Not only this, but he was recalled so persistently, and the demand for more was so unmistakable and irresistible, that he responded first with the Liszt transcription of Schubert's "Hark, the Lark," and then with a Chopin waltz.

Miss Franklin, who was also cordially received, sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "Repentir," by the same composer, in her familiar artistic and masterly manner, and was vigorously applauded and recalled after each effort. The orchestra played Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, Lalo's "Namouna" suite, the Berghaus arrangement of Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2 and Rossini's "William Tell" overture, under the direction of Mr. Paur, whose welcome was of the heartiest.

The occasion was a notable and gratifying success in every way.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth symphony concert, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Dvorak: Symphony No. 2, in D minor, opus 70.
Mozart: Aria, "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito."
(Clarinet obbligato by Mr. Léon Pourtau.)
Lalo: Orchestral suite, "Namouna."
(First time.)
Meyerbeer: Arioso, "Ah! mon fils," from "Le Prophète."
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie!" opus 19.
(First time.)
Miss Rosa Olitzka was the singer.

Dverak's second symphony grows upon one at every fresh hearing. There is, perhaps, nothing in it which quite equals the wonderful exordium of his first, in D major, for originality and brilliancy; but, taken as a whole, it is decidedly the superior work of the two. The excellence of the writing in it, its general stoutness of construction, struck us forcibly even at the first hearing here, several years ago; but we were then far enough from suspecting the real wealth of musical invention it contained, and the genuine depth and beauty of the sentiment shown in it. At first, it reminded us of so many other composers, especially of Weber, in several parts of the last movement, that we could not accept it as reflecting any single, distinct musical individuality. Indeed, as is often apt to be the case with what seems to be an imitation, a good deal of it struck us as rather trivial and merely skin-deep in feeling. But closer acquaintance now reveals the work to us as essentially a complete, well-rounded, and individual whole; what once appeared like triviality and commonplace seems so no longer; we now fully feel the nobility, beauty, and admirable quality of the composition. We are now inclined to rank it very close behind the Brahms symphonies. The performance last Saturday evening was excellent to a high degree: clear, full of fire and expression, beautiful in tone-quality, and admirable in its total impression.

The two new French things—Lalo's "Namouna" and Bizet's "Patrie!"—made quite different impressions upon us, in one way, though both gave rise to much the same reflections, in another. What a wonderful sense of color these Frenchmen have! How never-sleeping and pervasive is their sense for brilliancy and elegance! And yet, comparing the best of them with the best contemporary Germans and Czechs, how lacking they seem in depth, Gemüth, and truly poetic sense! Lalo and Bizet, for instance, find no true correlatives in German music; the appeal they make to you is far and away higher and more distinguished than that made, say, by Richard Strauss or Humperdinck; but they do not begin to rise to the level of Brahms or Dvorak. The place they fill in the art of music can be better compared to that filled in the art of painting by some famous Germans, by Makart and some of his best followers; whereas the French correlatives of Brahms and Dvorak are found in painters like Millet or Corot, not among French musicians.

The five movements of Lalo's "Namouna" are delightful to listen to; the music is ingenious, by no means without beauty, full of gorgeous and delicate color, replete with genially picturesque suggestion. But we could not find a measure in the whole work to make the heart beat faster, not a phrase that pierced beyond the flattered and caressed ear. To say that the thing was originally a ballet, is not adequately to excuse this. There is an Adagio and [illegible] though

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HOME JOURNAL
A PAPER OF TO-DAY
SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1896.

THE Goldstein benefit last Sunday evening under the auspices of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a complete success, not only musically, but, what is almost more important in the present instance, financially. The programme offered was of great interest, and its interpretation was to the evident satisfaction of its hearers. There was naturally some regret at the non-appearance of Campanari, the artist's services being required in New York, but the superb playing of Paderewski, the admirable work of the orchestra and the very able singing of Miss Franklin went far toward dulling the edge of disappointment.

"Prometheus" which used to be played time and again here in Boston, that, ballet-music though it be, scales the topmost heights of soulful beauty as well as any movement from a symphony. That the French really have true depth of sentiment is unquestionable; their painters have more than proved it. But, to give this depth of sentiment adequate musical expression seems, upon the whole, to have been denied them.

Bizet's "Patrie!" thoroughly disappointed us. In point of form, it does not rise far above a potpourri, and in character it is too often merely trivial. Both suite and overture were admirably played.

It is long since Mozart's "Parto, parto" used to be familiar here—in the days when Adelaide Phillips and Addie Ryan sang it. It is perhaps one of the best of the composer's show-arias. If its revival last Saturday gave us pleasure, it was due to the music itself and to Mr. Pourtau's exquisite playing of the clarinet obbligato. Miss Olitzka's singing did little for it. Neither did her singing of Meyerbeer's very different "Ah! mon fils" in any way satisfy us. she has a contralto voice which is not devoid of beauty; but she uses it not well. She sings with a certain outspokenness of expression, which, however, seems all too like expression from the teeth outward, with a soulless vacuum behind it. Her pronunciation is indistinct and faulty; "Eh! mon fils," or "Euh! mon fils," for "Ah! mon fils," etc.

The next programme is: Tschaikowski, symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," opus 74 (second time); Max Bruch, "Scotch" fantasy for violin and orchestra; Margaret Ruthven Lang, aria, "Armida," opus 24 (first time); Berlioz, overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21 (first time). Miss Gertrude Franklin will be the singer, and Mr. T. Adamowski, the violinist.

Boston Theatre: The Goldstein Benefit.

The concert given in the Boston Theatre last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. I. J. Paderewski, for the benefit of Mr. E. Goldstein, was a grand success both musically and financially. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, opus 72.
Gounod: "Ave Maria" on Bach's first prelude.
(Violin obbligato by Mr. T. Adamowski.)
Miss Franklin.
Paderewski: Fantaisie polonaise for pianoforte and orchestra, opus 19.
Mr. Paderewski.
Lalo: Orchestral suite, "Namouna."
Gounod: "Repentir."
Miss Franklin.
Lisst: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.
(Scored for orchestra by Müller-Berghaus.)
Rossini: Overture to "Guillaume Tell."

It was no small matter for Paderewski to come on for the concert; he played in New York on Saturday night, and plays in Syracuse tonight, so the trip meant two consecutive nights in sleeping cars for him. It was a grand thing to hear him play his Polish fantasia once more. To be sure, the parquet of the Boston Theatre is no particularly good place to hear either pianoforte or orchestra from, when the latter are on the stage the pianoforte sounds pretty dull and lifeless, and the orchestra seems reduced, for the moment, to its first and second violins. But one can enjoy Paderewski, even under these disadvantages; his playing was superb at every point, and the Fantasia itself gains on closer acquaintance. Paderewski was rapturously applauded, and the calls for more were so persistent that he had to return twice to his task, playing Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Hark! the "Lark" and Chopin's A-flat waltz, in his own inimitable way.

Mr. Guiseppe Campanari was to have sung; but Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau suddenly found that they needed him in New York, and he was forced to yield to circumstances. His place was taken at short notice by Miss Gertrude Franklin, who sang Gounod's favorite "Ave Maria" and "Repentir" admirably, Mr. T. Adamowski playing the violin solo in the former with great beauty of expression.

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's baton, did splendidly; the Liszt Rhapsody and the "Tell" overture were especially warmly applauded by the huge audience. The house was packed to overflowing, and there can be no doubt that a goodly sum was realized for the beneficiary and his family.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 6, 1896.

The Symphony Concert of Saturday--Clangor and Sensation.

The concert of Saturday (the 723d of the Boston series)' was as full of clangor and sensation as its predecessor had been of tranquility and classicism. Mr. Paur must have taken a lesson from the guest of the Bowery restaurant who requested that the hairs and the butter be served on separate plates. The programme began with Dvorak's second symphony. This work scarcely represents the best school of this composer; in it Dvorak seems to endeavor to become abstruse and achieves dulness rather than profundity. It is as if he were trying on the mantle of Brahms and found it rather a loose fit. The symphony plunges into a strange path even from its very first figure, and the entire first movement, although its shape is quite correct and according to classical rule, seems disjointed and heterogeneous.

The Scherzo is probably the clearest bit of the symphony, and Mr. Paur brought out its swingy character in an excellent manner. The influence of folk-music is apparent in almost every part of the symphony, spite of the involved character of some of the treatment. The finale was very finely played. It is characteristic and powerful, the best movement of the whole work. It was given with an analytical clearness that brought its different themes and contrasts into bold relief, and the sinister theme with its baleful augmented second, very like "Telramund's Curse-motif" in "Lohengrin," was especially effective.

Now followed the soloist of the concert, Miss Rosa Olitzka, who sang Mozart's seldom heard "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito." She did not sing it well, possibly from nervousness, for her voice had a tremolo that sometimes almost obliterated the pitch, there seemed to be considerable insecurity of intonation, and the portamento was pushed to the verge of vocal tobogganing. Nevertheless, the artist was recalled three times, received floral tributes, and sang much better in "Ah! Mon Fils" (which she gave in French), a song more adapted to her expressive and dramatic manner than the first number. Miss Olitzka seems out of her element in the concert-room, and judging by the fervor displayed in the Meyerbeer number, needs the adjuncts of footlights, costumes, and dramatic action. Even in the second number the portamento was decidedly overused and became a glissando.

Lalo's suite entitled "Namouna" was a number full of interest, just such a novelty as we need occasionally upon our programmes irrespective of its merits or defects, to show what is being done by the moderns in the various schools of composition. Without the explicit statement that "Namouna" is a series of excerpts from a ballet, the suite would be almost unintelligible, for its begins with a prelude that is sufficient to usher in the Fates and it ends with a musical circus. It is scored in better fashion than any ballets that we know of except certain parts if Rubinstein's "Feramors" or "The Demon."

The scoring sometimes suggests Wagner, sometimes Goldmark, and calls for heavier forces than any except the greatest works. Two harps were used and were most necessary in certain parts of the suite, but of course the ophicleide could not be furnished in America and the bass tuba took its place, although the latter has not quite the rancous tone-color of the instrument with the Greek name.

The first movement of the suite was a noble glow of tone-color, and the constant reiteration of the harp-figures made an effective kind of pedal-point that we do not often hear.

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There was the most brilliant orchestration in the variations which constituted the next movement, but no really sustained thought or continuity such as one expects in these days when variation has become thematic development.

The two last movements (which merge into one) constituted the circus aforesaid. The performance was something superb (bravo! Mr. Paur and orchestra), the scoring as spicy as if Lalo had emptied the entire pepper-box into this portion of the work, but again the thoughts, per se, were weak and spasmodic. Cornet double-tongueing, a snappy rhythm that caused feet to tap and heads to wag, a couple of thundering climaxes, and that was all. One must, however, not censure Lalo too greatly for this, but remember that the work was written under exceptional pressure and with necessary haste. Yet with even this excuse made, it may be charged against the modern French school that its development of ideas has not kept pace with its progress in orchestration; Berlioz led the way to the latter, but when will some great French composer arise to lead these skilful scorers towards a laying out of work on broader lines? The French composers of the present epoch give us a succession of little pictures, never a broad canvas with appropriate coherency.

The overture by Bizet, entitled "Patrie," is something unworthy of his fame and it came at the wrong time, too, for it is a work brimful of noise and fury, and coming after the excitement of Lalo it had the nature of an anti-climax. Again there was presented to the auditor brilliant orchestration in lieu of ideas, and this from the composer who had more ideas in his usual compositions than any other Frenchman of them all! In this overture we have so distinct a [illegible] of Berlioz that it amounts to plagiarism, it is simply the idea of the "Rakoczy March" as treated in "The Damnation of Faust," repeated in almost every detail, with a gentler episode thrown in as counterpoise. Yet even in this unworthy and unoriginal pasticcio one could occasionally get a glimpse of genius as, for example, in the central portion of the work, just before the return of the rather tawdry march-theme. Such a work, however weak it may be, has a certain right upon the Boston Symphony programmes, for Bizet is great enough that we should know all that he has done in the large forms, and to watch him copying Berlioz is not uninteresting; but the work came at decidedly the wrong moment, and either "Nomouna" or "Patrie" should have been kept waiting for a more fitting opportunity, and the two compositions should not have been suffered to neutralize each other.

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Franz Liszt .....Hungarian rhapsody No. 2
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Rossini .....Overture, William Tell

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The occasion was a notable and gratifying success in every way.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth symphony concert, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Dvorak: Symphony No. 2, in D minor, opus 70.
Mozart: Aria, "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito."
(Clarinet obbligato by Mr. Léon Pourtau.)
Lalo: Orchestral suite, "Namouna."
(First time.)
Meyerbeer: Arioso, "Ah! mon fils," from "Le Prophète."
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie!" opus 19.
(First time.)
Miss Rosa Olitzka was the singer.

Dvorak's second symphony grows upon one at every fresh hearing. There is, perhaps, nothing in it which quite equals the wonderful exordium of his first, in D major, for originality and brilliancy; but, taken as a whole, it is decidedly the superior work of the two. The excellence of the writing in it, its general stoutness of construction, struck us forcibly even at the first hearing here, several years ago; but we were then far enough from suspecting the real wealth of musical invention it contained, and the genuine depth and beauty of the sentiment shown in it. At first, it reminded us of so many other composers, especially of Weber, in several parts of the last movement, that we could not accept it as reflecting any single, distinct musical individuality. Indeed, as is often apt to be the case with what seems to be an imitation, a good deal of it struck us as rather trivial and merely skin-deep in feeling. But closer acquaintance now reveals the work to us as essentially a complete, well-rounded, and individual whole; what once appeared like triviality and commonplace seems so no longer; we now fully feel the nobility, beauty, and admirable quality of the composition. We are now inclined to rank it very close behind the Brahms symphonies. The performance last Saturday evening was excellent to a high degree: clear, full of fire and expression, beautiful in tone-quality, and admirable in its total impression.

The two new French things—Lalo's "Namouna" and Bizet's "Patrie!"—made quite different impressions upon us, in one way, though both gave rise to much the same reflections, in another. What a wonderful sense of color these Frenchmen have! How never-sleeping and pervasive is their sense for brilliancy and elegance! And yet, comparing the best of them with the best contemporary Germans and Czechs, how lacking they seem in depth, Gemüth, and truly poetic sense! Lalo and Bizet, for instance, find no true correlatives in German music; the appeal they make to you is far and away higher and more distinguished than that made, say, by Richard Strauss or Humperdinck; but they do not begin to rise to the level of Brahms or Dvorak. The place they fill in the art of music can be better compared to that filled in the art of painting by some famous Germans, by Makart and some of his best followers; whereas the French correlatives of Brahms and Dvorak are found in painters like Millet or Corot, not among French musicians.

The five movements of Lalo's "Namouna" are delightful to listen to; the music is ingenious, by no means without beauty, full of gorgeous and delicate color, replete with genially picturesque suggestion. But we could not find a measure in the whole work to make the heart beat faster, not a phrase that pierced beyond the flattered and caressed ear. To say that the thing was originally a ballet, is not adequately to excuse this. There is an Adagio and [illegible] Beethoven's "Prometheus" which used to be played time and again here in Boston, that, ballet-music though it be, scales the topmost heights of soulful beauty as well as any movement from a symphony. That the French really have true depth of sentiment is unquestionable; their painters have more than proved it. But, to give this depth of sentiment adequate musical expression seems, upon the whole, to have been denied them.

Bizet's "Patrie!" thoroughly disappointed us. In point of form, it does not rise far above a potpourri, and in character it is too often merely trivial. Both suite and overture were admirably played.

It is long since Mozart's "Parto, parto" used to be familiar here—in the days when Adelaide Phillips and Addie Ryan sang it. It is perhaps one of the best of the composer's show-arias. If its revival last Saturday gave us pleasure, it was due to the music itself and to Mr. Pourtau's exquisite playing of the clarinet obbligato. Miss Olitzka's singing did little for it. Neither did her singing of Meyerbeer's very different "Ah! mon fils" in any way satisfy us. she has a contralto voice which is not devoid of beauty; but she uses it not well. She sings with a certain outspokenness of expression, which, however, seems all too like expression from the teeth outward, with a soulless vacuum behind it. Her pronunciation is indistinct and faulty; "Eh! mon fils," or "Euh! mon fils," for "Ah! mon fils," etc.

The next programme is: Tschaikowski, symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," opus 74 (second time); Max Bruch, "Scotch" fantasy for violin and orchestra; Margaret Ruthven Lang, aria, "Armida," opus 24 (first time); Berlioz, overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21 (first time). Miss Gertrude Franklin will be the singer, and Mr. T. Adamowski, the violinist.

Boston Theatre: The Goldstein Benefit.

The concert given in the Boston Theatre last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. I. J. Paderewski, for the benefit of Mr. E. Goldstein, was a grand success both musically and financially. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, opus 72.
Gounod: "Ave Maria" on Bach's first prelude.
(Violin obbligato by Mr. T. Adamowski.)
Miss Franklin.
Paderewski: Fantaisie polonaise for pianoforte and orchestra, opus 19.
Mr. Paderewski.
Lalo: Orchestral suite, "Namouna."
Gounod: "Repentir."
Miss Franklin.
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.
(Scored for orchestra by Müller-Berghaus.)
Rossini: Overture to "Guillaume Tell."

It was no small matter for Paderewski to come on for the concert; he played in New York on Saturday night, and plays in Syracuse tonight, so the trip meant two consecutive nights in sleeping cars for him. It was a grand thing to hear him play his Polish fantasia once more. To be sure, the parquet of the Boston Theatre is no particularly good place to hear either pianoforte or orchestra from, when the latter are on the stage the pianoforte sounds pretty dull and lifeless, and the orchestra seems reduced, for the moment, to its first and second violins. But one can enjoy Paderewski, even under these disadvantages; his playing was superb at every point, and the Fantasia itself gains on closer acquaintance. Paderewski was rapturously applauded, and the calls for more were so persistent that he had to return twice to his task, playing Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Hark! the Lark" and Chopin's A-flat waltz, in his own inimitable way.

Mr. Guiseppe Campanari was to have sung; but Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau suddenly found that they needed him in New York, and he was forced to yield to circumstances. His place was taken at short notice by Miss Gertrude Franklin, who sang Gounod's favorite "Ave Maria" and "Repentir" admirably, Mr. T. Adamowski playing the violin solo in the former with great beauty of expression.

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's baton, did splendidly; the Liszt Rhapsody and the "Tell" overture were especially warmly applauded by the huge audience. The house was packed to overflowing, and there can be no doubt that a goodly sum was realized for the beneficiary and his family.

BOSTON HOME JOURNAL
A PAPER OF TO-DAY
SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1896.

THE Goldstein benefit last Sunday evening under the auspices of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a complete success, not only musically, but, what is almost more important in the present instance, financially. The programme offered was of great interest, and its interpretation was to the evident satisfaction of its hearers. There was naturally some regret at the non-appearance of Campanari, the artist's services being required in New York, but the superb playing of Paderewski, the admirable work of the orchestra and the very able singing of Miss Franklin went far toward dulling the edge of disappointment.

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...DAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Noted Pianist, the Soloist.

The third Symphony concert was given last evening in Infantry Hall. There was an unusually large audience, and much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. Not many years ago he stood pre-eminent among players by verdict of both public and the critics. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance.

The programme was exclusively "modern" in its make-up, and its order was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98.....
.....Johannes Brahms
I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major.....Franz Liszt
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor)
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations; Andante (E major).
IV. a. Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
b. Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

Not only is this a programme of modern composers, but the music itself is, in the broadest sense, a product of modern environment. Music is the most plastic of the arts, and reflects most accurately the life of its period, whether written by composers of towering genius or those of lesser gifts. The music of the modern school is distinguished not only by its freedom from the more strictly scholastic forms of a bygone century, but also by its character and suggestiveness. It is typical of the broader and more complex life of the present day; it shows not only the universal relaxing of the bonds of convention and the authority of tradition, but also the spirit of unrest, the kaleidoscopic changes that mark the life of to-day. Then, too, it marks the different attunement of the modern ear. No longer do we find pleasure in hearing the simpler combinations of sound which were sufficient for our fathers. Our auditory nerves demand a stronger fillip—more startling contrasts, more noise, more discords, more everything.

No better illustration of this is needed than the music of last night's concert. The E-minor symphony of Brahms's is a work which would have been simply impossible to Beethoven or any of his predecessors. Yet Brahms has been called the last of the classical composers. But, though he betrays some preference for classical forms of construction, the matter of his compositions is as distinctively modern as either of his companions on last evening's programme. This fourth symphony is by no means a work of evenly sustained interest; it gives us Brahms at his best, and also—if not at his worst—on a plane far removed from best. The first two movements are of great beauty and surpassing interest, the first with its rich harmony and masterly instrumentation, the second with its striking originality and beautiful contrast. But the other movements betray symptoms of the turgidity which characterize so much of Brahms's writing. There are times when we are put in a position toward this great genius like that of the heathen toward his idol—we are positive that he is ugly, though we believe that he is great. The final movement is, unfortunately, the weakest of the four, and the work which starts out with so much promise and presents so much of beauty, comes to an inglorious conclusion.

If Brahm's work is dintinctly modern in tone, what can be said of Lalo's suite, which ended the programme? Here is richness, extravagance, profusion run wild. There are no greys or browns on Lalo's palette; everything is glaring white, vivid scarlet, royal purple, or an indescribable mixture, as though the colors had been thrown at the canvas rather than laid on by design. The suite is a series of tone pictures that dazzle and astound on a first hearing, and leave one in doubt as to their abiding musical worth.

The concerto by Liszt, which Mr. Joseffy chose for his number, is well fitted to display his delicate touch and finished style. There is little in the piano part of the rugged and virile character which are usually found in Liszt's works. It was magnificently played by both soloist and orchestra. The applause was stormy and prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times.

The large audience showed appreciation of the fine work done by the orchestra throughout the evening. There was the usual crop of late comers, people walking to their seats during the opening of both the first numbers. A few ladies had the courage to appear without headdress, in accordance with suggestions that have been made by those who like to see as well as hear. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Noted Pianist, the Soloist.

The third Symphony concert was given last evening in Infantry Hall. There was an unusually large audience, and much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. Not many years ago he stood pre-eminent among players by verdict of both public and the critics. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance.

The programme was exclusively "modern" in its make-up, and its order was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98.....
.....Johannes Brahms
I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major.....Franz Liszt
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor)
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. a. Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
b. Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

Not only is this a programme of modern composers, but the music itself is, in the broadest sense, a product of modern environment. Music is the most plastic of the arts, and reflects most accurately the life of its period, whether written by composers of towering genius or those of lesser gifts. The music of the modern school is distinguished not only by its freedom from the more strictly scholastic forms of a bygone century, but also by its character and suggestiveness. It is typical of the broader and more complex life of the present day; it shows not only the universal relaxing of the bonds of convention and the authority of tradition, but also the spirit of unrest, the kaleidoscopic changes that mark the life of to-day. Then, too, it marks the different attunement of the modern ear. No longer do we find pleasure in hearing the simpler combinations of sound which were sufficient for our fathers. Our auditory nerves demand a stronger fillip—more startling contrasts, more noise, more discords, more everything.

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The large audience showed appreciation of the fine work done by the orchestra throughout the evening. There was the usual crop of late comers, people walking to their seats during the opening of both the first numbers. A few ladies had the courage to appear without headdress, in accordance with suggestions that have been made by those who like to see as well as hear. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

The Boston Symphony orchestra's concert at Infantry hall last night was in many respects the most acceptable of the series. It was one over which a large and discriminating audience grew enthusiastic, and particularly was this so with reference to the "star" of the occasion, the far-famed piano virtuoso, Rafael Joseffy. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98 ..... Johannes Brahms.
I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major .....Franz Liszt.
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor).
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna" .....Edouard Lalo.
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. (a) Market Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
(b) Market Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

The first movement, full of the varying graces of the master Brahms genius and faculty for peculiar effects, was performed w. hout a break of any kind. The music is not of the most uproarious or sparkling sort, but it is a great instance of originality and brilliancy in the art of composing, and it gives an orchestra valuable opportunities for superior work. While Brahms has been called "the last of the classical composers," evidences of modernness were not wanting in this product of his skill. Indeed, none of the writers associated with him on the program could be called from their creation that appeared much more modern.

The celebrated concerto by Liszt was well chosen to display the wonderful and delicate touch of Mr. Joseffy. This distinguished pianist retired some years ago, but happily for the music lovers of the country he returned to the platform, and his popularity is still undimmed. His performance was delightful, both technically and from a more popular point of view.

The closing number was superbly executed. The audience appreciated the fine work of the orchestra throughout, and liberally applauded the salient points. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

JANUARY 12, 1896.

LAST NIGHT'S SYMPHONY.

The eleventh of the season's symphonies at Music Hall last evening was thoroughly enjoyable, the orchestra contributing two numbers never heard before, and two soloists also adding to the interest of the occasion, Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. T. Adamowski.

The opening number was the Tschaikowsky symphony No. 6, heard for the second time this season. It is a broadly written composition in four movements, and presents many sharp contrasts, for which the composer was noted. In general character it is rhythmic and melodic, especially the first movement. The second and third movements are particularly joyous and lively, something of the scherzo, and are in marked contrast to the last movement, which is of a funereal character, and is supposed to be Tschaikowsky's own requiem. It is solemn and majestic throughout, and finally dies away in gradually lessening pianissimo. Each movement was enthusiastically applauded, which left no doubt as to the popularity of the composition.

Mr. Adamowski was heard in the Bruch fantasia on Scotch folk melodies. The piece is by no means a novelty to music lovers, but it is always interesting, especially when the sole part is played as it was last night. Mr. Adamowski was at his best last night, and played with purity and feeling. He was given a most cordial reception, which was certainly well deserved.

Miss Franklin was heard in Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang's concert aria, "Armida," which is the most ambitious composition of Miss Lang's which has yet been heard. Miss Franklin was not fully equal to the dramatic requirements of the aria. Her voice, while having great carrying power and distinct clearness in the upper tones, lacked necessary breadth, but in spite of this, she worked up to a fitting climax and finished with a warmth and volume of tone not reached in the earlier part of the number.

Berlioz's overture, "The Corsair," finished the programme, and this was also heard for the first time. It is rather bizarre in effect, and was played at a tremendously rapid gait. The violins play a prominent part throughout, rushing hither and thither in an interesting manner, and in many parts it is written in anything but symphonic form. On the whole, it was not particularly well received, which was largely owing to the fact that the hands of the clock were close on to 10, the concert having been an unusually lengthy one.

At next week's concert the soloist will be Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who will play the Brahms concerto No. 2.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 12, 1896.

Mr. Paur began his tenth concert with the second hearing of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony, which its author called "Pathetic" and which is just making its way to the great concert-rooms of the world, Richter having introduced it to England not so many weeks ago. It made an impression no less strong and sincere than at first; but neither performance brought the calm Boston auditor to his feet at the end of the first movement as the Liverpool listeners rose three months ago when they heard it first. That impression, however, proves the power, the splendor, the boldness, the intensity, and we might almost say the majesty which are to be felt in its graver movements, when it rises, swells, and storms as potently as any page of Wagner's which we recall on the instant—unless it be the "Siegfried" funeral march—but says more, means more and controls more than most of Wagner's climaxes, because it seems more spontaneous in passion and less contrived in the expression of it. Of course its title cannot apply to the symphony in its complete extent, because in the first movement it bursts into crashes, roles and thunders that are like very cataclysms of harmony and blending contests of voice, while in the second and third, sensibility, grace, fantasy, animation, brilliancy and even levity are important elements, But in the sombre, deep-breathing, concentrated spirit of the brief introduction dwells a warning, as it were, of tragedy unescapable though distant, tragedy which comes masterfully but pitifully in the last movement, unique in being the adagio of the symphony, instinct with mighty woe for which a whole orchestra is all too little an exponent, and sinking away at last into a tender silence which is that of a great and noble calm and not that of mere exhaustion from too much common grief.

Bruch's fantasia for violin, known as the "Scotch," but Scottish rather in its suggestiveness than in any exact reproduction of Highland melodies as themes, came next, Mr. Adamowski being the player. Dedicated to Sarasate and first played by him, its characteristics might easily be guessed by whoever has an acquaintance with composer and artist. Bruch is almost before everything else sturdy and decided, putting his ideas into direct and forcible statement; then he is eager, earnest and insistent; and finally he is fanciful, playful, ornate and almost captivating. Sarasate is a past master of the most elegant, fascinating and glittering resources of the violin, but he is also nervous, potent, fervid and strenuous. In whatsoever was graceful, persuasive, reposeful and tranquil, Mr. Adamowski did beautifully, playing with delicate tone, nice phrase and just proportion, polishing all smoothly and touching the high notes in harmonics into almost elfin sound. But the energetic passages lacked positiveness and volume, while those of bravura were often defective in intonation, as if some one string were not altogether what it should be. Yet as he made no noticeable attempt to draw any one into special obedience, the inference does not seem unfair that his own execution was responsible for the inexactitudes.

Then came a novelty—a setting by Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang for soprano voice and orchestra of a portion of Armida's lament in the fourth canto of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," an English text being used. So far as technical command of the orchestra is concerned, Miss Lang here shews an advance in appreciation of instrumental values, in clearness and equilibrium of scoring and in simplicity and straightforwardness. The voice part is well written, but it is more of a composition than an inspiration. As a study it stands well related to the text and it has apparently capabilities for effects which would closely approach, even if they did not quite touch, the dramatic. Certainly it does not suggest inexperience, hesitation or paucity of thought on its composer's part. Unfortunately it could not be judged according to its abstract and intrinsic merit, because it had been assigned to Miss Franklin, whom it quite over weighted, and who was often completely buried beneath the orchestral score, which is constantly filled with the strongest, largest and most dominant tones of those instruments which are most apt to absorb or cover down the voice of a singer. Perhaps the ideal soprano, possessing the voice of a Materna, a Lehmaun, a Titiens, or a Parepa Rosa, might rise and ride triumphant over these orchestral waves and sweep on with vehemence and passion. But Miss Franklin's means and methods are not such; so that while she sang with care and conscience, made some fine and telling notes and phrased with art, she had neither the volume, the tenacity nor the enthusiasm to bear up and bear on Miss Lang's intentions. She was unable to do justice to the fine qualities for which she is esteemed, and the force of the music drove her at times almost to a tremolo and confused with indistinctness the articulation which has been often rightly praised for its definiteness.

The concert ended with an overture by Berlioz, hitherto unheard here and called "The Corsair." Although vigorous, spirited and resonant in parts, it is not particularly interesting, and certainly it is not characteristic of its theme or its author.

The orchestra played finely throughout the concert and met promotly and surely the many unusual requirements of some of the scores.

Next week Mr. Joseffy, so long a stranger, will play Brahms's second pianoforte concerto, the other numbers being Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

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PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Noted Pianist, the Soloist.

The third Symphony concert was given last evening in Infantry Hall. There was an unusually large audience, and much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. Not many years ago he stood pre-eminent among players by verdict of both public and the critics. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance.

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III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
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Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major.....Franz Liszt
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor)
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. a. Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
b. Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

Not only is this a programme of modern composers, but the music itself is, in the broadest sense, a product of modern environment. Music is the most plastic of the arts, and reflects most accurately the life of its period, whether written by composers of towering genius or those of lesser gifts. The music of the modern school is distinguished not only by its freedom from the more strictly scholastic forms of a bygone century, but also by its character and suggestiveness. It is typical of the broader and more complex life of the present day; it shows not only the universal relaxing of the bonds of convention and the authority of tradition, but also the spirit of unrest, the kaleidoscopic changes that mark the life of to-day. Then, too, it marks the different attunement of the modern ear. No longer do we find pleasure in hearing the simpler combinations of sound which were sufficient for our fathers. Our auditory nerves demand a stronger fillip—more startling contrasts, more noise, more discords, more everything.

No better illustration of this is needed than the music of last night's concert. The E-minor symphony of Brahms's is a work which would have been simply impossible to Beethoven or any of his predecessors. Yet Brahms has been called the last of the classical composers. But, though he betrays some preference for classical forms of construction, the matter of his compositions is as distinctively modern as either of his companions on last evening's programme. This fourth symphony is by no means a work of evenly sustained interest; it gives us Brahms at his best, and also—if not at his worst—on a plane far removed from best. The first two movements are of great beauty and surpassing interest, the first with its rich harmony and masterly instrumentation, the second with its striking originality and beautiful contrast. But the other movements betray symptoms of the turgidity which characterize so much of Brahms's writing. There are times when we are put in a position toward this great genius like that of the heathen toward his idol—we are positive that he is ugly, though we believe that he is great. The final movement is, unfortunately, the weakest of the four, and the work which starts out with so much promise and presents so much of beauty, comes to an inglorious conclusion.

If Brahm's work is dintinctly modern in tone, what can be said of Lalo's suite, which ended the programme? Here is richness, extravagance, profusion run wild. There are no greys or browns on Lalo's palette; everything is glaring white, vivid scarlet, royal purple, or an indescribable mixture, as though the colors had been thrown at the canvas rather than laid on by design. The suite is a series of tone pictures that dazzle and astound on a first hearing, and leave one in doubt as to their abiding musical worth.

The concerto by Liszt, which Mr. Joseffy chose for his number, is well fitted to display his delicate touch and finished style. There is little in the piano part of the rugged and virile character which are usually found in Liszt's works. It was magnificently played by both soloist and orchestra. The applause was stormy and prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times.

The large audience showed appreciation of the fine work done by the orchestra throughout the evening. There was the usual crop of late comers, people walking to their seats during the opening of both the first numbers. A few ladies had the courage to appear without headdress, in accordance with suggestions that have been made by those who like to see as well as hear. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

THE EVENING BULLETIN

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Noted Pianist, the Soloist.

The third Symphony concert was given last evening in Infantry Hall. There was an unusually large audience, and much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. Not many years ago he stood pre-eminent among players by verdict of both public and the critics. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance.

The programme was exclusively "modern" in its make-up, and its order was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98.....Johannes Brahms
I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major.....Franz Liszt
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor)
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. a. Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
b. Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

Not only is this a programme of modern composers, but the music itself is, in the broadest sense, a product of modern environment. Music is the most plastic of the arts, and reflects most accurately the life of its period, whether written by composers of towering genius or those of lesser gifts. The music of the modern school is distinguished not only by its freedom from the more strictly scholastic forms of a bygone century, but also by its character and suggestiveness. It is typical of the broader and more complex life of the present day; it shows not only the universal relaxing of the bonds of convention and the authority of tradition, but also the spirit of unrest, the kaleidoscopic changes that mark the life of to-day. Then, too, it marks the different attunement of the modern ear. No longer do we find pleasure in hearing the simpler combinations of sound which were sufficient for our fathers. Our auditory nerves demand a stronger fillip—more startling contrasts, more noise, more discords, more everything.

No better illustration of this is needed than the music of last night's concert. The E-minor symphony of Brahms's is a work which would have been simply impossible to Beethoven or any of his predecessors. Yet Brahms has been called the last of the classical composers. But, though he betrays some preference for classical forms of construction, the matter of his compositions is as distinctively modern as either of his companions on last evening's programme. This fourth symphony is by no means a work of evenly sustained interest; it gives us Brahms at his best, and also—if not at his worst—on a plane far removed from best. The first two movements are of great beauty and surpassing interest, the first with its rich harmony and masterly instrumentation, the second with its striking originality and beautiful contrast. But the other movements betray symptoms of the turgidity which characterize so much of Brahms's writing. There are times when we are put in a position toward this great genius like that of the heathen toward his idol—we are positive that he is ugly, though we believe that he is great. The final movement is, unfortunately, the weakest of the four, and the work which starts out with so much promise and presents so much of beauty, comes to an inglorious conclusion.

If Brahm's work is dintinctly modern in tone, what can be said of Lalo's suite, which ended the programme? Here is richness, extravagance, profusion run wild. There are no greys or browns on Lalo's palette; everything is glaring white, vivid scarlet, royal purple, or an indescribable mixture, as though the colors had been thrown at the canvas rather than laid on by design. The suite is a series of tone pictures that dazzle and astound on a first hearing, and leave one in doubt as to their abiding musical worth.

The concerto by Liszt, which Mr. Joseffy chose for his number, is well fitted to display his delicate touch and finished style. There is little in the piano part of the rugged and virile character which are usually found in Liszt's works. It was magnificently played by both soloist and orchestra. The applause was stormy and prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times.

The large audience showed appreciation of the fine work done by the orchestra throughout the evening. There was the usual crop of late comers, people walking to their seats during the opening of both the first numbers. A few ladies had the courage to appear without headdress, in accordance with suggestions that have been made by those who like to see as well as hear. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

The Telegram

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

The Boston Symphony orchestra's concert at Infantry hall last night was in many respects the most acceptable of the series. It was one over which a large and discriminating audience grew enthusiastic, and particularly was this so with reference to the "star" of the occasion, the far-famed piano virtuoso, Rafael Joseffy. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98 ..... Johannes Brahms.
I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major .....Franz Liszt.
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor).
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major; i. e., C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo.
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. (a) Market Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
(b) Market Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

The first movement, full of the varying braces of the master Brahms genius and faculty for peculiar effects, was performed w. hout a break of any kind. The music is not of the most uproarious or sparkling sort, but it is a great instance of originality and brilliancy in the art of composing, and it gives an orchestra valuable opportunities for superior work. While Brahms has been called "the last of the classical composers," evidences of modernness were not wanting in this product of his skill. Indeed, none of the writers associated with him on the program could be called from their creation that appeared much more modern.

The celebrated concerto by Liszt was well chosen to display the wonderful and delicate touch of Mr. Joseffy. This distinguished pianist retired some years ago, but happily for the music lovers of the country he returned to the platform, and his popularity is still undimmed. His performance was delightful, both technically and from a more popular point of view.

The closing number was superbly executed. The audience appreciated the fine work of the orchestra throughout, and liberally applauded the salient points. The fourth concert will be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

JANUARY 12, 1896.

LAST NIGHT'S SYMPHONY.

The eleventh of the season's symphonies at Music Hall last evening was thoroughly enjoyable, the orchestra contributing two numbers never heard before, and two soloists also adding to the interest of the occasion, Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. T. Adamowski.

The opening number was the Tschaikowsky symphony No. 6, heard for the second time this season. It is a broadly written composition in four movements, and presents many sharp contrasts, for which the composer was noted. In general character it is rhythmic and melodic, especially the first movement. The second and third movements are particularly joyous and lively, something of the scherzo, and are in marked contrast to the last movement, which is of a funereal character, and is supposed to be Tschaikowsky's own requiem. It is solemn and majestic throughout, and finally dies away in gradually lessening pianissimo. Each movement was enthusiastically applauded, which left no doubt as to the popularity of the composition.

Mr. Adamowski was heard in the Bruch fantasia on Scotch folk melodies. The piece is by no means a novelty to music lovers, but it is always interesting, especially when the solo part is played as it was last night. Mr. Adamowski was at his best last night, and played with purity and feeling. He was given a most cordial reception, which was certainly well deserved.

Miss Franklin was heard in Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang's concert aria, "Armida," which is the most ambitious composition of Miss Lang's which has yet been heard. Miss Franklin was not fully equal to the dramatic requirements of the aria. Her voice, while having great carrying power and distinct clearness in the upper tones, lacked necessary breadth, but in spite of this, she worked up to a fitting climax and finished with a warmth and volume of tone not reached in the earlier part of the number.

Berlioz's overture, "The Corsair," finished the programme, and this was also heard for the first time. It is rather bizarre in effect, and was played at a tremendously rapid gait. The violins play a prominent part throughout, rushing hither and thither in an interesting manner, and in many parts it is written in anything but symphonic form. On the whole, it was not particularly well received, which was largely owing to the fact that the hands of the clock were close on to 10, the concert having been an unusually lengthy one.

At next week's concert the soloist will be Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who will play the Brahms concerto No. 2.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 12, 1896.

Mr. Paur began his tenth concert with the second hearing of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony, which its author called "Pathetic" and which is just making its way to the great concert-rooms of the world, Richter having introduced it to England not so many weeks ago. It made an impression no less strong and sincere than at first; but neither performance brought the calm Boston auditor to his feet at the end of the first movement as the Liverpool listeners rose three months ago when they heard it first. That impression, however, proves the power, the splendor, the boldness, the intensity, and we might almost say the majesty which are to be felt in its graver movements, when it rises, swells, and storms as potently as any page of Wagner's which we recall on the instant—unless it be the "Siegfried" funeral march—but says more, means more and controls more than most of Wagner's climaxes, because it seems more spontaneous in passion and less contrived in the expression of it. Of course its title cannot apply to the symphony in its complete extent, because in the first movement it bursts into crashes, roles and thunders that are like very cataclysms of harmony and blending contests of voice, while in the second and third, sensibility, grace, fantasy, animation, brilliancy and even levity are important elements, But in the sombre, deep-breathing, concentrated spirit of the brief introduction dwells a warning, as it were, of tragedy unescapable though distant, tragedy which comes masterfully but pitifully in the last movement, unique in being the adagio of the symphony, instinct with mighty woe for which a whole orchestra is all too little an exponent, and sinking away at last into a tender silence which is that of a great and noble calm and not that of mere exhaustion from too much common grief.

Bruch's fantasia for violin, known as the "Scotch," but Scottish rather in its suggestiveness than in any exact reproduction of Highland melodies as themes, came next, Mr. Adamowski being the player. Dedicated to Sarasate and first played by him, its characteristics might easily be guessed by whoever has an acquaintance with composer and artist. Bruch is almost before everything else sturdy and decided, putting his ideas into direct and forcible statement; then he is eager, earnest and insistent; and finally he is fanciful, playful, ornate and almost captivating. Sarasate is a past master of the most elegant, fascinating and glittering resources of the violin, but he is also nervous, potent, fervid and strenuous. In whatsoever was graceful, persuasive, reposeful and tranquil, Mr. Adamowski did beautifully, playing with delicate tone, nice phrase and just proportion, polishing all smoothly and touching the high notes in harmonics into almost elfin sound. But the energetic passages lacked positiveness and volume, while those of bravura were often defective in intonation, as if some one string were not altogether what it should be. Yet as he made no noticeable attempt to draw any one into special obedience, the inference does not seem unfair that his own execution was responsible for the inexactitudes.

Then came a novelty—a setting by Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang for soprano voice and orchestra of a portion of Armida's lament in the fourth canto of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," an English text being used. So far as technical command of the orchestra is concerned, Miss Lang here shews an advance in appreciation of instrumental values, in clearness and equilibrium of scoring and in simplicity and straightforwardness. The voice part is well written, but it is more of a composition than an inspiration. As a study it stands well related to the text and it has apparently capabilities for effects which would closely approach, even if they did not quite touch, the dramatic. Certainly it does not suggest inexperience, hesitation or paucity of thought on its composer's part. Unfortunately it could not be judged according to its abstract and intrinsic merit, because it had been assigned to Miss Franklin, whom it quite over weighted, and who was often completely buried beneath the orchestral score, which is constantly filled with the strongest, largest and most dominant tones of those instruments which are most apt to absorb or cover down the voice of a singer. Perhaps the ideal soprano, possessing the voice of a Materna, a Lehmaun, a Titiens, or a Parepa Rosa, might rise and ride triumphant over these orchestral waves and sweep on with vehemence and passion. But Miss Franklin's means and methods are not such; so that while she sang with care and conscience, made some fine and telling notes and phrased with art, she had neither the volume, the tenacity nor the enthusiasm to bear up and bear on Miss Lang's intentions. She was unable to do justice to the fine qualities for which she is esteemed, and the force of the music drove her at times almost to a tremolo and confused with indistinctness the articulation which has been often rightly praised for its definiteness.

The concert ended with an overture by Berlioz, hitherto unheard here and called "The Corsair." Although vigorous, spirited and resonant in parts, it is not particularly interesting, and certainly it is not characteristic of its theme or its author.

The orchestra played finely throughout the concert and met promotly and surely the many unusual requirements of some of the scores.

Next week Mr. Joseffy, so long a stranger, will play Brahms's second pianoforte concerto, the other numbers being Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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[74]

...DAY HERALD.

...SHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

VOL. XCIX., NO. 12.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

...ng's New Aria Finely Sung by Miss ...ranklin—Mr. Adamowski's Success.

The 11th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall had for soloists Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. T. Adamowski, and presented this programme:

...ony, No. 6 ("Pathetique").Tschaikowsky
...ch Fantasia for violin and orchestra..
Max Bruch
Concert aria, "Armida".Miss Margaret R. Lang
(First time).
Overture, "Le Corsaire".....Berlioz
(First time).

The Tschaikowsky symphony increased in nobility of effect on a second hearing. It must be ranked among the most masterly works in its class that the present musical era has brought forth, not only in the beauty and dignity of its themes, its gorgeously glowing instrumentation, but in the fire and energy with which it is sustained from beginning to end, and in its unflagging interest. It is distinctly and intensely modern, and yet it is always clear, and there is in it a wealth of beautiful melody, lofty in inspiration and genuinely appealing in its tenderness. The exquisitely warm and flowing second theme of the opening movement, the grace and unique charm of the whole of the second movement with its skilful and dainty handling of the unusual and perplexing 5—4 rhythm, which is here made to flow with an ease and a piquancy, cause it to sound with graceful naturalness, and the entire magnetically impassioned finale which speaks with a large and solemn dramatic dignity which has been but rarely equalled, make the work stand by itself as the highest utterance that has been reached in contemporary symphony.

The least attractive portion of the composition is the third movement, in which the complicated contrapuntal devices are not specially interesting in themselves, and have the fault of overshadowing the themes, while the march, up to which all the elaborate preparations lead, is not in keeping with the loftiness of spirit that characterizes the rest of the work. A magnificent reading of this masterpiece was given by Mr. Paur, and the performance emphasized the glorious technique of the orchestra with surpassing effect.

In the Bruch Fantasia Mr. Adamowski excelled any of his earlier appearances here as a soloist, and his rendering of this work was something of a surprise in the depth of feeling and the thoughtfulness and the purity of taste that marked it as a whole. His tone was thin and querulous in bravura and his execution was not always clear, but the many cantabile moments of the fantasia he played with a largeness of style, a refinement of sentiment and a warm sincerity that had not before been apparent in his playing, and that revealed an artistic growth which calls for the most cordial recognition. The audience was quick in appreciation, and applauded as it had never applauded him before.

The concert aria by Miss Lang is the most ambitious effort that the composer has placed before the public. The text was found in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and deals with the despair of Armida in her grief at the loss of all that she has loved and lived for. While the composition is not without force and vigor, it is musically uninteresting and unimpressive, by reason of the absence of any discoverable central point on which the whole should pivot. It is mainly florid recitative, interrupted once or twice by a brief moment of forced melody, but it all leads to nowhere in particular, and wanders about wildly and vaguely. It is wholly in the extreme modern vein, and gravitates between Wagner and Mascagni without any distinct individual character or any suggestion of originality. It is carefully made, and the instrumentation is clever and effective in its way, but, as the rule, it is overheavy for the voice and frequently obliterates it by the solid masses of tone that it piles up against it, especially, and curiously enough, when the vocal part is written in the weaker portion of the middle register. The effort is soaring and creditable to the composer in her present stage of development, but it is immature and ineffective, and the preponderance of orchestration which forces the singer into a secondary and almost unimportant position makes it a failure as a vocal concert aria. Miss Lang will do better when she has outgrown the familiar propensity of the young musician to give way to the temptation of overloading a score.

Miss Franklin performed her share in the work in the thoroughly artistic spirit and conscience she brings to bear on all that she does. She was called upon for little else than lyric declamation, and this she gave in a broad dramatic style and with impressive emphasis, making all that it was possible for singer to make of a task that must have been really thankless and discouraging. She was applauded with enthusiasm and twice recalled.

The Berlioz overture, though brilliantly played, did not offer any justification for bringing it forth from the obscurity in which it has been permitted to dwell. It is the weakest and poorest of its composer's works.

The programme for the next concert is: Unfinished symphony Schubert; concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. Mr. Rafael Joseffy is to be the soloist.

Boston Symphony Orchestra | METZEROTT MUSIC HALL.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Third Concert Tuesday Evening, Jan. 21, at 8:15 precisely.

Soloist, Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY

Tickets now on sale at Metzerott's.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 12.

The Symphony Concert.

The eleventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening. The programme was;

Symphony No. 6, B minor.....Tschaikowsky
Fantasy on Scotch Folk Melodies (for violin)...Bruch
Concert Aria, "Armida" (M. S.) (first time).....
.....Margaret R. Lang
Overture to "The Corsair".....Berlioz

The Tschaikowsky symphony was played last season, but it, is well worth the hearing again, for in dignity of thought, passion and pathos it is the most typical and most noble work of the master. Its characteristics, are earnestness and intensity of feeling that [occasionally becomes over-garrulous; but it is irresistible in its sweep and haunting in its impressiveness. The large grand last movement is a triumph of art and of feeling, and it is impossible to listen to it unmoved. The symphony is sound, honest and flawless work to its innermost fibres; it is pure gold welded into shape under the white heat of passionate emotion and an imperishable monument to its maker. It was finely read by Mr. Paur; read with sympathy, rare insight, and rarer intelligence. It is necessary to emphasize this fact, for it has become the fashion with a certain class of critical wits to fire their literary pop-guns at Mr. Paur and to hide their malice and poverty of invention with quotations from "Bayle's Dictionary," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and Chambers's "Book of Days." Dulness, ponderosity, and cynicism born of self-contempt, are not dangerous weapons; but this persistent hounding of a man who has shown larger capacity, broader taste, greater intelligence and rarer skill than any other conductor who has appeared in Boston, has become intolerable to lovers of fair play. It is probable that if Mr. Paur had the opportunity to criticize the witless jesters who so mercilessly pursue him, he could show in their attacks less admirable causes than jaded brains, blunted sensibility and a Bohemianism that goes no farther in æsthetics than self-worship—called in Biblical times the worship of the brazen calf.

The Bruch fantasy does not call for extended notice though one may mildly wonder why Mr. Adamowski was selected for the high honor of interpreting the solo part; for Mr. Adamowski at his best inspires content, but never enthusiasm. And then as he appears as soloist at a symphony concert, one has the right to compare him with the masters in his art, and, unfortunately, the comparison is never in his favor. His playing is pretty, graceful, sometimes coquettish, but it has not the largeness, broadness, dignity or techinal skill to fit it for classical concert work.

Miss Lang's concert aria is, in a sense, creditable to the young composer; it is scored with taste and knowledge. There is no trace of the old masters in the work, which is modern in idea and in treatment, and hints that Miss Lang is an earnest and enthusiastic student of Wagner. Unfortunately in her desire to be modern Miss Lang has forgotten that ideas are as important as form, and so she has taken infinite pains to write an elaborate setting for nothing. She has entirely misunderstood the portion of the poem she set to music, and no skill in orchestration will hide the paucity of ideas, or cause the hearer to confound noisy affectation with depth of feeling. The cleverness is misplaced, and it is a pity that so much good work should be wasted on a subject in which there is not a trace of imagination, or any of the qualities that go to the making of an enduring work of art. Miss Lang is clever, but it is impossible for even genius to say anything when it has nothing to say.]

The programme for the next concert is: Unfinished Symphony, Schumann; Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. The soloist is Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

THE WASHINGTON POST,

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

Boston Symphony and Joseffy at Metzerott's.

The third concert this season, Tuesday evening, January 21, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be the 1,353d performance by this now famous organization, and its 45th performance in this city, will be memorable chiefly for the re-appearance of the eminent piano virtuoso, Mr. Rafael Joseffy. Mr. Joseffy has been in retirement for some five years past, and it is safe to predict that he has employed his leisure during this interval so profitably that he will return at once to his former triumph. When he was active in the concert field, he stood pre-eminent among players in the opinion of both the public and the critics.

Joseffy came to this country with an already established reputation as one of the greatest pianists of the world, a name which he amply sustained by a series of triumphs in his performances with the leaders of musical organizations of this country and a series of piano recitals given in all the principal cities.

Some two weeks ago Mr. Joseffy appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in their regular series of concerts at Providence, R. I., which was his initial performance with this organization since his re-entry in the concert field. In connection with this performance the Providence Journal said: "Much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily, while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of the professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance. The concerto was magnificently played by both soloist and orchestra. The applause was stormy and prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times."

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

Eleventh Symphonic Concert in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Timothee Adamowski Played Bruch's Scotch Fantasia Delightfully.

The program of the 11th Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique" (second time)..Tschaikowsky
Fantasia on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin .....Bruch
Concert Aria, "Armida" (MS.) (first time) .....Miss Lang
Overture to "The Corsair" (first time)..
Berlioz

There is a story that Tschaikowsky did not die of cholera; that, weary of glory, strife and tribulation, he poisoned himself; and that in anticipation of the tragedy he wrote the noble Pathetic symphony. Whether this tale is true, or whether it is as false as the long-believed and base rumor that Mozart was poisoned by jealous Salieri, the symphony may well remain the requiem of the great Russian composer, whose genius is more and more appreciated and whose death must still be regarded as a loss, not only to his country, but to the whole musical world.

When this symphony was first produced here, Dec. 29, 1894, the Journal reviewed it at length. Perhaps it would be better to say that the Journal eulogized it in superlatives; only the third movement seemed unworthy, and in a measure trivial. A second hearing only confirms and intensifies the enthusiastic admiration felt a year ago. Still does the first movement with its mingled melancholy and sensuousness sum up the lives of many men. (And is not the sensuousness of thoughtful minds the keenest melancholy?) Still does the rhythmic charm of the second movement entrance. The third movement now seems as though it were deliberately the exposition of the intrinsic vulgarity of popular fame; the vanity of which leads to the final elegy. As for the elegy itself, it seems to me the highest flight of imagination in absolute music since Beethoven left the world. The pangs of death, the farewell to all that is known, the terror at the thought of spiritual visions that are to be seen with spiritual eyes, or the horrid thought of annihilation—are these not in this final masterpiece of Tschaikowsky?

* * *

It is doubtful reverence to expose to the light the weak works of a strong man. Even von Bülow, with all his brilliancy as a conductor, could not put the breath of life into the overture to "The Corsair" by Hector Berlioz.

* * *

The chief trouble with Miss Lang's concert aria is that while it deals with a dramatic subject, the thing itself is undramatic. Even in the orchestral accompaniment, which recalls the remark of Sain-Saëns that when women write for orchestra they wish to prove their masculine mind by being noisier than men, there is no genuine dramatic feeling or accentuation of the text. There is neither pivotal point nor climax. When a woman shrieks or laments there is either a constant recurrence to the cause of woe, or one great spasm to which Nature gives way and finds relief, or at least silence. Miss Lang took her verses from Tasso, who has been reckoned a pretty poet; but it seems, according to the program-book, that poor Whiffen's English translation was at times too "anti-musical." Miss Lang substituted then her own prose, and the singer was obliged last evening to declaim such intensely musical phrases as "persecution's thrall" and "great Chieftain." Inasmuch as this aria is without point, without climax, without dramatic declamation, without appealing melody, I wonder at the causes that led Mr. Paur to welcome it to a Symphony concert in Music Hall. Miss Franklin displayed the purity of her voice and art; in other words she made as much out of the aria as was in all reason possible. The audience appreciated her earnestness and her art and she was loudly applauded.

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Mr. Adamowski gave a delightful performance of the Scotch Fantasia. In cantabile passages, he played with unusual warmth and feeling, at the same time with musical authority. And in the passages that call for brilliancy, his technique was amply adequate. All in all Mr. Adamowski appeared to his great advantage, and he richly deserved the hearty applause.

* * *

The orchestra played exceedingly well throughout the concert, and the men played the symphony as though they loved it.

PHILIP HALE.

[illegible]

SUNDAY, JAN. 12, 1896.

Eleventh Symphony Concert.

An interesting but unusually long program was provided by director Paur for the 11th of this season's symphony concerts, the 1348th performance by this orchestra and the 726th performance in Boston, Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr T. Adamowski were the soloists. Both are local favorites and their numerous friends no doubt contributed to the increased attendance noticed at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and the concert last evening.

The program consisted of Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Max Bruch's fantasia on Scotch folk-melodies for violin; Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair," and a concert aria, "Armida," by Margaret Ruthven Lang. Both the latter selections were heard here for the first time.

A second hearing of the Tschaikowsky symphony, the last important composition written by the great Russian composer, increases one's admiration for its many beauties. It is a noble and impressive work, and is likely to possess lasting popularity. The scoring is wonderfully rich and effective, and, like most of the writings by its composer, is remarkable for great elaboration and full use of the resources of a modern orchestra.

The character of the symphony is suggested by its title, "Pathetique." There is never a moment, even in the most lively passages, when there is not a suggestion of mournfulness, a somberness of tone that the most rapid tempo cannot disguise. It is supposed that the composer meant the last movement, adagio lamentoso, to be his own requiem.

The symphony was superbly played, no more intelligent, sympathetic and wholly satisfactory performance has been given under Mr Paur's direction. A noteworthy feature of the symphony is the individual prominence given the several instruments of the orchestra, and they were played last evening with artistic judgment and splendid effect.

The Bruch fantasia has long been a popular composition for violin and orchestra, and its performance was very acceptable. Mr Adamowski was cordially received, and his playing won generous applause. Although Mr Adamowski may not be entitled to highest rank among the violinists of the Symphony orchestra, he is unquestionably an accomplished musician, and, were he much less of a social favorite than he is, his annual appearance as soloist at these concerts would be quite welcome. His performance of the Bruch fantasia last evening was very commendable.

The "Armida" aria, by Margaret Ruthven Lang, is not likely to become very popular. The text is taken from Torquato Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," canto IV, and, as may be imagined, is sufficiently tragic and gloom-inspiring. The scoring is rather elaborate, and in certain portions is dramatically effective, but there is much monotonous repetition of heavy, colorless themes.

Miss Gertrude Franklin sang the music with splendid expression and gave as much dramatic effect to the composition as was possible. She is a thoroughly well equipped singer whose work is always artistic and satisfying. She was deservedly applauded with great enthusiasm.

Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair" is one of that brilliant composer's early works, but it has until recently remained in obscurity. Although the overture can scarcely take rank with many of his later compositions it is a very interesting work, bright in color and rich in varied harmonies. It well merited resurrection.

Mr Rafael Joseffy will be the soloist at this week's concert. The program will include Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Brahms' concerto No. 2 for piano, and Beethoven's overture, "Egmont."

MUSICAL COURIER.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 15, 1896.

BOSTON, Mass., January 12, 1896.

A CONCERT was given at the Boston Theatre January 5 by the Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Paderewski. The orchestra played Beethoven's Leonore overture No. 3; Suite, Namouna, Lalo; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Liszt-Muller-Berghaus; overture, William Tell. Miss Franklin sang the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria (violin obligato, Mr. T. Adamowski) and Gounod's Repentir. Mr. Paderewski played with the orchestra his Polish fantasy and two solo pieces, Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, and a waltz of Chopin.

This concert was in aid of the family of Mr. Goldstein, formerly the leader of the double basses of the Symphony Orchestra. This accomplished virtuoso, excellent musician and estimable man some time ago hurt the back of his head by a fall. It was thought that he recovered. Soon there were symptoms of insanity. His mania took the form of belief in his own immense wealth. He wished to give large sums to his friends. He offered to introduce Mrs. Paur as a pianist to New York under the most favorable conditions. The unfortunate man is now in the McLean Asylum and there is no prospect of his return to reason.

There was a very large audience, in fact the theatre was crowded. The orchestra, with Mr. C. M. Loeffler as concert master, played exceedingly well. Paderewski, who contributed his services at no slight inconvenience, was most warmly applauded.

Mr. Campanari, formerly a member of the orchestra, had volunteered to sing at the concert, but he was under contract with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau to appear at the Metropolitan the 5th. Miss Franklin consented kindly, and at short notice, to take his place. She was recalled several times after her selections.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 12.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Lang's New Aria Finely Sung by Miss Franklin—Mr. Adamowski's Success.

The 11th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall had for soloists Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr. T. Adamowski, and presented this programme:

Symphony, No. 6 ("Pathetique").Tschaikowsky
Scotch Fantasia for violin and orchestra...
Max Bruch
Concert aria, "Armida".Miss Margaret R. Lang
(First time).
Overture, "Le Corsaire".....Berlioz
(First time).

The Tschaikowsky symphony increased in nobility of effect on a second hearing. It must be ranked among the most masterly works in its class that the present musical era has brought forth, not only in the beauty and dignity of its themes, its gorgeously glowing instrumentation, but in the fire and energy with which it is sustained from beginning to end, and in its unflagging interest. It is distinctly and intensely modern, and yet it is always clear, and there is in it a wealth of beautiful melody, lofty in inspiration and genuinely appealing in its tenderness. The exquisitely warm and flowing second theme of the opening movement, the grace and unique charm of the whole of the second movement with its skilful and dainty handling of the unusual and perplexing 5—4 rhythm, which is here made to flow with an ease and a piquancy, cause it to sound with graceful naturalness, and the entire majestically impassioned finale which speaks with a large and solemn dramatic dignity which has been but rarely equalled, make the work stand by itself as the highest utterance that has been reached in contemporary symphony.

The least attractive portion of the composition is the third movement, in which the complicated contrapuntal devices are not specially interesting in themselves, and have the fault of overshadowing the themes, while the march, up to which all the elaborate preparations lead, is not in keeping with the loftiness of spirit that characterizes the rest of the work. A magnificent reading of this masterpiece was given by Mr. Paur, and the performance emphasized the glorious technique of the orchestra with surpassing effect.

In the Bruch Fantasia Mr. Adamowski excelled any of his earlier appearances here as a soloist, and his rendering of this work was something of a surprise in the depth of feeling and the thoughtfulness and the purity of taste that marked it as a whole. His tone was thin and querulous in bravura and his execution was not always clear, but in the many cantabile moments of the fantasia he played with a largeness of style, a refinement of sentiment and a warm sincerity that had not before been apparent in his playing, and that recorded an artistic growth which calls for the most cordial recognition. The audience was quick in appreciation, and applauded as it had never applauded him before.

The concert aria by Miss Lang is the most ambitious effort that the composer has placed before the public. The text was found in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and deals with the despair of Armida in her grief at the loss of all that she has loved and lived for. While the composition is not without force and vigor, it is musically uninteresting and unimpressive, by reason of the absence of any discoverable central point on which the whole should pivot. It is mainly florid recitative, interrupted once or twice by a brief moment of forced melody, but it all leads to nowhere in particular, and wanders about wildly and vaguely. It is wholly in the extreme modern vein, and gravitates between Wagner and Mascagni without any distinct individual character or any suggestion of originality. It is carefully made, and the instrumentation is clever and effective in its way, but, as the rule, it is overheavy for the voice and frequently obliterates it by the solid masses of tone that it piles up against it, especially, and, curiously enough, when the vocal part is written in the weaker portion of the middle register. The effort is soaring and creditable to the composer in her present stage of development, but it is immature and ineffective, and the preponderance of orchestration which forces the singer into a secondary and almost unimportant position makes it a failure as a vocal concert aria. Miss Lang will do better when she has outgrown the familiar propensity of the young musician to give way to the temptation of overloading a score.

Miss Franklin performed her share in the work in the thoroughly artistic spirit and conscience she brings to bear on all that she does. She was called upon for little else than lyric declamation, and this she gave in a broad dramatic style and with impressive emphasis, making all that it was possible for singer to make of a task that must have been equally thankless and discouraging. She was applauded with enthusiasm and twice recalled.

The Berlioz overture, though brilliantly played, did not offer any justification for bringing it forth from the obscurity in which it has been permitted to dwell. It is the weakest and poorest of its composer's works.

The programme for the next concert is: Unfinished symphony Schubert; concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. Mr. Rafael Joseffy is to be the soloist.

Boston Symphony Orchestra | **METZEROTT MUSIC HALL.**

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Third Concert Tuesday Evening, Jan. 21, at 8:15 precisely.

Soloist, Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY

Tickets now on sale at Metzerott's.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 12.

The Symphony Concert.

The eleventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening. The programme was;

Symphony No. 6, B minor.....Tschaikowsky
Fantasy on Scotch-Folk Melodies (for violin)...Bruch
Concert Aria, "Armida" (M. S.) (first time).....
.....Margaret R. Lang
Overture to "The Corsair".....Berlioz

The Tschaikowsky symphony was played last season, but it is well worth the hearing again, for in dignity of thought, passion and pathos it is the most typical and most noble work of the master. Its characteristics, are earnestness and intensity of feeling that [occasionally becomes over-garrulous; but : is irresistible in its sweep and haunting in its impressiveness. The large grand last movement is a triumph of art and of feeling, and it is impossible to listen to it unmoved. The symphony is sound, honest and flawless work to its innermost fibres; it is pure gold welded into shape under the white heat of passionate emotion and an imperishable monument to its maker. It was finely read by Mr. Paur; read with sympathy, rare insight, and rarer intelligence. It is necessary to emphasize this f. t, for it has become the fashion with a certain class ltical wits to fire their literary pop-guns at Mr. Pa and to hide their malice and poverty of invention with quotations from "Bayle's Dictionary," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and Chambers's "Book of Days." Dulness, ponderosity, and cynicism born of self-contempt, are not dangerous weapons; but this persistent hounding of a man who has shown larger capacity, broader taste, greater intelligence and rarer skill than any other conductor who has appeared in Boston, has become intolerable to lovers of fair play. It is probable that if Mr. Paur had the opportunity to criticize the witless jesjesters who so mercilessly pursue him, he could show in their attacks less admirable causes than jaded brains, blunted sensibility and a Bohemianism that goes no farther in æsthetics than self-worship—called in Biblical times the worship of the brazen calf.

The Bruch fantasy does not call for extended notice though one may mildly wonder why Mr. Adamowski was selected for the high honor of interpreting the solo part; for Mr. Adamowski at his best inspires content, but never enthusiasm. And then as he appears as soloist at a symphony concert, one has the right to compare him with the masters in his art, and, unfortunately, the comparison is never in his favor. His playing is pretty, graceful, sometimes coquettish, but it has not the largeness, broadness, dignity or techinal skill to fit it for classical concert work.

Miss Lang's concert aria is, in a sense, creditable to the young composer; it is scored with taste and knowledge. There is no trace of the old masters in the work, which is modern in idea and in treatment, and hints that Miss Lang is an earnest and enthusiastic student of Wagner. Unfortunately in her desire to be modern Miss Lang has forgotten that ideas are as important as form, and so she has taken infinite pains to write an elaborate setting for nothing. She has entirely misunderstood the portion of the poem she set to music, and no skill in orchestration will hide the paucity of ideas, or cause the hearer to confound noisy affectation with depth of feeling. The cleverness is misplaced, and it is a pity that so much good work should be wasted on a subject in which there is not a trace of imagination, or any of the qualities that go to the making of an enduring work of art. Miss Lang is clever, but it is impossible for even genius to say anything when it has nothing to say.]

The programme for the next concert is: Unfinished Symphony, Schumann; Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. The soloist is Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

THE WASHINGTON POST,

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

Boston Symphony and Joseffy at Metzerott's.

The third concert this season, Tuesday evening, January 21, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be the 1,353d performance by this now famous organization, and its 45th performance in this city, will be memorable chiefly for the re-appearance of the eminent piano virtuoso, Mr. Rafael Joseffy. Mr. Joseffy has been in retirement for some five years past, and it is safe to predict that he has employed his leisure during this interval so profitably that he will return at once to his former triumph. When he was active in the concert field, he stood pre-eminent among players in the opinion of both the public and the critics.

Joseffy came to this country with an already established reputation as one of the greatest pianists of the world, a name which he amply sustained by a series of triumphs in his performances with the leaders of musical organizations of this country and a series of piano recitals given in all the principal cities.

Some two weeks ago Mr. Joseffy appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in their regular series of concerts at Providence, R. I., which was his initial performance with this organization since his re-entry in the concert field. In connection with this performance the Providence Journal said: "Much enthusiasm was displayed over the reappearance on the concert platform of Rafael Joseffy, the noted pianist. For some reason he chose to retire temporarily, while at the very zenith of his popularity, much to the regret of his many admirers. The warmth of his reception last night showed plainly the general pleasure felt in his resumption of the professional work, as well as the formal compliment to his actual performance. The concerto was magnificently played by both soloist and orchestra. The applause was stormy and prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times."

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1896.

Eleventh Symphonic Concert in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Timothee Adamowski Played Bruch's Scotch Fantasia Delightfully.

The program of the 11th Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique" (second time)..Tschaikowsky
Fantasia on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin .....Bruch
Concert Aria, "Armida" (MS.) (first time) .....Miss Lang
Overture to "The Corsair" (first time)..
Berlioz

There is a story that Tschaikowsky did not die of cholera; that, weary of glory, strife and tribulation, he poisoned himself; and that in anticipation of the tragedy he wrote the noble Pathetic symphony. Whether this tale is true, or whether it is as false as the long-believed and base rumor that Mozart was poisoned by jealous Salieri, the symphony may well remain the requiem of the great Russian composer, whose genius is more and more appreciated and whose death must still be regarded as a loss, not only to his country, but to the whole musical world.

When this symphony was first produced here, Dec. 29, 1894, the Journal reviewed it at length. Perhaps it would be better to say that the Journal eulogized it in superlatives; only the third movement seemed unworthy, and in a measure trivial. A second hearing only confirms and intensifies the enthusiastic admiration felt a year ago. Still does the first movement with its mingled melancholy and sensuousness sum up the lives of many men. (And is not the sensuousness of thoughtful minds the keenest melancholy?) Still does the rhythmic charm of the second movement entrance. The third movement now seems as though it were deliberately the exposition of the intrinsic vulgarity of popular fame; the vanity of which leads to the final elegy. As for the elegy itself, it seems to me the highest flight of imagination in absolute music since Beethoven left the world. The pangs of death, the farewell to all that is known, the terror at the thought of spiritual visions that are to be seen with spiritual eyes, or the horrid thought of annihilation—are these not in this final masterpiece of Tschaikowsky?

* * *

It is doubtful reverence to expose to the light the weak works of a strong man. Even von Bülow, with all his brilliancy as a conductor, could not put the breath of life into the overture to "The Corsair" by Hector Berlioz.

* * *

The chief trouble with Miss Lang's concert aria is that while it deals with a dramatic subject, the thing itself is undramatic. Even in the orchestral accompaniment, which recalls the remark of Sain-Saëns that when women write for orchestra they wish to prove their masculine mind by being noisier than men, there is no genuine dramatic feeling or accentuation of the text. There is neither pivotal point nor climax. When a woman shrieks or laments there is either a constant recurrence to the cause of woe, or one great spasm to which Nature gives way and finds relief, or at least silence. Miss Lang took her verses from Tasso, who has been reckoned a pretty poet; but it seems, according to the program-book, that poor Whiffen's English translation was at times too "anti-musical." Miss Lang substituted then her own prose, and the singer was obuged last evening to declaim such intensely musical phrases as "persecution's thrall" and "great Chieftain." Inasmuch as this aria is without point, without climax, without dramatic declamation, without appealing melody, I wonder at the causes that led Mr. Paur to welcome it to a Symphony concert in Music Hall. Miss Franklin displayed the purity of her voice and art; in other words she made as much out of the aria as was in all reason possible. The audience appreciated her earnestness and her art and she was loudly applauded.

* * *

Mr. Adamowski gave a delightful performance of the Scotch Fantasia. In cantabile passages, he played with unusual warmth and feeling, at the same time with musical authority. And in the passages that call for brilliancy, his technique was amply adequate. All in all Mr. Adamowski appeared to his great advantage, and he richly deserved the hearty applause.

* * *

The orchestra played exceedingly well throughout the concert, and the men played the symphony as though they loved it.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

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Eleventh Symphony Concert.

An interesting but unusually long program was provided by director Paur for the 11th of this season's symphony concerts, the 1348th performance by this orchestra and the 726th performance in Boston. Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mr T. Adamowski were the soloists. Both are local favorites and their numerous friends no doubt contributed to the increased attendance noticed at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and the concert last evening.

The program consisted of Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Max Bruch's fantasia on Scotch folk-melodies for violin; Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair," and a concert aria, "Armida," by Margaret Ruthven Lang. Both the latter selections were heard here for the first time.

A second hearing of the Tschaikowsky symphony, the last important composition written by the great Russian composer, increases one's admiration for its many beauties. It is a noble and impressive work, and is likely to possess lasting popularity. The scoring is wonderfully rich and effective, and, like most of the writings by its composer, is remarkable for great elaboration and full use of the resources of a modern orchestra.

The character of the symphony is suggested by its title, "Pathetique." There is never a moment, even in the most lively passages, when there is not a suggestion of mournfulness, a somberness of tone that the most rapid tempo cannot disguise. It is supposed that the composer meant the last movement, adagio lamentoso, to be his own requiem.

The symphony was superbly played, no more intelligent, sympathetic and wholly satisfactory performance has been given under Mr Paur's direction. A noteworthy feature of the symphony is the individual prominence given the several instruments of the orchestra, and they were played last evening with artistic judgment and splendid effect.

The Bruch fantasia has long been a popular composition for violin and orchestra, and its performance was very acceptable. Mr Adamowski was cordially received, and his playing won generous applause. Although Mr Adamowski may not be entitled to highest rank among the violinists of the Symphony orchestra, he is unquestionably an accomplished musician, and, were he much less of a social favorite than he is, his annual appearance as soloist at these concerts would be quite welcome. His performance of the Bruch fantasia last evening was very commendable.

The "Armida" aria, by Margaret Ruthven Lang, is not likely to become very popular. The text is taken from Torquato Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," canto IV, and, as may be imagined, is sufficiently tragic and gloom-inspiring. The scoring is rather elaborate, and in certain portions is dramatically effective, but there is much monotonous répetition of heavy, colorless themes.

Miss Gertrude Franklin sang the music with splendid expression and gave as much dramatic effect to the composition as was possible. She is a thoroughly well equipped singer whose work is always artistic and satisfying. She was deservedly applauded with great enthusiasm.

Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair" is one of that brilliant composer's early works, but it has until recently remained in obscurity. Although the overture can scarcely take rank with many of his later compositions it is a very interesting work, bright in color and rich in varied harmonies. It well merited resurrection.

Mr Rafael Joseffy will be the soloist at this week's concert. The program will include Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Brahms' concerto No. 2 for piano, and Beethoven's overture, "Egmont."

MUSICAL COURIER.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 15, 1896.

BOSTON, Mass., January 12, 1896.

A CONCERT was given at the Boston Theatre January 5 by the Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Paderewski. The orchestra played Beethoven's Leonore overture No. 3; Suite, Namouna, Lalo; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Liszt-Muller-Berghaus; overture, William Tell. Miss Franklin sang the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria (violin obligato, Mr. T. Adamowski) and Gounod's Repentir. Mr. Paderewski played with the orchestra his Polish fantasy and two solo pieces, Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, and a waltz of Chopin.

This concert was in aid of the family of Mr. Goldstein, formerly the leader of the double basses of the Symphony Orchestra. This accomplished virtuoso, excellent musician and estimable man some time ago hurt the back of his head by a fall. It was thought that he recovered. Soon there were symptoms of insanity. His mania took the form of belief in his own immense wealth. He wished to give large sums to his friends. He offered to introduce Mrs. Paur as a pianist to New York under the most favorable conditions. The unfortunate man is now in the McLean Asylum and there is no prospect of his return to reason.

There was a very large audience, in fact the theatre was crowded. The orchestra, with Mr. C. M. Loeffler as concert master, played exceedingly well. Paderewski, who contributed his services at no slight inconvenience, was most warmly applauded.

Mr. Campanari, formerly a member of the orchestra, had volunteered to sing at the concert, but he was under contract with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau to appear at the Metropolitan the 5th. Miss Franklin consented kindly, and at short notice, to take his place. She was recalled several times after her selections.

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Established 1872.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 13, 1896.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony Performed in Boston.

The concert of Saturday began with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, which, on this occasion, received its second performance in Boston. Its first movement was given with a brilliancy that augured well for the rest. This same first movement makes very bold digressions from the path of Sonata-form, and if one were to judge by form only, one might find some fault with the work; its contents, however, are wonderful, and it has a right to be called one of the most expressive instrumental works of modern times.

It is always well to distrust a musical "story" connected with any composition; stories about Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, or Schumann's "Warum" are apt to disgust one with the sentimentality which is spun around music in defiance of all facts. A bit of fiction is beginning to weave itself around Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony in the same pseudo-historical guise. It is stated that the composer did not die of cholera, but committed suicide in a very premeditated manner, composing this symphony beforehand as his own elegy and requiem. Now, the facts of the case, as given in all detail in the Russian papers at the time of Tschaikowsky's death, all go to contradict this very romantic tale. Tschaikowsky had taken some food in a St. Petersburg restaurant that seemed not quite fresh; a friend who was with him, warned him of the danger of tasting a doubtful dish in a cholera season; the composer laughed at the excessive caution of his companion; soon after the meal, however, he began to feel ill. A proof that there had been no attempt at suicide is found in the fact that a physician was at once summoned by order of the patient himself, who did everything in his power to aid the doctor's efforts. The newspapers give every detail of the ensuing illness, even to the remark made by the sick man to a young relative by his bedside—"You will never respect me again after seeing me in such a disgusting condition." The crisis seemed to have passed, and (again a fact that disproves the suicide story) Tschaikowsky seemed grateful in the highest degree to the doctor who had saved his life. Then came the relapse, the usual collapse of Asiatic cholera, and the immediate death of the composer.

These sick-room details are given only that a new romance may not be imported into an art that is too full of fictitious tales already; they are accessible to anyone who will look up a file of St. Petersburg newspapers and have them translated to him. Nevertheless the fact remains that this great threnody was the last great work of the composer and that the great musician sang his own requiem in this swan's song.

The second movement of the symphony is probably the most ingenious and sustained use of 5-4 rhythm that exists in music, and the tremendous organ-point made upon the kettledrum is not the least remarkable feature of this remarkable movement and is not only most impressive in itself, but accentuates the unusual rhythm in the most effective manner possible.

If ever it was proven that our orchestra has attained a most wonderful standard of technique it was shown in the performance of the third movement of this symphony. The responses between strings and woodwind were the perfection of an orchestral dialogue, and that march-theme which seemed the glorification of war and heroism, was given with a fervor and resistless force that was inspiring.

The last movement would have permitted more freedom of interpretation in shading and tempo, but was none the less very effectively performed. The baleful tones of the muted horns deserve an especial word of commendation; this is the ugliest tone that can be evoked from the orchestra, and is used by great composers to picture anything evil; Wagner uses it thus when Tannhaeuser determines to return to Venus, when the Flying Dutchman deserts Senta, when Ortrud weaves her wickedness about Elsa, or when Siegfried is murdered. Few composers however, have used it so sustainedly as Tschaikowsky does here. It is difficult to keep to exact pitch in producing such a tone, therefore it is worth recording that the hornplayers did this on this occasion, and in open as well as muted tones the horns played remarkably well throughout the symphony. The end of the work is something that once heard can never be forgotten; one listens to the heart-throbs growing fainter and fainter, slower and slower; at last the beating ceases and life is done; one might write "Death" instead of "Fine" at the end of this thrilling work. It was greatly appreciated by the audience as was evinced by applause at the end of each movement growing to an outburst of enthusiasm at the close of the work.

Bruch's Scotch Fantasie is a greater favorite with violinists than with Scotchmen. The Germans all (except Mendelssohn) have failed to reproduce the lilt and spirit of the Scottish muse. Bruch did not fail in this for want of trying. In "Fair Ellen" he apotheosized "The Campbells are Coming," in "The Fiery Cross" he has turned to Sir Walter Scott for his inspiration and to the Gaelic folk-song for his themes, and in this same Scotch Fantasie he builds his [illegible] upon "Scots wha Hae." Bruch once told the present writer that he was acquainted with nearly 400 Scotch folk-songs [illegible] had made the study of this [illegible] one of his chief

with Rhine wine, and the kilt has turned into Teutonic trousers. Mr. T. Adamowski played the work finely. This great artist is gaining all the time, and the surety of his tone, the expression which he imparted to the slow movement, the brilliancy of the duet with the flute in the second movement, the clear and pure style of his harmonics (particularly the high harmonic with which he ended the first movement) were all sufficient to account for the enthusiasm which recalled him again and again at the close of the work. Only in the finale did one find him somewhat lacking of the true breadth of the Ossianic heroism which Bruch (a veritable Tyrtaeus in his way) attempted to delineate here.

The second movement gives something of the drone of the bagpipes, but the "Chanter" scarcely breathes Scotch tunes. In this movement there is a phrase that is taken from a solo in the composer's own "Frithjof" (Bruch's greatest work), which afterwards appears in the finale, an odd instance of self-plagiarism.

Miss Lang's new concert-aria is by no means great enough for its subject; spite of an ensy leading of the parts, a fluency of orchestration, there is a lack of dramatic power in the work, certainly an absence of that sustained breadth which one might demand in a great aria. There were impressive moments but not an impressive whole. The beginning was striking enough and the monotony of sorrow which followed was at least permissible; there was a degree of melody at "Ask me no more" which was enhanced by the skill displayed in the imitations of the vocal part upon the violincello, and there was enough of dissonance to satisfy the musical radicals; but sustained dramatic power there was not, and the great scene from Torquato Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" demands as mighty treatment as the abandonment of Dido (which it in some degree resembles) and the burning of the palace and the rushing to death in combat cannot be portrayed even by the most respectable music, for true dramatic instinct is here imperative. Of the queer alterations in the words, the contrast of earnest poetry and prose sentimentality we prefer not to speak. It must be added that Miss Lang's work was placed in a position that would try any composer; it came after the most expressive and dramatic symphony of the modern repertoire, and a most warlike and heroic Fantasie, and it was followed by a very fiery overture. It is quite possible that, heard with less trying surroundings, the work would make a more favorable impression.

Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair" began with ferocity but gradually led into themes more directly melodious than this composer generally used, melodies that Auber might have originated. Whether the concert had been too long or the warlike tendency of things had been pushed too far we cannot say, but the work left no marked impression of any kind. The violins did their mad rushes with much unanimity, the contrasts were all sharply drawn, as Berlioz evidently wished them, but one was glad at the close that the duty of listening to a new work by Berlioz (for it was the first time the overture had a Boston hearing) had been accomplished, and that there would be no necessity for hearing it again.

Louis C. Elson.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The symphonic concert in Music Hall Saturday evening was the 11th of the season. It was, also, the 1348th performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the 726th performance in Boston. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique" (second time).....Tschaikowsky
Fantasia on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin.....Bruch
Concert aria, "Armida" (MS.) (first time).....Miss Lang
Overture to "The Corsair" (first time).....Berlioz

The Tschaikowsky symphony was first heard here about a year ago. It was warmly commended at that time, and its Saturday evening's representation was cordially received, and thoroughly enjoyed. This was the last work of the great master, and was published shortly before his death. It was in four movements, opening with a brief introduction, adagio, in B minor, and closing with a slow movement of funereal character, described by the program notes as "a long drawn, wailing threnody; now solemn and majestic; now impassioned in its expression, in which two contrasted themes are worked up with great dramatic power in perfectly free form."

This symphony is a noble treatment of an interesting theme, and the first movement has been considered in the light of the author's requiem. The reading by Conductor Paur was intelligent and thoroughly satisfying, and the number was the most enjoyable of the evening.

The overture to Berlioz's "The Corsair," with which the concert was closed, was uninteresting, and was the least worthy of attention of the numbers on the evening's program. It is said that a custom of Berlioz was to destroy such of his work as he was not pleased with. After hearing the overture to "The Corsair," one could wish it had shared the fate of "Rob Roy," the "Six Scenes from Gothe's Faust," and other works. I cannot imagine why Conductor Paur should want to lift it from the obscurity into which it had been relegated for years.

The solo numbers were given by Mr. Timothee Adamowski and Miss Gertrude Franklin. Miss Franklin gave Miss Lang's concert aria, and did the best she could with it. She was in excellent voice, but the orchestration was so vigorous that it at times destroyed the effect of what would otherwise have been a very enjoyable number. It cannot be said that the aria was musically strong. Miss Lang had high ideals, but in their attainment has not reached the objective point with this work.

Miss Franklin's efforts were rewarded with liberal applause, and she was twice recalled. She did not respond with another selection, however, much to the regret of her many admirers who were present.

Mr. Adamowski, solo violinist, never appeared to better advantage than in his performance of the delightful Scotch fantasia. Hearing him, and noting his splendid reading and his marvellous technique, one recalls the words in Longfellow's "Hyperion," that seem so applicable in his case: "Wonderful, and many were the soft accords and plaintive sounds that came from that little instrument, touched by the clever hand. Every feeling of the human heart seemed to find an expression there, and awaken a kindred feeling in the hearts of those who heard him."

Mr. Adamowski is master of his art. He is always heard by musical Boston with sincerest pleasure, and when he closed the allegro guerriero, in E flat major, 4—4 time, with its brilliant thematic development and phrasing by the orchestra, he was accorded a splendid ovation and recalled to the stage four times.

Next Saturday evening the program will be unfinished symphony, Schubert; concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. Mr. Rafael Joseffy is to be the soloist.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1896.

This was the program of the eleventh Symphony concert:

Symphony, No. 6, B minor, Pathétique.....Tschaikowsky
Scotch Fantasia, for violin.....Bruch
Concert aria, Armida (MS.).....Miss Lang
(First time.)
Overture to The Corsair.....Berlioz
(First time.)

It is hard to write in discriminating words about the superb performance of the noble symphony of Tschaikowsky. The work was first produced here in December, 1894. The third movement then seemed comparatively trivial. Last night it seemed to have more significance. Is it not possible that the composer wished to contrast strongly the intrinsic vulgarity of earthly glory and the terrible solemnity of death?

They say, you know, that Tschaikowsky did not die of cholera; that tired of the joys and the sorrows of life he poisoned himself; and so this requiem was written for himself. This third movement, then, may be as fraught with meaning as the first, the second and the last: the first with its mixture of heart-breaking tragedy, in which sensuousness necessarily enters; the second with its mastery of the perplexing rhythm of life and the obstinate pedal which sounds through strains of gaiety, and constantly reminds the dancer of the dance of Death; and the final elegy, the sonorous burial chant of humanity. It seems to me that no one since Beethoven has in absolute music so wrung the heart and fired the imagination as has Tschaikowsky in this marvelous symphony.

* * *

The bringing out of the Corsair overture was an act of doubtful reverence. It is the weak work of a strong man. If one of the less familiar pieces of Berlioz was needed, why not the King Lear overture?

Mr. Adamowski gave a thoroughly delightful performance of Bruch's fantasia. His tone in cantabile was pure and warm and tender, free from sentimentalism and exaggeration of any kind, and in bravura his technique was amply adequate. It was indeed an admirable performance.

Miss Lang chose as the text of her aria for soprano with orchestra the lament of Armida (Tasso's Jerusalem, Canto IV.—stanzas 70–73). The aria is undramatic, and at the same time without appealing melody. There is neither centre nor climax. The instrumentation is labored, thick, noisy. I do not see why Mr. Paur allowed it a hearing at a Symphony concert. Miss Franklin did with it what she could, and she displayed purity of tone and technical proficiency.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 13, 1896.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony Performed in Boston.

The concert of Saturday began with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, which, on this occasion, received its second performance in Boston. Its first movement was given with a brilliancy that augured well for the rest. This same first movement makes very bold digressions from the path of Sonata-form, and if one were to judge by form only, one might find some fault with the work; its contents, however, are wonderful, and it has a right to be called one of the most expressive instrumental works of modern times.

It is always well to distrust a musical "story" connected with any composition; stories about Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, or Schumann's "Warum" are apt to disgust one with the sentimentality which is spun around music in defiance of all facts. A bit of fiction is beginning to weave itself around Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony in the same pseudo-historical guise. It is stated that the composer did not die of cholera, but committed suicide in a very premeditated manner, composing this symphony beforehand as his own elegy and requiem. Now, the facts of the case, as given in all detail in the Russian papers at the time of Tschaikowsky's death, all go to contradict this very romantic tale. Tschaikowsky had taken some food in a St. Petersburg restaurant that seemed not quite fresh; a friend who was with him, warned him of the danger of tasting a doubtful dish in a cholera season; the composer laughed at the excessive caution of his companion; soon after the meal, however, he began to feel ill. A proof that there had been no attempt at suicide is found in the fact that a physician was at once summoned by order of the patient himself, who did everything in his power to aid the doctor's efforts. The newspapers give every detail of the ensuing illness, even to the remark made by the sick man to a young relative by his bedside—"You will never respect me again after seeing me in such a disgusting condition." The crisis seemed to have passed, and (again a fact that disproves the suicide story) Tschaikowsky seemed grateful in the highest degree to the doctor who had saved his life. Then came the relapse, the usual collapse of Asiatic cholera, and the immediate death of the composer.

These sick-room details are given only that a new romance may not be imported into an art that is too full of fictitious tales already; they are accessible to anyone who will look up a file of St. Petersburg newspapers and have them translated to him. Nevertheless the fact remains that this great threnody was the last great work of the composer and that the great musician sang his own requiem in this swan's song.

The second movement of the symphony is probably the most ingenious and sustained use of 5-4 rhythm that exists in music, and the tremendous organ-point made upon the kettledrum is not the least remarkable feature of this remarkable movement and is not only most impressive in itself, but accentuates the unusual rhythm in the most effective manner possible.

If ever it was proven that our orchestra has attained a most wonderful standard of technique it was shown in the performance of the third movement of this symphony. The responses between strings and woodwind were the perfection of an orchestral dialogue, and that march-theme which seemed the glorification of war and heroism, was given with a fervor and resistless force that was inspiring.

The last movement would have permitted more freedom of interpretation in shading and tempo, but was none the less very effectively performed. The baleful tones of the muted horns deserve an especial word of commendation; this is the ugliest tone that can be evoked from the orchestra, and is used by great composers to picture anything evil; Wagner uses it thus when Tannhaeuser determines to return to Venus, when the Flying Dutchman deserts Senta, when Ortrud weaves her wickedness about Elsa, or when Siegfried is murdered. Few composers however, have used it so sustainedly as Tschaikowsky does here. It is difficult to keep to exact pitch in producing such a tone, therefore it is worth recording that the hornplayers did this on this occasion, and in open as well as muted tones the horns played remarkably well throughout the symphony. The end of the work is something that once heard can never be forgotten; one listens to the heart-throbs growing fainter and fainter, slower and slower; at last the beating ceases and life is done; one might write "Death" instead of "Fine" at the end of this thrilling work. It was greatly appreciated by the audience as was evinced by applause at the end of each movement growing to an outburst of enthusiasm at the close of the work.

Bruch's Scotch Fantasie is a greater favorite with violinists than with Scotchmen. The Germans all (except Mendelssohn) have failed to reproduce the lilt and spirit of the Scottish muse. Bruch did not fail in this for want of trying. In "Fair Ellen" he apotheosized "The Campbells are Comin'," in "The Fiery Cross" he has turned to Sir Walter Scott for his inspiration and to the Gaelic folk-song for his themes, and in this same Scoth Fantasie he builds his finale upon "Scots wha Hae." Bruch once told the present writer that he was acquainted with nearly 400 Scotch folk-songs and that he had made the study of this [illegible] national music one of his chief.

[illegible] exactly Scotch spite of "Scots wha Hae." There is a strange flavor in the oatmeal, the "whuskey" is blended with Rhine wine, and the kilt has turned into Teutonic trousers. Mr. T. Adamowski played the work finely. This great artist is gaining all the time, and the surety of his tone, the expression which he imparted to the slow movement, the brilliancy of the duet with the flute in the second movement, the clear and pure style of his harmonics (particularly the high harmonic with which he ended the first movement) were all sufficient to account for the enthusiasm which recalled him again and again at the close of the work. Only in the finale did one find him somewhat lacking of the true breadth of the Ossianic heroism which Bruch (a veritable Tyrtaeus in his way) attempted to delineate here.

The second movement gives something of the drone of the bagpipes, but the "Chanter" scarcely breathes Scotch tunes. In this movement there is a phrase that is taken from a solo in the composer's own "Frithjof" (Bruch's greatest work), which afterwards appears in the finale, an odd instance of self-plagiarism.

Miss Lang's new concert-aria is by no means great enough for its subject; spite of an ensy leading of the parts, a fluency of orchestration, there is a lack of dramatic power in the work, certainly an absence of that sustained breadth which one might demand in a great aria. There were impressive moments but not an impressive whole. The beginning was striking enough and the monotony of sorrow which followed was at least permissible; there was a degree of melody at "Ask me no more" which was enhanced by the skill displayed in the imitations of the vocal part upon the violincello, and there was enough of dissonance to satisfy the musical radicals; but sustained dramatic power there was not, and the great scene from Torquato Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" demands as mighty treatment as the abandonment of Dido (which it in some degree resembles) and the burning of the palace and the rushing to death in combat cannot be portrayed even by the most respectable music, for true dramatic instinct is here imperative. Of the queer alterations in the words, the contrast of earnest poetry and prose sentimentality we prefer not to speak. It must be added that Miss Lang's work was placed in a position that would try any composer; it came after the most expressive and dramatic symphony of the modern repertoire, and a most warlike and heroic Fantasie, and it was followed by a very fiery overture. It is quite possible that, heard with less trying surroundings, the work would make a more favorable impression.

Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair" began with ferocity but gradually led into themes more directly melodious than this composer generally used, melodies that Auber might have originated. Whether the concert had been too long or the warlike tendency of things had been pushed too far we cannot say, but the work left no marked impression of any kind. The violins did their mad rushes with much unanimity, the contrasts were all sharply drawn, as Berlioz evidently wished them, but one was glad at the close that the duty of listening to a new work by Berlioz (for it was the first time the overture had a Boston hearing) had been accomplished, and that there would be no necessity for hearing it again.

Louis C. Elson.

MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The symphonic concert in Music Hall Saturday evening was the 11th of the season. It was, also, the 1348th performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the 726th performance in Boston. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique" (second time).....Tschaikowsky
Fantasie on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin.....Bruch
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The Tschaikowsky symphony was first heard here about a year ago. It was warmly commended at that time, and at Saturday evening's representation was cordially received, and thoroughly enjoyed. This was the last work of the great master, and was published shortly before his death. It was in four movements; opening with a brief introduction, adagio, in B minor, and closing with a slow movement of funereal character, described by the program notes as "a long drawn, wailing threnody; now solemn and majestic; now impassioned in its expression, in which two contrasted themes are worked up with great dramatic power in perfectly free form."

This symphony is a noble treatment of an interesting theme, and the finale movement has been considered in the light of the author's requiem. The reading by Conductor Paur was intelligent and thoroughly satisfying, and the number was the most enjoyable of the evening.

The overture to Berlioz's "The Corsair," with which the concert was closed, was uninteresting, and was the least worthy of attention of the numbers on the evening's program. It is said that a custom of Berloiz was to destroy such of his work as he was not pleased with. After hearing the overture to "The Corsair," one could wish it had shared the fate of "Rob Roy," the "Six Scenes from Gothe's Faust," and other works. I cannot imagine why Conductor Paur should want to lift it from the obscurity into which it had been relegated for years.

The solo numbers were given by Mr. Timothee Adamowski and Miss Gertrude Franklin. Miss Franklin gave Miss Lang's concert aria, and did the best she could with it. She was in excellent voice, but the orchestration was so vigorous that it at times destroyed the effect of what would otherwise have been a very enjoyable number. It cannot be said that the aria was musically strong. Miss Lang had high ideals, but in their attainment has not reached the objective point with this work.

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Next Saturday evening the program will be unfinished symphony, Schubert; concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, Brahms; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. Mr. Rafael Joseffy is to be the soloist.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1896.

This was the program of the eleventh Symphony concert:

Symphony, No. 6, B minor, Pathétique.....Tschaikowsky
Scotch Fantasia, for violin.....Bruch
Concert aria, Armida (MS.).....Miss Lang
(First time.)
Overture to The Corsair.....Berlioz
(First time.)

It is hard to write in discriminating words about the superb performance of the noble symphony of Tschaikowsky. The work was first produced here in December, 1894. The third movement then seemed comparatively trivial. Last night it seemed to have more significance. Is it not possible that the composer wished to contrast strongly the intrinsic vulgarity of earthly glory and the terrible solemnity of death?

They say, you know, that Tschaikowsky did not die of cholera; that tired of the joys and the sorrows of life he poisoned himself; and so this requiem was written for himself. This third movement, then, may be as fraught with meaning as the first, the second and the last: the first with its mixture of heart-breaking tragedy, in which sensuousness necessarily enters; the second with its mastery of the perplexing rhythm of life and the obstinate pedal which sounds through strains of gaiety, and constantly reminds the dancer of the dance of Death; and the final elegy, the sonorous burial chant of humanity. It seems to me that no one since Beethoven has in absolute music so wrung the heart and fired the imagination as has Tschaikowsky in this marvelous symphony.

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Miss Lang chose as the text of her aria for soprano with orchestra the lament of Armida (Tasso's Jerusalem, Canto IV.—stanzas 70–73). The aria is undramatic, and at the same time without appealing melody. There is neither centre nor climax. The instrumentation is labored, thick, noisy. I do not see why Mr. Paur allowed it a hearing at a Symphony concert. Miss Franklin did with it what she could, and she displayed purity of tone and technical proficiency.

Philip Hale.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eleventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," opus 74.
(Second time.)

Max Bruch: Fantasia on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin, opus 46.

Margaret Ruthven Lang: Concert-Aria, "Armida," opus 24 (MS.)
(First time.)

Berlioz: Overture to "Le Corsair," opus 21.
(First time.)

Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer and Mr. Timothée Adamowski, the violinist.

Tschaikowsky's B-minor symphony is a wonderful work. At its first performance here, last year, it made the immediate impression of being up to the composer's highest level; and now, after a second hearing, one doubts whether it is really to be matched by any other work of his. It is a work of genius from beginning to end; and we cannot now think of any other work of true genius in the whole range of music that makes so peculiar an impression upon the listener. No doubt this impression is intensified and made more distinct by the legend (said to be authentic), that Tschaikowsky himself said—before the work was brought out—that it would be his last symphony, and that he died the day after its first performance. The symphony is so thoroughly romantic in design and character that one cannot well help looking for some meaning behind it; it is next to impossible to look at it purely and simply as music; one feels that it tells a story. Of the real facts of Tschaikowsky's life—except such as are set down in encyclopedias—we know nothing; but this last symphony of his tells the saddest story, a tragedy of the most pitiable sort. It seems like one long wail of grief and despair over lost illusions, hard-earned experience, that was not worth the earning, and the final knowledge that the wages of sin is death. One would think that never had such complete physical misery and mental wretchedness been so eloquently set to music before; whether we take that wondrous love-theme in the first movement—the saddest theme Tschaikowsky ever wrote, for it seems to tell of a youthful ardor and enthusiasm that have long since been burnt out, and are now doubly tragic, as the memory of something no longer possible—or the forced high spirits (as if fighting against nervous prostration, under the shadow of approaching paresis) of the 5-4 second movement, or again the utter blackness of despair of the Finale:—whichever of these we take, it speaks of nothing but sorrow, desperation that cannot take to the sham-relief of irony, and is equally impotent to force itself to the calmness of resignation. Poets (so-called) have sung in this despairing vein before; and, like enough, a composer or two may have piped to this hopeless strain; but seldom, if ever, with true genius—which brings some comfort even to the most despondent singer. What constitutes the novelty of this symphony of Tschaikowsky's in the history of art, is that it is wholly morbid, unredeemedly and irredeemably despairing, and at the same time most unquestionably a work of the truest and most genuine genius. It is a work for Max Nordau to descant upon, and for others to weep over. Never has Tschaikowsky shown himself more truly great than in this passionate wail over the nothingness of life. It is the wail of a giant with no soundness left in him; but still the wail of a giant!

With this stupendous symphony at the beginning of a programme, Berlioz's "Corsairs" overture came at the end as a sort of Mephistopheles sneer at the nothingness of genius. Heavens! how commonplace and trivial it sounded! But we cannot yet believe that it was wholly the score's fault. Berlioz may have been this or that, but—save in the eyes of a Mendelssohn or a Moscheles (suffering from an acute attack of classic purism)—he was at least never downright stupid. If the performance of the Tschaikowsky symphony was admirable throughout, the performance of this overture of Berlioz's had plainly much to answer for. For one thing, a Berlioz "Allegro assai" is not an Handelian "Tempo giusto." The "Corsaire" may not be one of Berlioz's strongest works; but it can be made to sound better than it did last Saturday, or we are much mistaken!

Miss Lang's new aria is a work to be considered very seriously. Without being in the least French in feeling, it is very much in the contemporary French dramatic style—a style in which, if the truth be told, we personally are just beginning to find our bearings. It seemed to us that, in her setting of this excerpt from Tasso's "Gerusalemme liberata," Miss Lang had struck a very true note of dramatic musical expression; more so perhaps in the arioso portions than in the passages of recitative. Much of the melodic writing is very broad and noble, and the whole treatment of the orchestra admirable; it shows that Miss Lang appreciates well what the true gist of "modern orchestration" is, and that it means something far finer and more subtile than the mere massing together of numerous instruments. Miss Franklin sang the aria with devotion and sincerity; it seemed to us that the composition was conceived for a heavier voice and a larger, more heroic style of singing. But it is ill quarrelling with an artist's physique; let it be enough to say that Miss Franklin sang like an artist.

It seemed to us that Mr. Adamowski never appeared to greater advantage than in Max Bruch's "Scotch" fantasia. We had all heard that he had been practising more than usual for the last eight or ten months; and his performance last Saturday evening showed the good results of it. His playing of the fantasia was immensely fine; facile, sure, and brilliant in point of technique; showing great vigor and intelligence of conception; full of the most appealing sensibility. It is pleasant to dwell a little upon a fine point now and then. Mr. Adamowski's playing of the opening, recitative portions of the introduction struck us as peculiarly and unusually fine. It was a very manly stroke of artistic wisdom to begin in [illegible] he did not burn-

ing all his dramatic and sensational powder at the first dash. We remember being struck some twenty years ago with Christine Nilsson's beginning Beethoven's "Per pieta, non dirmi addio" in much the same way; not forcing the dramatic note, but beginning the air with the gentlest appealing sweetness of expression, "en voix blanche." Mr. Adamowski's beginning the fantasia in this quiet, poetic way made its effect immediately; and it allowed him to make all the more effect with his more strenuous playing, afterwards, when it was time for him to get upon his high horse. This is but one point; but several more could be mentioned, had we time for it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Adamowski showed something so very like genius throughout his performance that we, for one, are quite willing to accept it for genius. And we are perfectly aware of what a very big word "genius" is.

The next programme is: Schubert, unfinished symphony in B minor; Brahms, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 83; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont." Mr. Rafael Joseffy will be the pianist.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
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SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy Makes His First Appearance in Boston in Six Years.

The current season of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra completed its first half with the performances of last evening. There were played:

Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte.....Brahms
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven

The soloist was Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who, on this occasion, made his first appearance here in six years, and was given a welcome of exceptional sincerity and heartiness. The concerto has not been heard in Boston since it was played by Mr. Baermann at these same concerts, Dec. 8, 1888, under Mr. Gericke. It must be classed as one of the really great and lasting pianoforte concertos, despite something of tediousness in its first movement. The interest of the work is deeper in the second movement, but in the exquisite andante and the wonderfully fine and effective finale, with its three strongly marked and beautiful leading themes, treated with a flexibility, a grace, and a poetic and graceful warmth to which the composer has not often risen, it reaches as lofty a height as has ever been scaled in a work of its kind. Its performance by Mr. Joseffy was masterly in every noble sense of the word. His style has gained surprisingly in virility, maturity and dignity since he last played here, and in all that relates to what is best, most admirable and most satisfying in pianoforte playing this performance must be pronounced the most noteworthy that has been heard in Music Hall during the season thus far. It was solid, intellectual and manly from beginning to end.

Of the artist's technique there is no need to write. It has always been of the most perfect, and it has grown in firmness and strength. Such a performance was refreshing in its freedom from even a suggestion of mere virtuosity and sickly sentimentality, and in its vigorous earnestness, its devotion to the composer and the abstention of the player in forcing the artist to the front at the expense of the music it was especially welcome. Mr. Joseffy wears his hair short, his movements are brisk instead of languid; he seems to be pleased and excited rather than bored when he is applauded, and he recognizes applause with unmistakable gratification instead of melancholy condescension. He is, however, none the less a master in his art on this account. Mr. Joseffy's reading and playing of this work can be described only in superlatives. Especially brilliant, musicianly and large was his performance of the exactingly trying finale, not only in the splendid technique that successfully coped with it, but in the exquisite taste, the grace of expression and the sympathetic style that gave it a delightful and delighting distinction. The applause that rewarded the artist at the close of the concerto was overwhelming in its fervor and enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again until the audience fairly wore itself out. The concerto was accorded a perfect accompaniment by Mr. Paur, who was at his very best through the whole concert, and who gave a beautifully colored reading of the symphony and a glorious interpretation of the overture.

There will be no concert and rehearsal this week. At the concert to be given Feb. 1 will be played a Goldmark symphony, a suite by Godard (first time) and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme. Melba is to be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1896.

Twelfth Symphony Concert Last Evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur Conductor—The Triumph of Rafael Joseffy, Pianist.

The program of the 12th Symphony concert was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor....Schubert
Concerto for piano No. 2, B flat major .....Brahms
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Joseffy again in Music Hall. His last appearance there with the Symphony Orchestra was Feb. 22, 1890, when he played Liszt's second concerto. Mr. Joseffy then had a most enviable reputation as a pianist in this country and in Europe. But, suddenly, he disappeared from the concert stage. The causes given for his retreat are many, most of them, no doubt, legendary. Occasionally reports of marvelous improvement have been circulated. When he did return to the stage, it was in Chicago, last season.

Now in the course of six years many pianists who at first dazzled at the zenith are at the end faintly perceptible just above the horizon, or their light is quenched forever. If they retire early of their own accord and for rigid self-examination, it sometimes happens that with constant study they grow distrustful of their ability; nervousness masters them; they dread the preparation for public performance and the ordeal itself; and so they are known in reality only by their intimate friends. Their names are no longer spells to conjure with. The amateur who never heard them shrugs his shoulders, and says, "Yes, according to report X was a great pianist, Y was a master of technique, Z was a passionate creature. But, you know, there have been great changes in piano playing since they were famous. If they were to play now, we probably would not think much of them."

It is a good thing, then, for his own fame and for the pleasure of lovers of music, that Mr. Joseffy has at last broken his silence.

* * *

His choice of a concerto shows the high purpose and the pure aim; for the second concerto of Brahms is not one to tickle the ear, stun the judgment and provoke cheap and boisterous applause. It was in 1859, at Leipzig, that Brahms first played his D minor concerto. It was at Vienna, Dec. 26, 1880, that he first played the second concerto at a Philharmonic concert. And as the second symphony of Brahms is to the first, so is the second concerto of Brahms to the first. In each case, while the passion is less stormy, the thoughts are less crabbed and gnarled. Only in the first movement of the B flat major concerto does Brahms "keep up a terrible thinking."

The second fascinates by its sturdiness and rhythmic capriciousness; the third movement is Brahms at his noblest, when his thought is as lofty and serenely beautiful as a summer sky at noon. And who can describe in words the enchanting, haunting delight of the finale—music like unto the perfect verse of a supreme poet whose imagination is kindled by wild or melancholy tales told him in youth by gypsy lips.

* * *

The performance of this concerto by Mr. Joseffy was the most admirable piano playing that has been heard in Music Hall for several years. This statement, made in tolerably cool blood, means much. And why this enthusiasm?

Mr. Joseffy realized first of all that the concerto is properly a symphony with the piano obbligato. His instrument was only one of many.

At the start he seemed disposed to nervousness, but he quickly recovered himself, and then until the end a crescendo of admiration was the result, and the accompaniment of the crescendo of his ability.

While he still retains rare crispness of touch and clearness of technique (precision that is never metallic, his technique has broadened without a loss of delicacy and exquisiteness of tone. The hearer never thought of technique; he was absorbed in the music of the much-abused instrument. Never was there a forced tone; never was there a reminder of strings, keys, hammers, sounding board and pedals. The piano itself, under such hands, confessed that after all it is a musical instrument.

In the phrasing there was no such attention paid to the coloring of a petty detail that the significance of the phrase in connection with the orchestra was lost. When the piano dominated, it was as a righteous master, not as a tyrant.

Add to a complete mastery of technique, a temperament that found itself in full sympathy with the changing moods of Brahms; a sense of rhythm that was not rigidly expressed, but was as sure and fluent and unconscious as are the rhythms in nature; a feeling for nuances rather than for gaudy colors; and an entire absence of anything that was theatrical or spectacular.

"He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

* * *

No wonder that the applause was spontaneous, and long continued. No wonder that there were recalls without end. There was a glorious tribute to a display of uncommon art. There was the heart-felt gratitude at hearing again one of the very few great pianists of the world.

* * *

The orchestra played superbly throughout the concert. Solo work and ensemble were alike worthy of the highest praise.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19, 1896.

Twelfth Symphony Concert.

The principal feature of the symphony concert last week was the first appearance here in several years of the great pianist, Rafael Joseffy, who played the concerto No. 2 by Brahms. The orchestral numbers were Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." Mr Joseffy has been in comparative retirement for three or four years, but the remembrance of his artistic work on former occasions was still fresh in the minds of concert patrons, and few artists can boast of a heartier indorsement from admiring auditors than that which greeted this performer at the close of the concerts. The enthusiasm of the audience was somewhat unusual, and it extended to the members of the orchestra who spontaneously joined in the applause showered upon the soloist.

The modesty of the man, which appeared almost as diffidence, was notable, and in his interpretation of Brahms the auditor instinctively felt that the composer's sentiments were being presented with artistic fidelity and intelligence and with each part given its proper value; that the interpreter, for the time, was merely the medium through whom the writer's ideas were given musical form without affectation. His command of the piano seems perfect, and his pedal work is remarkable.

In this concerto there is not a preponderance of pure solo playing, the instrument being largely used with the orchestra, but in every way Joseffy meets the requirements of the composer. The opening cadenza was most delicately played, and the subsequent ornamentations were as clear and fluently set forth as one could wish to hear. Joseffy's touch is remarkable, and even in the difficult passage work he was not overshadowed by the orchestra. The exquisite, singing quality of his tone probably accounts for this result.

In the andante the brilliant themes were grandly played, and in the more quiet passages the delicacy, clearness and dreamy tenderness of the phrases were expressed as no one but a great artist could have done. In arpeggios, double runs and octaves his execution was faultless, and, by contrast, the tripping measures of the last movement were equally worthy of high praise. In short, all the beauties of the concerto were set forth with skill of the highest order. The orchestra deserves high commendation for its share in the performance. The entrances were made in perfect tempo with the soloist, and all the lights and shades of expression were finely preserved. Mr Paur led the musical dialogues between the piano and orchestra without a break.

The unfinished symphony of Schubert was given a poetic interpretation by the orchestra. The celli sang the harmonies of the first movement very sweetly, and the oboes and clarinets admirably sustained their part of the work. The precising of the strings throughout the symphony was not broken, and the forte passages by the full band were given with the stirring effect which ensembles always receive from this body of players. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was played with all necessary sonority and impressiveness.

There will be no concert this week. The program for next week will include a symphony by Goldmark, suite by Godard, first time, and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme Melba will be the soloist.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 19, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Schubert's unfinished symphony, the Beethoven overture to "Egmont" and Brahms's concerto for piano was the programme at the symphony concert last night. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, drawn thither principally because of the soloist of the evening—Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who has not been heard in this city for some six years. At that time he occupied almost the foremost position among pianists, and while he is still a beautiful and accomplished musician, his work seems to lack the magnetism which it once possessed.

The Brahms concerto, in four movements, is a thoroughly musical composition, full of beautiful passages, but Mr. Joseffy's playing of it, especially the first two numbers, lacked color and contrast. The first movement does not offer the difficulties to the performer that the other movements do, though it contains much beauty, and while he gave a satisfactory rendering of it, not so much can be said for the scerzo which followed, in which he failed to catch the real spirit of the moment. The third and fourth movements were by all odds the best, the enthusiasm of the audience having worked him up to the occasion. In the fourth movement he clearly brought out the several contrasting themes, and the brilliant execution of the movement sent him off the stage at its close amid tremendous applause, and as a tribute to his ability to please he was recalled eight times.

The Schubert unfinished symphony is always a welcome number on the programme, and the orchestra read it beautifully, clearly bringing out all the charm and sentiment of each movement. The "Egmont" overture, as an example of masterly orchestration, stands rather unique, and when our own symphony players take hold of it, it is performed most intelligently.

There will be no concert next week, but the programme for the following week will include the numbers by Goldmark, Godard and Rubenstein, with Mme. Melba as the soloist.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eleventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," opus 74.

(Second time.)

Max Bruch: Fantasia on Scotch Folk-melodies, for violin, opus 46.

Margaret Ruthven Lang: Concert-Aria, "Armida," opus 24 (MS.)

(First time.)

Berlioz: Overture to "Le Corsair," opus 21.

(First time.)

Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer and Mr. Timothée Adamowski, the violinist.

Tschaikowsky's B-minor symphony is a wonderful work. At its first performance here, last year, it made the immediate impression of being up to the composer's highest level; and now, after a second hearing, one doubts whether it is really to be matched by any other work of his. It is a work of genius from beginning to end; and we cannot now think of any other work of true genius in the whole range of music that makes so peculiar an impression upon the listener. No doubt this impression is intensified and made more distinct by the legend (said to be authentic) that Tschaikowsky himself said—before the work was brought out—that it would be his last symphony, and that he died the day after its first performance. The symphony is so thoroughly romantic in design and character that one cannot well help looking for some meaning behind it; it is next to impossible to look at it purely and simply as music; one feels that it tells a story. Of the real facts of Tschaikowsky's life—except such as are set down in encyclopedias—we know nothing; but this last symphony of his tells the saddest story, a tragedy of the most pitiable sort. It seems like one long wail of grief and despair over lost illusions, hard-earned experience, that was not worth the earning, and the final knowledge that the wages of sin is death. One would think that never had such complete physical misery and mental wretchedness been so eloquently set to music before; whether we take that wondrous love-theme in the first movement—the saddest theme Tschaikowsky ever wrote, for it seems to tell of a youthful ardor and enthusiasm that have long since been burnt out, and are now doubly tragic, as the memory of something no longer possible—or the forced high spirits (as if fighting against nervous prostration, under the shadow of approaching paresis) of the 5-4 second movement, or again the utter blackness of despair of the Finale:—whichever of these we take, it speaks of nothing but sorrow, desperation that cannot take to the sham-relief of irony, and is equally impotent to force itself to the calmness of resignation. Poets (so-called) have sung in this despairing vein before; and, like enough, a composer or two may have piped to this hopeless strain; but seldom, if ever, with true genius—which brings some comfort even to the most despondent singer. What constitutes the novelty of this symphony of Tschaikowsky's in the history of art, is that it is wholly morbid, unredeemedly and irredeemably despairing, and at the same time most unquestionably a work of the truest and most genuine genius. It is a work for Max Nordau to descant upon, and for others to weep over. Never has Tschaikowsky shown himself more truly great than in this passionate wail over the nothingness of life. It is the wail of a giant with no soundness left in him; but still the wail of a giant!

With this stupendous symphony at the beginning of a programme, Berlioz's "Corsairs" overture came at the end as a sort of Mephistopheles sneer at the nothingness of genius. Heavens! how commonplace and trivial it sounded! But we cannot yet believe that it was wholly the score's fault. Berlioz may have been this or that, but—save in the eyes of a Mendelssohn or a Moscheles (suffering from an acute attack of classic purism)—he was at least never downright stupid. If the performance of the Tschaikowsky symphony was admirable throughout, the performance of this overture of Berlioz's had plainly much to answer for. For one thing, a Berlioz "Allegro assai" is not an Handelian "Tempo giusto." The "Corsaire" may not be one of Berlioz's strongest works; but it can be made to sound better than it did last Saturday, or we are much mistaken!

Miss Lang's new aria is a work to be considered very seriously. Without being in the leastFrench in feeling, it is very much in the contemporary French dramatic style—a style in which, if the truth be told, we personally are just beginning to find our bearings. It seemed to us that, in her setting of this excerpt from Tasso's "Gerusalemme liberata," Miss Lang had struck a very true note of dramatic musical expression; more so perhaps in the arioso portions than in the passages of recitative. Much of the melodic writing is very broad and noble, and the whole treatment of the orchestra admirable; it shows that Miss Lang appreciates well what the true gist of "modern orchestration" is, and that it means something far finer and more subtile than the mere massing together of numerous instruments. Miss Franklin sang the aria with devotion and sincerity; it seemed to us that the composition was conceived for a heavier voice and a larger, more heroic style of singing. But it is ill quarrelling with an artist's physique; let it be enough to say that Miss Franklin sang like an artist.

It seemed to us that Mr. Adamowski never appeared to greater advantage than in Max Bruch's "Scotch" fantasia. We had all heard that he had been practising more than usual for the last eight or ten months; and his performance last Saturday evening showed the good results of it. His playing of the fantasia was immensely fine; facile, sure, and brilliant in point of technique; showing great vigor and intelligence of conception; full of the most appealing sensibility. It is pleasant to dwell a little upon a fine point now and then. Mr. Adamowski's playing of the opening, recitative portions of the introduction struck us as peculiarly and unusually fine. It was a very many stroke of artistic wisdom to begin in [illegible] did; not burning all his dramatic and sensational powder at the first dash. We remember being struck some twenty years ago with Christine Nilsson's beginning Beethoven's "Per pieta, non dirmi addio" in much the same way; not forcing the dramatic note, but beginning the air with the gentlest appealing sweetness of expression, "en voix blanche." Mr. Adamowski's beginning the fantasia in this quiet, poetic way made its effect immediately; and it allowed him to make all the more effect with his more strenuous playing, afterwards, when it was time for him to get upon his high horse. This is but one point; but several more could be mentioned, had we time for it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Adamowski showed something so very like genius throughout his performance that we, for one, are quite willing to accept it for genius. And we are perfectly aware of what a very big word "genius" is.

The next programme is: Schubert, unfinished symphony in B minor; Brahms, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 83; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont." Mr. Rafael Joseffy will be the pianist.

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy Makes His First Appearance in Boston in Six Years.

The current season of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra completed its first half with the performances of last evening. There were played:

Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte.....Brahms
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven

The soloist was Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who, on this occasion, made his first appearance here in six years, and was given a welcome of exceptional sincerity and heartiness. The concerto has not been heard in Boston since it was played by Mr. Baermann at these same concerts, Dec. 8, 1888, under Mr. Gericke. It must be classed as one of the really great and lasting pianoforte concertos, despite something of tediousness in its first movement. The interest of the work is deeper in the second movement, but in the exquisite andante and the wonderfully fine and effective finale, with its three strongly marked and beautiful leading themes, treated with a flexibility, a grace, and a poetic and graceful warmth to which the composer has not often risen, it reaches as lofty a height as has ever been scaled in a work of its kind. Its performance by Mr. Joseffy was masterly in every noble sense of the word. His style has gained surprisingly in virility, maturity and dignity since he last played here, and in all that relates to what is best, most admirable and most satisfying in pianoforte playing this performance must be pronounced the most noteworthy that has been heard in Music Hall during the season thus far. It was solid, intellectual and manly from beginning to end.

Of the artist's technique there is no need to write. It has always been of the most perfect, and it has grown in firmness and strength. Such a performance was refreshing in its freedom from even a suggestion of mere virtuosity and sickly sentimentality, and in its vigorous earnestness, its devotion to the composer and the abstention of the player in forcing the artist to the front at the expense of the music it was especially welcome. Mr. Joseffy wears his hair short, his movements are brisk instead of languid; he seems to be pleased and excited rather than bored when he is applauded, and he recognizes applause with unmistakable gratification instead of melancholy condescension. He is, however, none the less a master in his art on this account. Mr. Joseffy's reading and playing of this work can be described only in superlatives. Especially brilliant, musicianly and large was his performance of the exactingly trying finale, not only in the splendid technique that successfully coped with it, but in the exquisite taste, the grace of expression and the sympathetic style that gave it a delightful and delighting distinction. The applause that rewarded the artist at the close of the concerto was overwhelming in its fervor and enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again until the audience fairly wore itself out. The concerto was accorded a perfect accompaniment by Mr. Paur, who was at his very best through the whole concert, and who gave a beautifully colored reading of the symphony and a glorious interpretation of the overture.

There will be no concert and rehearsal this week. At the concert to be given Feb. 1 will be played a Goldmark symphony, a suite by Godard (first time) and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme. Melba is to be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1896.

Twelfth Symphony Concert Last Evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur Conductor—The Triumph of Rafael Joseffy, Pianist.

The program of the 12th Symphony concert was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor....Schubert
Concerto for piano No. 2, B flat major.....Brahms
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Joseffy again in Music Hall. His last appearance there with the Symphony Orchestra was Feb. 22, 1890, when he played Liszt's second concerto. Mr. Joseffy then had a most enviable reputation as a pianist in this country and in Europe. But, suddenly, he disappeared from the concert stage. The causes given for his retreat are many, most of them, no doubt, legendary. Occasionally reports of marvelous improvement have been circulated. When he did return to the stage, it was in Chicago, last season.

Now in the course of six years many pianists who at first dazzled at the zenith are at the end faintly perceptible just above the horizon, or their light is quenched forever. If they retire early of their own accord and for rigid self-examination, it sometimes happens that with constant study they grow distrustful of their ability; nervousness masters them; they dread the preparation for public performance and the ordeal itself; and so they are known in reality only by their intimate friends. Their names are no longer spells to conjure with. The amateur who never heard them shrugs his shoulders, and says, "Yes, according to report X was a great pianist, Y was a master of technique, Z was a passionate creature. But, you know, there have been great changes in piano playing since they were famous. If they were to play now, we probably would not think much of them."

It is a good thing, then, for his own fame and for the pleasure of lovers of music, that Mr. Joseffy has at last broken his silence.

* * *

His choice of a concerto shows the high purpose and the pure aim; for the second concerto of Brahms is not one to tickle the ear, stun the judgment and provoke cheap and boisterous applause. It was in 1859, at Leipzig, that Brahms first played his D minor concerto. It was at Vienna, Dec. 26, 1880, that he first played the second concerto at a Philharmonic concert. And as the second symphony of Brahms is to the first, so is the second concerto of Brahms to the first. In each case, while the passion is less stormy, the thoughts are less crabbed and gnarled. Only in the first movement of the B flat major concerto does Brahms "keep up a terrible thinking."

The second fascinates by its sturdiness and rhythmic capriciousness; the third movement is Brahms at his noblest, when his thought is as lofty and serenely beautiful as a summer sky at noon. And who can describe in words the enchanting, haunting delight of the finale—music like unto the perfect verse of a supreme poet whose imagination is kindled by wild or melancholy tales told him in youth by gypsy lips.

* * *

The performance of this concerto by Mr. Joseffy was the most admirable piano playing that has been heard in Music Hall for several years. This statement, made in tolerably cool blood, means much. And why this enthusiasm?

Mr. Joseffy realized first of all that the concerto is properly a symphony with the piano obbligato. His instrument was only one of many.

At the start he seemed disposed to nervousness, but he quickly recovered himself, and then until the end a crescendo of admiration was the result, and the accompaniment of the crescendo of his ability.

While he still retains rare crispness of touch and clearness of technique (precision that is never metallic, his technique has broadened without a loss of delicacy and exquisiteness of tone. The hearer never thought of technique; he was absorbed in the music of the much-abused instrument. Never was there a forced tone; never was there a reminder of strings, keys, hammers, sounding board and pedals. The piano itself, under such hands, confessed that after all it is a musical instrument.

In the phrasing there was no such attention paid to the coloring of a petty detail that the significance of the phrase in connection with the orchestra was lost. When the piano dominated, it was as a righteous master, not as a tyrant.

Add to a complete mastery of technique, a temperament that found itself in full sympathy with the changing moods of Brahms; a sense of rhythm that was not rigidly expressed, but was as sure and fluent and unconscious as are the rhythms in nature; a feeling for nuances rather than for gaudy colors; and an entire absence of anything that was theatrical or spectacular.

"He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

* * *

No wonder that the applause was spontaneous, and long continued. No wonder that there were recalls without end. There was a glorious tribute to a display of uncommon art. There was the heart-felt gratitude at hearing again one of the very few great pianists of the world.

* * *

The orchestra played superbly throughout the concert. Solo work and ensemble were alike worthy of the highest praise.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19, 1896.

Twelfth Symphony Concert.

The principal feature of the symphony concert last week was the first appearance here in several years of the great pianist, Rafael Joseffy, who played the concerto No. 2 by Brahms. The orchestral numbers were Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." Mr Joseffy has been in comparative retirement for three or four years, but the remembrance of his artistic work on former occasions was still fresh in the minds of concert patrons, and few artists can boast of a heartier indorsement from admiring auditors than that which greeted this performer at the close of the concerts. The enthusiasm of the audience was somewhat unusual, and it extended to the members of the orchestra who spontaneously joined in the applause showered upon the soloist.

The modesty of the man, which appeared almost as diffidence, was notable, and in his interpretation of Brahms the auditor instinctively felt that the composer's sentiments were being presented with artistic fidelity and intelligence and with each part given its proper value; that the interpreter, for the time, was merely the medium through whom the writer's ideas were given musical form without affectation. His command of the piano seems perfect, and his pedal work is remarkable.

In this concerto there is not a preponderance of pure solo playing, the instrument being largely used with the orchestra, but in every way Joseffy meets the requirements of the composer. The opening cadenza was most delicately played, and the subsequent ornamentations were as clear and fluently set forth as one could wish to hear. Joseffy's touch is remarkable, and even in the difficult passage work he was not overshadowed by the orchestra. The exquisite, singing quality of his tone probably accounts for this result.

In the andante the brilliant themes were grandly played, and in the more quiet passages the delicacy, clearness and dreamy tenderness of the phrases were expressed as no one but a great artist could have done. In arpeggios, double runs and octaves his execution was faultless, and, by contrast, the tripping measures of the last movement were equally worthy of high praise. In short, all the beauties of the concerto were set forth with skill of the highest order. The orchestra deserves high commendation for its share in the performance. The entrances were made in perfect tempo with the soloist, and all the lights and shades of expression were finely preserved. Mr Paur led the musical dialogues between the piano and orchestra without a break.

The unfinished symphony of Schubert was given a poetic interpretation by the orchestra. The cellı sang the harmonies of the first movement very sweetly, and the oboes and clarinets admirably sustained their part of the work. The precising of the strings throughout the symphony was not broken, and the forte passages by the full band were given with the stirring effect which ensembles always receive from this body of players. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was played with all necessary sonority and impressiveness.

There will be no concert this week. The program for next week will include a symphony by Goldmark, suite by Godard, first time, and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme Melba will be the soloist.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 19, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Schubert's unfinished symphony, the Beethoven overture to "Egmont" and Brahms's concerto for piano was the programme at the symphony concert last night. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, drawn thither principally because of the soloist of the evening—Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who has not been heard in this city for some six years. At that time he occupied almost the foremost position among pianists, and while he is still a beautiful and accomplished musician, his work seems to lack the magnetism which it once possessed.

The Brahms concerto, in four movements, is a thoroughly musical composition, full of beautiful passages, but Mr. Joseffy's playing of it, especially the first two numbers, lacked color and contrast. The first movement does not offer the difficulties to the performer that the other movements do, though it contains much beauty, and while he gave a satisfactory rendering of it, not so much can be said for the scherzo which followed, in which he failed to catch the real spirit of the moment. The third and fourth movements were by all odds the best, the enthusiasm of the audience having worked him up to the occasion. In the fourth movement he clearly brought out the several contrasting themes, and the brilliant execution of the movement sent him off the stage at its close amid tremendous applause, and as a tribute to his ability to please he was recalled eight times.

The Schubert unfinished symphony is always a welcome number on the programme, and the orchestra read it beautifully, clearly bringing out all the charm and sentiment of each movement. The "Egmont" overture, as an example of masterly orchestration, stands rather unique, and when our own symphony players take hold of it, it is performed most intelligently.

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REDUCTION

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PM-MGP 13"x18"
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Society Folk Have a Lively and Satisfactory Week.

Three Dinners "Twelfth Night," and Six Preceded the Assembly, Friday Night—The Latter Was a Brilliant and Enjoyable Affair—The Symphony Concert—Events to Come.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 11, 1896. The week, despite the vagaries of the weather, has been much more satisfactory and lively, socially speaking, than its predecessor. It emphasized very prominently the fact that the dinner season is on in earnest, and there were appetites for the dining, which the temperature helped to bring about. Then, it also testified that, if the young set was not included among the dinner guests, it could have a good time by itself, playing whist, eating Welsh rarebits and arranging impromptu Dutch suppers.

The week opened with three dinners on "twelfth night," and ended last evening with six, which preceded the ball; then there was a Boston Symphony concert and theatre and hypnotic parties, and the ball last evening.

Mrs. James M. Coats, Mrs. W. W. White and Mrs. Lucian Sharpe gave the "twelfth night," entertaining from 10 to 12 guests each, although there was nothing special about the dinners to mark the festival, which was quaintly celebrated a year ago by Mrs. William Goddard with a truly English "twelfth night" party.

Mrs. Henry Pearce gave a pink and green dinner Wednesday evening, covers being laid for 10 guests. Mrs. Frank M. Matthewson gave a lavender dinner Thursday.

Friday the hostesses were Mrs. John H. K. Nightingale, Mrs. H. G. Miller, Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mrs. C. M. Smith, Mrs. E. D. Williams and Mrs. J. C. Brown.

The first three dinners were given in connection with the ball, so that the dinner guests were among the late arrivals. Mrs. Fletcher presented her lady guests with large corsages of violets, which they afterward wore at the ball.

It was quite interesting Wednesday evening, if one was so fortunate as to be numbered among the early arrivals at the Boston Symphony concert, to watch the effect of the letters published last Sunday in regard to late-comers and bonnetted ladies at concerts.

The interval, which has been longer than usual between the concerts, caused the largest attendance yet of the season. The gathering was certainly a brilliant and enthusiastic one, as when it was over the general expression was that it had proved a very enjoyable concert.

The concerts begin precisely at 8 o'clock, as they must end within two hours to enable the members of the orchestra to catch the 10 o'clock train to Boston. There is not any one in the audience who disappears as quickly as these musicians do, the moment their last note is sounded. Regardless of chairs, instruments, anything or anybody, they scamper away to catch that train.

The reopening of the doors at the end of the first movement of the Brahms symphony saw the arrival of the usual number of late-comers who had not sufficient time to gain their seats before the second movement began. So the letter in reference to late arrivals had no perceptible effect.

Providence audiences are proverbially late because the fact that performances here seldom commence on time has trained them in the formation of the habit. The Symphony concerts being obliged to be punctual, have made the tardiness very noticeable.

In response to the appeal for uncovered heads there were a score or more maidens who doffed their hats and bonnets and kept them in their laps, but there were as many more who wore large hats, with equally large plumes. The contrast was an interesting study during the intermissions, as well as was the general brilliancy of the audience.

Mrs. William Goddard, who returned early in the week from her visit to Mrs. Iselin, made her first appearance at this season's concerts, looking extremely well, and wearing a bodice of white satin and lace and toque of black velvet, with a steel and white aigrette. Near by were quite a number of white, blue and pink silk blouses, with dainty headgear, the entire feminine portion of the audience wearing brighter gowns than usual.

There were only three numbers on the programme, the Brahms symphony, the Liszt concerto and the performance for the first time of some delightful ballet music, a suite entitled "Namouna," by Edward Lalo.

During the intermission, while the platform was being made ready for Joseffy, there was considerable interchange of seats for chatting, all very unconscious, meanwhile, that Joseffy was very much exercised over his appearnce here, because by missing the train that he should have taken he failed to have a rehearsal with Mr. Paur and the orchestra. But there were only a few in the audience who were aware of his anxiety, and the concerto was rendered with such a mixture of delicacy and brilliancy that he was recalled again and again by both the orchestra and audience. But, notwithstanding the prolonged plaudits, he would not play again.

Everybody enjoyed the third number, the suite of ballet music, which Mr. Paur directed with characteristic motions, suited to its peculiar rhythm, and which was played by the complete orchestra, with the addition of a Boston lady harpist, who was quite secure from observation behind the 'cellos.

The Bostonians who came down to hear Joseffy managed, by hurrying, to return that evening with him.

Among the orchestra's auditors were Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Howard O. Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Miss Marguerite Dwight, Mr. Edward M. Guild, Mr. J. O. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Metcalf, Mr. L. A. Hazard, Miss Hazard, Miss Hattie Hazard, Mrs. L. T. Foster, Miss Foster, Miss Mamie King, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mrs. Gottschalk, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bart, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Herreshoff, Mrs. A. Budge, Miss Budge, Mr. E. F. Benedict, Mr. Lucian Sharpe, Miss Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith, Miss Abby Aldrich, Mr. G. F. Smith, Mrs. H. N. Campbell, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. John P. Campbell, Mr. J. M. Addeman, the Misses Addeman, Annette Ham, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sack, Miss Edith Richmond, Mr. J. H. De Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cooke, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Metcalf, Mrs. George O. Corliss, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dorrance, Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mrs. Samuel E. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Vincent and Mr. R. I. Gammell.

Boston was again prominent in the concert line Thursday evening at Mr. William R. Lane's second subscription concert, at which the Temple quartet, Miss Viola Campbell and Master James Barlow, the boy soprano, of Boston, with Mr. Walter J. Towne and Mr. Lane, presented a popular programme of music. Mr. Lane had planned at first to have the two concerts given by Rimenyi, the violinist, but this artist gave his second concert at the Art Club, recently.

The young folk, who were not included in the two large theatre parties to see "The Fatal Card" Thursday evening, in spite of the severe snow storm formed a party to see Prof. Carpenter's experiments in hypnotism, in Music Hall. They were more than repaid for braving the storm for the amusement they had at the expense of the poor hypnotic subjects, and on their return tried experiments on each other while arranging things to eat and concoctions to drink.

The only dance of the week was the first of the two assemblies, held last evening in the Trocadero. Last year it was doubtful for a time whether they would be given or not, as Mr. A. D. Chapin, Jr., and Mr. Lauriston A. Hazard, who have successfully managed them during the past few seasons, decided that it would be their last, as the assemblies of late did not seem to meet any demand, there were so many other dances and balls. Their absence in the management was very much regretted last evening.

Quite unexpectedly the ball commenced at 10 o'clock, although there were not many to dance until an hour later. The Trocadero dances have been so late in beginning this season that it was not expected that the ball would begin until quite late.

The patronesses who welcomed the guests arrived soon after the appointed hour of 9. They were Mrs. William Goddard, who was very handsomely gowned in Brussels net and white lace, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Howard Sturges in a delicate blue satin, with garnitures of white lace; Mrs. [illegible] in rose pink satin with chiffon draperies; Mrs. [illegible] in yellow moire, striped [illegible] and bodice edged with [illegible] pearls and ornamented [illegible] who assisted Mrs. Le Baron Villard, in white satin, and Mrs. Howard Richmond, in pale green silk.

The ballroom, foyer and vestibule were adorned with palms and rubber plants in the usual niches, but no attempt was made for special decoration, except about the stairs and fireplaces. Although a large number of invitations were sent out the subscriptions were not very numerous, the ball being the smallest assembly yet given, the attendance being little more than 100.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Roelker, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Dunnell, Mrs. Henry Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Howard O. Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Orren, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Huntoon, Mr. James B. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Clark, Mrs. Henry Du Villard, who chaperoned her nieces, the Misses Tucker, and her sister, Miss Claudia Tucker, Mr. Walter Hidden, Mr. and Mrs. G. Richmond Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Vaughn, Mrs. Charles Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mr. Charles J. Stedman, Mr. Duncan Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Howard Richmond, Mr. H. C. Richmond, Miss Helen Pearce, Miss Isabel M. Rhodes, Miss Sharpe, Miss Marrian, Mr. Edward Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Peck, Mr. Edward M. Guild, Mr. John H. Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wood, Mr. Fred Hayes, Mr. E. Cole, Miss Abby Aldrich, Miss Maud Dorrance, Mr. Edward B. Addick, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hoppin, Mr. John R. V. Gilliat of Boston, Miss Mary Gilliat, Mr. Lauriston A. Hazard, Miss Hazard, Mr. A. Duncan Chapin, Jr., Miss Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harris of Woonsocket, Mrs. Walter B. Comstock, Miss Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Burnett and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Douglas, Miss Irene Butler, Mrs. Samuel Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mr. Howard Dews, Mr. E. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Olney Arnold, 2d, Miss Pegram, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. K. Nightingale, Dr. and Mrs. George S. Collins, Miss Elizabeth Ladd, Col. Van Slyck, Dr. and Mrs. Horace Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurber, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Douglas.

Mrs. Walter B. Comstock was one of the number who wore becoming black silk gowns.

Miss Mauran wore a very effective combination of striped blue and white silk, and carried a large bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. C. C. Burnett was in a handsome gown of white satin, with trimmings of old and costly lace.

Mrs. Samuel W. Douglas wore blue brocaded silk.

Mrs. Samuel W. Nicholson wore a very odd and handsome dress of yellow silk, brocaded with large floral clusters.

Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher wore an exceedingly becoming gown of black silk with decollete bodice ornamented with violets.

Mrs. Olney Arnold, 2d, wore black silk, with panel insertions of black and white striped silk.

Mrs. Howard Hoppin wore a pale blue satin gown and a corsage garniture of pink roses.

Mrs. Walter A. Peek was in pale yellow satin.

Mrs. George H. Wood wore red silk, heavily jetted with black.

Mrs. Frank Harris of Woonsocket wore a very rich brocaded satin duchesse.

Mrs. Edward Feller, Mrs. George S. Collins, Mrs. H. G. Miller and Mrs. B. F. Vaughn wore black satin.

Miss Sharpe wore pink satin striped with white.

Miss Isabelle M. Rhodes wore a bright yellow silk, brocaded in rose colors.

Miss Irene Butler wore a very dainty gown of blue satin.

Miss Abby Aldrich and Miss Bessie Chapin were also in blue.

Miss Hazard and Miss Mollie Foster shared the honors of the younger set in gowns of black silk.

Miss Maud Dorrance wore a pink silk, striped with white, and carried pink roses.

Miss Bessie Sackett wore a silver gray satin, striped with white, and a corsage bouquet of violets.

Miss Pegram looked extremely well in a gown of plain gray satin.

There were only five of the large number of debutantes present—Miss Helen Pearce, Miss Elizabeth Ladd, Miss Chapin and the Misses Tucker.

Miss Pearce wore a very handsome gown of blue satin; Miss Ladd was in yellow satin, with violets, and the Misses Tucker and Miss Chapin wore white.

Formerly the debutantes were all anxious for these balls, because they did not end until early morning, and then, again, it was their first ball with champagne. But these things have changed, and the ball last night was particularly noticeable for its lack of young men, who throng the Trocadero dance. But then the balls are given principally for the older set.

There was no programme of music arranged, Mr. Reeves playing just what the guests felt like dancing.

Supper was served at midnight in the supper rooms. In place of the small tables large ones were used, seating parties of eight or ten. The menu included escalloped halibut, chicken salad, croquettes, ices, champagne and apollinaris.

The ball was over quite early, as the majority of the guests left after supper. The innovations of the new management, for whom it was a first ball to plan, will be even more surprising at their Valentine ball, Feb. 14.

Next week will be as lively, if not livelier, than the past.

It has always been customary every winter for the Arion Club or some musical talent to furnish some entertainment for the inmates of the Butler Hospital. Mr. Moses Goddard has arranged some theatricals for Monday evening, which will be presented by some of the society amateurs who have won dramatic fame before in charitable performances. Two short plays will be presented. The first is entitled "Decision of the Court," to be presented by Mrs. Howard Hoppin and Mr. J. R. V. Gilliat of Boston. The second—"Who Is Who"—will have five persons in the cast: Miss Lucy Aldrich and Messrs. James B. Richardson, J. R. V. Gilliat, Frank Cranston and Harry Dunnell. Quite a contingent will go out to the hospital to see the performances, and will be entertained afterward at supper by Mr. Goddard.

Tuesday evening, the second dance of the older set will be given at the Art Club. It will be a leap year dance.

Wednesday, the third of the Trocadero dances, for which Mr. Guild has planned some special dances, which he will not disclose until that night, will be given.

Miss Nethersole will have very large audiences here next week. The line for the sale, which opened Thursday morning, formed Wednesday evening, so that by noon the best seats for each performance were sold. It will be interesting to know how Providence will like her impersonation of "Carmen," which recent attendants at her performances state resemble her "Camille" very closely, the most exciting scene occurring at the end of the third act. Miss Nethersole will arrive here from New York Monday afternoon.

The new two-step, composed by Mr. E. W. Corliss, which has been arranged and played by Mr. D. W. Reeves at the Trocadero dances, will be given at the Opera House during Miss Nethersole's engagement.

The next Arion concert will be given in the evening of Feb. 14.

Those who attended the reception given by Mrs. Clarence H. Hayes, Tuesday evening, at her suite in the Empire, were much pleased with its unique floral decorations and the entire reception arrangements for the guests. The usual draperies of the windows were replaced with some made of smilax, opening in the centre and caught like the regular curtains, with loops of yellow. The window sills were beds of yellow chrysanthemums and tall white lilies, the entire effect being of white, gold and green.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes received under a bower composed of aricas, inserted in white and gold vases, their branches intertwining at the ceiling. The mantels were dressed with ferns and asparagus plumora. The sides of the parlor were edged with baskets of flowers.

Supper was served at small tables in the dining room. In the centre of each table, at which four guests were seated, was a tall cut glass vase, filled with two hand bouquets of American Beauty roses and lilies of the valley. At a given signal, when the supper was ended, the butlers took out the bouquets, dried them, and presented them to the lady guests. This surprise and novelty, which was arranged by Doogue, was a delight to the guests, as was also the serving of the supper.

A pink and green tea was given to the members and congregation of the Central Baptist Church, Tuesday evening, from 8 until 10 o'clock, in the vestry. Mrs. Edwin Calder poured coffee, and Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Spaulding presided at the chocolate table.

President and Mrs. E. Benjamin Andrews gave their annual reception to the members of the senior class of Brown University Tuesday evening at their residence on College street. The young lady candidates for graduation honors were very prominent, meeting for the first time their fellow-classmates in a formal manner. The residence was prettily decorated, and during the two hours of the reception Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were able to extend their hospitality to the entire class of '96.

The Providence Art Club held its annual meeting, ending with a musicale and spread, Wednesday evening. The meeting disclosed the fact that the waiting list was so large that the constitution would have to be amended to extend the limit of membership. The cosey quarters of the clubhouse were also shown to be inadequate, and it was decided to build an addition to the building, the two rooms added to furnish an additional dressing room and accommodation for the sketch class.

The members unanimously showed their appreciation of the devotion and untiring [illegible] which Mr. Earl P. Mason has exhibited by re[illegible] him president. Mr. Edward C. Pratt was re-elected secretary.

The business meeting occupied more time than they expected, so that it was past 9 o'clock before the musical programme began. The numbers were given by Miss Alice L. Pitman and her quartet, which she so well directs, and which includes Misses Grace A. Newell, Ella L. Clarke, Grace E. Baker and Grace C. Irwin. There will be a "ladies' afternoon" Thursday, when Miss Harriete L. Rice will present a paper on "Angelica Kauffman," at 4 o'clock, to be followed by a 5 o'clock tea.

Two Rhode Island women have been honored by the colonial committee of the Atlanta exposition, Mrs. Richard J. Barker of Warren and Miss Mary A. Greene, both receiving silver medals. Miss Greene was chairman of the Rhode Island colonial committee, which consisted of Miss Greene, Miss Charlotte F. Dailey, Mrs. William R. Talbot, Miss Amelia S. Knight, Mrs. Richard J. Barker, Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter and Miss Susie Miner. Mrs. Barker received her medal as chairman of the book plate committee.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Barker are spending the winter in Fall River, while their new residence is being built in Tiverton, R. I.

There was a wedding in East Greenwich, Wednesday evening, in which Providence was considerably interested; not largely, however, as the reception was very small, the majority of the invitations being extended to the church only. The assemblage at the edifice was a large one, therefore, as there have not been many weddings since November. The bride was Miss Louise Stanton Knowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Knowles. She wedded Mr. Jacob S. Martin of Providence. Mr. D. L. D. Granger of this city was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. John L. Mauran, A. K. Tillinghast and Morris House of Providence, and Howard Williams of Bristol. The ceremony was performed at 6:30 o'clock, and was followed by a reception from 7 until 9 o'clock, at which a very elaborate supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will reside in East Greenwich.

The weather was not considered for a moment, even Monday morning, when the hour for the inaugural ceremonies of the new city government approached, as ladies not only occupied all the seats in the balcony reserved for them, but also required special chairs in corners on the floor of the council chamber. Any debutante who is being introduced this season would have jumped with glee and delight to have such an abundance of baskets and floral designs sent them at their "coming out" as the new mayor and government did on their "coming in." The mayor had horseshoes of different sizes for good luck, a chair too small for use on the occasion and lots of baskets. There was a double semi-circle of pink and pink and white carnations on the desks, and cut flowers in abundance. Several men who participate in the prominent social functions were introduced into political life, and their fair friends went to see the initiation.

It would have seemed much more natural if Mr. Louis C. Elson's lecture, Monday, had immediately preceded and analyzed the programme of the Boston Symphony concert for Wednesday evening. It is the first winter in several seasons that the concerts have been given without his or Mr. Apthorp's explanations. Monday he gave the first of a series of lectures upon the "History Song," illustrating then "Seven Centuries of English Song." His audience, however, was not as large as usually greets him, but zero weather explains why it was preferable to remain within doors rather than go out, even if Mr. Elson is always interesting in presenting his musical themes. His second lecture, Thursday afternoon, had a much larger audience. His series will be completed next week with two lectures upon "Shakespeare in Music."

There may be some doubt as to whether Providence is quite up-to-date with the "new woman," but she certainly is not as far as the "new man" is concerned. The change in the apparel of the latter is quite recent, too. One man who guided the direction of his carriage quickly and safely through the whirlwinds of dust last Saturday wore one of those dark veils with which women guard their complexions. It was dust that troubled him, however; not complexion.

The death of Mr. Henry Holden Ormsbee, though not sudden, is mourned by a large circle of friends, who attended the burial service, Monday, in St. Stephen's Church, of which he was a prominent member. The bearers were Messrs. Jeffrey Hazard, Charles H. Hidden, Henry Pearce and W. G. Nightingale. Mr. Ormsbee was well known among the Warwick Neck colony, as his cottage adjoined the old Hazard Hotel, where he had invariably spent his summers since Mrs. Ormsbee's death. They had only two children—John, who wedded Miss Leonard and with whom Mr. Ormsbee resided on Waterman street, and Lewis, who wedded Miss McKinney.

Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard returned from New York Monday, as Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin did not sail from New York Wednesday. They may sail next Wednesday, although they do not now expect to sail until the 22d, the time of departure depending altogether upon the report of the cup race investigating committee.

Mrs. Thomas Jenckes went to New York Thursday.

Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard returned from Washington yesterday. Miss Goddard will not return for some days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pearce have been spending the holiday season at Mrs. Pearce's former home in St. Paul.

Mr. John R. V. Gilliat of Boston has been the guest of Mrs. Howard Hoppin during the week.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 19, 1896.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy had a real stranger's generous welcome last evening, when he appeared on the Music Hall platform as the soloist for the twelfth Symphony concert, and cordial warmth and insistent applause accompanied through his performance in the second pianforte concerto of Brahms. He has been long absent, but he returns with an art matured, strengthened and enriched beyond that virtuosity which made him such a favorite in the days when he used to startle by the speed of his execution and fascinate the ear by a dainty touch for which almost no action was light enough. His aim now appears to be to satisfy and not to astonish, to edify and not to tickle, although he retains and uses the same distinguished clearness and readiness of technique and contrasts vigor with delicacy brilliantly but wisely. The concerto is none too interesting, although the second pair of movements are melodious, fanciful, poetic and developed with reasonable consideration for the listener who wants mere music and the concord of sweet sounds. The opening allegro and the scherzo-like allegro which succeeds it are often hard, harsh, labored and clamorous, and they tire. There is an immense amount of complicated writing which shows ingenuity of notion and command of treatment; but somehow these movements do not seem to reach any real relief of conclusion; they cry aloud and insist in many voices, but they do not seem to say any one thing distinctly and purposefully and to settle upon any resolution. It is a perpetual seeking and proclaiming, but even when a properly formed period is reached nothing has been determined that the discussion can end and the incident be pronounced upon as closed. The andante has gentle and connected thought and the final allegretto has plain themes, openly stated and obviously developed. Mr. Josoffy played like what he is—a man of strong intelligence, positive views and ample art, and the orchestra supported him splendidly, besides thrusting themselves too much into prominence with their applause. If a great genius or a rare artist visits the town, the orchestra might be forgiven for forgetting decorum and applauding; but when a home performer of long acquaintance acquits himself honorably and well, there is no propriety in persistent slapping of fiddle-backs and clapping of hands. Any necessary congratulations can be tendered by Mr. Paur.

A beautiful and appreciative performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony began the concert, after the tranquil loveliness of whose andante the beginning of the Brahm's seemed especially rough and domineering. The "Egmont" overture of Beethoven, also well rendered was the only other number.

The thirteenth concert is set for a fortnight hence and for it are promised a Goldmark symphony, a new suite by Godard, and Rubinstein's "Dimitri Donskor" overture. Madame Melba will sing twice.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 19.

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the twelfth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall. The programme was:

Unfinished Symphony, B-minor.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, B-flat minor.....Brahm
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

It is a pity that lovers of classic music cannot tolerate a programme that lasts longer than one hour and a half, when one item in the list must necessarily be a symphony, it is a most difficult business to give a varied programme of ninety minutes' duration. Good music will not gracefully submit itself to the measuring tape and shears, and this fact should not be forgotten by those who so eagerly clamor for change. It is true that the preparing of an attractive musical programme is a gift not possessed by many conductors; but, on the other hand, the best programmes are not the shortest, nor are they listened to by an an audience intent on catching an early train or in being present at a social function. If music is listened to by watch measure, it must be arranged by watch measure and want of time must be necessarily accompanied by want of novelty It is a sad and not stimulating truth that a great many people attend the symphony concerts from a sense of duty, and not from a love of musical art. They are more ambitious to be seen than to hear, and evon ninety minutes is too long for this purpose. Curiously enough, the same people who are impatient to be gone from a symphony concert forget the passage of time when listening to the vulgarities, indecencies and cheap art of a Yvette Guilbert; they make a brief, indifferent tourist trip to the heights of Parnassus, and then make themselves comfortably at home in the slums of Paris. A Beethoven symphony should be cut down to make it suit fastidious modern taste, but we cannot get enough of coarse stuff like "Les Vierges" or "La Soularde." Both species of art are heard in Music Hall, and when the fatuous very small art of Yvette Guilbert arouses the greater enthusiasm, it is premature to insist on an increase of time for our symphony concerts. Curiosity is the most exacting and the mos shameless of fashions, and a large amount of our so-called fondness for art has no deeper foundation.

And yet the Schubert symphony was well worth the rehearing, and as for as the Brahm concert was there not Joseffy? This artist has not been heard and his beautiful touch and graceful finger work were most pleasant to hear. But although this admirable artist has gained in seriousness and dignity, he hardly seemed to reach up to the full height of Brahms. There were grace, delicacy and faultless taste; but despite the improvement in this direction, there was a certain sweet effeminace that was foreign to the work in hand. Mr. Joseffy received a royal reception and was called out there several times to bow his thanks.

There will be no symphony concert next week.

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PROVIDENCE SOCIAL GOSSIP.

Society Folk Have a Lively and Satisfactory Week.

Three Dinners "Twelfth Night," and Six Preceded the Assembly, Friday Night—The Latter Was a Brilliant and Enjoyable Affair—The Symphony Concert—Events to Come.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 11, 1896. The week, despite the vagaries of the weather, has been much more satisfactory and lively, socially speaking, than its predecessor. It emphasized very prominently the fact that the dinner season is on in earnest, and there were appetites for the dining, which the temperature helped to bring about. Then, it also testified that if the young set was not included among the dinner guests, it could have a good time by itself, playing whist, eating Welsh rarebits and arranging impromptu Dutch suppers.

The week opened with three dinners on "twelfth night," and ended last evening with six, which preceded the ball; then there was a Boston Symphony concert and theatre and hypnotic parties, and the ball last evening.

Mrs. James M. Coats, Mrs. W. W. White and Mrs. Lucian Sharpe gave the "twelfth night," entertaining from 10 to 12 guests each, although there was nothing special about the dinners to mark the festival, which was quaintly celebrated a year ago by Mrs. William Goddard with a truly English "twelfth night" party.

Mrs. Henry Pearce gave a pink and green dinner Wednesday evening, covers being laid for 10 guests. Mrs. Frank M. Matthewson gave a lavender dinner Thursday.

Friday the hostesses were Mrs. John H. K. Nightingale, Mrs. H. G. Miller, Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mrs. C. M. Smith, Mrs. E. D. Williams and Mrs. J. C. Brown.

The first three dinners were given in connection with the ball, so that the dinner guests were among the late arrivals. Mrs. Fletcher presented her lady guests with large corsages of violets, which they afterward wore at the ball.

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The interval, which has been longer than usual between the concerts, caused the largest attendance yet of the season. The gathering was certainly a brilliant and enthusiastic one, as when it was over the general expression was that it had proved a very enjoyable concert.

The concerts begin precisely at 8 o'clock, as they must end within two hours to enable the members of the orchestra to catch the 10 o'clock train to Boston. There is not any one in the audience who disappears as quickly as these musicians do, the moment their last note is sounded. Regardless of chairs, instruments, anything or anybody, they scamper away to catch that train.

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Providence audiences are proverbially late because the fact that performances here seldom commence on time has trained them in the formation of the habit. The Symphony concerts being obliged to be punctual, have made the tardiness very noticeable.

In response to the appeal for uncovered heads there were a score or more maidens who doffed their hats and bonnets and kept them in their laps, but there were as many more who wore large hats, with equally large plumes. The contrast was an interesting study during the intermissions, as well as was the general brilliancy of the audience.

Mrs. William Goddard, who returned early in the week from her visit to Mrs. Iselin, made her first appearance at this season's concerts, looking extremely well, and wearing a bodice of white satin and lace and toque of black velvet, with a steel and white aigrette. Near by were quite a number of white, blue and pink silk blouses, with dainty headgear, the entire feminine portion of the audience wearing brighter gowns than usual.

There were only three numbers on the programme, the Branam symphony, the Liszt concerto and the performance for the first time of some delightful ballet music, a suite entitled "Namouna," by Edward Lalo.

During the intermission, while the platform was being made ready for Joseffy, there was considerable interchange of seats for chatting, all very unconscious, meanwhile, that Joseffy was very much exercised over his appearnce here, because by missing the train that he should have taken he failed to have a rehearsal with Mr. Paur and the orchestra. But there were only a few in the audience who were aware of his anxiety, and the concerto was rendered with such a mixture of delicacy and brilliancy that he was recalled again and again by both the orchestra and audience. But, notwithstanding the prolonged plaudits, he would not play again.

Everybody enjoyed the third number, the suite of ballet music, which Mr. Paur directed with characteristic motions, suited to its peculiar rhythm, and which was played by the complete orchestra, with the addition of a Boston lady harpist, who was quite secure from observation behind the 'cellos.

The Bostonians who came down to hear Joseffy managed, by hurrying, to return that evening with him.

Among the orchestra's auditors were Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Howard O. Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Miss Marguerite Dwight, Mr. Edward M. Guild, Mr. J. O. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Metcalf, Mr. L. A. Hazard, Miss Hazard, Miss Hattie Hazard, Mrs. L. T. Foster, Miss Foster, Miss Mamie King, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mrs. Gottschalk, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bart, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Herreshoff, Mrs. A. Budge, Miss Budge, Mr. E. F. Benedict, Mr. Lucian Sharpe, Miss Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith, Miss Abby Aldrich, Mr. G. F. Smith, Mrs. H. N. Campbell, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. John P. Campbell, Mr. J. M. Addeman, the Misses Addeman, Miss Annette Ham, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sack, Miss Edith Richmond, Mr. J. H. De Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cooke, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Metcalf, Mrs. George O. Corliss, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dorrance, Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mrs. Samuel E. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Vincent and Mr. R. I. Gammell.

Boston was again prominent in the concert line Thursday evening at Mr. William R. Lane's second subscription concert, at which the Temple quartet, Miss Viola Campbell and Master James Barlow, the boy soprano, of Boston, with Mr. Walter J. Towne and Mr. Lane, presented a popular programme of music. Mr. Lane had planned at first to have the two concerts given by Rimenyi, the violinist, but this artist gave his second concert at the Art Club, recently.

The young folk, who were not included in the two large theatre parties to see "The Fatal Card" Thursday evening, in spite of the severe snow storm formed a party to see Prof. Carpenter's experiments in hypnotism, in Music Hall. They were more than repaid for braving the storm for the amusement they had at the expense of the poor hypnotic subjects, and on their return tried experiments on each other while arranging things to eat and concoctions to drink.

The only dance of the week was the first of the two assemblies, held last evening in the Trocadero. Last year it was doubtful for a time whether they would be given or not, as Mr. A. D. Chapin, Jr., and Mr. Lauriston A. Hazard, who have successfully managed them during the past few seasons, decided that it would be their last, as the assemblies of late did not seem to meet any demand, there were so many other dances and balls. Their absence in the management was very much regretted last evening.

Quite unexpectedly the ball commenced at 10 o'clock, although there were not many to dance until an hour later. The Trocadero dances have been so late in beginning this season that it was not expected that the ball would begin until quite late.

The patronesses who welcomed the guests arrived soon after the appointed hour of 9. They were Mrs. William Goddard, who was very handsomely gowned in Brussels net and white lace, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Howard O. Sturges, in a delicate blue satin, with bodice garnitures of white lace; Mrs. William W. Dunnell, in rose pink satin duchesse, with chiffon draperies; Mrs. Henry Pearce, in yellow moire, striped with black, and bodice edged with a narrow band of sable and ornamented with diamonds.

The other patronesses, who assisted [illegible] evening and made good [illegible] Mrs. William G. Roelker, in [illegible] bodice spangled with the steel [illegible] finished its edge, over a skirt of black velvet; Mrs. H. Du Villard, in blue satin; Mrs. W. W. White, in white satin, and Mrs. Howard Richmond, in pale green silk.

The ballroom, foyer and vestibule were adorned with palms and rubber plants in the usual niches, but no attempt was made for special decoration, except about the stairs and fireplaces. Although a large number of invitations were sent out the subscriptions were not very numerous, the ball being the smallest assembly yet given, the attendance being little more than 100.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Roelker, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Dunnell, Mrs. Henry Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Howard O. Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Orren, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Huntoon, Mr. James B. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Clark, Mrs. Henry Du Villard, who chaperoned her nieces, the Misses Tucker, and her sister, Miss Claudia Tucker, Mr. Walter Hidden, Mr. and Mrs. G. Richmond Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Vaughn, Mrs. Charles Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mr. Charles J. Stedman, Mr. Duncan Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Howard Richmond, Mr. H. C. Richmond, Miss Helen Pearce, Miss Isabel M. Rhodes, Miss Sharpe, Miss Marrian, Mr. Edward Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Peck, Mr. Edward M. Guild, Mr. John H. Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wood, Mr. Fred Hayes, Mr. E. Cole, Miss Abby Aldrich, Miss Maud Dorrance, Mr. Edward B. Addick, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hoppin, Mr. John R. V. Gilliat of Boston, Miss Mary Gilliat, Mr. Lauriston A. Hazard, Miss Hazard, Mr. A. Duncan Chapin, Jr., Miss Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harris of Woonsocket, Mrs. Walter B. Comstock, Miss Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Burnett and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Douglas, Miss Irene Butler, Mrs. Samuel Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mr. Howard Dews, Mr. E. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Olney Arnold, 2d, Miss Pegram, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. K. Nightingale, Dr. and Mrs. George S. Collins, Miss Elizabeth Ladd, Col. Van Slyck, Dr. and Mrs. Horace Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurber, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Douglas.

Mrs. Walter B. Comstock was one of the number who wore becoming black silk gowns.

Miss Mauran wore a very effective combination of striped blue and white silk, and carried a large bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. C. C. Burnett was in a handsome gown of white satin, with trimmings of old and costly lace.

Mrs. Samuel W. Douglas wore blue brocaded silk.

Mrs. Samuel W. Nicholson wore a very odd and handsome dress of yellow silk, brocaded with large floral clusters.

Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher wore an exceedingly becoming gown of black silk with decollete bodice ornamented with violets.

Mrs. Olney Arnold, 2d, wore black silk, with panel insertions of black and white striped silk.

Mrs. Howard Hoppin wore a pale blue satin gown and a corsage garniture of pink roses.

Mrs. Walter A. Peek was in pale yellow satin.

Mrs. George H. Wood wore red silk, heavily jetted with black.

Mrs. Frank Harris of Woonsocket wore a very rich brocaded satin duchesse.

Mrs. Edward Feller, Mrs. George S. Collins, Mrs. H. G. Miller and Mrs. B. F. Vaughn wore black satin.

Miss Sharpe wore pink satin striped with white.

Miss Isabelle M. Rhodes wore a bright yellow silk, brocaded in rose colors.

Miss Irene Butler wore a very dainty gown of blue satin.

Miss Abby Aldrich and Miss Bessie Chapin were also in blue.

Miss Hazard and Miss Mollie Foster shared the honors of the younger set in gowns of black silk.

Miss Maud Dorrance wore a pink silk, striped with white, and carried pink roses.

Miss Bessie Sackett wore a silver gray satin, striped with white, and a corsage bouquet of violets.

Miss Pegram looked extremely well in a gown of plain gray satin.

There were only five of the large number of debutantes present—Miss Helen Pearce, Miss Elizabeth Ladd, Miss Chapin and the Misses Tucker.

Miss Pearce wore a very handsome gown of blue satin; Miss Ladd was in yellow satin, with violets, and the Misses Tucker and Miss Chapin wore white.

Formerly the debutantes were all anxious for these balls, because they did not end until early morning, and then, again, it was their first ball with champagne. But these things have changed, and the ball last night was particularly noticeable for its lack of young men, who throng the Trocadero dance. But then the balls are given principally for the older set.

There was no programme of music arranged, Mr. Reeves playing just what the guests felt like dancing.

Supper was served at midnight in the supper rooms. In place of the small tables large ones were used, seating parties of eight or ten. The menu included escalloped halibut, chicken salad, croquettes, ices, champagne and apollinaris.

The ball was over quite early, as the majority of the guests left after supper. The innovations of the new management, for whom it was a first ball to plan, will be even more surprising at their Valentine ball, Feb. 14.

Next week will be as lively, if not livelier, than the past.

It has always been customary every winter for the Arion Club or some musical talent to furnish some entertainment for the inmates of the Butler Hospital. Mr. Moses Goddard has arranged some theatricals for Monday evening, which will be presented by some of the society amateurs who have won dramatic fame before in charitable performances. Two short plays will be presented. The first is entitled "Decision of the Court," to be presented by Mrs. Howard Hoppin and Mr. J. R. V. Gilliat of Boston. The second—"Who Is Who"—will have five persons in the cast: Miss Lucy Aldrich and Messrs. James B. Richardson, J. R. V. Gilliat, Frank Cranston and Harry Dunnell. Quite a contingent will go out to the hospital to see the performances, and will be entertained afterward at supper by Mr. Goddard.

Tuesday evening, the second dance of the older set will be given at the Art Club. It will be a leap year dance.

Wednesday, the third of the Trocadero dances, for which Mr. Guild has planned some special dances, which he will not disclose until that night, will be given.

Miss Nethersole will have very large audiences here next week. The line for the sale, which opened Thursday morning, formed Wednesday evening, so that by noon the best seats for each performance were sold. It will be interesting to know how Providence will like her impersonation of "Carmen," which recent attendants at her performances state resemble her "Camille" very closely, the most exciting scene occurring at the end of the third act. Miss Nethersole will arrive here from New York Monday afternoon.

The new two-step, composed by Mr. E. W. Corliss, which has been arranged and played by Mr. D. W. Reeves at the Trocadero dances, will be given at the Opera House during Miss Nethersole's engagement.

The next Arion concert will be given in the evening of Feb. 14.

Those who attended the reception given by Mrs. Clarence H. Hayes, Tuesday evening, at her suite in the Empire, were much pleased with its unique floral decorations and the entire reception arrangements for the guests. The usual draperies of the windows were replaced with some made of smilax, opening in the centre and caught like the regular curtains, with loops of yellow. The window sills were beds of yellow chrysanthemums and tall white lilies, the entire effect being of white, gold and green.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes received under a bower composed of aricas, inserted in white and gold vases, their branches intertwining at the ceiling. The mantels were dressed with ferns and asparagus plumora. The sides of the parlor were edged with baskets of flowers.

Supper was served at small tables in the dining room. In the centre of each table, at which four guests were seated, was a tall cut glass vase, filled with two hand bouquets of American Beauty roses and lilies of the valley. At a given signal, when the supper was ended, the butlers took out the bouquets, dried them, and presented them to the lady guests. This surprise and novelty, which was arranged by Doogue, was a delight to the guests, as was also the serving of the supper.

A pink and green tea was given to the members and congregation of the Central Baptist Church, Tuesday evening, from 8 until 10 o'clock, in the vestry. Mrs. Edwin Calder poured coffee, and Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Spaulding presided at the chocolate table.

President and Mrs. E. Benjamin Andrews gave their annual reception to the members of the senior class of Brown University Tuesday evening at their residence on College street. The young lady candidates for graduation honors were very prominent, meeting for the first time their fellow-classmates in a formal manner. The residence was prettily decorated, and during the two hours of the reception Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were able to extend their hospitality to the entire class of '96.

The Providence Art Club held its annual meeting, ending with a musicale and spread, Wednesday evening. The meeting disclosed the fact that the waiting list was so large that the constitution would have to be amended to extend the limit of membership. The cosey quarters of the clubhouse were also shown to be inadequate, and it was decided to build an addition to the building, the two rooms added to furnish an additional dressing room and accommodation for the sketch class.

The members unanimously showed their appreciation of the devotion and untiring zeal which Mr. Earl P. Mason has exhibited by re-electing him president. Mr. Edward C. Frost was re-elected secretary.

The business meeting occupied more time than they expected, so that it was past 9 o'clock before the musical programme began. The numbers were given by Miss Alice L. Pitman and her quartet, which she so well directs, and which includes Misses Grace A. Newell, Ella L. Clarke, Grace E. Baker and Grace C. Irwin. There will be a "ladies' afternoon" Thursday, when Miss Harriete L. Rice will present a paper on "Angelica Kauffman," at 4 o'clock, to be followed by a 5 o'clock tea.

Two Rhode Island women have been honored by the colonial committee of the Atlanta exposition, Mrs. Richard J. Barker of Warren and Miss Mary A. Greene, both receiving silver medals. Miss Greene was chairman of the Rhode Island colonial committee, which consisted of Miss Greene, Miss Charlotte F. Dailey, Mrs. William R. Talbot, Miss Amelia S. Knight, Mrs. Richard J. Barker, Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter and Miss Susie Miner. Mrs. Barker received her medal as chairman of the book plate committee.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Barker are spending the winter in Fall River, while their new residence is being built in Tiverton, R. I.

There was a wedding in East Greenwich, Wednesday evening, in which Providence was considerably interested; not largely, however, as the reception was very small, the majority of the invitations being extended to the church only. The assemblage at the edifice was a large one, therefore, as there have not been many weddings since November. The bride was Miss Louise Stanton Knowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Knowles. She wedded Mr. Jacob S. Martin of Providence. Mr. D. L. D. Granger of this city was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. John L. Mauran, A. K. Tillinghast and Morris House of Providence, and Howard Williams of Bristol. The ceremony was performed at 6:30 o'clock, and was followed by a reception from 7 until 9 o'clock, at which a very elaborate supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will reside in East Greenwich.

The weather was not considered for a moment, even Monday morning, when the hour for the inaugural ceremonies of the new city government approached, as ladies not only occupied all the seats in the balcony reserved for them, but also required special chairs in corners on the floor of the council chamber. Any debutante who is being introduced this season would have jumped with glee and delight to have such an abundance of baskets and floral designs sent them at their "coming out" as the new mayor and government did on their "coming in." The mayor had horseshoes of different sizes for good luck, a chair too small for use on the occasion and lots of baskets. There was a double semi-circle of pink and pink and white carnations on the desks, and cut flowers in abundance. Several men who participate in the prominent social functions were introduced into political life, and their fair friends went to see the initiation.

It would have seemed much more natural if Mr. Louis C. Elson's lecture, Monday, had immediately preceded and analyzed the programme of the Boston Symphony concert for Wednesday evening. It is the first winter in several seasons that the concerts have been given without his or Mr. Apthorp's explanations. Monday he gave the first of a series of lectures upon the "History Song," illustrating then "Seven Centuries of English Song." His audience, however, was not as large as usually greets him, but zero weather explains why it was preferable to remain within doors rather than go out, even if Mr. Elson is always interesting in presenting his musical themes. His second lecture, Thursday afternoon, had a much larger audience. His series will be completed next week with two lectures upon "Shakespeare in Music."

There may be some doubt as to whether Providence is quite up-to-date with the "new woman," but she certainly is not as far as the "new man" is concerned. The change in the apparel of the latter is quite recent, too. One man who guided the direction of his carriage quickly and safely through the whirlwinds of dust last Saturday wore one of those dark veils with which women guard their complexions. It was dust that troubled him, however; not complexion.

The death of Mr. Henry Holden Ormsbee, though not sudden, is mourned by a large circle of friends, who attended the burial service, Monday, in St. Stephen's Church, of which he was a prominent member. The bearers were Messrs. Jeffrey Hazard, Charles H. Hidden, Henry Pearce and W. G. Nightingale. Mr. Ormsbee was well known among the Warwick Neck colony, as his cottage adjoined the old Hazard Hotel, where he had invariably spent his summers since Mrs. Ormsbee's death. They had only two children—John, who wedded Miss Leonard and with whom Mr. Ormsbeen resided on Waterman street, and Lewis, who wedded Miss McKinney.

Mr. and Mrs. William Goddard returned from New York Monday, as Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin did not sail from New York Wednesday. They may sail next Wednesday, although they do not now expect to sail until the 22d, the time of departure depending altogether upon the report of the cup race investigating committee.

Mrs. Thomas Jenckes went to New York Thursday.

Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard returned from Washington yesterday. Miss Goddard will not return for some days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pearce have been spending the holiday season at Mrs. Pearce's former home in St. Paul.

Mr. John R. V. Gilliat of Boston has been the guest of Mrs. Howard Hoppin during the week.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 19, 1896.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy had a real stranger's generous welcome last evening, when he appeared on the Music Hall platform as the soloist for the twelfth Symphony concert, and cordial warmth and insistent applause accompanied through his performance in the second pianforte concerto of Brahms. He has been long absent, but he returns with an art matured, strengthened and enriched beyond that virtuosity which made him such a favorite in the days when he used to startle by the speed of his execution and fascinate the ear by a dainty touch for which almost no action was light enough. His aim now appears to be to satisfy and not to astonish, to edify and not to tickle, although he retains and uses the same distinguished clearness and readiness of technique and contrasts vigor with delicacy brilliantly but wisely. The concerto is none too interesting, although the second pair of movements are melodious, fanciful, poetic and developed with reasonable consideration for the listener who wants mere music and the concord of sweet sounds. The opening allegro and the scherzo-like allegro which succeeds it are often hard, harsh, labored and clamorous, and they tire. There is an immense amount of complicated writing which shows ingenuity of notion and command of treatment; but somehow these movements do not seem to reach any real relief of conclusion; they cry aloud and insist in many voices, but they do not seem to say any one thing distinctly and purposefully and to settle upon any resolution. It is a perpetual seeking and proclaiming, but even when a properly formed period is reached nothing has been determined that the discussion can end and the incident be pronounced upon as closed. The andante has gentle and connected thought and the final allegretto has plain themes, openly stated and obviously developed. Mr. Josoffy played like what he is—a man of strong intelligence, positive views and ample art, and the orchestra supported him splendidly, besides thrusting themselves too much into prominence with their applause. If a great genius or a rare artist visits the town, the orchestra might be forgiven for forgetting decorum and applauding; but when a home performer of long acquaintance acquits himself honorably and well, there is no propriety in persistent slapping of fiddle-backs and clapping of hands. Any necessary congratulations can be tendered by Mr. Paur.

A beautiful and appreciative performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony began the concert, after the tranquil loveliness of whose andante the beginning of the Brahm's seemed especially rough and domineering. The "Egmont" overture of Beethoven, also well rendered was the only other number.

The thirteenth concert is set for a fortnight hence and for it are promised a Goldmark symphony, a new suite by Godard, and Rubinstein's "Dimitri Donskor" overture. Madame Melba will sing twice.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 19.

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the twelfth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall. The programme was:

Unfinished Symphony, B minor.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, B flat minor.....Brahm
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

It is a pity that lovers of classic music cannot tolerate a programme that lasts longer than one hour and a half, when one item in the list must necessarily be a symphony, it is a most difficult business to give a varied programme of ninety minutes' duration. Good music will not gracefully submit itself to the measuring tape and shears, and this fact should not be forgotten by those who so eagerly clamor for change. It is true that the preparing of an attractive musical programme is a gift not possessed by many conductors; but, on the other hand, the best programmes are not the shortest, nor are they listened to by an an audience intent on catching an early train or in being present at a social function. If music is listened to by watch measure, it must be arranged by watch measure and want of time must be necessarily accompanied by want of novelty It is a sad and not stimulating truth that a great many people attend the symphony concerts from a sense of duty, and not from a love of musical art. They are more ambitious to be seen than to hear, and even ninety minutes is too long for this purpose. Curiously enough, the same people who are impatient to be gone from a symphony concert forget the passage of time when listening to the vulgarities, indecencies and cheap art of a Yvette Guilbert; they make a brief, indifferent tourist trip to the heights of Parnassus, and then make themselves comfortably at home in the slums of Paris. A Beethoven symphony should be cut down to make it suit fastidious modern taste, but we cannot get enough of coarse stuff like "Les Vierges" or "La Soularde." Both species of art are heard in Music Hall, and when the fatuous very small art of Yvette Guilbert arouses the greater enthusiasm, it is premature to insist on an increase of time for our symphony concerts. Curiosity is the most exacting and the most shameless of fashions, and a large amount of our so-called fondness for art has no deeper foundation.

And yet the Schubert symphony was well worth the rehearing, and as for as the Brahm concert was there not Joseffy? This artist has not been heard and his beautiful touch and graceful finger work were most pleasant to hear. But although this admirable artist has gained in seriousness and dignity, he hardly seemed to reach up to the full height of Brahms. There were grace, delicacy and faultless taste; but despite the improvement in this direction, there was a certain sweet effeminace that was foreign to the work in hand. Mr. Joseffy received a royal reception and was called out there several times to bow his thanks.

There will be no symphony concert next week.

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MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1896.

The Symphony Concert in Music Hall--Return of Joseffy.

It was not difficult to discern the cause of the especially large audience assembled in Music Hall on Saturday evening; it was a species of Prodigal Son coming back, or possibly the rightful heir returning to his heritage. For years the great pianist Joseffy has voluntarily left the concert-stage and eaten the husks of teaching and of Tarrytown; embassies besought him to return to public triumphs, in vain; only from the class-room came the gratifying word that he was a greater artist than ever, only a few favorite pupils were allowed to hear the pianist who had charmed thousands. After years of such oblivion the artist returns surprisingly developed, infinitely greater than before his self-imposed exile.

Once before, in the history of piano playing, a similar event took place; Henselt withdrew himself from public playing at a certain epoch of his career and devoted himself to teaching in St. Petersburg, finally emerging from his retirement a greater artist than ever. Joseffy has done the same; he left us a great virtuoso, he comes back a great musician. We are glad that he made his re-entree in Brahms' second concerto, a work which not only demands the greatest technical ability, but the broadest grasp of musicianship as well; had he played a Liszt or a Chopin concerto we should have recognized the old Joseffy, but in this work we were at once compelled to acknowledge something more. The true piano concerto is that in which the solo instrument is so interwoven with the orchestra that one cannot think of the forces as separated; a symphony with a thread of piano-work running through the warp and woof. Beethoven began such concertos with his works in G and E flat in this form, while in Chopin's two concertos one finds only beautiful piano thoughts with an obliging orchestra playing accompaniments in the background. Brahms has, in this concerto, merged his forces so that the pianist is obliged to share his triumph with the orchestra, so that a symphonic and not a solo impression is left upon the mind of the auditor; abnegation of self is the prime requisite of the soloist here.

We found this characteristic of the work beautifully evident when it was first given in Boston by Prof. Carl Baermann under Mr. Gericke some years ago, and this presentation of a lofty ensemble was not absent from the performance of Saturday. Therefore it seems just to award some of the laurels to our orchestra and to Mr. Paur. No one seems to bring out the meaning of Brahms quite so clearly as our present symphonic conductor does, every little sub-theme is heard, every abstruse bit of thematic development becomes intelligible under his leadership.

Joseffy has gained in breadth and sustained power during his period of hibernation, yet we found something yet lacking of the highest ideal in the first movement; it was not as broadly outlined, not as loftily classic as Brahms himself (a pianist not to be compared to Joseffy in execution) would have given it. But after this criticism is mute; the work went on in greater and greater vein until the dashing end was reached. The audience was thoroughly enraport with the pianist from the beginning, and each movement received bountiful applause. By the second movement the pianist was wholly absorbed in his work, and what there was of self-consciousness or of nervousness had wholly vanished. The entire romance of Brahms seems condensed into the slow movement of this concerto. In this movement the violoncello obligato was gloriously played and seemed to inspire the pianist, for he played with a romantic fervor that must have moved even the coldest auditor.

The finale was the crowning point of the performance; in this movement Joseffy seemed fairly to scintillate, and Brahms' brilliance with rhythms, his playful folk-song touches, were brought out in a way that excited everybody. The tremendous technical difficulties of the work had been more than overcome, they had revealed themselves as definite points of beauty. Those who find fault with Brahms as an abstruse builder of difficult movements may be referred to the following criticism of Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 10, as given in the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" at the time of publication:—

"Learning, learning, learning! and not a bit of melody, not a bit of song. And when one examines it narrowly, it is merely crude and undigested learning, difficulty upon difficulty, merely for the sake of difficulty!"

All this sounds very like the essays of the anti-Brahmsites of the present. But on this occasion there seemed to be no anti-Brahmsites present, for the interest in the work was sustained and sincere, and at its end Joseffy received an ovation of which any pianist might be proud. Recall followed recall until the artist had marched on and off the stage more than half a dozen times. No musician has ever received a greater recognition. We are glad to note, however, that the rule regarding the profusion of encores was not relaxed; this would prove to be a dangerous gate to open even in such a case as this, and after all it was best to leave the great impression the work undisturbed by any small-

[illegible] the concert there was Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, [illegible] on the programme, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, which ended it. We have heard the Schubert symphony played with more elasticity and daintiness, but seldom with more clearness and surety. This melodic work never loses its charm; it can be placed beside the development of a Brahms or the grandeur of a Beethoven, as it was on this occasion, and its glory of melody, its beauty of contrast will still prove its sufficient raison d'etre.

Yet one cannot help speculating of what might have been had Schubert studied counterpoint. It may be remembered that almost the last act of Schubert's working days was to engage Sechter for contrapuntal lessons. It is one of the "Ifs" of musical history as to what the result would have been had he lived, and had these lessons been taken. Would he have rivalled Beethoven in the field of development? Development is the weakest point in Schubert's symphonies. We obtain the maximum of inspiration, the minimum of learned process, in Schubert's symphonies; it is just possible that an acquired skill in counterpoint might have made him distrust his bold and spontaneous flights of melody. There was once a peasant in Bavaria who could perform deftly the most delicate operations upon the eye; a scientific oculist became interested in him and caused him to be trained in the anatomy of the organ, but after he had attained his knowledge he no longer dared to perform any operations! After all Schubert was best as the most natural of the great masters, and we come nearer to the Fount of Inspiration in his works than in any other masterpieces whatsoever.

The horns of our orchestra seem to be improving apace; they have done some excellent work lately, and in this symphony they deserve especial mention.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture closed the concert. It was performed with sufficient military ardor, and Freedom shrieked on the piccolo in the finale with a vigor that did credit to her lungs.

"Egmont" is one of those works which Beethoven wrote from his heart. He had in his nature as a vague ideal, universal brotherhood and universal liberty, and the "Heroic" symphony, the ninth symphony, and "Egmont" were all born of this ideal. It is perhaps fortunate that Beethoven knew nothing of the real Egmont as Motley has pictured him, but found his personification of heroism in Goethe's fictitious portrait. The picture of a national uprising and triumph as given in the Coda of this work is an inspiring affair, and it was brilliantly played at this concert. The violins did excellent work in this overture also; the incisive passage in which they ascend to four-lined C was a radical thing in the day that it was written, no orchestral composer of note had ever sent these instruments to such a height; it shows the orchestral advance of ninety years, that the passage is not considered very unusual, or abnormally difficult, today. Altogether the concert was an enjoyable one, although the chief honors went to the soloist.

Louis C. Elson.

MONDAY, JAN. 20, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra—the completion of the first half of the season's work—was given Saturday evening. The program was as follows:

Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte.....Brahms
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven

The feature of the evening was the marvellous work of the soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who made his first Boston appearance in six years, and received an ovation that is seldom accorded an artist in this city. His selection for the evening, the second concerto of Brahms, gave evidence of his nobility of purpose, and was proof of the artist's desire to appeal to the cultivated taste of his hearers. The concerto is not what may be termed a popular number—in the sense that it strikes a mixed company favorably—but to those whose knowledge of music of the best type and the highest art is ample, it is welcomed as one of the notable productions of the great master. Joseffy is a master of technique, and his reading is masterfully intelligent. When he left us six yars ago he was considered an artist of no mean ability. He returns to the concert hall a great artist, worthy of a place among the world's noblest pianists.

At the close of his effort, he was recalled again and again, there was one round of applause that continued more than two minutes. It was not mere hand clapping of a boisterous sort, it was a spontaneous manifestation of delight by one of the largest audiences of the season. Joseffy did not respond, with a solo, but contented himself with bowing his acknowledgments. It was an evening of distinct triumph for him.

The orchestral numbers were given in the superb manner that characterizes the work of Mr. Paur's associates, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyable.

There will be no concert or rehearsal this week. Saturday evening, Feb. 1, the second half of the season will be inaugurated, and the program will be a Goldmark symphony, a suite by Godard (first time) and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme. Melba is to be the soloist.

Boston Courier.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twelfth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schubert: Unfinished symphony in B minor.
Brahms: Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 83.
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont," opus 84.
Mr. Rafael Joseffy was the pianist.

Schubert's unfinished symphony was carefully played, if, as it seemed to us, a thought heavily. Upon the whole, one's thorough enjoyment of this truncated symphony nowadays, especially of the second movement, is a good deal a matter of mood. Schubert often follows out the principles of musical form, notably of the sonata form, with an ingenuous simplicity, an unquestioning obedience to the letter of the law, that tend to give some of his symphonic movements an air of academic formality, singularly at variance with the essentially romantic character of his thematic material. The subdivision of the first movement of this symphony, for instance, into the regular, traditional periods—of first theme, second theme, conclusion theme, and subsidiaries—seems predetermined and cut-and-dried with almost schoolboy artlessness. Of cunning or subtile transition from one period to the next-following one, such as is found in Beethoven and Schumann, and at times even so far back as Mozart and Haydn, there is exceedingly little. It takes all the inherent poetry and lyric beauty of the themes themselves, all the ineffable charm of Schubert's modulations, to prevent the movement's making the impression of over-methodical primness. And, as for the second movement, one must be very much in the mood for it indeed not to find it pretty tedious.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was played as if with the intent of showing how much it could be made to sound like a cross between a Chopin nocturne and something funereal. Once more one felt like cursing Wagner's "Ueber das Dirigiren."

It was a great treat to hear Brahms's B-flat concerto again. True, the work is in one sense a monstrosity; in the same sense that Beethoven's great B-flat sonata, opus 106, is one; it is thoroughly an overgrown concerto, longer than many a modern symphony. Such enormously extended development essentially contradicts the "solistic" idea—to borrow a word of German coinage. But, overgrown though it be, the work is one of immense strength and beauty. In view of the extended development of each one of its four movements, it is astonishing how the composer has almost invariably preserved the true balance between the solo instrument and the orchestra and treated the pianoforte sympathetically according to its essential nature; only in the second movement, Allegro appassionato, does he seem to forget at moments for what instrument he is writing, and treat the pianoforte as he would an instrument of sustained tone. Taken as a whole, we should rank this concerto only with Brahms's greatest works.

Mr. Joseffy played it marvellously. Some time ago we predicted that pianists would some day solve the riddle of Brahms's pianoforte style, and find out the secret of making his pianoforte writing sound well. Paderewski soon came to fulfil this prediction of ours, and now he is joined by Mr. Joseffy. What Mr. Joseffy's magnificent technique did in the way of completely conquering the enormous difficulties of the pianoforte part, to the point of making light of them and causing all trace of them to vanish, can only be called marvellous. His invariably beautiful tone, his apparent perfect ease, the often dazzling beauty of the effects of color he produced, all showed plainly that these bristling technical difficulties with which Brahms has so plentifully bestrown his work are by no means so gratuitous and far-fetched as they were once thought to be. Play these hand-racking passages as Joseffy plays them and they are found to pay. It would take long to count up the tale of all the beauties of Mr. Joseffy's performance of the colossal composition. His playing of the opening measures reminded us of nothing more forcibly than of Rubinstein's playing of the first few measures of Beethoven's G major concerto: it was full of gracious poetry, but at the same time, how restrained and free from all groundless emotion! It was like a simple giving out the text. Something of this self-restraint in emotional expression went through almost the whole of his performance; only in the thrice-wonderful Andante did he allow himself to give full vent to the keenest poignancy of expression. His playing of this movement was something to be remembered for a lifetime. Mr. Schroeder's playing of the solo 'cello part was equally perfect in expressiveness and grace. In the last movement we felt at moments a certain longing for more of his whilom dash, brilliancy and animal vigor. But here, too, his playing was admirable. Upon the whole he played the great work—both technically and in the higher musical sense—like a consummate master. The audience felt it fully; seldom has such applause been bestowed upon a pianist at our symphony concerts.

The next programme is: Goldmark, symphony, "Ländliche Hochzeit;" Aria; MacDowell, suite No. 2, "Indian," opus 48; Aria; Rubinstein, overture to "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme. Melba will be the singer. Rehearsal and concert come respectively on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1. There will be no rehearsal and concert this week.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1896.

The program of the twelfth Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall was as follows: Unfinished symphony in B minor, Schubert; concerto for piano, No. 2, B flat major, Brahms; overture to Egmont, Beethoven.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Joseffy again in Music Hall. His last appearance there with the Symphony Orchestra was February 22, 1890, when he played Liszt's second concerto. Mr. Joseffy then had a most enviable reputation as a pianist in this country and in Europe. But suddenly he disappeared from the concert stage. The causes given for his retreat are many, most of them, no doubt, legendary. Occasionally reports of marvelous improvement have been circulated. When he did return to the stage it was in Chicago last season.

Now, in the course of six years many pianists who at first dazzled at the zenith, are at the end faintly perceptible just above the horizon, or their light is quenched forever. If they retire early of their own accord and for rigid self-examination it sometimes happens that with constant study they grow distrustful of their ability; nervousness masters them; they dread the preparation for public performance and the ordeal itself; and so they are known in reality only by their intimate friends. Their names are no longer spells to conjure with. The amateur who never heard them shrugs his shoulders and says: "Yes, according to report X was a great pianist, Y was a master of technic, Z was a passionate creature. But, you know, there have been great changes in piano playing since they were famous. If they were to play now we probably should not think much of them."

It is a good thing, then, for his own fame and for the pleasure of the lovers of music that Mr. Joseffy has at last broken his silence.

* * *

His choice of a concerto shows the high purpose and the pure aim; for the second concerto of Brahms is not one to tickle the ear, stun the judgment and provoke cheap and boisterous applause. It was in 1859, in Leipsic, that Brahms first played his D minor concerto. It was at Vienna, December 26, 1880, that he first played the second concerto at a Philharmonic concert. And as the second symphony of Brahms is to the first, so is the second concerto of Brahms to the first. In each case, while the passion is less stormy, the thoughts are less crabbed and gnarled. Only in the first movement of the B flat major concerto does Brahms "keep up a terrible thinking." The second fascinates by its sturdiness and rhythmic capriciousness; the third movement is Brahms at his noblest, when his thought is as lofty and serenely beautiful as a summer sky at noon. And who can describe in words the enchanting, haunting delight of the finale—music like unto the perfect verse of a supreme poet whose imagination is kindled by wild or melancholy tales told him in youth by gypsy lips.

* * *

The performance of this concerto by Mr. Joseffy was the most admirable piano playing that has been heard in Music Hall for several years. This statement, made in tolerably cool blood, means much. And why this enthusiasm?

Mr. Joseffy realized first of all that the concerto is properly a symphony with the piano obligato. His instrument was only one of many.

At the start he seemed disposed to nervousness, but he quickly recovered himself, and then until the end a crescendo of admiration was the result, and the accompaniment of the crescendo of his ability.

While he still retains rare crispness of touch and clearness of technic (precision that is never metallic), his technic has broadened without a loss of delicacy and exquisiteness of tone. The hearer never thought of technic; he was absorbed in the music of the much abused instrument. Never was there a forced tone; never was there a reminder of strings, keys, hammers, sounding board and pedals. The piano itself under such hands confessed that after all it is a musical instrument.

In the phrasing there was no such attention paid to the coloring of a petty detail that the significance of the phrase in connection with the orchestra was lost. When the piano dominated, it was as a righteous master, not as a tyrant.

Add to a complete mastery of technic a temperament that found itself in full sympathy with the changing moods of Brahms; a sense of rhythm that was not rigidly expressed, but was as sure and fluent and unconscious as are the rhythms in nature; a feeling for nuances rather than for gaudy colors; and an entire absence of anything that was theatrical or spectacular.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene.

* * *

No wonder that the applause was spontaneous and long continued. No wonder that there were recalls without end. There was a glorious tribute to a display of uncommon art. There was the heartfelt gratitude at hearing again one of the very few great pianists of the world.

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The orchestra played superbly throughout the concert. Solo work and ensemble were alike worthy of the highest praise.

PHILIP HALE.

[79]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1896.

The Symphony Concert in Music Hall--Return of Joseffy.

It was not difficult to discern the cause of the especially large audience assembled in Music Hall on Saturday evening; it was a species of Prodigal Son coming back, or possibly the rightful heir returning to his heritage. For years the great pianist Joseffy has voluntarily left the concert-stage and eaten the husks of teaching and of Tarrytown; embassies besought him to return to public triumphs, in vain; only from the class-room came the gratifying word that he was a greater artist than ever, only a few favorite pupils were allowed to hear the pianist who had charmed thousands. After years of such oblivion the artist returns surprisingly developed, infinitely greater than before his self-imposed exile.

Once before, in the history of piano playing, a similar event took place; Henselt withdrew himself from public playing at a certain epoch of his career and devoted himself to teaching in St. Petersburg, finally emerging from his retirement a greater artist than ever. Joseffy has done the same; he left us a great virtuoso, he comes back a great musician. We are glad that he made his re-entree in Brahms' second concerto, a work which not only demands the greatest technical ability, but the broadest grasp of musicianship as well; had he played a Liszt or a Chopin concerto we should have recognized the old Joseffy, but in this work we were at once compelled to acknowledge something more. The true piano concerto is that in which the solo instrument is so interwoven with the orchestra that one cannot think of the forces as separated; a symphony with a thread of piano-work running through the warp and woof. Beethoven began such concertos with his works in G and E flat in this form, while in Chopin's two concertos one finds only beautiful piano thoughts with an obliging orchestra playing accompaniments in the background. Brahms has, in this concerto, merged his forces so that the pianist is obliged to share his triumph with the orchestra, so that a symphonic and not a solo impression is left upon the mind of the auditor; abnegation of self is the prime requisite of the soloist here.

We found this characteristic of the work beautifully evident when it was first given in Boston by Prof. Carl Baermann under Mr. Gericke some years ago, and this presentation of a lofty ensemble was not absent from the performance of Saturday. Therefore it seems just to award some of the laurels to our orchestra and to Mr. Paur. No one seems to bring out the meaning of Brahms quite so clearly as our present symphonic conductor does, every little sub-theme is heard, every abstruse bit of thematic development becomes intelligible under his leadership.

Joseffy has gained in breadth and sustained power during his period of hibernation, yet we found something yet lacking of the highest ideal in the first movement; it was not as broadly outlined, not as loftily classic as Brahms himself (a pianist not to be compared to Joseffy in execution) would have given it. But after this criticism is mute; the work went on in greater and greater vein until the dashing end was reached. The audience was thoroughly enraport with the pianist from the beginning, and each movement received bountiful applause. By the second movement the pianist was wholly absorbed in his work, and what there was of self-consciousness or of nervousness had wholly vanished. The entire romance of Brahms seems condensed into the slow movement of this concerto. In this movement the violoncello obligato was gloriously played and seemed to inspire the pianist, for he played with a romantic fervor that must have moved even the coldest auditor.

The finale was the crowning point of the performance; in this movement Joseffy seemed fairly to scintillate, and Brahms' dalliance with rhythms, his playful folk-song touches, were brought out in a way that excited everybody. The tremendous technical difficulties of the work had been more than overcome, they had revealed themselves as definite points of beauty. Those who find fault with Brahms as an abstruse builder of difficult movements may be referred to the following criticism of Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 10, as given in the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" at the time of publication:—

"Learning, learning, learning! and not a bit of melody, not a bit of song. And when one examines it narrowly, it is merely crude and undigested learning, difficulty upon difficulty, merely for the sake of difficulty!"

All this sounds very like the essays of the anti-Brahmsites of the present. But on this occasion there seemed to be no anti-Brahmsites present, for the interest in the work was sustained and sincere, and at its end Joseffy received an ovation of which any pianist might be proud. Recall followed recall until the artist had marched on and off the stage more than half a dozen times. No musician has ever received a warmer recognition. We are glad to note, however, that the rule regarding the prohibition of encores was not relaxed; this might prove to be a dangerous gate to open even in such a case as this, and after all, it was best to leave the great impression of the work undisturbed by any small-

For the rest of the concert there was given Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, which began the programme, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, which ended it. We have heard the Schubert symphony played with more elasticity and daintiness, but seldom with more clearness and surety. This melodic work never loses its charm; it can be placed beside the development of a Brahms or the grandeur of a Beethoven, as it was on this occasion, and its glory of melody, its beauty of contrast will still prove its sufficient raison d'etre.

Yet one cannot help speculating of what might have been had Schubert studied counterpoint. It may be remembered that almost the last act of Schubert's working days was to engage Sechter for contrapuntal lessons. It is one of the "Ifs" of musical history as to what the result would have been had he lived, and had these lessons been taken. Would he have rivalled Beethoven in the field of development? Development is the weakest point in Schubert's symphonies. We obtain the maximum of inspiration, the minimum of learned process, in Schubert's symphonies; it is just possible that an acquired skill in counterpoint might have made him distrust his bold and spontaneous flights of melody. There was once a peasant in Bavaria who could perform deftly the most delicate operations upon the eye; a scientific oculist became interested in him and caused him to be trained in the anatomy of the organ, but after he had attained his knowledge he no longer dared to perform any operations! After all Schubert was best as the most natural of the great masters, and we come nearer to the Fount of Inspiration in his works than in any other masterpieces whatsoever.

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Louis C. Elson.

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Unfinished symphony.....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte.....Brahms
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven

The feature of the evening was the marvellous work of the soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who made his first Boston appearance in six years, and received an ovation that is seldom accorded an artist in this city. His selection for the evening, the second concerto of Brahms, gave evidence of his nobility of purpose, and was proof of the artist's desire to appeal to the cultivated taste of his hearers. The concerto is not what may be termed a popular number—in the sense that it strikes a mixed company favorably—but to those whose knowledge of music of the best type and the highest art is ample, it is welcomed as one of the notable productions of the great master. Joseffy is a master of technique, and his reading is masterfully intelligent. When he left us six yars ago he was considered an artist of no mean ability. He returns to the concert hall a great artist, worthy of a place among the world's noblest pianists.

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There will be no concert or rehearsal this week. Saturday evening, Feb. 1, the second half of the season will be inaugurated, and the program will be a Goldmark symphony, a suite by Godard (first time) and Rubinstein's overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mme. Melba is to be the soloist.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1896.

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The programme of the twelfth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schubert: Unfinished symphony in B minor.
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Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont," opus 84.
Mr. Rafael Joseffy was the pianist.

Schubert's unfinished symphony was carefully played, if, as it seemed to us, a thought heavily. Upon the whole, one's thorough enjoyment of this truncated symphony nowadays, especially of the second movement, is a good deal a matter of mood. Schubert often follows out the principles of musical form, notably of the sonata form, with an ingenuous simplicity, an unquestioning obedience to the letter of the law, that tend to give some of his symphonic movements an air of academic formality, singularly at variance with the essentially romantic character of his thematic material. The subdivision of the first movement of this symphony, for instance, into the regular, traditional periods—of first theme, second theme, conclusion theme, and subsidiaries—seems predetermined and cut-and-dried with almost schoolboy artlessness. Of cunning or subtile transition from one period to the next-following one, such as is found in Beethoven and Schumann, and at times even so far back as Mozart and Haydn, there is exceedingly little. It takes all the inherent poetry and lyric beauty of the themes themselves, all the ineffable charm of Schubert's modulations, to prevent the movement's making the impression of over-methodical primness. And, as for the second movement, one must be very much in the mood for it indeed not to find it pretty tedious.

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It was a great treat to hear Brahms's B-flat concerto again. True, the work is in one sense a monstrosity; in the same sense that Beethoven's great B-flat sonata, opus 106, is one; it is thoroughly an overgrown concerto, longer than many a modern symphony. Such enormously extended development essentially contradicts the "solistic" idea—to borrow a word of German coinage. But, overgrown though it be, the work is one of immense strength and beauty. In view of the extended development of each one of its four movements, it is astonishing how the composer has almost invariably preserved the true balance between the solo instrument and the orchestra and treated the pianoforte sympathetically according to its essential nature; only in the second movement, Allegro appassionato, does he seem to forget at moments for what instrument he is writing, and treat the pianoforte as he would an instrument of sustained tone. Taken as a whole, we should rank this concerto only with Brahms's greatest works.

Mr. Joseffy played it marvellously. Some time ago we predicted that pianists would some day solve the riddle of Brahms's pianoforte style, and find out the secret of making his pianoforte writing sound well. Paderewski soon came to fulfil this prediction of ours, and now he is joined by Mr. Joseffy. What Mr. Joseffy's magnificent technique did in the way of completely conquering the enormous difficulties of the pianoforte part, to the point of making light of them and causing all trace of them to vanish, can only be called marvellous. His invariably beautiful tone, his apparent perfect ease, the often dazzling beauty of the effects of color he produced, all showed plainly that these bristling technical difficulties with which Brahms has so plentifully bestrown his work are by no means so gratuitous and far-fetched as they were once thought to be. Play these hand-racking passages as Joseffy plays them and they are found to pay. It would take long to count up the tale of all the beauties of Mr. Joseffy's performance of the colossal composition. His playing of the opening measures reminded us of nothing more forcibly than of Rubinstein's playing of the first few measures of Beethoven's G major concerto: it was full of gracious poetry, but at the same time, how restrained and free from all groundless emotion! It was like a simple giving out the text. Something of this self-restraint in emotional expression went through almost the whole of his performance; only in the thrice-wonderful Andante did he allow himself to give full vent to the keenest poignancy of expression. His playing of this movement was something to be remembered for a lifetime. Mr. Schroeder's playing of the solo 'cello part was equally perfect in expressiveness and grace. In the last movement we felt at moments a certain longing for more of his whilom dash, brilliancy and animal vigor. But here, too, his playing was admirable. Upon the whole he played the great work—both technically and in the higher musical sense—like a consummate master. The audience felt it fully; seldom has such applause been bestowed upon a pianist at our symphony concerts.

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The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1896.

The program of the twelfth Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall was as follows: Unfinished symphony in B minor, Schubert; concerto for piano, No. 2, B flat major, Brahms; overture to Egmont, Beethoven.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Joseffy again in Music Hall. His last appearance there with the Symphony Orchestra was February 22, 1890, when he played Liszt's second concerto. Mr. Joseffy then had a most enviable reputation as a pianist in this country and in Europe. But suddenly he disappeared from the concert stage. The causes given for his retreat are many, most of them, no doubt, legendary. Occasionally reports of marvelous improvement have been circulated. When he did return to the stage it was in Chicago last season.

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It is a good thing, then, for his own fame and for the pleasure of the lovers of music that Mr. Joseffy has at last broken his silence.

* * *

His choice of a concerto shows the high purpose and the pure aim; for the second concerto of Brahms is not one to tickle the ear, stun the judgment and provoke cheap and boisterous applause. It was in 1859, in Leipsic, that Brahms first played his D minor concerto. It was at Vienna, December 26, 1880, that he first played the second concerto at a Philharmonic concert. And as the second symphony of Brahms is to the first, so is the second concerto of Brahms to the first. In each case, while the passion is less stormy, the thoughts are less crabbed and gnarled. Only in the first movement of the B flat major concerto does Brahms "keep up a terrible thinking." The second fascinates by its sturdiness and rhythmic capriciousness; the third movement is Brahms at his noblest, when his thought is as lofty and serenely beautiful as a summer sky at noon. And who can describe in words the enchanting, haunting delight of the finale—music like unto the perfect verse of a supreme poet whose imagination is kindled by wild or melancholy tales told him in youth by gypsy lips.

* * *

The performance of this concerto by Mr. Joseffy was the most admirable piano playing that has been heard in Music Hall for several years. This statement, made in tolerably cool blood, means much. And why this enthusiasm?

Mr. Joseffy realized first of all that the concerto is properly a symphony with the piano obligato. His instrument was only one of many.

At the start he seemed disposed to nervousness, but he quickly recovered himself, and then until the end a crescendo of admiration was the result, and the accompaniment of the crescendo of his ability.

While he still retains rare crispness of touch and clearness of technic (precision that is never metallic), his technic has broadened without a loss of delicacy and exquisiteness of tone. The hearer never thought of technic; he was absorbed in the music of the much abused instrument. Never was there a forced tone; never was there a reminder of strings, keys, hammers, sounding board and pedals. The piano itself under such hands confessed that after all it is a musical instrument.

In the phrasing there was no such attention paid to the coloring of a petty detail that the significance of the phrase in connection with the orchestra was lost. When the piano dominated, it was as a righteous master, not as a tyrant.

Add to a complete mastery of technic a temperament that found itself in full sympathy with the changing moods of Brahms; a sense of rhythm that was not rigidly expressed, but was as sure and fluent and unconscious as are the rhythms in nature; a feeling for nuances rather than for gaudy colors; and an entire absence of anything that was theatrical or spectacular.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene.

* * *

No wonder that the applause was spontaneous and long continued. No wonder that there were recalls without end. There was a glorious tribute to a display of uncommon art. There was the heartfelt gratitude at hearing again one of the very few great pianists of the world.

* * *

The orchestra played superbly throughout the concert. Solo work and ensemble were alike worthy of the highest praise.

PHILIP HALE.

THE MUSICAL AGE
CONDUCTED BY HARRY E. FREUND.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1896.

EMIL PAUR.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE concerts given in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are so highly appreciated by New York's cultured public that a few words about the career of that admirable organization may not prove out of place.

Thanks to the generosity of a music-loving citizen of Boston, actuated only by a desire to present good music in the best way, the idea was conceived in 1881 of a large permanent orchestra which should give each year an extended series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, and make an occasional visit to the adjacent New England cities. The idea was acted upon and the Boston Symphony Orchestra thus began its existence. It had already given concerts during five seasons before it paid its first visit to New York. Since then a total of forty-two concerts have been given here—fifteen in Steinway Hall, fifteen in Chickering Hall, five in the Carnegie Music Hall, five in the Metropolitan Opera House, in regular series, with two extra concerts, one on the evening of Sunday, March 27, 1892, at the Metropolitan Opera House, given jointly with Paderewski in aid of the Washington Arch Fund, and the second at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on the evening of Monday, May 2d, of the same year, when d'Albert was the soloist.

Of the forty-two concerts mentioned, eleven were given under the leadership of Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-one under Nikisch, and ten under the leadership of the present conductor, Mr. Emil Paur.

Mr. Georg Henschel was the first conductor of the orchestra, and retained this position for three years, and on his retirement, in 1885, went to London, where he met with his usual success as a composer and teacher, and in a few years assumed the leadership of a large orchestra there, giving twelve concerts each year in St. James's Hall.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theater, at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His reign was for four years, a year longer than that of Mr. Henschel, and a year less than Mr. Gericke. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors—it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own that a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera, and also conductor of the orchestra at Buda-Pesth, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, in Leipsic, and the Berlin Philharmonic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theater, in Leipsic, to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke at the very same Stadt Theater several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give three more concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. They will be on the evenings of January 23, February 27, and March 26. The soloists include Mme. Melba, Ben. Davis, and E. A. MacDowell.

Rafael Joseffy Reappears.

(*Special to The Musical Age.*)

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January 9, 1896.

AT the Symphony concert held last evening under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, at Infantry Hall, there was great enthusiasm over the reappearance on the concert stage of Rafael Joseffy.

The programme was as follows:

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I. Allegro non troppo (E minor).
II. Andante moderato (E major).
III. Allegro giocoso (C major).
IV. Chaconne. Allegro energico e passionato (E minor).

Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in A major.....Franz Liszt
I. Adagio sostenuto assai (A major).
II. L'istesso tempo (D minor).
III. Allegro agitato assai (B-flat minor).
IV. Allegro moderato (E major and D-flat major, C).
V. Allegro deciso (D-flat major, *i. e.*, C-sharp major).
VI. Marziale (A major).
VII. Stretto (A major, C).

Suite, "Namouna".....Edouard Lalo
I. Prelude: Andante (G major).
II. Serenade: Allegro (D minor).
III. Theme with Variations: Andante (E major).
IV. a. Market-day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor).
b. Market-day Festival: Presto (E-flat major).

Mr. Joseffy gave a magnificent rendering of the Liszt concerto. S.

(Mr. Rafael Joseffy will be heard in Boston on Thursday and Friday of this week. THE MUSICAL AGE will publish a full account of both concerts by its special correspondent in Boston.—EDITOR.)

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(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

BOSTON, January 11th, 1896.

BOSTON has become devoutly symphonic this season, possibly remembering the proverb, "*Si l'ou n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a.*" We are apt to forget how provincial we are in the matter of opera, depending upon the crumbs which fall from the New York table for what little we get of this form of music, and think only upon the fact that we possess a magnificent orchestra. It matters not what programme is presented, Music Hall is always filled and the side aisles are crowded with standing auditors at each performance. At one time this crowding of the hall depended upon the soloist, and the orchestra might give the finest of instrumental works, so long as there was no soloist there would be a number of empty seats. How this has changed may be judged from the fact that a recent programme gave Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Handel and Beethoven as represented by his first (and very Haydnish) symphony, with no soloist save a few obligatos by Mr. Kneisel, and yet the usual crowd was present.

I state this fact emphatically because the impression has got abroad that interest is languishing in the symphony concerts, whereas exactly the opposite is the case.

As you probably know in New York, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in superb condition at present as regards its technique and its material. Give it a little strengthening in the horns and the violas, add one or two contrabasses, and it will compare with any organization in the world. Yet we occasionally wince at the programmes; we have passed our pinafore period, and to feed us upon the gruel of Haydn when we crave the caviare of the modern Russian composers is rather tantalizing.

We do not care so greatly for the classical austerities, but are longing for the World, the Flesh, and the D—vorak novelties. Even the Bostonian is human and hankers after the beanpots—I mean the fleshpots of Egypt.

In the concert of Saturday, and the charity concert of Sunday, our orchestra played as seldom before. Mr. Paur has certainly brought the organization to a higher state of efficiency, a finer ensemble than it had even in the great days of Gericke. The volunteering of the whole orchestra and its leader, to play for the benefit of an afflicted comrade, deserves to be recognized, as well as the generosity of Paderewski noticed above, and the beneficence displayed stands out the more brilliantly when the attempts of certain artists to charge for their services (and charge roundly, too) is considered. Mr. Goldstein, or rather his family will be about $3,000 richer because of the concert, which was chiefly brought about by the efforts of Mr. Paur.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1896.

This leads us to the thought of Mr. MacDowell's new Suite, which was produced in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra the 23d. As Mr. MacDowell honors Boston by living and working here, it is a pity that his new work was not produced in this city.

Let us hear what the New York Tribune of the 24th had to say about the work:

"Mr. Paur devoted more than one-half of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was given in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, to Mr. E. A. MacDowell. It was an extraordinary proceeding and a more than extraordinary compliment to the young composer, but Mr. MacDowell is a luminous figure in American music, and the honor was well bestowed. The concert began with the 'Pathetic' symphony of Tschaikowsky and closed with Müller-Berghaus's transcription of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody. Between these pieces Mr. MacDowell played his first pianoforte concerto, and the orchestra brought forward his second orchestral suite, which he calls 'Indian,' and is his forty-eighth numbered work. Last night's performance was the first that the suite has had in public; it is still in manuscript, but will soon be published by Brietkopf & Härtel, who recently published two other new orchestral works composed by Mr. MacDowell—two 'fragments,' as he calls them, entitled 'The Saracens' and 'Lovely Alda,' based on the 'Song of Roland.'

"Mr. MacDowell's Indian suite is so-called because it is based on themes borrowed from the songs of the American aborigines. It is, we believe, the first time that an effort has been made to utilize material of this character in a composition in the larger forms, and it is a pity that the score was not obtainable for a careful study of the themes and the manner of their use. As it is we are thrown upon the impressions left by a single hearing and a few hints which the composer and the annotator of the program have vouchsafed. Prefixed to the score is the following note:

"The thematic material of this work has been suggested for the most part by Indian melodies. Their occasional similarity to Northern European themes seems to the author a direct testimony in corroboration of the Thorfinnkarkefnis Saga. The opening theme of No. 3, for instance, is very similar to the presumably Russian one made use of by Rimsky-Korsakow in the third movement of his 'Antar' symphony.

"To this Mr. Apthorp adds the information that only three or four of the themes, which serve the purpose of counter-themes to the Indian melodies, are original with Mr. MacDowell; also that the first movement was suggested to the composer by T. B. Aldrich's Indian legend. 'Miantowona,' but that in it no attempt was made to follow the incidents of the poem. The third source of hints, which no matter how external they be, are still useful as starting points for the fancy of the listener, is in the time and expression designations prefixed to each movement. Here one might have expected from a musician so frankly devoted to program music as Mr. MacDowell, albeit program music of the sublimated kind, that he would have chosen some suggestive sub-titles as he did in the case of his first suite. But he has done nothing of the kind. The first movement is headed simply: 'With much dignity and character; legendlike,' then 'Twice as fast with decision;' the second, 'Softly, tenderly;' the third, 'With rough vigor, almost savagely;' the fourth, 'Dirgelike, mournfully;' the fifth, 'Swift and light.' Hidden in these directions there lies a suggestion of contrasted emotions which might enable one easily to construct a fanciful series of incidents with the help of the music, and we can but commend Mr. MacDowell for thus ingeniously avoiding a phase of descriptive music which tends to degrade the art and bring it into ridicule.

"The hearing enables us to add a few facts to the list derived from the composer and commentator. In the first movement two songs from the harvest festival of the Iroquois Indians are used; in the second a love song of the Iowas, a most soulful theme as harmonized and orchestrated by Mr. MacDowell, and containing—alas! that the Wise Men of the Boston press must now turn and rend the composer!—the Scotch snap in a most aggressive form. In the third movement the principal subject is a melody which figures in the legends of the Indians of the Atlantic coast. According to this legend, the song was heard by the Indians, as if it came from Heaven, a few years before the advent of the white man. It was reserved for high festivals because it was of celestial origin. It is the melody which also figures in the 'Antar' symphony of Rimsky Korsakow, and it would not require much of a flight of fancy to construct a theory like that hinted at by Mr. MacDowell in his note, namely, that the melody may have been acquired by the Indians from the companions of Thorfinn. This, however, scarcely explains its presence in the 'Antar' symphony of the Russian composer, who himself added to the confusion which must prevail on the subject by employing it in music designed to illustrate an Oriental story. Its first part might also be claimed by the Chinese—a fact which is reluctantly and prayerfully submitted to the mercies of the Wise Men. In the last movement the principal material is drawn from a women's dance and a war dance of the Iroquois.

"So much for the facts, historical and material. There is no time to discuss the suite as freely as it deserves. It is fascinating music, exhibiting a mastery in harmonization and instrumentation beyond anything that we can recall as American in origin, not excepting Mr. MacDowell's own symphonic poems, and imbued with a poetic mood of most singular and individual character. It held its own in a concert which was delightful from beginning to end, and which won fragrant guerdons for Mr. Paur, especially for the impetuous and truthfully dramatic reading of the Tschaikowsky symphony. Mr. MacDowell's merits as a pianist have received appreciative mention in these columns heretofore, and his first concerto is no novelty here. He was recalled to receive the thanks of the public after the suite."

It had been written by him—goes out of his way to sneer at the music critics of Boston. Thus does he relieve himself without injury to anybody. And yet is not this a shabby return for the many kindnesses shown Mr. Krehbiel by the men whom he now mocks?

When he lectured here on Wagner, coral, and all things knowable beside other things, these same critics paid him the courtesy of going to hear him. They paid him the far greater compliment of remaining until he was through and showing no outward symptoms of weariness of flesh or spirit.

[illegible] of Dvorak's [illegible] North American Negro, Scotch, [illegible] Bohemian, Irish, Hungarian Symphony, the critics could not honestly echo Mr. Krehbiel's frenetic admiration for the work. As Mr. Krehbiel had not prepared them by any lecture for the display of the proper emotion, they blindly and ignorantly wrote as they themselves thought. If they went wrong, it was all Mr. Krehbiel's fault. He should pity them, not revile them.

* * *

Mr. Huneker, in the Advertiser of the 24th, wrote as follows of the concert:

"It was MacDowell night at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The occasion was the third concert of America's finest orchestra—the Boston Symphony Band. Mr. MacDowell, a native of this city, was represented by a new suite built on Indian themes and his first piano concerto. The concerto I first heard from Teresa Carreno in Chicago, in 1888. It is dedicated to the beautiful South American. It is a work written by its composer in his teens. It is vigorous, flowing, romantic and charming. Written under the influences of Grieg and Raff, the concerto has not the deep poetic content of the second concerto in D minor. The presto is an amazing bit of brilliancy. And it was delightfully played by the composer, who is a pianist of the first rank.

"The Indian suite I prefer discussing some other time. It made a profound impression, especially the slow movement and the last. The third—a scalp dance, or something like it—is a breezy piece of writing. At last we are treated to genuine American music, with roots plunged into aboriginal sources. Mr. MacDowell has frankly gone to the North American Indian, believing that there is the native stuff—and not in the negroid tunes of Dvorak.

"It all smells of the Gaelic and the Norse, and I can swear that Liszt heard the Indian theme—the principal one in the first movement of this suite. Rythmetically it is the first cousin to the principal motif of the E flat piano concerto.

"Mr. MacDowell enjoyed a triumph. The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's direction, played Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the B minor, and Liszt's Second Rhapsody. The playing was superlatively fine, although Mr. Paur lagged in the accompaniment to the concerto."

* * *

The Times of the same date said:

"We are all agreed that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a perfect instrument. The only questions about its concerts are what the conductor chooses to play and how he plays it. Last night both questions were answered very satisfactorily. New York had the honor of being chosen for the first performance, from manuscript, of Mr. MacDowell's Indian Suite, and the composer also appeared as the soloist in his own first concert. The suite is even a more remarkable and brilliant work than its author's previous successes have justified us in expecting. The themes are, for the most part, actual, aboriginal melodies, and the work is thus full of local color. But the themes are also developed and joined with an impressive mastery of musical form, as well as of orchestral color, and the work is plainly predestined to become a great favorite in our concert rooms. At its close the composer was twice called out and forced to bow his acknowledgments. Doubtless the change in the program, Mr. Brahms's Fourth Symphony to Tschaikowsky's 'Pathetic,' was welcome to the great majority of concert-goers. It was admirably played by Mr. Paur, especially the third movement (allegro molto vivace) and the final adagio. But as a piece of orchestral virtuosity the last number, Liszt's Second Rhapsody, was the most surprising of all. Hackneyed as it is, it had all the air of a novelty in Mr. Paur's interpretation, which seemed, indeed, like an improvisation upon the orchestra, so individual was the conductor's version of it and so perfectly was it conveyed through the orchestra."

* * *

But the Sun said: "Mr. MacDowell's new suite, 'Indian' he calls it, followed the concerto, and was played from manuscript in a manner to fully and faithfully illustrate the composer's meaning, but—and it is a pity there should be any but—this music is exactly a case in point, and goes to show, when contrasted with Tschaikowsky's symphony, the difference between great talent and genius. Mr. MacDowell's suite evinces an exhaustive knowledge of composition, excellent judgment in the welding together of parts, an appreciation of effects, and all the excellent qualities that come from sincerity and a perfect fidelity to lofty purposes; but with all this it does not convince. It knocks vainly at the gates of immortality."

* * *

We shall doubtless have the pleasure of hearing Mr. MacDowell's new work. I confess that personally I do not care one whit whether his themes are Indian, Siberian, or from the Gold Coast. "What does he do with them?" that's the question. The music that from beginning to end is written with the purpose of exploiting a theory concerning folk-song will inevitably and easily find its way to oblivion.

Our composers are not Indians; our audiences are not Indians; our nationality is not Indian. Why this wild hurrah because Mr. MacDowell has used alleged Indian themes?

What hearer when he is moved by Beethoven's string quartet in E minor (op. 59, No. 2) remembers, or cares about if he does remember, the Russian theme introduced in the allegretto? The quartet is great because it is, for the most part, the music of Beethoven in his noblest vein.

So let us hope—and it is not likely that we shall be disappointed—that this suite of Mr. MacDowell is glorious music in spite of the alleged Indian themes which appeal so mightily to Mr. Krehbiel, an eminent folk-lorist who dallies with music.

PHILIP HALE.

[80]

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This leads us to the thought of Mr. MacDowell's new Suite, which was produced in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra the 23d. As Mr. MacDowell honors Boston by living and working here, it is a pity that his new work was not produced in this city.

Let us hear what the New York Tribune of the 24th had to say about the work:

"Mr. Paur devoted more than one-half of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was given in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, to Mr. E. A. MacDowell. It was an extraordinary proceeding and a more than extraordinary compliment to the young composer, but Mr. MacDowell is a luminous figure in American music, and the honor was well bestowed. The concert began with the 'Pathetic' symphony of Tschaïkowsky and closed with Müller-Berghaus's transcription of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody. Between these pieces Mr. MacDowell played his first pianoforte concerto, and the orchestra brought forward his second orchestral suite, which he calls 'Indian,' and is his forty-eighth numbered work. Last night's performance was the first that the suite has had in public; it is still in manuscript, but will soon be published by Brietkopf & Härtel, who recently published two other new orchestral works composed by Mr. MacDowell—two 'fragments,' as he calls them, entitled 'The Saracens' and 'Lovely Aldâ,'' based on the 'Song of Roland.'

"Mr. MacDowell's Indian suite is so-called because it is based on themes borrowed from the songs of the American aborigines. It is, we believe, the first time that an effort has been made to utilize material of this character in a composition in the larger forms, and it is a pity that the score was not obtainable for a careful study of the themes and the manner of their use. As it is we are thrown upon the impressions left by a single hearing and a few hints which the composer and the annotator of the program have vouchsafed. Prefixed to the score is the following note:

"The thematic material of this work has been suggested for the most part by Indian melodies. Their occasional similarity to Northern European themes seems to the author a direct testimony in corroboration of the Thorfinnkarkefnis Saga. The opening theme of No. 3, for instance, is very similar to the presumably Russian one made use of by Rimsky-Korsakow in the third movement of his 'Antar' symphony.

"To this Mr. Apthorp adds the information that only three or four of the themes, which serve the purpose of counter-themes to the Indian melodies, are original with Mr. MacDowell; also that the first movement was suggested to the composer by T. B. Aldrich's Indian legend. 'Miantowona,' but that in it no attempt was made to follow the incidents of the poem. The third source of hints, which no matter how external they be, are still useful as starting points for the fancy of the listener, is in the time and expression designations prefixed to each movement. Here one might have expected from a musician so frankly devoted to program music as Mr. MacDowell, albeit program music of the sublimated kind, that he would have chosen some suggestive sub-titles as he did in the case of his first suite. But he has done nothing of the kind. The first movement is headed simply: 'With much dignity and character; legendlike,' then 'Twice as fast with decision;' the second, 'Softly, tenderly;' the third, 'With rough vigor, almost savagely;' the fourth, 'Dirgelike, mournfully;' the fifth, 'Swift and light.' Hidden in these directions there lies a suggestion of contrasted emotions which might enable one easily to construct a fanciful series of incidents with the help of the music, and we can but commend Mr. MacDowell for thus ingeniously avoiding a phase of descriptive music which tends to degrade the art and bring it into ridicule.

"The hearing enables us to add a few facts to the list derived from the composer and commentator. In the first movement two songs from the harvest festival of the Iroquois Indians are used; in the second a love song of the Iowas, a most soulful theme as harmonized and orchestrated by Mr. MacDowell, and containing—alas! that the Wise Men of the Boston press must now turn and rend the composer!—the Scotch snap in a most aggressive form. In the third movement the principal subject is a melody which figures in the legends of the Indians of the Atlantic coast. According to this legend, the song was heard by the Indians, as if it came from Heaven, a few years before the advent of the white man. It was reserved for high festivals because it was of celestial origin. It is the melody which also figures in the 'Antar' symphony of Rimsky Korsakow, and it would not require much of a flight of fancy to construct a theory like that hinted at by Mr. MacDowell in his note, namely, that the melody may have been acquired by the Indians from the companions of Thorfinn. This, however, scarcely explains its presence in the 'Antar' symphony of the Russian composer, who himself added to the confusion which must prevail on the subject by employing it in music designed to illustrate an Oriental story. Its first part might also be claimed by the Chinese—a fact which is reluctantly and prayerfully submitted to the mercies of the Wise Men. In the last movement the principal material is drawn from a women's dance and a war dance of the Iroquois.

"So much for the facts, historical and material. There is no time to discuss the suite as freely as it deserves. It is fascinating music, exhibiting a mastery in harmonization and instrumentation beyond anything that we can recall as American in origin, not excepting Mr. MacDowell's own symphonic poems, and imbued with a poetic mood of most singular and individual character. It held its own in a concert which was delightful from beginning to end, and which won fragrant guerdons for Mr. Paur, especially for the impetuous and truthfully dramatic reading of the Tschaikowsky symphony. Mr. MacDowell's merits as a pianist have received appreciative mention in these columns heretofore, and his first concerto is no novelty here. He was recalled to receive the thanks of the public after the suite."

* * *

Mr. Huneker, in the Advertiser of the 24th, wrote as follows of the concert:

"It was MacDowell night at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The occasion was the third concert of America's finest orchestra—the Boston Symphony Band. Mr. MacDowell, a native of this city, was represented by a new suite built on Indian themes and his first piano concerto. The concerto I first heard from Teresa Carreno in Chicago, in 1888. It is dedicated to the beautiful South American. It is a work written by its composer in his teens. It is vigorous, flowing, romantic and charming. Written under the influences of Grieg and Raff, the concerto has not the deep poetic content of the second concerto in D minor. The presto is an amazing bit of brilliancy. And it was delightfully played by the composer, who is a pianist of the first rank.

"The Indian suite I prefer discussing some other time. It made a profound impression, especially the slow movement and the last. The third—a scalp dance, or something like it—is a breezy piece of writing. At last we are treated to genuine American music, with roots plunged into aboriginal sources. Mr. MacDowell has frankly gone to the North American Indian, believing that there is the native stuff—and not in the negroid tunes of Dvorak.

"It all smells of the Gaelic and the Norse, and I can swear that Liszt heard the Indian theme—the principal one in the first movement of this suite. Rythmetically it is the first cousin to the principal motif of the E flat piano concerto.

"Mr. MacDowell enjoyed a triumph. The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's direction, played Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the B minor, and Liszt's Second Rhapsody. The playing was superlatively fine, although Mr. Paur lagged in the accompaniment to the concerto."

* * *

The Times of the same date said:

"We are all agreed that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a perfect instrument. The only questions about its concerts are what the conductor chooses to play and how he plays it. Last night both questions were answered very satisfactorily. New York had the honor of being chosen for the first performance, from manuscript, of Mr. MacDowell's Indian Suite, and the composer also appeared as the soloist in his own first concert. The suite is even a more remarkable and brilliant work than its author's previous successes have justified us in expecting. The themes are, for the most part, actual, aboriginal melodies, and the work is thus full of local color. But the themes are also developed and joined with an impressive mastery of musical form, as well as of orchestral color, and the work is plainly predestined to become a great favorite in our concert rooms. At its close the composer was twice called out and forced to bow his acknowledgments. Doubtless the change in the program, Mr. Brahms's Fourth Symphony to Tschaikowsky's 'Pathetic,' was welcome to the great majority of concert-goers. It was admirably played by Mr. Paur, especially the third movement (allegro molto vivace) and the final adagio. But as a piece of orchestral virtuosity the last number, Liszt's Second Rhapsody, was the most surprising of all. Hackneyed as it is, it had all the air of a novelty in Mr. Paur's interpretation, which seemed, indeed, like an improvisation upon the orchestra, so individual was the conductor's version of it and so perfectly was it conveyed through the orchestra."

* * *

But the Sun said: "Mr. MacDowell's new suite, 'Indian' he calls it, followed the concerto, and was played from manuscript in a manner to fully and faithfully illustrate the composer's meaning, but—and it is a pity there should be any but—this music is exactly a case in point, and goes to show, when contrasted with Tschaikowsky's symphony, the difference between great talent and genius. Mr. MacDowell's suite evinces an exhaustive knowledge of composition, excellent judgment in the welding together of parts, an appreciation of effects, and all the excellent qualities that come from sincerity and a perfect fidelity to lofty purposes; but with all this it does not convince. It knocks vainly at the gates of immortality."

* * *

We shall doubtless have the pleasure of hearing Mr. MacDowell's new work. I confess that personally I do not care one whit whether his themes are Indian, Siberian, or from the Gold Coast. "What does he do with them?" that's the question. The music that from beginning to end is written with the purpose of exploiting a theory concerning folk-song will inevitably and easily find its way to oblivion.

Our composers are not Indians; our audiences are not Indians; our nationality is not Indian. Why this wild hurrah because Mr. MacDowell has used alleged Indian themes?

What hearer when he is moved by Beethoven's string quartet in E minor (op. 59, No. 2) remembers, or cares about if he does remember, the Russian theme introduced in the allegretto? The quartet is great because it is, for the most part, the music of Beethoven in his noblest vein.

So let us hope—and it is not likely that we shall be disappointed—that this suite of Mr. MacDowell is glorious music in spite of the alleged Indian themes which appeal so mightily to Mr. Krehbiel, an eminent folk-lorist who dallies with music.

PHILIP HALE.

it had been written by him—goes out of his way to sneer at the music critics of Boston. Thus does he relieve himself without injury to anybody. And yet is not this a shabby return for the many kindnesses shown Mr. Krehbiel by the men whom he now mocks?

When he lectured here on Wagner, coral, and all things knowable beside other things, these same critics paid him the courtesy of going to hear him. They paid him the far greater compliment of remaining until he was through and showing no outward symptoms of weariness of flesh or spirit.

[80]

The Brooklyn Citizen.
Nos. 397 to 403 FULTON ST.
Opposite the City Hall.
Receiving the Entire United Press Telegraphic Service.
Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25.

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Last night the third concert of the season was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music, with Mr. Emil Paur as conductor, and Rafael Joseffy as soloist. One fact is manifest. Paur is a leader of almost limitless resources. There is no class nor form of musical structure, called composition, which presents any difficulties to him from the profoundest abstrusities of a Beethoven Sonata to the invigorating lilt of an Irish country fair. All is alike easy to him.

No attestatory evidence is needed to show the estimation in which his orchestral coterie hold him. They look at, smile upon him as though they both loved and trusted him. Such an orchestra, under such a leader, could not fail to produce the best results. The programme commenced with Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, in E-flat-major, "Eroica," op. 55; Allegro con brio (E-flat-major), Marcia funebre; Adagio assai (C-minor), scherzo; Allegro vivace (E-flat-major); Trio (E-flat-major); finale, Allegro molto (E-flat-major). This unrivalled production of an unapproachable master was handled with a power, toned down by delicacy of feeling and refinement, so that all who listened, were converted into enthusiasts, so admirable were the strings that not a scrape of an unruly hair could be detected. The power evoked in strident passages was for the number employed prodigious, so accurately were the men held together, and so firmly were they tied down to the various tempi, that one might almost be excused for imagining that it was one and not scores of instruments that were toyed with. The "Funeral March," in particular, was intensely sorrowful, almost heart-rending. The theme is given out in the violins with an accompaniment of plain chords on the other strings, a scoring amazingly effective.

The Liszt concerto for pianoforte and orchestra No. 2 (in A major), movements, 1, adagio sostenuto assai(A major); 2, l'istesso tempo (D minor); 3, allegro agitato assai (B flat minor); 4, allegro moderato (E major and D flat major); 5, allegro deciso (D flat major, i. e., C sharp major); 6, marziale (A major) stretto (A major c), with Joseffy as soloist, was perhaps the most vital production of the evening, for in this composition the wizard of all that is graceful in form shone out with conspicuous advantage with Joseffy as leading spirit. Such a reception as he received has rarely been witnessed before in this critical and perhaps phlegmatic city. Seven times was the romantic looking artist called before the audience. The people loved the orchestra and loved its music, but they wanted Joseffy alone. It was all of no avail, the perhaps too obdurate artist seemed disinclined to make an individual show of himself. It was in vain the people clapped and stamped or cheered or muttered; he was content to share his honors with his confreres.

In the third movement, where the cellos play such a conspicuous part to Joseffy's accompaniment, the applause became uproarious, and he arose from the piano like the true gentleman and artist that he is and bowed most respectfully, almost reverentially, to his cellists as an acknowledgment that the compliment was as much theirs as his. Joseffy has been hiding himself for some years; perhaps his brain had been a little overworked; his fingers never could be, for such a touch, such herculean power within a doll-like space, has never bee nheard, except, perhaps, by Paderewski, although he never indulges in any habits that are found in him or his imitators.

It would probably have resulted in making the receipts of last night's concert greatly diminished if a few disappointments which the audience were compelled to suffer had been intimated in the programmes which were published. One can be attributed to Joseffy's nonchalance to the thundrous applause he received at the conclusion of his work, which spoke louder and with greater emphasis than words could give that he was desired to be heard a second time not in conjunction with the orchestra, and it was strongly evidenced by the persistency of the applause that the auditors did not expect that so large-hearted and so enthused a player as Joseffy could so coldly refuse, but he did, and with more dignity than has been displayed by even greater celebrities. It is well that Paderewski proved himself more congenial or else the Brooklyn public would, after Joseffy's indifference to their wants, feel sorely vexed.

Was it that Joseffy did not reach that height of inspiration which he must needs feel to be able to comply to such powerful requests, or was it that the preceding effort had been too fatiguing? This is improbable, for a performer of such giant strength, which has ever proved itself inexhaustible. Perhaps he considered a Brooklyn audience unworthy of an extra exertion to delight them. No matter what the reason, it was an irreparable injury to a really deserving audience and one that was least expected. Their disappointment was enhanced by the announcement that the variations on the Austrian national hymn, by Haydn, would necessarily have to be omitted as the other numbers had consumed so much time. Perhaps if the omittance had been made in any other selection but Haydn's melodic and familiar theme, the audience would have been more easily persuaded to bear the disappointment, but as often as this number is programmed in orchestral concerts it never is heard more than it is wanted.

The quartet, which constitutes the second movement, is always a melodic treat, and arranged for the strings is beautifully sym-

Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture in E flat major, Opus 49, was played directly after this announcement was made and the warlike and inspiring harmonies with its startling climaxes and tempestuous scoring for the strings arrested the attention of the entire audience.

The fanfare which follows close on the majestic Russian theme which first presents itself in the opening largo movement, serves as a glowing coda to the entire work and suggests all the themes and part of their treatment which has preceded this triumphant close. The "Marsaillaise" hymn is ever prominent amid the whirlwind of the strings and wood-wind, which ever as it is about to return is swallowed up in an orchestral maelstrom, which the cornets and trumpets succeed in devouring. This is, perhaps, the greatest specimen of scoring for the purposee of bringing into prominencea full orchestra that Tschaikowsky has ever succeeded in doing and as played by an orchestra of Mr. Paur's management becomes a masterpiece of ensemble. Apart from Joseffy's rarity in performances and the inevitable omission of Haydn's "Austrian" hymn the concert was a success, the such of which even the most eminent organizations does not often expect.

There was not an available seat to be had in the large auditorium at 8 o'clock and never in the history of the Academy's existence and the great occasions that have been witnessed there, were the boxes so fully occupied and radiant with men and women.

The streets all around the building were thick with carriages, which were in readiness at 10:45 to convey the owner to their homes.

THE MAIL EXPRESS

NEW YORK JANUARY 24.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Concert—Szumowska-Ondricek Recital.

The Boston Symphony concert last night at the Metropolitan Opera House attracted a good audience, many of whom, doubtless, were drawn by the announcement of the appearance of Mr. E. A. MacDowell as soloist, as well as by the fact that his Indian Suite for orchestra was to be performed for the first time. The programme opened with Tschaikowsky's gigantic "Symphonie Pathetique" in B minor. Herr Paur gave an enthusiastic reading of it, bringing out the joyless, hopeless characteristics of the first movement with skill and penetration, though not always with the authoritative and commanding strokes that would have been appropriate. The themes are worked over in so many variations, differing only in the slightest degree, that the symphony seems rather "spun out" and overlong for the number of ideas conveyed. But it is nevertheless a great work, and makes a deeper impression the oftener it is heard. The third movement, as played last night, sounded noisy, but the very tumult was picturesque and impressive. The finale, "Adagio lamentoso," was given with strong appreciation and dignity, and brought the symphony to the proper climax. The orchestra playing last night called for the warmest admiration. The extraordinary precision and the clean-cut perfection of the execution were delightful. In the first movement the sudden crash of every instrument after a single long-drawn tone was so absolutely simultaneous as to fairly startle the unwary.

It was a mistaken arrangement to place the MacDowell concerto No. 1 directly after the highly ornamented Tschaikowsky symphony. The cool northern atmosphere of his instrumentation and the clearly defined and graceful outlines of his music came with rather weak and inadequate effect after the heavily laden and highly decorated Slavonic measures of the symphony, and the piano part sounded almost thin. But Mr. MacDowell played with so much feeling and delicacy that the concerto was warmly received. It is hardly so stirring as his concerto No. 2, which he gave at a Philharmonic concert a year ago.

The Indian Suite for orchestra was interesting from beginning to end, the ingenious and unfailingly original touch of Mr. MacDowell's hand being always apparent. The suite was practically finished about four years ago, Mr. MacDowell having become interested in aboriginal melodies before the arrival here of Dr. Dvorak, and having pursued his own methods and inclinations, on what was then almost untrodden ground. The melodies in the suite are weird and haunting, and are proclaimed and afterward interwoven in a way that preserves their individuality and yet makes them the very warp and woof of the musical fabric. The second movement is perhaps less characteristic than the others, the climax of interest being reached in the fourth, which is a sort of dirge. The last movement, "swift and light," as the composer indicates, is almost too obviously savage and elementary. It fairly whoops, and one can almost see the paint and feathers obtruding themselves.

The Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, scored by Karl Muller-Berghaus, ended an interesting and enjoyable concert.

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THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—JANUARY 25,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

There was another big audience in the Academy of Music last night, proving the wisdom of putting the concert course of the Boston Symphony orchestra under patronage of the Brooklyn institute. A usual newspaper expression, "It will be remembered," that the concerts did not pay last season, would not be right, because there were so few people at those concerts to remember it. And it is a great consolation that Brooklyn, rich, educated and populous Brooklyn, is not to be under the ban of Boston opinion because it can not or will not support five or six concerts of the same kind that Boston enjoys twice a week through half the year, never failing in crowded houses at each appearance of its magnificent orchestra. Much of the interest last evening centered in the reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, who has been so long and unnecessarily absent from the concert stage. He was greeted with an almost wild enthusiasm, and was kept bowing his acknowledgments for a long time before the audience would allow him to play. Some misguided person or coterie of persons had prevailed on him to abstain from the number he had promised—a Liszt concerto—and to substitute the second concerto of Brahms. This is one of the scientific and prosy affairs that Brahms is so fond of writing. Perhaps it is the music of the future, just as Wagner's music, which was that of the future forty years ago, is now the music of the present. But if Brahms is to take the place of Wagner, let us be awfully sorry for the future. Brahms is a monument of misdirected energy. With a considerable spring of feeling and ability in grace, he deliberately suppresses these customary factors in music, and applies himself to the deliberate manufacture of harmonies—they are not always that—in which themes are subordinated to setting. If the setting were pleasant we should not object. Wagner's harmonies are magnificent, and they give power and beauty to melodies that in themselves are often slight, but Brahms is willing to be beautiful in nothing. He treats his art as some of the German philosophers treat wisdom and as one of the New York papers is said to treat virtue, making it cold and repellant. A man of fair constructive power can have a good deal of satisfaction at the key board by manufacturing harmonies and discovering key relations. It is a sort of twilight employment for some and of mathematical study for others. These changes are necessary in any important work. A song, like one of Stephen C. Foster's, that is based simply on the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant is bare and trite if it is transferred to the piano or orchestra. Harmonic variety is necessary to sustain interest. Such a change, for example, as one makes when he holds the G sharp in the key of E and, using it as A flat, sounds the chord of that note, is enlivening and as the masters use it the effect can be made as full of glory and surprise as a sunburst. The modulation by which Beethoven in the scherzo of the Seventh symphony changes from the key of D into the unrelated one of F major, is one of the most delicious in the whole of musical literature. But are these things all? Is music an affair of grammar and rhetoric, altogether? Is there to be only technic? Brahms appears to think so. Yet, the man's wulfulness in perversity! There is an andante in this long and mechanical concerto that is heavenly—in spots. Joseffy ought to have played that alone. The other three parts of the work are distinctly not his metier. And some in the audience could not but feel a sense of disappointment at the whole performance on the piano. The artist is at least as much of an artist as ever. His choice of this number showed that he was even more ambitious than he used to be. But he is no more fitted by temperament for this sort of music than William H. Crane is fitted to play Hamlet. Joseffy is a player of sentiment. He is a delightful interpreter of Chopin. There is nobody who can give a finer grace to Mendelssohn, or a daintier touch to Schubert, or reveal the heart of Schumann more clearly. He mistakes when he departs from his congenialities and gives us the cudgeling Brahms. He played easily and brilliantly, and in the one refreshing moment of the piece he exhibited the delicacy and tenderness that are the inherent and personal qualities of his art. He made himself admired for his technic, but how many of the multitude that applauded him so industriously, and had him out so often after he tried to get away, could place their hands on their hearts and solemnly swear that they liked the piece? In consequence of the length of this unwelcome number the variations on the Austrian hymn by Haydn were omitted. A man came out and announced as much. That left only two other names on the bill—Beethoven and Tschaikowsky. The "Heroic" symphony of the first was played with power rather than subtlety, but with undeniable dignity and beauty by Mr. Paur, whose reading discovered many little individualities that gave character to the performance, and that in no wise crossed the purpose of the composer. If we live to be hundreds of years old, all of us, we ought never to come to a time when a seasoning of such noble music will be amiss. Like all of the master works, it holds something of itself in reserve, and we are therefore always able to discover new meanings and new beauties in it. The fine temper of the string orchestra is especially well exhibited by this orchestra in its Beethoven playing. Then, as a windup, we had the "1812" overture of Tschaikowsky. This work has been heard hereabouts before, but only in a modified form. Last night it was played nearly as the composer wrote it, except that the cannon were mercifully omitted and their parts were played on the drum. There was perhaps a little bit of shrewdness in this selection. We are becoming very pert in these days in our talk and attitude to other nations, and this overture of battle was as a voice of the jingo spirit. Though it describes the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, it equally describes any trouble in process of settlement with fire and steel and arms. It is not put forward as programme music, but it comes near it. You hear a prodigious thump on the drum: that is a mortar. A second later there is a crack on the cymbals: it is the shell bursting. You hear distant rumors of marches and charges and battle yells; you hear fragments of the "Marseillaise," always, however, drowned and suppressed by Russian airs; you hear the clangor of bells warning the people of Napoleon's advance, so that they may destroy their villages before him and leave him starving in the steppes in the dead of winter; you hear serener moments of song and dance, indicating the glee of the peasantry at the defeat of the invader, and in the last there is a wild pean of triumph as savage as the Tartar blood and mind could make it. The people who had been secretly depressed by the Brahms music roused at this and got their circulation going again. The next concert occurs on February 28.

THE [illegible] ADVERTISER, NEW YORK, FRIDAY JANUARY 24, 1896.

A DOUBLE TRIUMPH,

M'Dowell's Success as Soloist and Composer.

A BRILLIANT CONCERTO.

His Indian Suite Proves a New Musical Sensation.

ITS HARMONIC DRESS FRESH.

The Honors of the Evening Went to Him at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Concert.

The honors went to Edward Alexander McDowell—to the soloist and composer.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert this season in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The fourth Brahm's symphony—the E minor—had been announced. For some reason or other Mr. Emil Pauer substituted Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony (B minor), which is known as the "Pathetic," by reason of its sombre and Ibsenic finale. The symphony itself is dull and mediocre, and the adagio lamentoso—which is beautiful, I admit—has the effect of a brass knocker on a pig stye. It is unconventional, but meaningless. Walter Damrosch gave it last year with quite as little success as attended it last night—and he read it better.

And so all the honors went to Mr. McDowell.

He played his own No. 1 concerto brilliantly, effectively, with sagacious emphasis. The work is not unfamiliar, and Mr. McDowell's good qualities as a pianist are also well known, so it fell out that one's interest centered in the suite for orchestra, which was read from the manuscript and heard for the first time. Entitled the "Indian" suite, it was suggested, one learns, by an Indian legend, which has been versified by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, a minor poet well known in Boston. Though it tells no particular story—Gott sei Dank!—the different movements describe with some definiteness episodes of Indian life. The first movement was a trifle disappointing. Even one who had never eaten dog in the tepee of the sachem felt that it was not especially indian. In the second movement, headed with delightful disdain for Italian, "softly, tenderly," one passed into the shadow of the forest primeval. I do not know whether that first gracious, wild and tender theme is Indian or not. Nor do I care. Life is too short and precious to spend eating dog in the tents of the Mohawks. I only know that it was wonderfully beautiful and developed with rare ingenuity. The rest does not matter—belongs, indeed, to what Matthew Arnold called the mint and annis and cummin school of criticism. The third movement of the suite, "with rough vigor, almost savagely," was conspicuously fantastic. I believe the composer associates it with a scalp dance. In any case, it reeks with wild and savage humor. It is whimsically instrumentated—the effect is Japanese. The dirge which follows is monotonous, weird, immensely strong. The final movement, "swift and light," equals the third in the strangeness of its fantasy and the freshness of its thematic beauty.

As I have said, I do not think the source of Mr. McDowell's inspiration is a matter of much moment. Here, certainly, is not the spirit which moved in Dr. Dvorak's "New World" symphony, and which his German admirers hailed as "American." The important fact is that this young New York composer has given us a new musical sensation. Here is a new beauty. Here is new cause for aesthetic satisfaction. These half-barbarous, nostalgic melodies haunt one. The harmonic dress is brilliant, savage and effective. Whether the suite be Indian or not, it is essentially original, essentially individual.

Music in New York has been so long the plaything of second-rate, expatriated Teutons, that Mr. McDowell's success is significant. So far as I know, he is the first American musician who has escaped the contagion of German platitude. There is no reason why music, here or anywhere else, should be national; there is every reason why it should exalt the natural impulse. Mr. McDowell is a protest against the second-rate Teutonism which has done so much to hinder musical progress in this country. In addition, he is a composer of fine accomplishment and finer promise, imaginative, individual, daring, inventive.

And last night he triumphed.

VANCE THOMPSON.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Last night the third concert of the season was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music, with Mr. Emil Paur as conductor, and Rafael Joseffy as soloist. One fact is manifest. Paur is a leader of almost limitless resources. There is no class nor form of musical structure, called composition, which presents any difficulties to him from the profoundest abstrusities of a Beethoven Sonata to the invigorating lilt of an Irish country fair. All is alike easy to him.

No attestatory evidence is needed to show the estimation in which his orchestral coterie hold him. They look at, smile upon him as though they both loved and trusted him. Such an orchestra, under such a leader, could not fail to produce the best results. The programme commenced with Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, in E-flat-major, "Eroica," op. 55; Allegro con brio (E-flat-major), Marcia funebre; Adagio assai (C-minor), scherzo; Allegro vivace (E-flat-major); Trio (E-flat-major); finale, Allegro molto (E-flat-major). This unrivalled production of an unapproachable master was handled with a power, toned down by delicacy of feeling and refinement, so that all who listened, were converted into enthusiasts, so admirable were the strings that not a scrape of an unruly hair could be detected. The power evoked in strident passages was for the number employed prodigious, so accurately were the men held together, and so firmly were they tied down to the various tempi, that one might almost be excused for imagining that it was one and not scores of instruments that were toyed with. The "Funeral March," in particular, was intensely sorrowful, almost heart-rending. The theme is given out in the violins with an accompaniment of plain chords on the other strings, a scoring amazingly effective.

The Liszt concerto for pianoforte and orchestra No. 2 (in A major), movements, 1, adagio sostenuto assai(A major); 2, l'istesso tempo (D minor); 3, allegro agitato assai (B flat minor); 4, allegro moderato (E major and D flat major); 5, allegro deciso (D flat major, i. e., C sharp major); 6, marziale (A major) stretto (A major c), with Joseffy as soloist, was perhaps the most vital production of the evening, for in this composition the wizard of all that is graceful in form shone out with conspicuous advantage with Joseffy as leading spirit. Such a reception as he received has rarely been witnessed before in this critical and perhaps phlegmatic city. Seven times was the romantic looking artist called before the audience. The people loved the orchestra and loved its music, but they wanted Joseffy alone. It was all of no avail, the perhaps too obdurate artist seemed disinclined to make an individual show of himself. It was in vain the people clapped and stamped or cheered or muttered; he was content to share his honors with his confreres.

In the third movement, where the cellos play such a conspicuous part to Joseffy's accompaniment, the applause became uproarious, and he arose from the piano like the true gentleman and artist that he is and bowed most respectfully, almost reverentially, to his cellists as an acknowledgment that the compliment was as much theirs as his. Joseffy has been hiding himself for some years; perhaps his brain had been a little overworked; his fingers never could be, for such a touch, such herculean power within a doll-like space, has never bee nheard, except, perhaps, by Paderewski, although he never indulges in any habits that are found in him or his imitators.

It would probably have resulted in making the receipts of last night's concert greatly diminished if a few disappointments which the audience were compelled to suffer had been intimated in the programmes which were published. One can be attributed to Joseffy's nonchalance to the thundrous applause he received at the conclusion of his work, which spoke louder and with greater emphasis than words could give that he was desired to be heard a second time not in conjunction with the orchestra, and it was strongly evidenced by the persistency of the applause that the auditors did not expect that so large-hearted and so enthused a player as Joseffy could so coldly refuse, but he did, and with more dignity than has been displayed by even greater celebrities. It is well that Paderewski proved himself more congenial or else the Brooklyn public would, after Joseffy's indifference to their wants, feel sorely vexed.

Was it that Joseffy did not reach that height of inspiration which he must needs feel to be able to comply to such powerful requests, or was it that the preceding effort had been too fatiguing? This is improbable, for a performer of such giant strength, which has ever proved itself inexhaustible. Perhaps he considered a Brooklyn audience unworthy of an extra exertion to delight them. No matter what the reason, it was an irreparable injury to a really deserving audience and one that was least expected. Their disappointment was enhanced by the announcement that the variations on the Austrian national hymn, by Haydn, would necessarily have to be omitted as the other numbers had consumed so much time. Perhaps if the omittance had been made in any other selection but Haydn's melodic and familiar theme, the audience would have been more easily persuaded to bear the disappointment, but as often as this number is programmed in orchestral concerts it never is heard more than it is wanted.

The quartet, which constitutes the second movement, is always a melodic treat, and the scored for the strings is beautifully sym-

Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture in E flat major, Opus 49, was played directly after this announcement was made and the warlike and inspiring harmonies with its startling climaxes and tempestuous scoring for the strings arrested the attention of the entire audience.

The fanfare which follows close on the majestic Russian theme which first presents itself in the opening largo movement, serves as a glowing coda to the entire work and suggests all the themes and part of their treatment which has preceded this triumphant close. The "Marsaillaise" hymn is ever prominent amid the whirlwind of the strings and wood-wind, which ever as it is about to return is swallowed up in an orchestral maelstrom, which the cornets and trumpets succeed in devouring. This is, perhaps, the greatest specimen of scoring for the purposee of bringing into prominencea full orchestra that Tschaikowsky has ever succeeded in doing and as played by an orchestra of Mr. Paur's management becomes a masterpiece of ensemble. Apart from Joseffy's rarity in performances and the inevitable omission of Haydn's "Austrian" hymn the concert was a success, the such of which even the most eminent organizations does not often expect.

There was not an available seat to be had in the large auditorium at 8 o'clock and never in the history of the Academy's existence and the great occasions that have been witnessed there, were the boxes so fully occupied and radiant with men and women.

The streets all around the building were thick with carriages, which were in readiness at 10:45 to convey the owner to their homes.

THE MAIL EXPRESS
NEW YORK JANUARY 24.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Concert—Szumowska-Ondricek Recital.

The Boston Symphony concert last night at the Metropolitan Opera House attracted a good audience, many of whom, doubtless, were drawn by the announcement of the appearance of Mr. E. A. MacDowell as soloist, as well as by the fact that his Indian Suite for orchestra was to be performed for the first time. The programme opened with Tschaikowsky's gigantic "Symphonie Pathetique" in B minor. Herr Paur gave an enthusiastic reading of it, bringing out the joyless, hopeless characteristics of the first movement with skill and penetration, though not always with the authoritative and commanding strokes that would have been appropriate. The themes are worked over in so many variations, differing only in the slightest degree, that the symphony seems rather "spun out" and overlong for the number of ideas conveyed. But it is nevertheless a great work, and makes a deeper impression the oftener it is heard. The third movement, as played last night, sounded noisy, but the very tumult was picturesque and impressive. The finale, "Adagio lamentoso," was given with strong appreciation and dignity, and brought the symphony to the proper climax. The orchestra playing last night called for the warmest admiration. The extraordinary precision and the clean-cut perfection of the execution were delightful. In the first movement the sudden crash of every instrument after a single long-drawn tone was so absolutely simultaneous as to fairly startle the unwary.

It was a mistaken arrangement to place the MacDowell concerto No. 1 directly after the highly ornamented Tschaikowsky symphony. The cool northern atmosphere of his instrumentation and the clearly defined and graceful outlines of his music came with rather weak and inadequate effect after the heavily laden and highly decorated Slavonic measures of the symphony, and the piano part sounded almost thin. But Mr. MacDowell played with so much feeling and delicacy that the concerto was warmly received. It is hardly so stirring as his concerto No. 2, which he gave at a Philharmonic concert a year ago.

The Indian Suite for orchestra was interesting from beginning to end, the ingenious and unfailingly original touch of Mr. MacDowell's hand being always apparent. The suite was practically finished about four years ago, Mr. MacDowell having become interested in aboriginal melodies before the arrival here of Dr. Dvorak, and having pursued his own methods and inclinations, on what was then almost untrodden ground. The melodies in the suite are weird and haunting, and are proclaimed and afterward interwoven in a way that preserves their individuality and yet makes them the very warp and woof of the musical fabric. The second movement is perhaps less characteristic than the others, the climax of interest being reached in the fourth, which is a sort of dirge. The last movement, "swift and light," as the composer indicates, is almost too obviously savage and elementary. It fairly whoops, and one can almost see the paint and feathers obtruding themselves.

The Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, scored by Karl Muller-Berghaus, ended an interesting and enjoyable concert.

[81]

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—JANUARY 25,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

There was another big audience in the Academy of Music last night, proving the wisdom of putting the concert course of the Boston Symphony orchestra under patronage of the Brooklyn institute. A usual newspaper expression, "It will be remembered," that the concerts did not pay last season, would not be right, because there were so few people at those concerts to remember it. And it is a great consolation that Brooklyn, rich, educated and populous Brooklyn, is not to be under the ban of Boston opinion because it can not or will not support five or six concerts of the same kind that Boston enjoys twice a week through half the year, never failing in crowded houses at each appearance of its magnificent orchestra. Much of the interest last evening centered in the reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, who has been so long and unnecessarily absent from the concert stage. He was greeted with an almost wild enthusiasm, and was kept bowing his acknowledgments for a long time before the audience would allow him to play. Some misguided person or coterie of persons had prevailed on him to abstain from the number he had promised—a Liszt concerto—and to substitute the second concerto of Brahms. This is one of the scientific and prosy affairs that Brahms is so fond of writing. Perhaps it is the music of the future, just as Wagner's music, which was that of the future forty years ago, is now the music of the present. But if Brahms is to take the place of Wagner, let us be awfully sorry for the future. Brahms is a monument of misdirected energy. With a considerable spring of feeling and ability in grace, he deliberately suppresses these customary factors in music, and applies himself to the deliberate manufacture of harmonies—they are not always that—in which themes are subordinated to setting. If the setting were pleasant we should not object. Wagner's harmonies are magnificent, and they give power and beauty to melodies that in themselves are often slight, but Brahms is willing to be beautiful in nothing. He treats his art as some of the German philosophers treat wisdom and as one of the New York papers is said to treat virtue, making it cold and repellant. A man of fair constructive power can have a good deal of satisfaction at the key board by manufacturing harmonies and discovering key relations. It is a sort of twilight employment for some and of mathematical study for others. These changes are necessary in any important work. A song, like one of Stephen C. Foster's, that is based simply on the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant is bare and trite if it is transferred to the piano or orchestra. Harmonic variety is necessary to sustain interest. Such a change, for example, as one makes when he holds the G sharp in the key of E and, using it as A flat, sounds the chord of that note, is enlivening and as the masters use it the effect can be made as full of glory and surprise as a sunburst. The modulation by which Beethoven in the scherzo of the Seventh symphony changes from the key of D into the unrelated one of F major, is one of the most delicious in the whole of musical literature. But are these things all? Is music an affair of grammar and rhetoric, altogether? Is there to be only technic? Brahms appears to think so. Yet, the man's wulfulness in perversity! There is an andante in this long and mechanical concerto that is heavenly—in spots. Joseffy ought to have played that alone. The other three parts of the work are distinctly not his metier. And some in the audience could not but feel a sense of disappointment at the whole performance on the piano. The artist is at least as much of an artist as ever. His choice of this number showed that he was even more ambitious than he used to be. But he is no more fitted by temperament for this sort of music than William H. Crane is fitted to play Hamlet. Joseffy is a player of sentiment. He is a delightful interpreter of Chopin. There is nobody who can give a finer grace to Mendelssohn, or a daintier touch to Schubert, or reveal the heart of Schumann more clearly. He mistakes when he departs from his congenialities and gives us the cudgeling Brahms. He played easily and brilliantly, and in the one refreshing moment of the piece he exhibited the delicacy and tenderness that are the inherent and personal qualities of his art. He made himself admired for his technic, but how many of the multitude that applauded him so industriously, and had him out so often after he tried to get away, could place their hands on their hearts and solemnly swear that they liked the piece? In consequence of the length of this unwelcome number the variations on the Austrian hymn by Haydn were omitted. A man came out and announced as much. That left only two other names on the bill—Beethoven and Tschaikowsky. The "Heroic" symphony of the first was played with power rather than subtlety, but with undeniable dignity and beauty by Mr. Paur, whose reading discovered many little individualities that gave character to the performance, and that in no wise crossed the purpose of the composer. If we live to be hundreds of years old, all of us, we ought never to come to a time when a seasoning of such noble music will be amiss. Like all of the master works, it holds something of itself in reserve, and we are therefore always able to discover new meanings and new beauties in it. The fine temper of the string orchestra is especially well exhibited by this orchestra in its Beethoven playing. Then, as a windup, we had the "1812" overture of Tschaikowsky. This work has been heard hereabouts before, but only in a modified form. Last night it was played nearly as the composer wrote it, except that the cannon were mercifully omitted and their parts were played on the drum. There was perhaps a little bit of shrewdness in this selection. We are becoming very pert in these days in our talk and attitude to other nations, and this overture of battle was as a voice of the jingo spirit. Though it describes the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, it equally describes any trouble in process of settlement with fire and steel and arms. It is not put forward as programme music, but it comes near it. You hear a prodigious thump on the drum: that is a mortar. A second later there is a crack on the cymbals: it is the shell bursting. You hear distant rumors of marches and charges and battle yells; you hear fragments of the "Marseillaise," always, however, drowned and suppressed by Russian airs; you hear the clangor of bells warning the people of Napoleon's advance, so that they may destroy their villages before him and leave him starving in the steppes in the dead of winter; you hear serener moments of song and dance, indicating the glee of the peasantry at the defeat of the invader, and in the last there is a wild pean of triumph as savage as the Tartar blood and mind could make it. The people who had been secretly depressed by the Brahms music roused at this and got their circulation going again. The next concert occurs on February 28.

THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, NEW YORK, FRIDAY JANUARY 24, 1896.

A DOUBLE TRIUMPH,

M'Dowell's Success as Soloist and Composer.

A BRILLIANT CONCERTO.

His Indian Suite Proves a New Musical Sensation.

ITS HARMONIC DRESS FRESH.

The Honors of the Evening Went to Him at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Concert.

The honors went to Edward Alexander McDowell—to the soloist and composer.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert this season in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The fourth Brahms symphony—the E minor—had been announced. For some reason or other Mr. Emil Pauer substituted Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony (B minor), which is known as the "Pathetic," by reason of its sombre and Ibsenic finale. The symphony itself is dull and mediocre, and the adagio lamentoso—which is beautiful, I admit—has the effect of a brass knocker on a pig stye. It is unconventional, but meaningless. Walter Damrosch gave it last year with quite as little success as attended it last night—and he read it better.

And so all the honors went to Mr. McDowell.

He played his own No. 1 concerto brilliantly, effectively, with sagacious emphasis. The work is not unfamiliar, and Mr. McDowell's good qualities as a pianist are also well known, so it fell out that one's interest centered in the suite for orchestra, which was read from the manuscript and heard for the first time. Entitled the "Indian" suite, it was suggested, one learns, by an Indian legend, which has been versified by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, a minor poet well known in Boston. Though it tells no particular story—Gott sei Dank!—the different movements describe with some definiteness episodes of Indian life. The first movement was a trifle disappointing. Even one who had never eaten dog in the tepee of the sachem felt that it was not especially indian. In the second movement, headed with delightful disdain for Italian, "softly, tenderly," one passed into the shadow of the forest primeval. I do not know whether that first gracious, wild and tender theme is Indian or not. Nor do I care. Life is too short and precious to spend eating dog in the tents of the Mohawks. I only know that it was wonderfully beautiful and developed with rare ingenuity. The rest does not matter—belongs, indeed, to what Matthew Arnold called the mint and annis and cummin school of criticism. The third movement of the suite, "with rough vigor, almost savagely," was conspicuously fantastic. I believe the composer associates it with a scalp dance. In any case, it reeks with wild and savage humor. It is whimsically instrumentated—the effect is Japanese. The dirge which follows is monotonous, weird, immensely strong. The final movement, "swift and light," equals the third in the strangeness of its fantasy and the freshness of its thematic beauty.

As I have said, I do not think the source of Mr. McDowell's inspiration is a matter of much moment. Here, certainly, is not the spirit which moved in Dr. Dvorak's "New World" symphony, and which his German admirers hailed as "American." The important fact is that this young New York composer has given us a new musical sensation. Here is a new beauty. Here is new cause for aesthetic satisfaction. These half-barbarous, nostalgic melodies haunt one. The harmonic dress is brilliant, savage and effective. Whether the suite be Indian or not, it is essentially original, essentially individual.

Music in New York has been so long the plaything of second-rate, expatriated Teutons, that Mr. McDowell's success is significant. So far as I know, he is the first American musician who has escaped the contagion of German platitude. There is no reason why music, here or anywhere else, should be national; there is every reason why it should exalt the natural impulse. Mr. McDowell is a protest against the second-rate Teutonism which has done so much to hinder musical progress in this country. In addition, he is a composer of fine accomplishment and finer promise, imaginative, individual, daring, inventive.

And last night he triumphed.

VANCE THOMPSON.

The Evening Post.

New York, Friday, Jan. 24. 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Not since it moved to the Metropolitan Opera-house has the Boston Symphony orchestra drawn such a large and interested audience as it did last evening; and if any one wondered what the special magnet was, his curiosity must have been gratified when he noted the cordial reception given to Mr. E. A. MacDowell and his six recalls after the performance of his first concerto and new Indian suite. There were two other interesting works on the programme, Liszt's second rhapsody and Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony, which is not really one of his most inspired works, except in its last movement, which is aptly named *adagio lamentoso*, and the pathos of which is deepened by the fact that it was the great Russian's swan song. The Liszt rhapsody was technically well played, but in the matter of tempo changes Mr. Paur did not catch the true Magyar spirit. The Russian symphony, however, was admirably played, and so were the MacDowell pieces on the whole. Indeed, Mr. Paur has never before appeared to such advantage in New York as a conductor, and the audience was in consequence unusually animated, while the American composer, as already intimated, was especially favored with applause. New Yorkers who are interested in the future of American music are proud of the fact that Mr. MacDowell was born in this city, even if he does live in Boston.

How many of those who heard Mr. MacDowell play his first concerto last evening would have imagined that it was written when he was only nineteen? There are passages in it, especially in the cadenza of the first movement, which sound so mature that it seems hard to believe it, and which suggest the idea that it must have been retouched in later years. But this is not the case, as the score, which was published a year after its composition, shows. But then did not Mendelssohn write his "Midsummer Night's Dream" at seventeen, and Schubert his "Erl King" at eighteen? Musical genius is, like Kant's *Ding an sich*, independent of time and space. Not only is the piano part of the MacDowell concerto remarkably idiomatic, but the orchestration shows the hand of a born master. No wonder that Liszt, when he heard Mr. MacDowell play this concerto, immediately after a certain now prominent German pianist and composer had played one of his pieces for him, tapped the latter on the shoulder and told him he would have to make haste if he wanted to catch up with "the American." There is in this early concerto the brightness, the conciseness, the avoidance of commonplace and padding which place its author's works in refreshing contrast to the compositions of most of his contemporaries of either hemisphere. The second movement is especially remarkable for its broad melody and dreamy harmonic coloring. The third is necessarily a tribute to virtuosity, but not of the cheap kind. His performance of the concerto showed once more that if he wished to devote himself to the career of concert pianist, he could easily be in the first rank; for not only is his technique fascinating in its brilliancy, but he plays with a romantic spirit and a depth of expression that only a great composer has at command. But, after all, it is more important that he should devote himself to the task of building up an American school of music.

His Indian suite, which had its first performance anywhere last evening, is one of the building-stones for such a school, and a very big one. It is an attempt to do with Indian themes what Dvorák has done in the spirit of negro melodies in his "New World Symphony." And just as Dvorák based one of his movements on a poem by Longfellow, so Mr. MacDowell derived his inspiration partly from Aldrich's Indian legend, "Miantowona." And yet he has not imitated the Bohemian, for his suite was written a year or two before Dvorák's symphony. But he was not quite satisfied with it in its original form, and last summer he rewrote it at Vevey, so that it now stands as his latest and most mature orchestral work. Unfortunately the printed score has not yet arrived from Leipsic, so that our estimate of the suite must be based on last evening's performance.

When Dr. Dvorák wrote his "New World" symphony, he collected all the negro melodies he could find, and distilled their spirit without copying any one of them verbatim. Mr. MacDowell, on the other hand, took the themes of the red men bodily and made them the text of his musical commentary. Collections of Indian melodies have been published by Theodore Baker, Fillmore, and others. Fillmore's collection was not out four years ago, but use was made of Baker's material. Barring some rhythmic changes, the transcription is made faithfully; yet how differently these themes sound as transmuted by genius and developed orchestrally! Saint-Saëns once said very neatly that Liszt's rhapsodies were "civilized gypsy music." Adapting this expression, we might say that Mr. MacDowell's suite is civilized Indian music. But, after all, there is much more of the civilizer in it than of the Indian. He has often invented better themes of his own, but all the more must we admire the fine results obtained in this case with his rather unhealthy raw materials.

The suite is divided into five movements, short. The first has the headings, "With much dignity and character; legend-like. Twice as fast, with decision," this being the part suggested by Aldrich's poem. (Mr. MacDowell, by the way, has set some of Mr. Howells's poems to admirable music.) There are in this movement passages so exquisitely beautiful, so romantically colored, that one stops breathing in listening to them. The second, which may stand for an Indian love song, seems less inspired—possibly because Indians are not capable of loving romantically—Dr. Brinton and the poets to the contrary notwithstanding. The third has a very wild and woolly Western theme, and is carried out in the same frisky, savage spirit. It is a very odd fact that this theme, genuinely Indian, occurs in the Antar symphony of the Russian Rimsky-Korsakoff. "Dirge-like, mournfully," is the superscription of the fourth movement—words which concisely sum up its spirit. There is a slight suggestion here, not so much in the music as in the atmosphere, of Wagner's *Amfortas* music. The last part is headed "swift and light," and may be semi-officially considered a picture of Indian dancing and merry-making. There is a delightful Slavic élan (*ausgelassenheit*) to it. Indeed, the atmosphere of this whole suite is more Slavic than German, and we may perhaps find a hint in this fact as to the future of American music. Certainly the nervous, restless, mercurial Slavic temperament is more nearly allied to the American than the staid, solemn German temperament. Mr. MacDowell has absorbed all that is good in German music, but he travels his own road. There is perhaps no living composer whose music is so strikingly free from reminiscences. Much more might be said if space permitted, but we have room for only one more observation. It has been found that "Indians" on the operetta stage are always a failure; but Indian themes on the concert stage are, in this case at least, a decided success.

BROOKLYN TIMES.

JANUARY 25, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT AND JOSEFFY.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Academy of Music last night was very largely attended, and the audience was more than ordinarily demonstrative. There were present many friends of Mr. Joseffy, the pianist, who was the soloist of the evening, and the warmth of his reception was surely all that he could desire.

Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, No. 3, opened the concert, and the other numbers on the program announced were Liszt's concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 2; the variations on the Austrian national hymn by Haydn and Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture. A printed slip inserted in the programs stated that "in response to numerous requests" Mr. Joseffy would play the Brahams B flat concerto, No. 2, and an announcement from the stage during the concert made known the fact that owing to the length of the concerto, the variations on the Austrian hymn would be omitted. The changing of a concert number for any but an extraordinary cause is always inadvisable, and it approaches the reprehensible in the case of a concert of the artistic importance of those given by the orchestra. From an unbiased standpoint the change was not for the better, and it seemed to have been made out of deference to the wishes of some pupils or former pupils of Mr. Joseffy, who happened to be particularly interested in the Brahms work. This impression was borne out by the fervor of the applause which followed its performance, and the comments of some young people in the house.

It was stimulating to one's musical sensibilities to hear a Beethoven symphony for the first time this season. To be without them for a while seems to prepare the mind for a clearer and emphatic intimation of their serene majesty and to lend fresh interest to Wagner's declaration that beyond Beethoven absolute music could not go.

Mr. Joseffy has been in retirement for a few years, and the disposition of the audience indicated that much interest was felt in his reappearance. It would be straining a point to try to define wherein his playing is different from what it was when last heard here. He has been steadily engaged at teaching, and the formal elegance of his touch and execution implied that Joseffy the teacher had to a certain extent absorbed Joseffy the virtuoso. There is a beautiful finish and grace to his playing that must win the highest admiration. He was loudly applauded after each movement of the concerto, and had several recalls when he had finished. He was not inclined to respond to an encore, and repeatedly bowed his acknowledgment of the plaudits and the clapping did not cease until the piano was removed to the side of the stage. The Tschaikowsky overture is a tone picture based on the incident of Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. It is a rushing, stirring composition with considerable brazen brass and cannon effects to illustrate the war incident, but the material is interesting and is handled with the skill of a master. It is a vigorous elucidation of the picturesque possibilities of music.

A word of praise is due the energetic policy of the Brooklyn institute in the management of the symphony concerts this season—a policy which has gained for these concerts the public attention they deserve.

YORK RECORDER.

JANUARY 24. 1896.

SYMPHONY'S THIRD TRIUMPH

Composer MacDowell Played One of His Pieces with the Orchestra.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was rendered exceptionally interesting by the presence on its programme of not only two works of probably our foremost American composer, E. A. MacDowell, but by the performance of one, a piano concerto, by the composer himself.

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur of unmagnetic notoriety, did noble spirited and finished work. Mr. Paur is learning to join hands with his men, and the electric spirit brought to a climax in this finished body of musicians by Nikisch seems gradually diffusing itself through the well-regulated veins of its present conductor.

Replacing the Brahms E minor symphony advertised, Tschaikowsky's sixth and last symphony was played. New York has had it twice already by the Symphony Orchestra, but a superb performance like that of last evening made the work almost novel, and redeemed the Brahms disappointment. In the allegro con grazia 5-4 movement, the phrasing of the 'cellos was delightfully piquant and precise, something to be noted where the violins, always in prominence, were not quite so distinguished.

The bold barbaric march was superbly distinct in its sharp rhythm and fierce and bold in sonority and color. The last lamentoso movement, which justifies the pathetique title, was given with a sympathy and mournful smoothness which certainly owed its development to the improved indication of Mr. Paur's beat. Paur was always sharp in rhythm, but until last night did not show over strong faculty for the suaviter in modo.

MacDowell's concerto, smacking of Grieg in its first movements, and with a cello solo in the andante, which stands distinctly lovely in the work and is separably of melodic value, is fluent, suave and graceful rather than robust in aim. We say in aim because this gifted young man shows himself to be of the stuff who can achieve any aim he sets forth to obtain, if not by purely spontaneous, most certainly by intellectual means.

This was proved in his Suite No. 2 for orchestra, which displays a firm unity of style and a fine skill in instrumental color and combination when handling the themes—or supposed themes—of North American Indians, which gives the Suite its title "Indian."

A pianist and composer united make a lucky combination. MacDowell played the gracious fluent themes of his own concerto charmingly, and has a crisp, clean, clear incisive technic, with a poetic touch, which might do justice to the whole romantic school.

He had three big recalls after this work, and, indeed, on all scores as composer and pianist was enthusiastically received and acknowledged as he deserved.

He may not be in every instance a veritable poet born, this young man, but he has certainly an ardent imagination, and he has laid a grip on his material and in especial on orchestral power and variety which make him a man to be acclaimed.

The second dreamy movement of the suite was delicious, and the piquant rhythms of the third movement, representing clearly a scalp-dance most cleverly conceived. And MacDowell understands contrast within unity as does a master in this suite. The orchestra played it admirably, but was not so happy in the accompaniment to the concerto.

The programme closed with another blaring Liszt Rhapsody, the second.

For what section of the community was it? A large audience made MacDowell a central sun, and also showed the orchestra how well they thought of its noble labors, not forgetting Mr. Paur.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

JANUARY 21, 1896.

Academy of Music.

The interest of the third monthly concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra centered in the reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, who had not been heard here for five or six years and who confirmed the belief that in the recent long procession of pianists he is the most completely satisfying. Brahms' B flat major concerto is not a great solo work, the piano being treated as a member of the orchestra; but the piano part is strong and varied, and Joseffy's execution of it showed not only absolute mastery of technique, but a breadth and certainty of musical understanding, an unaffected dignity of style and a sentiment at once poetical and virile, that left nothing to be asked. Joseffy does not parade himself or his eccentricities; he simply plays the music, like a manly artist, and with the excellent performance of the orchestra he made the Brahms concerto consistently interesting and beautiful. The symphony which preceded it was Tschaikowsky's so-called "Pathetique," and the concert closed with Lalo's confusing "Namouna" suite.

THE STANDARD UNION.

WILLIAM BERRI. MURAT HALSTEAD.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 25, 1896.

JOSEFFY'S PLAYING.

THE PIANIST APPEARS WITH THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Rafael Joseffy as the soloist, at the Academy of Music last evening, drew one of the largest audiences of the season. About all the musical people seemed to be present. These were doubtless attracted by the announcement of Joseffy's reappearance, for which persons learned in music have been clamoring for years. Those who had heard him years ago, when he first came to the country, and those who had never heard him, extended a cordial welcome, in which they were joined by Mr. Paur, Franz Kneisel, the first violin player of the orchestra, and some of the other musicians. Joseffy came on the stage after a superb rendering of Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" by the orchestra. He was obliged to rise from his seat before the piano several times and bow before he could begin to play his number, Brahms' "Concerto in B flat major No. 2." Each movement was followed by enthusiastic applause, and at the close he was recalled five times, but there was no encore. Comparisons are said to be odious, but they are always made between pianists, and of late Joseffy has been compared with Paderewski. Their playing is as different as their appearance. Both are great, but both are great in different ways. Brahms is the dryest of composers, but Joseffy's exquisite playing made him delightful for once. The concert was brought to a brilliant close by Tschaikowsky's "Overture," 1812, during the playing of which the orchestra was reinforced by a full brass band and the tolling of bells. The fourth concert will be given Friday evening, Feb. 23.

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD, TUESDAY

JANUARY 21, 1896.

Third Boston Symphony Concert.

The feature of the third Boston Symphony concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening was Edouard Lalo's splendid suite, "Namouna." The distinctive peculiarity of this composition, arranged after his original ballet, is "its picturesquely odd instrumentation." It seems as if the composer had deliberately set to work to create a kaleidoscopic series of color effects. His queer grouping of trumpets and horns, of strings and harp, and, in fact, of all the instruments in the score, is absolutely unique and memorable. The climax is reached in the second movement, an allegro serenade in D minor, in which the blending of pizzicato strings and harps constitutes one of the most delightful musical novelties to which we have ever listened. Berlioz came near it, but did not exactly describe it, by styling the effect as that of "an enormous guitar." There was a characteristic splendor of style to the entire number. Of the Tschaikowsky "Pathetique" symphony (in B minor) we have already given our impression on its first performance in this city—if we remember rightly, by the New York Symphony Orchestra. It must be confessed, however, that a second hearing has given rise to a keener appreciation of the elaborate majesty of this solemn death-legacy, especially of the true threnody in the final adagio lamentoso. The sharp color contrasts bewilder and actually distress the auditors at first; a number of ladies were actually frightened, last night, by the abrupt outburst of drum and tam-tam after the pianissimo calm of the otherwise noisy first movement. But Director Paur brought out the true colors more impressively than Director Damrosch, and emphasized more poetically the sighing theme and the sobbing undertones. We predict that, despite its confused manner, this symphony will grow in popularity. The occasion was rendered doubly notable by the reappearance of Pianist Rafael Joseffy, and that virtuoso of the black and white keys was welcomed with a perfect ovation. The Brahms concerto in B-flat major was a very heavy, even if brilliantly written, composition, but it gave an admirable opportunity in its arpeggios and trills to reveal Joseffy's same old-time delicacy, which is his distinguishing peculiarity. The grace and tenderness of his silvery touch cannot fail to evoke admiration, and yet his warmth does not inspire like Paderewski's brilliancy. Joseffy's technique, however, admits no superior. It is a pleasure to know that he will be heard again at the Hinrichs concert at the Academy next Thursday evening.

[82]

PUBLIC LEDGER
PHILADELPHIA,
JANUARY 21, 1896.

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Sprigthly Kitty Clive once said of Garrick that with the aid of a magic hammer he could pound his ideas into the heads of any audience. Rafael Joseffy, who made his reentry at the Academy of Music last evening before a very large house, does not need to employ a magic hammer—for his work is cast in too refined a mould to suggest the gentle art of pounding—but he might be likened unto the happy possessor of a fairy-like wand with which many a pretty transformation can be produced. It is a wand that charms by virtue of its very daintiness, and which is yet, for all that, a badge of authority and distinction. For Joseffy is a pianist who is essentially a master of delicate effect, and whose feathery notes, sweetness of tone and brilliancy (a brilliancy that never becomes garrish or sensational), stamp him at once as an executant of rare taste and judgment. He may not dive into the depths of emotion, but he can conjure up, with that self-same magic wand, many a poetic suggestion,

He was heard last night in Brahm's No. 2 (B flat major) concerto, an impressive work wherein the performance of the soloist put an imaginative listener in mind of a series of graceful traceries inscribed upon a rather massive monument. The simile may not be remarkable, but it will perhaps serve to express the *finesse* of the player, as compared to the ponderous impression (the word is used in the best sense) left by certain portions of the purely orchestral score. In the first movement Joseffy was disappointing; he may have been slightly nervous and not altogether at his ease, but be that as it may, he soon manifested his old form and played the remaining movements, notably the *andante* and the *allegro grazioso*, with a charm that won the enthusiastic applause of the house.

The concert consisted, otherwise, of but two numbers, Tschaikowsky's Symphony, "Pathetique (No. 6, B minor, op. 74), and Lalo's "Namouna" suite, the latter a delightful composition, full of tonal color and graphic suggestion. The symphony of Tschaikowsky, the last the master ever wrote, is verily a swan song, with all the pathos of a farewell to the great world of music. A sympathetic Boston critic has written that "it seems like one long wail of grief and despair over lost illusions, hard-earned experience, that was not worth the earning, and the final knowledge that the wages of sin is death." One would think that never had such complete physical misery and mental wretchedness been so eloquently set to music before; whether we take that wondrous love-theme in the first movement—the saddest theme Tschaikowsky ever wrote, for it seems to tell of a youthful ardor and enthusiasm that have long since been burnt out, and are now doubly tragic, as the memory of something no longer possible—or the forced high spirits of the 5-4 second movement, or again the utter blackness of despair of the Finale:—whichever of these we take, it speaks of nothing but sorrow, desperation that cannot take to the sham-relief of irony, and is equally impotent to force itself to the calmness of resignation."

This may be an idealistic consideration of the work, and possibly attributes to Tschaikowsky more soulfulness than he put forth, but there is no denying the nobleness of the score. It was admirably played by the orchestra, with the aid of the sympathetic conductorship of Mr. Paur.

Next Saturday afternoon the orchestra gives a popular matinée, at which Madame Materna is to be the soloist. This will be the programme:

Beethoven.....Overture, "Egmont"
Wagner.
Vorspiel and Liebestod, from "Tristan and Isolde."
Tschaikowsky.....Overture, "1812"
Wagner.....Monologue from the Götterdämmerung
Saint-Saëns.....Danse Macabre"
Auber.....Overture, "Carlo Broschi"

NORTH AMERICAN
PHILADELPHIA,
JANUARY 21, 1896.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

Third Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Last Evening.

There was the usual crowded and brilliant audience at the Academy of Music last evening to hear the third concert for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the forceful and intelligent direction of Mr. Emil Paur, but it may be doubted whether the performance gave the usual amount of pleasure. This was not the fault of the orchestra, which played superbly, but was due to the arrangement of the programme, which sadly lacked variety and relief. It only contained three numbers, but they were all long, all exacting in every kind of way, and all relatively unfamiliar.

The result was a strain upon the attention of the listener, which prolonged over a period of more than two hours, became wearisome, and even exhausting. Mr. Paur is a good conductor, but he doesn't know how to get up a really attractive programme. He ought to take some lessons from Theodore Thomas in the art—for it is an art—and learn to give the relief of contrast, and to offset the exactions of some arduous novelty by the familiar charms of some old favorite. He seems to think that all the people who attend his concerts are professional musicians. That is a mistake.

The two purely orchestral numbers last night were Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony, No. 6, the so-called "Pathetique," and a suite by Lalo. The symphony has been heard here before, but this was its first performance by the Boston orchestra. It is a gloomy, stormy, sombre work, saturated with the Slavonic sentiment, full of fire and fury, and yet adorned at times with a fascinating grace, not always coherent, and far from lucid, but always vigorous and vital, and distinguished in its utterance of a changeful but constantly passionate emotion by a singularly subtle and convincing eloquence. It was magnificently played, and made a deep impression. The Lalo suite is on an altogether different level. It is programme music pure and simple, but very brilliant and ingenious, and it served admirably to exhibit the virtuosity of the orchestra.

A pleasant feature of the concert was the reappearance, after an absence of five or six years, of Mr. Rafael Joseffy. He looked well and little changed, and received a most cordial welcome. His selection was Brahms' "Concerto No. 2" in B flat, a difficult and not very grateful work, in which the piano is treated rather as an obligato than as a solo instrument, and the performer is allowed little opportunity for personal display. Mr. Joseffy played it in a masterly manner. His style, without losing the beautiful delicacy which always distinguished it, has broadened since he was heard here last, and gained in strength, and his rendering of the concerto was thoroughly artistic and wholly satisfying.

The management announces a concert on next Saturday afternoon, with Mme. Materna as the soloist. The following will be the programme: Beethoven overture, "Egmont;" Wagner vorspiel and liebestod, from "Tristan and Isolde:" Tschaikowsky overture, "1812;" Wagner monologue from the "Gotterdammerung;" Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," and Auber overture, "Carlo Broschi."

The Philadelphia Inquirer
TUESDAY - - - JANUARY 21, 1896

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Great Orchestra and a Famous Pianist at the Academy.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of the season at the Academy of Music last night. The following was the program:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Peter Tschaikowsky.

Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in B flat major; Johannes Brahms.

Suite, "Namouna," Edouaurd Lalo.

Special interest was attached to the first and last numbers, from the fact that they were played for the first time at these concerts. The Tschaikowsky symphony, which was the last work of the composer, was published not long before his death. If, as has been said, clouds receive the configuration of the countries over which they travel, so it is no stretch of fancy to say that music gains a color, a vividness and a strength in harmony with the national characteristics of the land in which the composer has been born, or which he has made his home. There may not be a Slavonic, as there is an Italian, school of music, but only a Russian could have conceived the harmonies with which the Symphony Pathetique is filled. It differs from the traditional symphony in that its slow movement comes at last, instead of in the middle; it has about it an occasional monotony of rhythm, reminding one of the seemingly never-ending and barren steppes of Russia; but, like them, it has the sharpest of color contrasts; the phrases of the strings, although sombre, are warm; the harmonies from the horns and wood-winds swell and diminish in the most delicate gradations; each one of the movements is not merely symphonic, but dramatic and elaborately developed, and the slow movement with which the work ends is a solemn and impassioned threnody. Nothing could have exceeded the technical skill and wondrous art with which the orchestra pictured the bizarre effects and extravagance of harmony of the work. The playing of each performer was a piece of perfect realism, and by no possibility could it be imagined that the symphony would ever receive a clearer or more sympathetic exposition.

The "Namouna Suite" is of a directly opposite character; its sylvan beauty, sensuous coloring and rhythmic melody offering sharp and vivid contrasts to the strong and massive movements of the symphony. It was here where the light and airy touch of the orchestra was seen. Horns and harps, flutes and oboes, trumpets and trombones each mingled their brass themes with the tremolo of the strings, and the effect was inspiring and almost intoxicating. In the second movement, which is called a serenade, the strings played pizzicato throughout, while in the third movement—a theme with variations—the vivid contrasts in tone-color were pictured in the richest and daintiest fashion.

The Brahms concerto served to introduce Mr. Rafael Joseffy, pianist, who has not been heard here for at least six years. His technique is as perfect as ever. His playing is full of grace, delicacy and expression. He never thrills with broad and sweeping effects, but he is a cameo artist, a worker in musical ivory, and his tone-pictures are as perfect as a painting by Meissonier.

The New-York Times.
NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1896.

We are all agreed that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a perfect instrument. The only questions about its concerts are what the conductor chooses to play, and how he plays it. Last night both questions were answered very satisfactorily. New-York had the honor of being chosen for the first performance, from manuscript, of Mr. MacDowell's Indian Suite, and the composer also appeared as the soloist in his own first concert. The suite is even a more remarkable and brilliant work than its author's previous successes have justified us in expecting. The themes are for the most part actual, aboriginal melodies, and the work is thus full of local color. But the themes are also developed and joined with an impressive mastery of musical form, as well as of orchestral color, and the work is plainly predestined to become a great favorite in our concert rooms. At its close the composer was twice called out and forced to bow his acknowledgments. Doubtless the change in the programme, Mr. Brahms's Fourth Symphony to Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," was welcome to the great majority of concertgoers. It was admirably played by M. Paur, especially the third movement (allegro molto vivace) and the final adagio. But as a piece of orchestral virtuosity the last number, Liszt's Second Rhapsody, was the most surprising of all. Hackneyed as it is, it had all the air of a novelty in M. Paur's interpretation, which seemed, indeed, like an improvisation upon the orchestra, so individual was the conductor's version of it and so perfectly was it conveyed through the orchestra.

THE JOURNAL.
W. R. HEARST.
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1896.

GRAND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston Orchestra Again Heard at the Metropolitan.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a large audience. Under the direction of Emil Paur, the orchestra opened with Symphony No. 6, in B minor, by Peter Tschaikowsky. It was rendered in excellent style, and evoked hearty applause.

E. A. MacDowell, the pianist and only soloist of the occasion, played first a concerto, then Suite No. 2 (Indian), which was performed for the first time. Beginning with dignity and character of a legend-like nature, the technique became faster and more decisive. Dying away softly, the theme rose again to an almost savage movement, fading to dirge-like, and ending with swift and light touches. It was a masterly performance, and deserved the liberal applause bestowed. The entertainment concluded with Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.

The Springfield Union
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1896.

A RARE MUSICAL TREA

The Symphony Concert at City Hall Last Night.

BEETHOVEN AND WAGNER'S WORKS

The Program Was an Excellent One Brilliantly Executed, and the Audience Unusually Appreciative.

The combination of an orchestra composed of artists, and a program which included some of the best musical compositions ever writen was sufficient to attract a large audience of the music-loving people of the city and surrounding towns to city hall last night. The Boston Symphony orchestra was known by its work and reputation, and those who attended last night's concert expected to hear music of a high order rendered perfectly, and were not disappointed. This orchestra is without doubt the best of its kind in the country and is composed of men who are finished musicians. The program of seven numbers which was rendered last night included some of the best work of the master composers, arranged so as to furnish variety, without which a concert becomes monotonous. Too much of one kind of music, no matter how good, tires the hearer.

Last night's program opened with the overture to "Leonore" in C major by Beethoven, and closed with the overture to "Rienzi" by Wagner. While every number was excellent, the closing number was the better, and its grand finish was a brilliant closing of a successful concert.

The "Leonore" overture is a weird composition, with two destinct themes, worked out in dramatic passages and beautiful modulations which at times come with startling suddenness, all leading up to a tremendous climax with which the overture ends. The composition is one of the best of this favorite composer. Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, in the hands of the Symphony orchestra is a delightful number. Its theme is pleasing, though at times almost overshadowed by the subsidiary themes which are interwoven and play an important part in the movement. The main theme, however, is carried through from beginning to end though with changes of key.

The fourth number on the program, Volkmann's "Serenade," was a very defferent work from the numbers that preceded it, and one of the most enjoyable of the evening. The 'cello work of Alwin Schroeder was masterly. The compositions opens with a mournful recitative passage for the 'cello without accompaniment, followed by a four-part passage, which leads up to a tender melody which brightens the number and makes it thoroughly enjoyable.

Berlioz is not so well known to the average lover of music as some of the other composers, but the selections from his "Damnation of Faust," were greatly enjoyed. The "Waltz of Sylphs" was rendered with good effect. A sweet waltz melody runs through the composition. The harp effect is very pleasing. But the great number of the evening was the "Rienzi" overture. The work has several themes, all taken from the body of the opera, and worked out, and up, as only Wagner could do. The church-like harmonies, the terrific blasts of the brasses, the thunder of the drums, and the trumpet signals, work up to the grand finale.

Miss Gertude Franklin, the soloist, is a soprano with a very pleasing voice of good range, clear as a bell. Her one fault is her enunciation which is not as clear or perfect as could be wished. Her "Ave Maria" was delightful and the audience called her out half a dozen times, to smile her thanks. There were no enchores given, although the audience was persistent in demanding them. It may be that Springfield audiences are over-doing the enchore business, and that the refusal to respond last night by the soloists and the orchestra, was only in the line of just rebuke.

Emil Paur is a conductor who is well placed. He has surrounded himself with musicians who are capable of doing great works in a masterly way and the orchestra is fortunate in having so capable a man at its head. His command is remarkable and the orchestra responds to his demands with military promptness and precision.

The program follows:

Overture, "Leonore," No 3, C major, Beethoven
Scene, from "Taming of the Shrew," Goetz
Miss Gertrude Franklin.
Unfinished Symphony, B minor, Schub
Allegro moderato (B minor); Andante con moto (E major).
Serenade No 3 (D minor), op. 69. Volkm.
String orchestra; Alwin Schroeder, solo violoncello.
"Ave Maria," Gounod
(With violin obligato and harp accompaniment.)
Miss Franklin.
(a) Minuet of Will o' the Wisps, Berlioz
(b) Waltz of the Sylphs. Berlioz
(From "The Damnation of Faust.")
Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner

PHILADELPHIA PRESS
JANUARY 21, 1896.

JOSEFFY APPEARS IN CONCERT.

The Famous Pianist Heard at the Academy After an Absence of Years.

Rafael Joseffy, after an absence from the concert stage lasting six years, during which time he has been in a complete, not to say mysterious retirement, was heard with great pleasure at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy of Music, last evening. The pianist who is one of the great masters of the instrument, chose for his new debut, as it were, not a set effect of the nature of programme music which would allow him to take the house by the ears, but a concerto of the modern, No. 2 in B flat major, by Brahms, which put him to the test in the way of technique and expression. The effect was therefore not of unusual brilliancy, but of perfect command of the piano, and as regards the general interpretation, Joseffy gives you the feeling that difficulties are nothing, and that the meaning of the composer is before you in all its delicious beauty. The concert does not really arouse you until the andante is rendered, which movement not only has exquisite passages for the solo instrument, but is scored most effectively for the general orchestra. This and the fourth movement, allegro grazioso, were in every way delightful and Joseffy's part in the rendering called out the enthusiasm of the evening.

The general programme as arranged by M. Paur was excessively modern and had much the effect of a banquet that was all entrees. It opened with Tschaikowsky's Symphony No 6, in B Minor, "Pathetique," which with its variations of tone from the orchestral whisper to the blare and bluster of all the instruments in wild ensemble was an exceedingly characteristic piece of Slav music. Beginning thus with Tschaikowsky the programme concluded with Lalo's "Namorine" suite, an example of the French school, or rather the French school as affected by the great German, not forgetting Wagner. The themes, movements and treatment have some delightful characters with most interesting contrasts of instruments and complicated effects. The result of it all was that Brahms' Tschaikowsky and Lalo made a evening of the new and one that

THE BALTIMORE NEWS,
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22,

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Pianist, to Appear As the Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's third concert for this season in Baltimore, at Music Hall tonight, will be an occasion of unusual interest on account of the reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, pianist, after several years' retirement from the platform.

Joseffy is preferred by many to Paderewski as having more warmth of expression. Joseffy was born in Miskolcz, Hungary, in 1853. Moscheles, in Leipzic, was his first teacher, and the equally well-known Tausig, his second. He became celebrated with but a single trip through Holland and Germany. On the occasion of his appearance in Vienna, a well-known critic said: "With equal force he produces the peculiar effects of the classic Bach, the tender Chopin, the sentimental Mendelssohn and the impetuous Liszt."

When Joseffy came to America it was with an already established reputation as one of the greatest pianists in the world. He made his first appearance this season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its regular series of concerts at Providence, R. I., two weeks ago. The applause was prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times.

Tonight's concert will be the Orchestra's 1354th. The programme will be as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Brahms, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2; Berlioz, a, Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b, Waltz of Sylphs; from "The Damnation of Faust;" Beethoven, Overture, "Egmont."

Prof. Richard Burmeister of the Peabody will give a dinner to Rafael Joseffy, the Kneisel Quartette and Mr. Emil Pauer tonight after the concert. The dinner will be given at his home, 918 North Calvert street.

[83]

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1896.

Boston's prime orchestra introduced at its concert last Thursday night Edward Alexander MacDowell's (a sturdy name for you) second orchestral suite, Indian, the thematic material of which is based on authentic North American Indian melodies. Mr. Apthorp, in his program notes, declares that only three or four of the themes are Mr. MacDowell's own, "and these sprang up in his mind more as opposite counter themes to the Indian melodies than as independent themes in themselves."

The results of MacDowell's vacation abroad last summer are doubtless given us, although the suite was written four years ago, several seasons before Dr. Dvorák composed his so-called American Symphony, the fifth in E minor, which is based on negro airs and several Indian melodies.

This new suite is as American as we can hope for, at least for half a century. The composer has gone to the coarse haired aborigines for his themes, and, while the music has a Gaelic and Norse flavor, it must be called American—Indian-American. The theme of the third movement of the suite resembles a theme employed by Rimsky-Korsakoff in his Antar symphony—that Antar, child of the desert, glorified by Lamartine.

Mr. MacDowell avoids a program, but acknowledges having won suggestions from T. B. Aldrich's Indian legend, Miantowna. The dirge—the fourth number—is a remarkably original treatment of the subject. Indeed the suite is a revelation of the composer's advance. His handling of the orchestra is masterly, and it is no exaggeration to write that his music held its own on a program with the name of Tschaikowsky leading.

The last movement of the suite is a vivid picture—and I hate being pinned down to a musical synopsis—of wild merrymaking. You can see the red and painted devils dancing with many strange shoutings around their tepees.

Best of all is the fact that it is all good music. It is MacDowell's forty-eighth work. His first piano concerto, charming and clever as it is, and written when he was nineteen, is interesting as a comparative study. Numbered opus 15, the enormous advance in the technical treatment of the orchestra could readily be judged on account of the juxtaposition of the youthful and mature compositions. I pin my faith to MacDowell. He is the hope of our country, and I long for that first symphony which he composed in Switzerland last summer—a most memorable summer, I imagine.

* * *

The sixth symphony of Tschaikowsky has never allured me as have the fourth and fifth, in F and E minor. It does not seem to hang together; it suggests the suite, not the symphony. The last movement—the adagio lamentoso—is the best, and its second theme, the broad cantabile, unmistakably suggests the beautiful slow movement in D of the fifth symphony. The first allegro has a sugary, Mendelssohnian quality, and then those two middle movements, are they not trivial—the one which has that Raffish march? No, Tschaikowsky has little new to say in his last work, but he says it supremely well. The symphony, if symphony it be, lacks homogeneity. The last adagio, however, is noble and impressive—a marked mood of musical melancholy.

* * *

The man who first remarked that comparisons are odious must have been bow-legged mentally. He feared comparisons. Big people do not. Therefore, if I speak of Rafael Joseffy's exquisite art, that great pianist need not be put on a lonely pedestal, for he can court comparisons with Paderewski, d'Albert, De Pachmann, Rosenthal, Menter, Bloomfield Zeisler, Sauer, Siloti, Reisenauer, Friedheim, or any of the new gods of the keyboard. Not only may his marvelous work be set up as an exemplar for all other artists, but he leads the list for the reason that he possesses qualities that are unique to-day in the world of piano playing.

With several passionate pilgrims I journeyed to Brooklyn last Friday night to hear Joseffy play Liszt's greatest concerto—the one in A. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Paur, was giving a concert at the Academy of Music in the City of Churches and Sunday thirst, and as Joseffy had not played in New York State for about six years it was with febrile pulse that his old admirers flocked across the bridge. He did not play the Liszt, but the second Brahms concerto in B flat. He was pale when he came out upon the platform and doubtlessly nervous. He looked the same Joseffy of fifteen years ago. Age has dealt leniently with him. There is the same characteristic pose of the head—the medallion-like profile, the brows more serene and intellectually stronger. His hands—those wonderful white paws of velvet, as an enthusiastic girl called them—were placed upon the keyboard with the same caressing attack. It was Rafael Joseffy, beloved of Apollo, god of music, yet spared to us.

* * *

He is the greatest classical pianist alive. Observe I do not bracket his name with another. In the externals of his art he stands alone, as did Karl Tausig, his master. He is the great pupil of a great teacher. He has spoken to me of Tausig, Tausig who painted a perfect picture of a composition and hung it upon the wall of your memory, there to remain forever. I thought of this as I listened to Joseffy's playing. It is so Hellenic, so aristocratic, so distinguished, so noble, calm and satisfying that my mind reverted naturally to Greek art. Great, serene sculptural images, full of that serenity that comes of perfect equipoise of temperament, yet full of the blitheness Goethe speaks of in his Italian Journey. "Heiterkeit," Winkelmann called it. Joseffy's art is so human, not so warm, not passionate, not multicolored as the vital, startling art of Paderewski. Paderewski has the dramatic accent, Joseffy has not. The latter is austere, a trifle chilly, detached and more remote. It is objective art. Paderewski is violently subjective. Paderewski forces you to regard his personality. He overflows every bar of music with it. He looms largely in the foreground of your consciousness. He is ever present, a rich, beneficent nature. He overshadows the music he plays. Joseffy retreats in the background. He makes for the idea of beauty. Every note is beautiful of itself. Every group is carved with cunning touches. It is the art of the cameo of the master miniaturist.

But where, ten years ago, there was merely a deliciously molded shell, now we get a rich kernel. Joseffy has lived and suffered. He has grown richer in feeling, yet no tragic hint does he impart in his playing, no tale of sorrow. As if he said: "What has Hecuba to do with music?" he sternly represses all personal utterance of feeling. Where Paderewski is bold, free, outspoken, Joseffy is contained, reticent, proudly poetic and understands the tact of omission.

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Whether the Symphony concerts as now conducted are an unmixed good is a question that admits of discussion. I do not for a moment deny the courageous benevolence of the founder of the organization or the great worth of the organization itself. But does the absorbing interest shown in the Symphony concerts make for general musical righteousness? Is there to-day as diversified interest in the production of large vocal works, and in concerts where celebrated players play and singers sing? Is not the Symphony Orchestra like unto one of the enormous magasins of Paris which close the smaller shops and drive many skillful persons out of trade? Are there not too many of these concerts? Remember there are forty-eight a season, counting in the public rehearsals. Is there not too much orchestral music for sound digestion?

It is a singular fact that although a virtuoso may be loudly applauded at a Symphony concert, if he afterward give a recital there is then, as a rule, little interest and scant pecuniary reward. There are two exceptions—Paderewski and Ysaye; and yet, incredible as this statement may be to the hysterical, Paderewski is not the only pianist worth hearing, and Ysaye is not the only fiddler in the world. A person of moderate means is likely to say: "I shall hear X. or Y. at a Symphony concert; what do I care to hear him in a recital?" And yet the hearer would be very apt to form a sounder judgment of the musical ability of the pianist or singer or fiddler if he should go to a concert where the versatility of the performer would be tested.

It is also a significant fact that the audience at a Symphony concert is made up of people many of whom are seldom seen at lesser concerts of conspicuous merit, unless the lesser concert is for some reason or other a "social function."

Ondricek and Miss Szumowska have been heard at Symphony concerts. When they appeared together this season in Music Hall the audience was small.

It is my impression and belief that if either Sauret or Marsick should give a concert here the audience would be unworthy as regards size.

Is there any lively curiosity to hear a new vocal work? There is little or no desire on the part of the crowd to become acquainted with a new opera. There is not a novelty in the repertory of the first week of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Opera Company in Mechanics' Building. Faust, The Huguenots, Carmen; 'tis the singers the great public wishes to hear, not the operas. And in the Symphony concert the audience is inclined to shy at a novelty. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, the Weber of the overtures; excellent names, brave men; we all know what they did.

But we should know what men are now doing.

Did not the Händel and Haydn declare through its secretary that The Messiah is given twice a year to make up the loss attendant on the production of new works? And this season no new work is announced.

I merely jot down these disconnected thoughts for the purpose of inviting discussion. I ask if the present condition of music is due to the overweening importance assumed by the Symphony concerts.

* * *

Boston Symphony Concert.

THE third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred last Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the most successful so far of the series. The house was well filled and Mr. Paur conducted with unusual animation. This was the program:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Pathétique, op. 74.....Peter Tschaikowsky
(First time at these concerts.)

Concerto No. 1, op. 15.....E. A. MacDowell
Maestoso—Allegro con fuoco.
Andante tranquillo.
Presto.

Suite No. 2 (Indian), op. 48.....E. A. MacDowell
With much dignity and character; legend-like.
Twice as fast, with decision.
Softly, tenderly.
With rough vigor, almost savagely.
Dirge-like, mournfully.
Swift and light.
(First performance, MS.)

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Franz Liszt
(Scored by Karl Müller-Berghaus.)

After all it was a MacDowell night. The Tschaikowsky symphony, which was played with the utmost nicety, did not make a profound impression. Indeed we liked far better Mr. Damrosch's reading, especially his interpretation of the finale. Mr. Paur was not in sympathy with the poetical melancholy of the lamentoso.

Mr. MacDowell had an enormous success as pianist and composer. His first piano concerto, played by Carreño under Mr. Thomas' baton in Chicago, at an M. T. N. A. meeting in 1888, is a charming, graceful piece of writing. It is modeled in the free fantasia style of Liszt, and it savors of Grieg in the first movement. It is healthy, breezy, brilliant, and its andante is full of sentiment. It has neither the poetic depth nor intellectual breadth of this composer's D minor concerto. As a piece of idiomatic piano music it is excellent, the presto in particular being effective and almost sensational. Despite Mr. Paur's lagging accompaniment Mr. MacDowell played with great verve and finesse. He was recalled many times, but did not play an encore.

The suite is a masterly serving up of Indian thematic material and was presented in a most fascinating garb. Mr. MacDowell has frankly gone to the red man for nature music, believing that in the wigwam is the real stuff and not in Dvorák's negroid tunes. He has made a beautiful suite, the second and third movement being most original in treatment. The work is one of the most original we have yet had from the pen of an American composer. It is quite characteristic of MacDowell that he had this suite in his portfolio four years ago, and before all the pother about American music. His unerring judgment sent him to the North American Indian and the result justifies him. It is the most interesting music we have listened to since Tschaikowsky's death.

Mr. Apthorp had the following note about the work in his analytical program:

This suite was nearly completed some four years ago; but it has lain for some time in the composer's portfolio, and the finishing touches have only recently been put to it. The title Indian is no misnomer, for almost all the themes that appear in the work are authentic North American Indian melodies, only three or four themes being of Mr. MacDowell's invention, and these sprang up in his mind more as apposite counter themes to the Indian melodies than as independent themes in themselves.

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Izeyl implores her pity and gets woman learns that her son is hate masters her and she gives people.

e place of execution. *Izeyl* has s torn out and she is dying of e Master whispers to her:

and she exclaims, "What care less the death that has given e. Come, kindly Death, lay thy my soul in one last kiss!" He Oh, Faith that I betray! Oh, e! Oh, Faith, let me be but a et me be meek and suffer like look elsewhere if it needs an ay. Die not, *Izeyl*; be reborn spised beauty! Thy voice re to the immortal duties I have d."

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1896.

Boston's prime orchestra introduced at its concert last Thursday night Edward Alexander MacDowell's (a sturdy name for you) second orchestral suite, Indian, the thematic material of which is based on authentic North American Indian melodies. Mr. Apthorp, in his program notes, declares that only three or four of the themes are Mr. MacDowell's own, "and these sprang up in his mind more as opposite counter themes to the Indian melodies than as independent themes in themselves."

The results of MacDowell's vacation abroad last summer are doubtless given us, although the suite was written four years ago, several seasons before Dr. Dvorák composed his so-called American Symphony, the fifth in E minor, which is based on negro airs and several Indian melodies.

This new suite is as American as we can hope for, at least for half a century. The composer has gone to the coarse haired aborigines for his themes, and, while the music has a Gaelic and Norse flavor, it must be called American—Indian-American. The theme of the third movement of the suite resembles a theme employed by Rimsky-Korsakoff in his Antar symphony—that Antar, child of the desert, glorified by Lamartine.

Mr. MacDowell avoids a program, but acknowledges having won suggestions from T. B. Aldrich's Indian legend, Miantowna. The dirge—the fourth number—is a remarkably original treatment of the subject. Indeed the suite is a revelation of the composer's advance. His handling of the orchestra is masterly, and it is no exaggeration to write that his music held its own on a program with the name of Tschaikowsky leading.

The last movement of the suite is a vivid picture—and I hate being pinned down to a musical synopsis—of wild merrymaking. You can see the red and painted devils dancing with many strange shoutings around their tepees.

Best of all is the fact that it is all good music. It is MacDowell's forty-eighth work. His first piano concerto, charming and clever as it is, and written when he was nineteen, is interesting as a comparative study. Numbered opus 15, the enormous advance in the technical treatment of the orchestra could readily be judged on account of the juxtaposition of the youthful and mature compositions. I pin my faith to MacDowell. He is the hope of our country, and I long for that first symphony which he composed in Switzerland last summer—a most memorable summer, I imagine.

* * *

The sixth symphony of Tschaikowsky has never allured me as have the fourth and fifth, in F and E minor. It does not seem to hang together; it suggests the suite, not the symphony. The last movement—the adagio lamentoso—is the best, and its second theme, the broad cantabile, unmistakably suggests the beautiful slow movement in D of the fifth symphony. The first allegro has a sugary, Mendelssohnian quality, and then those two middle movements, are they not trivial—the one which has that Raffish march? No, Tschaikowsky has little new to say in his last work, but he says it supremely well. The symphony, if symphony it be, lacks homogeneity. The last adagio, however, is noble and impressive—a marked mood of musical melancholy.

* * *

The man who first remarked that comparisons are odious must have been bow-legged mentally. He feared comparisons. Big people do not. Therefore, if I speak of Rafael Joseffy's exquisite art, that great pianist need not be put on a lonely pedestal, for he can court comparisons with Paderewski, d'Albert, De Pachmann, Rosenthal, Menter, Bloomfield Zeisler, Sauer, Siloti, Reisenauer, Friedheim, or any of the new gods of the keyboard. Not only may his marvelous work be set up as an exemplar for all other artists, but he leads the list for the reason that he possesses qualities that are unique to-day in the world of piano playing.

With several passionate pilgrims I journeyed to Brooklyn last Friday night to hear Joseffy play Liszt's greatest concerto—the one in A. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Paur, was giving a concert at the Academy of Music in the City of Churches and Sunday thirst, and as Joseffy had not played in New York State for about six years it was with febrile pulse that his old admirers flocked across the bridge. He did not play the Liszt, but the second Brahms concerto in B flat. He was pale when he came out upon the platform and doubtlessly nervous. He looked the same Joseffy of fifteen years ago. Age has dealt leniently with him. There is the same characteristic pose of the head—the medallion-like profile, the brows more serene and intellectually stronger. His hands—those wonderful white paws of velvet, as an enthusiastic girl called them—were placed upon the keyboard with the same caressing attack. It was Rafael Joseffy, beloved of Apollo, god of music, yet spared to us.

* * *

He is the greatest classical pianist alive. Observe I do not bracket his name with another. In the externals of his art he stands alone, as did Karl Tausig, his master. He is the great pupil of a great teacher. He has spoken to me of Tausig, Tausig who painted a perfect picture of a composition and hung it upon the wall of your memory, there to remain forever. I thought of this as I listened to Joseffy's playing. It is so Hellenic, so aristocratic, so distinguished, so noble, calm and satisfying that my mind reverted naturally to Greek art. Great, serene sculptural images, full of that serenity that comes of perfect equipoise of temperament, yet full of the blitheness Goethe speaks of in his Italian Journey. "Heiterkeit," Winkelmann called it. Joseffy's art is so human, not so warm, not passionate, not multicolored as the vital, startling art of Paderewski. Paderewski has the dramatic accent, Joseffy has not. The latter is austere, a trifle chilly, detached and more remote. It is objective art. Paderewski is violently subjective. Paderewski forces you to regard his personality. He overflows every bar of music with it. He looms largely in the foreground of your consciousness. He is ever present, a rich, beneficent nature. He overshadows the music he plays. Joseffy retreats in the background. He makes for the idea of beauty. Every note is beautiful of itself. Every group is carved with cunning touches. It is the art of the cameo of the master miniaturist.

But where, ten years ago, there was merely a deliciously molded shell, now we get a rich kernel. Joseffy has lived and suffered. He has grown richer in feeling, yet no tragic hint does he impart in his playing, no tale of sorrow. As if he said: "What has Hecuba to do with music?" he sternly represses all personal utterance of feeling. Where Paderewski is bold, free, outspoken, Joseffy is contained, reticent, proudly poetic and understands the tact of omission.

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The similarity in general character between the Indian themes and well-known melodies of Norse origin is not to be overlooked. Indeed, one of them, the principal theme of the third movement, is almost note for note identical with a theme used by Rimsky-Korsakoff in his Antar symphony. Whether this similarity between Norse and North American Indian melodies is sufficiently specific to form an argument in favor of certain ethnological theories, I shall surely not take upon myself to determine. But I suspect that it is, upon the whole, little if anything more than the general similarity in character of most uncivilized melodic forms.

That this suite holds itself strictly aloof from the domain of program music, properly so called, may be said emphatically. Yet it is interesting to know what ideas Mr. MacDowell had in his mind while composing it, and what was the poetic substratum of his inspiration.

The first movement is headed: "With much dignity and character; legend-like. Twice as fast, with decision." In it the composer has tried to tell no particular story. But the movement was suggested to him by reading T. A. Aldrich's Indian legend, Miantowona. He has made no attempt to follow out Mr. Aldrich's poem, incident by incident; but the poem was what suggested to him to write something of a similar general character in music.

The second movement, headed: "Softly, tenderly," might be characterized as an Indian love-song.

In a similar spirit, the third movement, "With rough vigor, almost savagely," might be called a scalp dance; not that it is intended as a musical reflection of any special ceremonies connected with the scalp dance, but that its character is that of savage warlike ardor and bloodthirsty excitement.

The fourth movement, "Dirge-like, mournfully," is plainly an Indian dirge; but whether over the remains of a slain warrior and chief, whose loss is bewailed by a whole tribe, or the secret lament of an Indian mother over the body of her dead son, the listener is left to determine for himself. There is a great deal of picturesque and imaginative writing in the movement, suggestive of midnight darkness, the vastness and solitude of prairie surroundings, and the half-nomadic, half warlike Indian life.

The fifth movement, "Swift and light," may be taken as a musical picture of a gay popular festival in an Indian village, with dancing and merry making. Here, again, the composer has been at no trouble to suggest any of the specific concomitants of Indian festivities; he has merely written a movement in which merry makings of the sort are suggested in music, the Indian character of which is undeniable.

It should be said that none of the above indications are to be taken as so-called "program headings," definitely showing the poetic purpose and import of the several movements—like the headings of the separate movements in Berlioz's Fantastic or Harold symphonies—and serving as a clew to the meaning of the music. Nothing lies farther from the composer's intention than this. They merely serve to show what Mr. MacDowell had in his mind while writing the several movements of this suite; these poetic ideas acting upon him more in the way of stimulating his imagination and conditioning certain musical moods in him than in that of prompting him to attempt anything like would-be definite tone painting.

A very ungypsy-like performance of the Liszt rhapsody was given. But the orchestra, as usual, covered itself with glory.

There is a weekly paper in this city, a paper six weeks old, and a sound and healthy infant, called *The Truth in Boston*, "conducted by a society of gentlemen and imprinted for them once in each week." The following letter was published in No. 5:

"*Col. Henry L. Higginson:*

"DEAR COLONEL—You have, as you deserve, the thanks of this community, for having done more to give it high-class music than any other man or men. You have done it disinterestedly, and with the sole purpose of benefiting your fellow citizens, men and women. You sought to bring the best in music within reach of all who loved it. Sordid speculators stepped in and thwarted your plans. You resorted to auction sales, and so outflanked the speculators. But the laws of supply and demand came in to defeat your high purpose. Among many who had no real love for music, but who were rich in money, it became the rage to attend your concerts. Seats sold at fabulous prices, and even the cheapest were beyond the reach of many who wanted, nay, who needed, to hear the great performers and the trained orchestra you have employed. So, with the best of motives, and the best of endeavor on your part, you have in a sense signally failed.

"That you realize and regret this no one doubts.

"To make any change at present is out of the question. Your contracts are made; your plans must be carried out.

"But another year might there not be a change? Instead of sending the Symphony Orchestra afield, on long trips to distant cities, adventures which it is generally understood do not pay, might you not keep them at home, and on Thursday evenings or at any other convenient and suitable time, give preliminary rehearsals, with no season tickets, no reserved seats, no auction sales, but just sales at the door at the prices now charged for Friday rehearsals, minus, of course, the premium? Fashionable Boston would still throng to the concerts. The suburbs and the city would still fill the house on Friday afternoons, and there would be room at the preliminary rehearsal for those who are now shut out.

"And they would call you blessed."

* * *

This open letter furnishes food for thought.

In the first place, no one, unless he is singularly ingenuous, has any idea that Mr. Higginson will heed the letter. It is not likely that he even read it through. For he is not a man that courts opinion or takes advice.

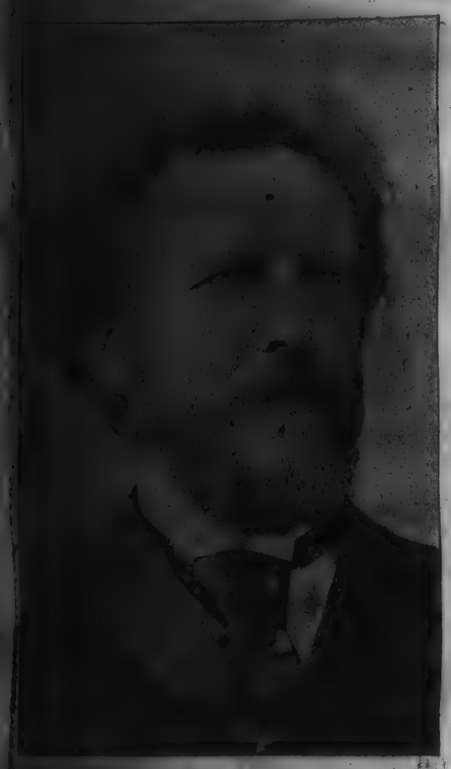
In the next place, I doubt if the proposed scheme would turn out to be practicable.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2[illegible]

Springfield News and Gossip.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

We have had a wealth of good things in the musical attractions of the season, but it remains for the great symphony concert to be the crowning triumph. The great Boston orchestra will play in City hall Tuesday evening and it will easily be the musical event of the season. It will not only be a concert by one of the world's greatest orchestras, but it will be one of the finest performances ever



Emil Paur.

given by this famous organization. The program has been selected with great care and judgment, the very cream of the regular series of Boston concerts being selected to make up the program to be rendered here. As to the orchestra itself it can only be said that every member of it is himself a master musician. With such artists as Adamowski and Kneisel making up the membership of the organization nothing further need be said of its rank or capabilities.

Emil Paur, the leader of the Boston

Miss Franklin.

symphony, is one of the greatest conductors in the world and probably without a peer in this country, certainly in point of successful attainments, for the record of this organization since he took hold of it three years ago is altogether without parallel in this country. His success as a leader is due not a little to the attachment of the orchestra to their conductor. He is so thoroughly in sympathy with them that they will do anything for him.

It is often said of Mr Paur that he frowns on the audiences and smiles on his men and he not infrequently joins heartily with his audience in applauding some especially praiseworthy piece of work on the part of his men.

Miss Franklin, the soloist of the concert, is an old favorite who has won a wide reputation for her work with this orchestra. Miss Franklin is a Boston girl who has studied abroad and is one of the best sopranos that call Boston their home. In the most difficult and important compositions she is thoroughly at ease and her abilities are well suited to a concert of this kind.

The program selected has been chosen with a special regard for solo work, conspicuous among which will be the opportunities which will be given the great harpist, Shuebacker. The numbers on the program represent the most beautiful works of the seven great composers, Beethoven, Goetz, Schubert, Volkman, Gounod, Berlioz and Wagner. One change has been made in the program from that first announced, Gounod's Ave Maria being substituted for his Repentir.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

TO HAVE A WARM WELCOME

A Program of Surpassing Excellence Has Been Arranged—A Large Audience Assured.

Beyond question the leading musical event of the present season will be the appearance in city hall Tuesday evening of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It would be rank heresy to attempt to introduce this organization to the people of Springfield, for there are few people in the city who have not either listened to the work of this wonderful orchestra or heard of its international reputation.

Already a sufficient number of tickets have been sold to insure a large audience, but there are many of the

EMIL PAUR.

choicest seats left, and these will remain on sale at Steinert's until 6 Tuesday evening, when the chart will be taken to city hall. The general admission tickets will be placed on sale just previous to the concert.

Emil Paur, the gifted leader, will personaly conduct the orchestra, while he has arranged a program of surpassing excellence. There has been an improvement made in the program over the original plan, in the substitution of Gounod's "Ave Maria," for the same author's "Repentir." The change admits of the introduction of a violin obligato and harp accompaniment, the latter by one of the greatest harpists in the world—Schuecker. The vocal soloist will be Miss Gertrude Franklin, a young woman who received the most of her musical education abroad, and who is recognized as one of the most distinguished singers the "Hub" has ever turned out.

The revised program is as follows:

Overture to "Leonore," Ludwig Van Beethoven
My Strength is Spent, from "The Taming of the Shrew," Goetz
Unfinished symphony in B minor, Schubert
Serenade for string orchestra. Volkmann
'Cello solo by Alwin Schroeder.
"Ave Maria," Gounod
Violin obligato and harp accompaniment.
Selection from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz
Overture to "Rienzi," Wagner

The North American

CLAYTON McMICHAEL & SONS, Publishers.

CONCERT MUSIC.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives a Matinee.

The matinee concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last Saturday afternoon was not so well attended as it should have been, partly, no doubt, because the programme was so very far from being such as might be expected to attract a matinee audience. It was a programme made up of battle, murder and sudden death. There were two vocal death scenes, one from "Die Gotterdamerung" and the other from "Tristan and Isolde," a picture of war and war's alarms in Tschaikowski's vulgar overture "1812," a description of skeletons dancing to the fiddling of Death in Saint-Saens' vividly fantastic "Danse Macabre," and two overtures—Beethoven's "Egmont" and Bizet's "La Patrie"—breathing the spirit of strife, struggle and sacrifice. That is not the kind of thing that appeals to the matinee girl, and she is the personage Mr. Paur should bear in mind when arranging a matinee programme. Suppose next time he gives us something like this: Overture, "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Waltz, "Village [illegible]," Strauss; symphony, B minor (unfinished), Schubert; ballet music, "Feramors," Rubinstein and Liszt's "Preludes." That is more like the kind of thing a matinee audience wants. Of course the orchestra played superbly, and Mme. Materna, who was the soloist, sang, or rather declaimed, the Wagner numbers with splendid dramatic intensity and breadth, but with such a programme the concert unavoidably assumed the aspect rather of a duty than of a pleasure.

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SPRINGFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GIVES A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT.

A Large and Enthusiastic Audience in City Hall—The Work of the Orchestra and Soloist.

It is a good many years since the Boston Symphony orchestra has played in Springfield, and the regret for what we have perforce missed becomes the more poignant after such a superb concert as that given in City hall last night. We ought to have two concerts like that every season, and there is no reason why they should not be made to pay. Mr Koop, who had brought the orchestra here at his own risk, deserves much credit for his courage and enterprise, and although the extra expense caused by the necessary postponement of the concert took away any chance of profit, it is some encouragement to know that last night's audience was the largest that the orchestra has played to here, and larger than any at Worcester, Providence and other New England cities outside of Boston. It takes a big audience to pay for so large and expensive an organization, composed so largely of distinguished solo players, but if Springfield people can once be got into the habit of it, they can support one or two concerts every season without trouble.

A more delightful entertainment, indeed, there could not be. The full orchestra is the perfection, the highest development of music, and the Boston symphony orchestra represents the perfection, the highest development of orchestral playing. By an easy inference there is nothing better to be heard in the way of music, and when a little more knowledge of music is diffused among the people the bare announcement of a concert by this famous orchestra will be enough to pack City hall to the roof. The audience last evening was really creditably large, considering the potent rival attraction at the theater, and it was very responsive and appreciative, evidently taking deep pleasure in every number.

The program was evidently selected with a view to furbishing up our education in orchestral music, which might quite naturally be supposed to have grown rusty since the orchestra was here last, some half-dozen years ago. The musicans present would doubtless have been glad of something not quite so orthodox and familiar, a new Tschaikowzki symphony, for example, or something new by Dvorak. But for the general public, dependent for musical instruction on such concerts as are given here, the program was admirably constituted. It was a real Golden Treasury program, each selection faultless of its kind. If we were to suggest any improvement it would be dropping the "Rienzi" overture, which is noisily brilliant, but hardly represents the mature Wagner, and putting something more modern and less familiar in its place. However, it is undeniably as stunning and effective as a close to a concert as it is as an overture to the opera.

From a program of such masterpieces selection of the best is impossible. Probably the favorite "Unfinished" symphony by Schubert, always as fresh and spontaneous as if we had never heard it, gave as much pleasure as anything. For pure lyric inspiration it would be hard to match the delicious song theme of the allegro, which has sung itself into millions of hearts and never stales with repetition. Even richer in lyric beauty is the andante, which bears in every measure the stamp of the greatest song writer the world has ever seen. Not the greatest of symphonies this, but surely one of the most beautiful, and for a wonder musicians do not cherish a grudge against it because it is popular. How could it be anything else? It was admirably played, and the andante gave special opportunity for displaying the wonderful quality of the solo winds in the orchestra.

The "Leonora" overture, No 3, by Beethoven, is also an old favorite here, and none the less welcome. Where is there an overture that shows a more vivid imagination, more vigor and force, or richer subject matter. Every measure is a new delight, and one never wearies of it. No selection on the program was better played than this, and the performance was remarkable both for spirit and finish. Mr Paur is evidently especially at home in Beethoven. The piquant and charming "Minuet of Will-o'-the-wisps" and "Waltz of Sylphs" from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," which have never been surpassed as the expression of the fancy in music, were played with delicacy and grace, and evidently relished exceedingly. Of the "Rienzi" overture nothing need be said except that it was played with splendid vim, and that the great orchestral climax was irresistible in its sweep.

The string orchestra showed its strength in the beautiful serenade by Volkmann, with 'cello obligato, which was a happy addition to the original program. It is one of the strongest and most poetic works in the 'cellist's repertory, with a singularly wild and plaintive note in some of its strains. The antiphonal melody of the andante with its moving rhythm works up to a magnificent effect as it is tossed back and forth from violoncello to violins. The solo part was finely played by Alvin Schroeder, who has no superior as a 'cellist. Mr Adamowski also had a chance for some beautiful obligato work in the Gounod "Ave Maria," which he kindly volunteered to play for the singer of the evening, Miss Gertrude Franklin. Miss Franklin made her first appearance in Springfield last evening and was cordially received. She has a voice of good quality, and does sober, artistic work. The only moderately interesting aria from "The Taming of the Shrew," by Goetz, she sang with a true dramatic conception, and she produced a good effect in the familiar "Ave Maria," although her voice is not quite of the type to follow the peculiarly sweet tone of Mr Adamowski's violin to the best advantage. To sum up, the concert was good, very good; with one or two selections a little out of the ordinary it would have been great. The chief points of possible improvement would have been the elimination of one or two somewhat hackneyed things, and the addition of at least one novelty, and perhaps of a full symphony in place of Schubert's exquisite torso. It is to be hoped that these superb orchestral concerts may become an annual feature of our musical season.

From "The Record", Sunday, Jan. 26th.

[illegible] popular matinee at the Music yesterday was rendered [illegible] by the reappearance of Miss Amalie Materna upon the Philadelphia stage. Those opera-goers who witnessed the anniversary ovation extended to this famous Wagnerian soprano upon her last visit to this city (with Conductor Damrosch two years ago) cannot have forgotten the sincere fervor of that tribute. An enthusiastic welcome greeted her yesterday when she threaded her way to the front down the aisle of instruments, and a gracious remembrance of her old-time glory might have been detected in the stormy applause. Not that her singing of the two Wagner numbers, "Isolde's Love-Death" and Bruennhilde's dying speech over Siegfried, was not performed in praiseworthy fashion; indeed, her soprano seems in the short interval of years to have regained more of its original volume and beauty, while its compass is as magnificent as ever; but it was a severe ordeal to place her voice against such a massive orchestral background. Nevertheless, in the dramatic "Goetterdammerung" music she revealed her great sustaining power (a scena in which she was last heard, by the bye). It has now been nearly 32 years since this Styrian prima donna made her debut, and it was two decades ago that she made herself world-famous by her Bruennhilde at the Baireuth Festival. Lillie Lehman, her great rival in the role, is still singing (at Vienna), while a new Bruennhilde has made her advent in Marie Brema (now with Damrosch). The beautiful instrumental prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" was most suggestively interpreted by Conductor Paur. As a balance to this crucial dose of Wagner, he fittingly chose Tschaikowsky's "1812" Overture and Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre" (Dance of Death)—two inspiringly picturesque compositions. The overture, which celebrates the repulse of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, treats the Marseillaise tune most delightfully with a naive drowning of its fragmentary echoes ever and anon in the whirlwind of strings and embattled wood winds. The cannonading episode was slightly theatrical, but the use of the bell in the coda was, if queer, decidedly stirring. Beethoven's familiar "Egmont" overture was also supplemented by a novelty in Bizet's "Patrie," with its briefly-developed melody.

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Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave another popular matinee yesterday afternoon before a large audience. This is the program:

Beethoven .....Overture, "Egmont"
Wagner, Vorspiel and Liebestod, from "Tristan and Isolde"
Tschaikowsky .....Overture, "1812"
Wagner, Monologue from the "Gotterdammerung"
Saint-Saens .....Danse Macabre"
Bizet.....Overture, "La Patrie"

This does not strike one as a strictly "popular" program, nor did it appear so to all the audience. While Mme. Materna has never been excelled as a dramatic singer in Wagnerian roles, advancing years have detracted from her earlier standard, but she still remains a powerful singer and her two numbers were given yesterday in a way to please Wagnerian idolators, though it is to be feared they did not make up a large portion of the audience.

The Egmont overture is ever a delight and the Danse Macabre is a stirring composition. The "1812" overture was played last season and was well received again.

The orchestra played with unusual vigor. Never before has it given such a volume of tone as during two of the numbers. The concert, on the whole, was very enjoyable.

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Mr. Paur's choice of popular music at yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy of Music, was, to say the least, peculiar, not that it was not an attractive programme, for it was; but to sandwich the "liebes-tod" from Tristan and Isolde, with its emotional effect and tragic character, between "Egmont" and Tschaikowsky's circus-like overture, "1812," and then "Brunhilde's" speech over "Seigfried" in the Gotterdaemmerung between Tschaikowsky and Saint-Saens' extraordinary "Danse Macabre," seemed a little jarring. Beethoven began the programme and Bizet's overture, "Patrie," closed it, and Madame Materna, to whom nature has been more than generous, was the vocal relief. Her method in Wagnerian declamation is excellent, and she brought out all the beauty of the music yesterday, and sang it with most conscientious expression. The Tschaikowsky overture was rendered in fine spirit and so were the oddities of Saint-Saens. But after all Materna was the hit of the concert, for she is really "Brunnhilda."

News 1/11

Boston Symphony Concert.

The third concert in the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is announced for Wednesday evening, January 22, and also the 1354th performance of this famous organization and the 36th in this city. It will be a noteworthy event musically because of the reappearance on the concert stage of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who now for five years has been in retirement. Mr. Joseffy was easily the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and there is every reason to believe that he will at once return to his former triumphs.

THE HOMESTEAD.

TURDAY, JANUARY 25

Springfield News and Gossip.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

We have had a wealth of good things in the musical attractions of the season, but it remains for the great symphony concert to be the crowning triumph. The great Boston orchestra will play in city hall Tuesday evening and it will easily be the musical event of the season. It will not only be a concert by one of the world's greatest orchestras, but it will be one of the finest performances ever

Emil Paur.

given by this famous organization. The program has been selected with great care and judgment, the very cream of the regular series of Boston concerts being selected to make up the program to be rendered here. As to the orchestra itself it can only be said that every member of it is himself a master musician. With such artists as Adamowski and Kneisel making up the membership of the organization nothing further need be said of its rank or capabilities.

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Miss Franklin.

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THE SPRINGFIELD UNION, JANUARY 26,

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The revised program is as follows:

Overture to "Leonore," Ludwig Van Beethoven
My Strength is Spent, from "The Taming of the Shrew," Goetz
Unfinished symphony in B minor, Schubert
Serenade for string orchestra, Volkmann
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Violin obligato and harp accompaniment.
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The North American

CLAYTON McMICHAEL & SONS, Publishers.

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[85]

The Republican.

SPRINGFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GIVES A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT.

A Large and Enthusiastic Audience in City Hall—The Work of the Orchestra and Soloist.

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News 1/11

Boston Symphony Concert.

The third concert in the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is announced for Wednesday evening, January 22, and also the 135th performance of this famous organization and the 36th in this city. It will be a noteworthy event musically because of the reappearance on the concert stage of Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who now for five years has been in retirement. Mr. Joseffy was easily the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and there is every reason to believe that he will at once return to his former triumphs.

Courier Ex

[illegible] January 22, the [illegible] Orchestra, will give its [illegible] performance of this season, the [illegible] performance, and its 26th in this [illegible]. Of unusual interest to the patrons of these concerts will be the announcement that Mr. Rafael Joseffy, after five years of retirement from the concert field, will make his reappearance. Mr. Joseffy will be remembered as the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and, as he has not allowed his great talent to lie idle, it is safe to assume that he will at once resume his old position as one of the greatest favorites among all our soloists.

Mr. Joseffy was born in Miskolcz, Hungary, in 1853. He had for his first teacher in Leipzic the famous Moscheles, and for his second the equally great Tausig. Joseffy's great genius enabled him to accomplish in a brief time what talent can acquire only with years of hardest study, and he became famous after but a single trip through Holland and Germany.

Mr. Joseffy, some months ago, appeared with the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, and scored a most remarkable triumph. Two weeks ago, in the regular series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Providence, R. I., which was Mr. Joseffy's initial performance with this orchestra since his re-entering the concert field, another brilliant success was recorded.

Boston Symphony Orchestra. | MUSIC HALL.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Third Concert, Wednesday Evening, Jan. 22, at 8.15 precisely.

.... SOLOIST ....

MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 2.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its thirteenth concert of the season, last night, in Music Hall. The following was the programme:

Symphony No. 1, E-flat major.....Goldmark
Elizabeth's Greeting, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Suite No. 2, E-minor, "Indian".....McDowell
Legend from "Lakme".....Delibes
Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi".....Rubinstein
Soloist, Mme. Melba.

A very large audience was present, but whether it came to hear Mr. MacDowell's new suite, or to feast its eyes on Melba, is a question that cannot be answered. Unfortunately for the art, a large number of music patrons receive delight and satisfaction only through sight; they go to see the famous artist, not to hear the work of art, and the pervading comment is: "Did you see her jewels?" not "Did you hear her voice?" Fortunately, on the present occasion both those who came to see and to hear had most pleasant occupation.

The novelty of the evening was Mr. MacDowell's Indian suite, which is a most fascinating work of art. It is interesting to know that he went to the American Indians for his themes; but this neither adds to nor detracts from the merits of his work. Subject matter gathered from the negroes or from the hitherward migrating Indian does not make American music; and, after all, if the music is of fine quality, it makes little difference under what heading it is placed. "Schools" in music, like in painting, serve a certain useful purpose, but provided we are given a Mozart or a Michel Angelo, we can enjoy the products of their genius without greatly concerning ourselves with their nationality. This is only a roundabout way of uttering the truism that there is no nationality in art, but at the same time it excuses us from entering into a historical and an ethnological disquisition, which would be prodigal in words and deficient in nutriment. Mr. MacDowell went to the wigwam for his themes, but he used them like a civilized artist.

What first strikes up in Mr. MacDowell's suite is its high seriousness, a seriousness that is at the base of all soundness in art. The work rings with sincerity; it is filled with ideas—a very high compliment at the present day, when technique is supposed to be ample exercise for mental and emotional vacuity—and at not infrequent intervals suggests the poet as well as the fine thinker. The music is imaginative; the themes are marked enough to stimulate thought in a particular direction but not marked enough to dictate its laws to fancy, if any one, for example, believes that the third movement is a scalp dance, the credit or blame of the discovery lies with the hearer and not with the composer. And this third movement is filled with strength, vigor and fire; the second movement is delightful in its sweet tenderness and poetic feeling. The fourth movement, "dirgelike, mournfully," is full of large imaginings, in its grasp of space and decided yet vague and mournful picturesqueness, it suggests a De Quincey opium dream set to music. The orchestration of the work is masterly, brilliant, and of rare artistic worth; learning may be found for the seeking, but it is one of Mr. MacDowell's merits as an artist that he subordinates technique to ideas, uses it as a means, and not as the end. Dignity, rare originality in the development of the themes, richness and appropriateness of coloring, technical skill of the highest order, poetic imagination, surety of hand, power, passion and sweetness, these are some of the characteristics of Mr. MacDowell's Suite which is surely one of the most promising and valuable work that recent American art has yet produced.

Of Melba, the incomparable, there is nothing new to say, her voice, and her art are of exquisite quality and her witchery is irresistible. To listen to her was a delight, and her fascinating work more than merited the wild and enthusiastic applause it won.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN ...
VOL. XCIX., NO. 33.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1896.

LARGEST OF THIS SEASON.

Symphony Concert Attracts a Great Audience.

Every Available Seat and All Standing Room in Music Hall Occupied—Mme. Melba the Soloist—Two Interesting Novelties Introduced in the Programme.

Every available bit of space for either sitting or standing was occupied in Music Hall last evening, despite the depressing and discouraging state of the weather and the miserable condition of the streets. The audience was the largest that has attended a Boston Symphony concert this season. The programme performed was:

Symphony, "Rustic Wedding".....Goldmark
Elisabeth's Greeting, "Tannhauser"....Wagner
Suite No. 2, "Indian," op. 48.E. A. MacDowell
Bell song, "Lakme".....Delibes
Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi".....Rubinstein

Mme. Melba was the soloist. There were two novelties, Mr. MacDowell's suite and the Rubinstein overture, neither of which had been heard at these concerts before. The suite is in five movements, and its title pertains to it because the thematic material of the work has been suggested, for the most part, by Indian melodies. It may be stated at once that the instrumentation throughout is masterly in the best sense of the word; that the composer is prolific in original devices of orchestration and unhackneyed effects of tone color; that his workmanship is fine, and that there is enough and to spare of poetic sentiment in the composition. Unfortunately, it is not clear in meaning. Mr. MacDowell is said to deny distinctly all intention of writing anything of the nature of "programme music" in this suite, and yet, what it is all about is as sorely in need of description as is the most pronounced example of such music.

There is little, if anything, in the work, except the orchestration, that makes itself understood on a first hearing. Here and there is a suave and tender gleam of tunefulness, a fragment of melody that bids fair to become interesting, but it vanishes almost before it takes form. There is much musicianship, but little music. There is a wealth of color but no discoverable reason for it. The modulations frequently surprise by their ingenuity and their newness; but when all is over one remembers nothing but tone color, modulation and strongly marked rhythms, piquant and otherwise, to no lucid end that is apparent. The suite shows the thoroughly skilled artist, sure of hand, unfailing in finding just the right way in which to express his thoughts, high of aim and scrupulously conscientious in a desire to appeal to what is loftiest in his art; but here he has exhibited more of cleverness than of what is understood as inspiration. In brief, the work verges at times closely on tiresomeness, and its affluence of rich color at length becomes monotonous through lack of contrast.

It may faithfully set forth the impressions excited in the composer by the Indian melodies he has taken for themes, but it has the faults of all impressionism in demanding that the artist's standpoint shall be first discovered and then viewed sympathetically. A second hearing may induce a more favorable impression of the work in regard to the composer's invention, but one hearing excites only admiration for his technical knowledge and the skill with which he uses it. The audience listened to it attentively, but it was moved to no very marked enthusiasm except of a complimentary nature. It was beautifully and effectively played, and at its close there was a persistent call for Mr. MacDowell, but he did not appear.

A charming reading was given of Goldmark's always delightful symphony. The lovely slow movement was exquisitely given, and the finale was rendered with a fine, a rhythmic swing, and a brilliancy that were unsurpassable. Mme. Melba was received with a storm of plaudits. Her singing of the Wagner air did not show her at her best. The music is not of the kind in which she excels. She sang it with the finish, the purity of intonation and the beauty of method that characterize all that she does, but something more of power and largeness of style were needed to do the music full justice. When it was over she was recalled many times, and was given a profusion of roses and other flowers. In the bell songs she easily redeemed herself. Here she was perfectly at home, and the florid music was trilled forth with that perfection of method and graceful charm of style that are her peculiar possessions. The performance roused her hearers to a pitch of excited enthusiasm, and they applauded until she had come forward again and again to bow her acknowledgments and to receive more roses.

The programme for the next concert is: Fantasy, Schubert; concerto for violin in D minor, Vieuxtemps; prelude to act I., "Lohengrin," Wagner; symphonic poem, "Tasso," Liszt. The soloist is to be Mr. M. Marsick.

Boston Evening Transcript.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance Here of MacDowell's 2d Suite.

A Very Large Audience Applauds Melba Wildly.

The program of the 13th Symphony Concert was as follows;

Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Rustic Wedding," Op. 26.....Goldmark
Elisabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhäeuser".....Wagner
Suite No. 2, in E-minor, "Indian," Op. 48 (MS.).....MacDowell
(First time at these concerts.)
1. With much dignity and character; legend-like. Twice as fast; with decision.
2. Softly, tenderly.
3. With rough vigor; almost savagely.
4. Dirge-like, mournfully.
5. Swift and light.

Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, from "Lakmé".....Delibes
Overture to "Demetrius of the Don"...Rubinstein
(First time.)

The feature of last evening's concert was the first performance in Boston of MacDowell's "Indian" suite, which was first played in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 23, of this year.

An eminent critic in New York laid considerable stress on the fact that the thematic material of this work was suggested for the most part by Indian melodies. By "Indian" is here meant the North American Indian. Mr. MacDowell himself acknowledges his indebtedness, and at the same time suggests that the occasional similarity between these themes and Northern European themes is "a direct testimony in corroboration of Thorfinn Karlsefni's Saga."

We go to a concert to hear music, not to study folk-lore. A composer has a right to take themes that suit his purpose, wherever he may find them. Mr. MacDowell may have received his themes from that hale old chief Not-Afraid-Of-A-Drum; he may have had copies of tunes originally poured into a phonograph by some jesting and retired warrior; or he may have secured them through the courtesy of Mr. Edward Everett Rice meditating an Indian burlesque; wherever and in what manner he got them is of little interest to the musician, who asks this one question, "What did Mr. MacDowell do with them after he got them?"

For the arts of the Indians are medicine and the use of arms. Our composers are not Indians; our audiences are not Indians. To our musical public an Indian tune has only an exotic interest. Composers in this country that wish to build up a national school of music on either Indian, negro, creole, or Canadian folk-songs are pursuing a chimera.

Mr. MacDowell himself has made no pretension to this wish; he is too sane and at the same time too imaginative a composer. He took the themes, and, using them, he painted tonal pictures in the impressionistic school. This music is not program music in the vulgar sense. He has not even given his five pictures titles. The hearer can find in these tonal pictures what he pleases, or, as for that, he is not obliged to look at them.

This music undoubtedly perplexed and disturbed many last evening. I have no doubt that some of Mr. MacDowell's warm admirers were staggered. It is perhaps to be regretted that this remarkable work was sandwiched between two tunes sung by an adored prima donna, for on such a "gala night" an audience is not in the most receptive or appreciative mood for listening to a new and singularly original orchestral work. I understand that Mr. MacDowell did not know of the conductor's complimentary purpose until Friday morning, and it will be remembered that in place of the "Indian" suite a suite by Godard was announced two weeks ago. I further understand that Mr. MacDowell protested against the performance last evening. It would have been better for composer and audience if the suite had been more becomingly introduced to Boston.

This suite first of all perplexed, possibly shocked, because it is full of a strong individuality that disdains the commonplace. The rare beauty and the wildness of certain harmonic progressions; the disdain for conventional modulations and cadences, the absence of anything that is cheaply pretty or sentimental; the avoidance of familiar effects; the extraordinary feeling for nuances—for Mr. MacDowell, like Verlaine, is the man of the shade not the color; all these attributes that are the glory of the work no doubt seemed strange, perhaps bizarre to many. Yet I know of few modern compositions that are so utterly free from the taint of insincerity, from the grievous flaw of affectation as this suite.

What a masterpiece is that interruption in the third movement! How full of unearthly suggestion! How exquisite the tenderness of the second movement! How noble is the melancholy of the dirge! In this whole suite there is no trace of crudeness; there is no awkwardness erased, and yet apparent; the thoughts are the musical thoughts of high imagination; the expression is that of the sure and serene master.

There are here no echoes of Raff, or Wagner, or Bizet, or Brahms, men that have each influenced mightily the musical thought of today. There is the voice of one composer; a virile, tender voice that does not stammer, does not break, does not wax hysterical; the voice of a composer that not only must needs pour out that which has accumulated within him, but knows all the resources of musical oratory—in a word, the voice of MacDowell.

* * *

The other orchestral numbers need not detain us. The pretty suite—or, if you please, symphony—of Goldmark is familiar here. It is this suite that moved the impertinent "Willy" in Paris to exclaim: "This interminable Wedding should be consummated. But Germans take so much time in everything."

The overture of Rubinstein's forgotten opera is also to be forgotten, and quickly. Bubble and squeak!

* * *

Melba, applauded wildly by a great audience, has sung here to greater advantage. The Greeting of Elizabeth is not in her line; her delivery lacked breadth, dignity, true feeling. Nor does such music lend itself graciously to her undisputed but sharply defined capabilities. In the song from "Lakmé" she was more at her ease, and more the mistress of her eminent art. But in this air the brilliancy of her colorature was not as dazzling as on former occasions.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Post.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2, 1896.

Thirteenth Symphony Program.

Three features were on the 13th symphony program—the first performance here of Mr E. A. MacDowell's "Indian" suite, and Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don," and the appearance of Mme Melba as soloist. The remaining orchestral number was Goldmark's symphony "Rustic Wedding." Every seat in Music hall was occupied, and many applicants for admission were obliged to go away without gaining an entrance, all of the tickets being sold.

Mme Melba's numbers were Elizabeth's greeting from "Tannhauser," and the legend from "Lakme." Her renditions of the two arias call for no special expressions of praise at this time, for this wonderful artist has long since about exhausted the English vocabulary dicative of commendation. Brilliance and strength characterized her singing of the Tannhauser air, which, though slightly lacking in dramatic warmth, was exquisitely delicate and artistic in every phrase. The legend from "Lakme" showed her wondrous purity and flexibility of vocalization. The runs and trills so faultless and clear, the certainty in attack and the perfect expression of the various sentiments, aroused her auditors to even greater enthusiasm than did the earlier number. Melba's recalls numbered a score or more, and she was fairly showered with bouquets.

Mr MacDowell's new work entitles him to rank with the foremost writers of music of the higher forms, for the "Indian" legend is harmonized and orchestrated more elaborately than any other strictly American composition yet given here. In a note on the program the composer states that the thematic material of the work was suggested for the most part by Indian melodies, but he has not chosen any very arbitrary sub-titles to explain the exact meaning of his tone paintings. The emotions expressed admit poetic interpretations of a general but not a specific nature. The musical ideas suggest certain fancies, without a distinctive story of an Indian character, leaving to the auditor the pleasure of weaving the narrative for himself.

To the average auditor the work will prove somewhat uninteresting, for its manifold beauties cannot be discerned at a single hearing. In the first movement, suggested by Thomas Bailey Aldrich's legend "Miantowona," two festival songs are used. In the second is an Indian love song. The third movement is expressive of a scalp dance; the fourth is some kind of a dirge, and the fifth suggests merrymaking in an Indian village.

Throughout these movements there is an originality of thought shown in the orchestration, which is very attractive to the advanced musician. The various dance rhythms are quaintly conceived and vividly set forth, and the underlying characteristics of Indian melody are truthfully preserved through all the work without undue prominence given to strident phrases and measures. The legend, which is Mr MacDowell's 48th numbered composition, was played from manuscript.

The orchestra played splendidly, conductor Paur and his men evincing a special interest in interpreting this grand work of the young Boston composer. The Rubinstein overture, played for the first time, was skilfully treated, the peculiarities of the writer being clearly shown. The stormy periods before the free fantasia were admirably smooth and vigorous, and the work of the brasses in the finale was notably harmonious, despite the fortissimo character of the phrases. In the Goldmark symphony the 13 variations were deftly given by the different contingents. In the third part of this number the clarinets and horns did splendid work. The introduction to the "Tannhauser" aria was given faultlessly.

At the concerts this week Mr M. Marsick, the eminent violinist, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Schubert, "Fantasy;" Vieuxtemps, concerto for violin in D minor; Wagner, prelude to act I, "Lohengrin;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Tasso."

[86]

Herald 1/2

Joseffy to Play Here.

Wednesday evening, January 22, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its third performance of this season, the 1,384th performance, and its 36th in this city. Of unusual interest to the patrons of these concerts will be the announcement that Mr. Rafael Joseffy, after five years of retirement from the concert field, will make his reappearance. Mr. Joseffy will be remembered as the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and, as he has not allowed his great talent to lie idle, it is safe to assume that he will at once resume his old position as one of the greatest favorites among all our soloists.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra. | **MUSIC HALL**

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.... SOLOIST ....

MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

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Soloist, Mme. Melba.

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Boston Journal.

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For the arts of the Indians are medicine and the use of arms. Our composers are not Indians; our audiences are not Indians. To our musical public an Indian tune has only an exotic interest. Composers in this country that wish to build up a national school of music on either Indian, negro, creole, or Canadian folk-songs are pursuing a chimera.

Mr. MacDowell himself has made no pretension to this wish; he is too sane and at the same time too imaginative a composer. He took the themes; and, using them, he painted tonal pictures in the impressionistic school. This music is not program music in the vulgar sense. He has not even given his five pictures titles. The hearer can find in these tonal pictures what he pleases, or, as for that, he is not obliged to look at them.

This music undoubtedly perplexed and disturbed many last evening. I have no doubt that some of Mr. MacDowell's warm admirers were staggered. It is perhaps to be regretted that this remarkable work was sandwiched between two tunes sung by an adored prima donna, for on such a "gala night" an audience is not in the most receptive or appreciative mood for listening to a new and singularly original orchestral work. I understand that Mr. MacDowell did not know of the conductor's complimentary purpose until Friday morning, and it will be remembered that in place of the "Indian" suite a suite by Godard was announced two weeks ago. I further understand that Mr. MacDowell protested against the performance last evening. It would have been better for composer and audience if the suite had been more becomingly introduced to Boston.

This suite first of all perplexed, possibly shocked, because it is full of a strong individuality that disdains the commonplace. The rare beauty and the wildness of certain harmonic progressions; the disdain for conventional modulations and cadences, the absence of anything that is cheaply pretty or sentimental; the avoidance of familiar effects; the extraordinary feeling for nuances—for Mr. MacDowell, like Verlaine, is the man of the shade not the color; all these attributes that are the glory of the work no doubt seemed strange, perhaps bizarre to many. Yet I know of few modern compositions that are so utterly free from the taint of insincerity, from the grievous flaw of affectation as this suite.

What a masterpiece is that interruption in the third movement! How full of unearthly suggestion! How exquisite the tenderness of the second movement! How noble is the melancholy of the dirge! In this whole suite there is no trace of crudeness; there is no awkwardness erased, and yet apparent; the thoughts are the musical thoughts of high imagination; the expression is that of the sure and serene master.

There are here no echoes of Raff, or Wagner, or Bizet, or Brahms, men that have each influenced mightily the musical thought of today. There is the voice of one composer; a virile, tender voice that does not stammer, does not break, does not wax hysterical; the voice of a composer that not only must needs pour out that which has accumulated within him, but knows all the resources of musical oratory—in a word, the voice of MacDowell.

* * *

The other orchestral numbers need not detain us. The pretty suite—or, if you please, symphony—of Goldmark is familiar here. It is this suite that moved the impertinent "Willy" in Paris to exclaim: "This interminable Wedding should be consummated. But Germans take so much time in everything."

The overture of Rubinstein's forgotten opera is also to be forgotten, and quickly. Bubble and squeak!

* * *

Melba, applauded wildly by a great audience, has sung here to greater advantage. The Greeting of Elizabeth is not in her line; her delivery lacked breadth, dignity, true feeling. Nor does such music lend itself graciously to her undisputed but sharply defined capabilities. In the song from "Lakmé" she was more at her ease, and more the mistress of her eminent art. But in this air the brilliancy of her colorature was not as dazzling as on former occasions.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2, 1896.

Thirteenth Symphony Program.

Three features were on the 13th symphony program—the first performance here of Mr E. A. MacDowell's "Indian" suite, and Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don," and the appearance of Mme Melba as soloist. The remaining orchestral number was Goldmark's symphony "Rustic Wedding." Every seat in Music hall was occupied, and many applicants for admission were obliged to go away without gaining an entrance, all of the tickets being sold.

Mme Melba's numbers were Elizabeth's greeting from "Tannhauser," and the legend from "Lakme." Her renditions of the two arias call for no special expressions of praise at this time, for this wonderful artist has long since about exhausted the English vocabulary indicative of commendation. Brilliancy and strength characterized her singing of the Tannhauser air, which, though slightly lacking in dramatic warmth, was exquisitely delicate and artistic in every phrase. The legend from "Lakme" showed her wondrous purity and flexibility of vocalization. The runs and trills so faultless and clear, the certainty in attack and the perfect expression of the various sentiments, aroused her auditors to even greater enthusiasm than did the earlier number. Melba's recalls numbered a score or more, and she was fairly showered with bouquets.

Mr MacDowell's new work entitles him to rank with the foremost writers of music of the higher forms, for the "Indian" legend is harmonized and orchestrated more elaborately than any other strictly American composition yet given here. In a note on the program the composer states that the thematic material of the work was suggested for the most part by Indian melodies, but he has not chosen any very arbitrary sub-titles to explain the exact meaning of his tone paintings. The emotions expressed admit poetic interpretations of a general but not a specific nature. The musical ideas suggest certain fancies, without a distinctive story of an Indian character, leaving to the auditor the pleasure of weaving the narrative for himself.

To the average auditor the work will prove somewhat uninteresting, for its manifold beauties cannot be discerned at a single hearing. In the first movement, suggested by Thomas Bailey Aldrich's legend "Miantowona," two festival songs are used. In the second is an Indian love song. The third movement is expressive of a scalp dance; the fourth is some kind of a dirge, and the fifth suggests merrymaking in an Indian village.

Throughout these movements there is an originality of thought shown in the orchestration, which is very attractive to the advanced musician. The various dance rhythms are quaintly conceived and vividly set forth, and the underlying characteristics of Indian melody are truthfully preserved through all the work without undue prominence given to strident phrases and measures. The legend, which is Mr MacDowell's 48th numbered composition, was played from manuscript.

The orchestra played splendidly, conductor Paur and his men evincing a special interest in interpreting this grand work of the young Boston composer. The Rubinstein overture, played for the first time, was skilfully treated, the peculiarities of the writer being clearly shown. The stormy periods before the free fantasia were admirably smooth and vigorous, and the work of the brasses in the finale was notably harmonious, despite the fortissimo character of the phrases. In the Goldmark symphony the 13 variations were deftly given by the different contingents. In the third part of this number the clarinets and horns did splendid work. The introduction to the "Tannhauser" aria was given faultlessly.

At the concerts this week Mr M. Marsick, the eminent violinist, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Schubert, "Fantasy;" Vieuxtemps, concerto for violin in D minor; Wagner, prelude to act I, "Lohengrin;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Tasso."

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American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1896.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY IN BRAHMS' CONCERTO WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The third concert on Friday evening, January 24th, was a memorable event, owing largely to the appearance of Rafael Joseffy as solo pianist. The program comprised Beethoven's Symphony, No. 3, in E flat "Eroica," Brahms' Pianoforte Concerto in B flat and Tschaikowsky's Overture "1812."

That the performers were handicapped by the acoustical properties of the stage is probably true. A "kind of canvas box with curtain hangings" would not assist very materially the propagation of an incomprehensible and illimitable family of sonorous waves of baffling complexity.

Still under any conditions or circumstances such an array of artists—artists in the true sense of the word—were bound to create an undying impression upon any sympathetic tympanic membrane within their locality, and this they "did to the Queen's taste." To particularize would be, from a musical standpoint, invidious, perhaps worse, but this must be done.

The orchestra, though not large, has a world wide reputation, and its high standard of excellence is everywhere acknowledged. In all its departments, strings, wood, wind, brass and instruments of percussion it is irreproachable.

Mr. Emil Paur.

Mr. Emil Paur at the present time is the conductor of this band, and in many respects he may be called an almost "ideal" conductor. He seems to recognize the fact that the highest attainments are gained when the original inspiration and intention of the composer is faithfully reproduced.

At no time was the attention of the audience centered in him except at the commencement and conclusion of a movement, when he was forced into prominence by the heartiest expressions of approval and respect by the vast concourse of grateful listeners present. He has none of those ridiculous pantomimic tricks and gestures so often seen now-a-days, in fact, nothing emanates from him to detract from the serious attention of the musical student or critic to the work as it proceeds. A better conductor would be hard to find.

The performance of the Symphony was most satisfying, although the effect of the splendid group of 'cello and "Bass" players could not be fully realized, owing to the acoustical opacity of the surroundings before mentioned.

Rafael Joseffy.

Despite the fact that the wonderful Brahms' Concerto, with its enormous technical and other difficulties, was the work selected for the reappearance of this remarkable man; it must be admitted that to the uninitiated it is not as grateful a work to either performer or audience as either of the Rubinstein or Saint-Saens Concertos.

It has everything connected with it to tax the highest powers of the soloist in a way hardly realized by those unacquainted with its unprecedented intricacies. All kinds of twisted, forced and opposite rythmic pulsations, every device and ingenuity known to pianistic art are employed to an almost bewildering extent. Mr. Joseffy's selection of this noble work shows how unselfish an artist he is, and more particularly at this time when the entire world seems to have its eyes fixed with hypnotic unmovableness on one star—a star of the first magnitude certainly—but not the only one that shines on this particular plane in the musical firmament, as was abundantly demonstrated on Friday night in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is, therefore, so much the more gratifying to Joseffy that, in the face of the obstacles just enumerated, he aroused his audience to a wild enthusiasm that could only be understood and appreciated by those who witnessed it. It would, perhaps, have been better had he responded to the most persistent calls of the audience for an "encore." It would have been no trouble to him and to them it meant a great deal.

His performance was a wonderful one. An immense technique coupled with true musicianship in all its branches combine to make Mr. Joseffy a pianist of the very first rank. There is nothing more that can or need be said. He is great!

The "1812" overture, by Tschaikowsky, was played by the Symphony Orchestra, and their efforts were adequately crowned by a storm of applause and a universal sentiment that of the laurels they have already gained nothing was lost.

The concert altogether emphasized the already existing impression that American musicians have nothing to fear from the "war scare," for it demonstrated the fact that the "wise men who came from the East" some time ago did not go back.

JOHN H. GOWER,
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The Boston Symphony Orchestra had been in existence five years, and was already half way through its sixth season, before it paid its first visit to New York, Feb. 14, 1887. Since then forty-two concerts have been given here, fifteen in Steinway Hall, fifteen in Chickering Hall, five in the Carnegie Music Hall, and five in the Metropolitan Opera House, in regular series, and two extra concerts, one on the evening of Sunday, March 27, 1892, at the Metropolitan Opera House, given jointly with Paderewski in aid of the Washington Arch fund, and the second at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on the evening of Monday, May 2, of the same year, when D'Albert was the soloist.

Of the forty-two concerts, eleven were given under the leadership of Wilhelm Gericke, twenty-one under Nikisch, and ten under the leadership of the present conductor, Mr. Emil Paur.

Mr. George Henschel was the first conductor of the orchestra and retained the position for three years. In 1885 he went to London, and in a few years became the leader of a large orchestra there.

Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvellous that it can not be effaced.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His leadership continued four years. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors, it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own that a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Budapest, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke, at the very same Stadt Theatre, several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

Some of the famous soloists who have appeared with the orchestra in New York are: Lilli Lehmann, Eames, Nordica, Mme. Henschel, Emma Juch, Mme. Nikisch, Wyman, Brema, Edmands, Aus der Ohe, Rivé-King, Suza Doane, Eugenia Castellano, Madge Wickham, Eugen d'Albert, Ignace Paderewski, Rafael Joseffy, Vladimir de Pachmann, F. Busoni, Pol Plancon, George Henchel, Max Heinrich, Anton Schott, Paul Kalisch, Watkin Mills, Cesar Thomson, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, Fritz Giese, Anton Hekking, Alwin Schroeder.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 2, 1896.

The thirteenth Symphony programme would have been an important one if only because it gave Boston its first hearing of Mr. E. A. MacDowell's new "Indian" suite, which has already had the honor of meeting the patronizing and encyclopædic approbation of New York criticism. The Tribune is particularly learned in its remarks, and gives information as to the sources of the thematic material which may have come instructively to the composer himself; for his own prefatory note and the details in the programme-book (presumably supplied by him) do not so much as hint at what Mr. Krehbiel asserts as facts. Be this as it may, Mr. MacDowell's suite is a great and valuable contribution to American music, and one to be ranked far above Mr. Dvorak's hybrid "American" symphony.

Its "Indian" is of course the aborigine of this continent, and its five parts give the very mood and spirit of some great phases of his character and life, even though the composer has not labelled them to his will, as Olivia was to inventory her features. The Iowas or the Iroquois may have created some of the themes as the Tribune declares, but the expressions of savagery, wild pathos, desolate gloom, fierce excitement, lonesome melancholy, furious activity, quaint emotion and eager festivity are Mr. MacDowell's own.

First of American composers we have always held him to be in respect of original thought, forceful enunciation, introspective temperament, unusual fancy, dainty conceit and intense forcefulness. But his writing has not always been clear, temperate and apposite. Sometimes he has seemed to waste himself upon comparatively insignificant topics and to complicate a naturally simple conception into involved and harassed deductions. In this suite he is at his strongest and best. The Indian nature, for all its many passions, yet moved in narrower and deeper cut grooves than a more civilized disposition would, and Mr. MacDowell has been forced therefore to concentrate himself, to seek intensity rather than fantasy and the single-mindedness of primitive peoples instead of the vagrant fancy of poetical or rhapsodical nations. The first movement is of a legendary and mystical character; and although its suggestion is said to have come from Aldrich's "Miantowona," we were more reminded by it of the early cantos of "Hiawatha," wherein are recounted the wild sources and characteristic qualities of the legends which breathe the voices of mountain, prairie, bird, beast, water and wind and woodland. The second is of tenderer and softer type and might well stand for the milder influences which even the savage felt and could respond to. Then comes a moment (marked to be played "with rough vigor, almost savagely") which can easily be understood to represent the uprising and gathering of fierce and destructive passions. In it one seems to hear the leap of the brave in the war-dance, and can fancy the whirling of the tomahawk as the hideous battle-paint shines in the lurid firelight. A moment of awful depression comes just before the movement ends, as if in warning and augury of some fearful fate; then the riotous revelry begins again. A gloomy and saddening dirge, weird, remote and impressive with its strange, dull reiterations of isolated notes, follows. Then the suite ends with what is clearly a high revelry "with dances and delight."

Mr. MacDowell has wisely abstained from any programme nomenclatures. He has merely prefixed to each movement a brief indication of the manner of its rendering and then left it to tell its own story and to make its own way according to the knowledge, the imagination and the sympathy of the listener's nature. And surely that must be but a dull or untaught mind which does not find in these movements, distinct and perfect each, some trait or representative of that powerfully marked and tenaciously maintained individuality which differentiated the North American Indian—as a race, we mean, taking no account of tribal peculiarities,—from every other savage man upon the globe. And so, too, it must be a rather unresponsive nature which does not yield to the sway of the moods with which the composer has imbued his pages, so powerfully and pervadingly.

The orchestra has been admirably used for the composer's purposes. Occasionally,—and this especially in the second movement,—one feels the influence of Raff, for whose instrumentation Mr. MacDowell has a great liking, we believe. But for the most part the treatment is independent and individual. There are some adaptations of tone color and some choice of instrumental types which come almost like inspirations. Such, for instance, are the rattle of the cymbals under the snare-drum sticks: the remote, lonely lament of horn and trumpet; the bell-like beats of penetrating monotones; the solitary entrances of flute and clarinet in the war-dance; the union of the shrillest and the dullest tones in the same measures; the surly imperiousness of the muted horn and the persistent, palpitating trills which override the theme in the first movement. These devices and others, so scattered through the suite that it would take too long to locate them here, are not by any means all Mr. McDowell's inventions; but their application is always artfully and closely significant and often uniquely effective. In fact, the whole score is wonderfully well-knit together; and, considering how wide its range really is, it seems in many pages absolutely compressed by a masterful hand. It may not be a popular work—at first one could hardly expect it to be—but it is a noble, potent, poetic and spiritual one.

There was another novelty on the programme—Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don," an opera celebrating the prowess of the Russian Emperor Dimitri, who beat the Tartars on the Don, some six hundred years ago. It is noisy, battlesome, rough and crushing in temper and manner, and not interesting or consequential enough for a second hearing, although it served very well to play the audience out.

The only other orchestral number was Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony, which took up too much time at the top of a programme rather unduly long. It was beautifully and appropriately played as were the other pieces, the suite receiving an especially careful, symmetrical and appreciative reading.

Mme. Melba sang. The house was simply crammed and she was received with extreme cordiality and recalled again and again with all fervor until it seemed as if she must have walked a half mile in her trips between the ante room and the stage. She brought new music—for her—in Elizabeth's greeting song from "Tannhäuser," and the "Indian bell" air from "Lakme." There is nothing else to do but extol again the elegant perfection, the unclouded purity, the effortless delivery and the complete command which dwell in her voice and manner. To the Wagner air she gave a large simplicity and a volume of tone so enhanced that it stirred a telling vibrato in the more resonant notes, and to the "Lakme" floriture a fine, flying distinctness which left nothing to be desired. One could only wonder why she had not used that exquisite vehicle for her art before and oftener.

At the next concert Mr. Marsick will make his Boston debut in the D-minor violin concerto of Vieuxtemps, and the orchestra will play a Schubert fantasy, the first prelude in "Lohengrin" and Liszt's "Tasso."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the thirteenth symphony concert, given last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, was as follows:

Goldmark: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Rustic Wedding," opus 26.
Wagner: Elisabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhäuser."
MacDowell: Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," opus 48 (MS.)
Delibes: The Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, from "Lakmé."
Rubinstein: Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Mme. Melba was the singer.

Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" is not the most interesting work in the world; neither is it the least so. When one hears of the enormous care Goldmark is said to bestow upon his compositions, and of his searching self-criticism, one is a little inclined to wonder that the results he obtains are not more striking. When this "Rustic Wedding" of his was first given here, some years ago, we could find little in it; and longer and closer acquaintance with the work has not much increased our respect for it. There are moments of beauty, especially of cleverness, in it; but we cannot but find it pretty tedious for the most part.

Mr. MacDowell's new "Indian" suite is a curious work. Perhaps the most curious thing about it is that Mr. MacDowell should have written it; for, if we mistake not, he is not in the least bitten with the now popular fad for barbarous folk-tunes, and far prefers music of civilized origin and character. How conscious he was, in writing this suite, of the handicap under which his talent labored in trying to transmute his authentic North American Indian thematic material into something recognizable as modern music, we do not know; but to the listener the handicap is apparent enough. Mr. MacDowell admits the resemblance of some of these Indian tunes to Norse and Russian melodies; and, in hearing them, we could not but feel, as we did in listening to the negro themes in Dr. Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony, the most barbarous tunes, of no-matter-what origin, have so much in common that it takes an expert to recognize anything very specific in their musical character. To the experienced musical ethnologist the Indian melodies chosen by Mr. MacDowell may present some features which differentiate them from other savage or semi-barbarous themes; but to the ordinary musician their general barbarousness is about all that is noteworthy in them. We personally could not help finding these Indian tunes not only irredeemably hideous, but terribly tedious. What Mr. MacDowell has done with them is no doubt interesting—as all clever work is interesting—but seldom more than this. The first movement has moments of great beauty and impressiveness; but the rest of the suite left us cold and unmoved. We could not but feel all the while that the composer had made a serious mistake in thus trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. No doubt a second or third hearing might reverse our judgment; but at present we feel as if Mr. MacDowell had been trying to do the undoable.

Rubinstein's "Dimitri Donskoi" overture has its admirers; we find it dull and rather characterless. The early date of its composition made us hope for more melodic invention and more snap in style.

Mme. Melba sang Elisabeth's scene from the second act of "Tannhäuser" superbly; with noble breadth and simplicity of style and great dignity of expression. Perhaps her performance on Friday afternoon was just a thought finer than on Saturday evening; the audience was certainly more responsive at the public rehearsal than at the concert. Friday afternoon was the first time in our experience that this particular selection has aroused any enthusiasm in an audience. Mme. Melba's singing of the Legend from Delibes's "Lakmé" was superb; saving a slip or two in intonation in the concluding staccato phrases, superb at every point. The audience went fairly wild over it.

The next programme is: Schubert, Fantasia; Vieuxtemps, concerto for violin, in D minor; Wagner, introduction to Act I. of "Lohengrin;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Tasso." Mr. M. Marsick will be the violinist.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1896.

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That the performers were handicapped by the acoustical properties of the stage is probably true. A "kind of canvas box with curtain hangings" would not assist very materially the propagation of an incomprehensible and illimitable family of sonorous waves of baffling complexity.

Still under any conditions or circumstances such an array of artists—artists in the true sense of the word—were bound to create an undying impression upon any sympathetic tympanic membrane within their locality, and this they "did to the Queen's taste." To particularize would be, from a musical standpoint, invidious, perhaps worse, but this must be done.

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Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, and Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna, leaving behind him the stamp of a skill so marvellous that it can not be effaced.

The third and youngest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, leader of the orchestra at the Stadt Theatre at Leipsic, the first opera house in that city. His leadership continued four years. One thing the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always done for its conductors, it has given to them a greater renown than was theirs when they assumed control. Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch must all own that a greater fame attended their return to Europe because of their association with America's first orchestra. Nikisch, on leaving Boston, was appointed director of the Royal Opera and also conductor of the orchestra at Budapest, but has just accepted a more congenial position as the conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic.

When Arthur Nikisch left the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic to come to Boston he was succeeded by the same man who followed him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present leader, Mr. Emil Paur. It is also worthy of comment that Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur played at the same desk as first violinists under Mr. Gericke, at the very same Stadt Theatre, several years before. Mr. Paur enters upon his third year with the orchestra this season.

Some of the famous soloists who have appeared with the orchestra in New York are: Lilli Lehmann, Eames, Nordica, Mme. Henschel, Emma Juch, Mme. Nikisch, Wyman, Brema, Edmands, Aus der Ohe, Rivé-King, Suza Doane, Eugenia Castellano, Madge Wickham, Eugen d'Albert, Ignace Paderewski, Rafael Joseffy, Vladimir de Pachmann, F. Busoni, Pol Plancon, George Henchel, Max Heinrich, Anton Schott, Paul Kalisch, Watkin Mills, Cesar Thomson, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, Fritz Giese, Anton Hekking, Alwin Schroeder.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 2, 1896.

The thirteenth Symphony programme would have been an important one if only because it gave Boston its first hearing of Mr. E. A. MacDowell's new "Indian" suite, which has already had the honor of meeting the patronizing and encyclopædic approbation of New York criticism. The Tribune is particularly learned in its remarks, and gives information as to the sources of the thematic material which may have come instructively to the composer himself; for his own prefatory note and the details in the programme-book (presumably supplied by him) do not so much as hint at what Mr. Krehbiel asserts as facts. Be this as it may, Mr. MacDowell's suite is a great and valuable contribution to American music, and one to be ranked far above Mr. Dvorak's hybrid "American" symphony.

Its "Indian" is of course the aborigine of this continent, and its five parts give the very mood and spirit of some great phases of his character and life, even though the composer has not labelled them to his will, as Olivia was to inventory her features. The Iowas or the Iroquois may have created some of the themes as the Tribune declares, but the expressions of savagery, wild pathos, desolate gloom, fierce excitement, lonesome melancholy, furious activity, quaint emotion and eager festivity are Mr. MacDowell's own.

First of American composers we have always held him to be in respect of original thought, forceful enunciation, introspective temperament, unusual fancy, dainty conceit and intense forcefulness. But his writing has not always been clear, temperate and apposite. Sometimes he has seemed to waste himself upon comparatively insignificant topics and to complicate a naturally simple conception into involved and harassed deductions. In this suite he is at his strongest and best. The Indian nature, for all its many passions, yet moved in narrower and deeper cut grooves than a more civilized disposition would, and Mr. MacDowell has been forced therefore to concentrate himself, to seek intensity rather than fantasy and the single-mindedness of primitive peoples instead of the vagrant fancy of poetical or rhapsodical nations. The first movement is of a legendary and mystical character; and although its suggestion is said to have come from Aldrich's "Miantowona," we were more reminded by it of the early cantos of "Hiawatha," wherein are recounted the wild sources and characteristic qualities of the legends which breathe the voices of mountain, prairie, bird, beast, water and wind and woodland. The second is of tenderer and softer type and might well stand for the milder influences which even the savage felt and could respond to. Then comes a moment (marked to be played "with rough vigor, almost savagely") which can easily be understood to represent the uprising and gathering of fierce and destructive passions. In it one seems to hear the leap of the brave in the war-dance, and can fancy the whirling of the tomahawk as the hideous battle-paint shines in the lurid firelight. A moment of awful depression comes just before the movement ends, as if in warning and augury of some fearful fate; then the riotous revelry begins again. A gloomy and saddening dirge, weird, remote and impressive with its strange, dull reiterations of isolated notes, follows. Then the suite ends with what is clearly a high revelry "with dances and delight."

Mr. MacDowell has wisely abstained from any programme nomenclatures. He has merely prefixed to each movement a brief indication of the manner of its rendering and then left it to tell its own story and to make its own way according to the knowledge, the imagination and the sympathy of the listener's nature. And surely that must be but a dull or untaught mind which does not find in these movements, distinct and perfect each, some trait or representative of that powerfully marked and tenaciously maintained individuality which differentiated the North American Indian—as a race, we mean, taking no account of tribal peculiarities,—from every other savage man upon the globe. And so, too, it must be a rather unresponsive nature which does not yield to the sway of the moods with which the composer has imbued his pages, so powerfully and pervadingly.

The orchestra has been admirably used for the composer's purposes. Occasionally,—and this especially in the second movement,—one feels the influence of Raff, for whose instrumentation Mr. MacDowell has a great liking, we believe. But for the most part the treatment is independent and individual. There are some adaptations of tone color and some choice of instrumental types which come almost like inspirations. Such, for instance, are the rattle of the cymbals under the snare-drum sticks: the remote, lonely lament of horn and trumpet; the bell-like beats of penetrating monotones; the solitary entrances of flute and clarinet in the war-dance; the union of the shrillest and the dullest tones in the same measures; the surly imperiousness of the muted horn and the persistent, palpitating trills which override the theme in the first movement. These devices and others, so scattered through the suite that it would take too long to locate them here, are not by any means all Mr. McDowell's inventions; but their application is always artfully and closely significant and often uniquely effective. In fact, the whole score is wonderfully well-knit together; and, considering how wide its range really is, it seems in many pages absolutely compressed by a masterful hand. It may not be a popular work—at first one could hardly expect it to be—but it is a noble, potent, poetic and spiritual one.

There was another novelty on the programme—Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don," an opera celebrating the prowess of the Russian Emperor Dimitri, who beat the Tartars on the Don, some six hundred years ago. It is noisy, battlesome, rough and crushing in temper and manner, and not interesting or consequential enough for a second hearing, although it served very well to play the audience out.

The only other orchestral number was Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony, which took up too much time at the top of a programme rather unduly long. It was beautifully and appropriately played as were the other pieces, the suite receiving an especially careful, symmetrical and appreciative reading.

Mme. Melba sang. The house was simply crammed and she was received with extreme cordiality and recalled again and again with all fervor until it seemed as if she must have walked a half mile in her trips between the ante room and the stage. She brought new music—for her—in Elizabeth's greeting song from "Tannhauser," and the "Indian bell" air from "Lakme." There is nothing else to do but extol again the elegant perfection, the unclouded purity, the effortless delivery and the complete command which dwell in her voice and manner. To the Wagner air she gave a large simplicity and a volume of tone so enhanced that it stirred a telling vibrato in the more resonant notes, and to the "Lakme" fioriture a fine, flying distinctness which left nothing to be desired. One could only wonder why she had not used that exquisite vehicle for her art before and oftener.

At the next concert Mr. Marsick will make his Boston debut in the D-minor violin concerto of Vieuxtemps, and the orchestra will play a Schubert fantasy, the first prelude in "Lohengrin" and Liszt's "Tasso."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the thirteenth symphony concert, given last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, was as follows:

Goldmark: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Rustic Wedding," opus 26.
Wagner: Elisabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhäuser."
MacDowell: Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," opus 48 (MS.)
Delibes: The Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, from "Lakmé."
Rubinstein: Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Mme. Melba was the singer.

Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" is not the most interesting work in the world; neither is it the least so. When one hears of the enormous care Goldmark is said to bestow upon his compositions, and of his searching self-criticism, one is a little inclined to wonder that the results he obtains are not more striking. When this "Rustic Wedding" of his was first given here, some years ago, we could find little in it; and longer and closer acquaintance with the work has not much increased our respect for it. There are moments of beauty, especially of cleverness, in it; but we cannot but find it pretty tedious for the most part.

Mr. MacDowell's new "Indian" suite is a curious work. Perhaps the most curious thing about it is that Mr. MacDowell should have written it; for, if we mistake not, he is not in the least bitten with the now popular fad for barbarous folk-tunes, and far prefers music of civilized origin and character. How conscious he was, in writing this suite, of the handicap under which his talent labored in trying to transmute his authentic North American Indian thematic material into something recognizable as modern music, we do not know; but to the listener the handicap is apparent enough. Mr. MacDowell admits the resemblance of some of these Indian tunes to Norse and Russian melodies; and, in hearing them, we could not but feel, as we did in listening to the negro themes in Dr. Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony, the most barbarous tunes, of no-matter-what origin, have so much in common that it takes an expert to recognize anything very specific in their musical character. To the experienced musical ethnologist the Indian melodies chosen by Mr. MacDowell may present some features which differentiate them from other savage or semi-barbarous themes; but to the ordinary musician their general barbarousness is about all that is noteworthy in them. We personally could not help finding these Indian tunes not only irredeemably hideous, but terribly tedious. What Mr. MacDowell has done with them is no doubt interesting—as all clever work is interesting—but seldom more than this. The first movement has moments of great beauty and impressiveness; but the rest of the suite left us cold and unmoved. We could not but feel all the while that the composer had made a serious mistake in thus trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. No doubt a second or third hearing might reverse our judgment; but at present we feel as if Mr. MacDowell had been trying to do the undoable.

Rubinstein's "Dimitri Donskoi" overture has its admirers; we find it dull and rather characterless. The early date of its composition made us hope for more melodic invention and more snap in style.

Mme. Melba sang Elisabeth's scene from the second act of "Tannhäuser" superbly; with noble breadth and simplicity of style and great dignity of expression. Perhaps her performance on Friday afternoon was just a thought finer than on Saturday evening; the audience was certainly more responsive at the public rehearsal than at the concert. Friday afternoon was the first time in our experience that this particular selection has aroused any enthusiasm in an audience. Mme. Melba's singing of the Legend from Delibes's "Lakmé" was superb; saving a slip or two in intonation in the concluding staccato phrases, superb at every point. The audience went fairly wild over it.

The next programme is: Schubert, Fantasia; Vieuxtemps, concerto for violin, in D minor; Wagner, introduction to Act I. of "Lohengrin;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Tasso." Mr. M. Marsick will be the violinist.

Established 1813.

The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 730th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was chiefly made up of modern dissonances ranging from Indian yells to Russian groans; yet it was of sustained interest and drew forth the largest of audiences and a continuity of applause. The programme began innocently enough with Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding Symphony," which is a suite rather than a true symphony; in his second symphony Goldmark came much closer to the sonata-form which is the essence of symphonic construction.

The "Rustic Wedding" opens with a march and variations, and the latter serve excellently to pass the orchestra in review. Of especial excellence was the pizzicato of the violins and the oboe variation; M. Sautet is practically master of two schools of blowing the oboe (and our second oboist, Mr. Mueller, is also an artist of great excellence) giving at times the broad tone, almost like the English horn, which suits to the German school of scoring, and at times the delicate thin tone which the French composers prefer. In this work he appropriately gave the tender and lighter quality.

Most charming in character and in their execution were the imitative phrases of the second movement, the daintiest of free canonic effects, and here the rustic character is never lost; but the earnest and soulful character of the scene in the garden might have told of the passion of Francesca and Paolo, or Tristan and Isolde, instead of a pair of country lovers. There was a ragged attack in the woodwind in the last movement and the work could have had a freer interpretation as regards tempi and shading, but it won much applause and was the only melodic bit of orchestral composition upon the programme.

Nordica has led the way from Bellini and Donizetti to Wagner, and Melba took the same path in this concert, giving as her first number "Elizabeth's Greeting" from "Tannhaeuser." She was welcomed into the Wagnerian fold with a mighty outburst of applause. But the Greeting to the Hall was after all, rather a tame one; one would have greeted even an ante-room in a broader manner. The pure sweet, and flexible voice is not cast in the heroic mould, and one measure sung by Materna or Lehmann would have shown the hopelessness of the excursion of the singer into this new path. Nevertheless, there was much applause and a floral tribute at the end of the number.

In her second number, the Parah song, though the voice seemed a trifle jaded from from "Lakme," Melba was decidedly more at home; her intonation in the difficult unaccompanied passages was perfect, al- the effort made in the Wagner number, and was not at its very best. What an odd resemblance to Beckmesser's serenade there is in certain phrases of this song! Melba's enunciation was a model of clearness, and towards the end she seemed to triumph over her difficulties, and the voice, which had lacked resonance before, became brilliant and effective in the final cadenza. Recall after recall followed, but in accordance with the excellent rule at these concerts, no encore was given.

Among the orchestral numbers the chief interest centred upon MacDowell's "Indian Suite." This suite was first played in New York, and aroused great enthusiasm there. This enthusiasm the present writer cannot share; he believes it to be a wild-goose chase to seek out North American Indian themes with a view of founding a national school; the plantation negroes have a musical repertoire, the Indians have not; the negroes are to some extent fond of melody and are musically gifted, the Indians are not; while the researches of Messrs. Baker, Fillmore, Krehbiel, Cushing and Fewkes, among the Indian musical records and traditions are of ethnological value, they will never produce anything of permanent musical worth.

It did not greatly matter where the themes of this suite came from, for they were treated with such musical skill that their development was bound to become respectable and interesting. A French cook once made a most palatable dish out of an old glove; "it's all in the sauce," said he; and the beauty of this suite was "all in the sauce," and was in no degree to be credited to the Indians. The work suggested a Wagnerian tribe of Indians, armed with oboes, bassoons and clarinettes, engaged in fierce combat with another tribe armed with contrabasses and violins. If Mr. Paur had only conducted with a tomahawk!!

There was masterly scoring everywhere in the work. The first movement gave some strange rustling effects upon the violins, sull ponticello, and the baleful tones of the muted horns were heard in profusion. The second movement seemed to suggest a dusky Minnehaha of Scotch relationship, for the "Scotch snap" (a 16th note followed by a dotted 8th note) was freely used. There was much beauty in this movement.

The next movement was most remarkable for its vigor. The spectral color of the deepest register of the clarinette ("Chalumeau," it is called) is well understood by Mr. MacDowell, and he made free use of it in this strange ghost-dance. There was a strange dying-away in this movement, and as the muted horn had signified more trouble, it may be supposed that some victim was expiring either of the Indian themes or by other slow torture; after which some wild yells and a half-dozen blows of a tomahawk (tutti) brought the movement to an end.

The fourth movement ("Dirgelike, Mournfully") is very impressive. It begins with a bell-like organpoint, or stationary tone, which gives a solemn monotony which is very effective and is added to by the reiteration of a figure of three notes which is as full of evil as the leading figure in "Carmen," and that portentous interval, the augmented second, is frequently in evidence. It would be easy to satirize the repetitions and the monotony, but there is a certain majesty of sorrow and brooding here which forbids flippancy of treatment.

Not so the finale, which seemed noisy and meaningless on a first hearing and might well cause the government to send the orchestra back to their reservation. There was a pizzicato theme here that was outre enough to have been Indian or Cochinchinese. Altogether one cannot but feel that Mr. MacDowell has exhibited his [illegible] genius, but in a wrong direction. The "national music" idea is running rampant at present, but it is not to be sought [illegible] themes; possibly we are [illegible] a people to expect a na- [illegible] of music of any kind.

[illegible] ended with Russian dis- [illegible] given by Rubinstein in his [illegible] Donskoi." It was a [illegible] outline, but its only but [illegible] was compelled to be in its second [illegible] had been an Indian work [illegible] was a needless climax [illegible] of the theme after the [illegible] The work was excellent- [illegible] and spice of its very dissonant [illegible] made a good impression. But [illegible] North American Indian yells, [illegible] wailings, and Russian dis- [illegible] began to long for a change, [illegible] dominant-tonic progression, or a [illegible] major scale would have been [illegible] welcomed.

Louis C. Elson.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

The program of the thirteenth Symphony concert last night was as follows:

Symphony, Rustic Wedding.....Goldmark
Elizabeth's Greeting, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Suite No. 2, E minor, Indian.....MacDowell
(First time here.)
Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, Lakmé.....Delibes
Overture, Demetrius Donskoi.....Rubinstein
(First time at these concerts.)

The feature of the concert was the first performance here of Mr. MacDowell's new suite. Melba was the singer, and she undoubtedly drew the crowd, which was great; but singers come and go; they are the sport of fashion; their memory is a tradition, dear to the old, challenged by irreverent youth; while a serious composition by a strong man goes to succeeding generations for judgment.

As it was a "prima donna" night, Mr. MacDowell was unfortunate, for his suite was sandwiched in between two tunes for the soprano; and an audience on such an occasion is in no mood to consider thoughtfully a new work, especially when it is of such an unconventional character.

That Mr. MacDowell took some or all of his thematic material from North American Indians does not interest me in the slightest. I go to a concert to hear music, not to study or discuss folk lore.

Then these "Indian tunes." Might not some retired warrior avenge himself upon the white oppressor by inventing some melody on the spur of the moment? Somehow or other, I always associate Indian tunes with Mr. Krehbiel. I see him in close confab with a plug hatted venerable chief, as they discuss folk songs over a jug of firewater. The phonograph is close at hand. The firewater begins to work, and old Three-Tones-in-His-Voice chirps like a cricket. "Did you ever hear this, my pale-faced brother? Listen to the Scotch snap." The phonograph records the wondrous melody. Another drink, another folk song, another burst of confidence to the phonograph. Why, the little jug is an anthology!

Mr. MacDowell may take his themes where he pleases, from an intoxicated chief who weeps at the name of J. F. Cooper; from Brer Krehbiel and his fellow explorers; from a relative of George Catlin; or from the rich storehouse of Mr. de Koven. The question is, What does Mr. MacDowell do with the tunes after he takes them home?

You have already answered this question, and I shall not go over the same ground. His suite seems to me the strong work of a singularly imaginative man, who is a master of expression. He paints his pictures; he gives them no specific titles. Find what you please in them. How often must it be repeated, There are no ideas in music except musical ideas? If Mr. MacDowell puts at the head of a movement "dirge-like, mournfully," and you have for the title of the suite "Indian," there is sufficient stimulus to your own intelligence.

I find in this suite, as in other works of the composer, rare beauty and entrancing wildness in harmonic progressions; disdain for conventional modulations, cadences, figures, padding dear to pedagogues; the avoidance of pretty shopkeeping talk. Here is no thought of crudeness; no awkwardness imperfectly erased; no meaningless correctness that maddens; no clutching after the bizzare. Even in the most frantic moments there is the assurance of serenity that stands apart and looks on at the orgy.

And I hear an individual voice. 'Tis a virile, tender voice; a voice that does not stammer, does not whine, does not wax hysterical; the voice of a composer who not only must pour out that which has accumulated within him, but knows all the resources of musical oratory. 'Tis the voice of MacDowell.

* * *

When now the pretty symphony of Goldmark is played I remember the impertinence of "Willy" in Paris: "This interminable Marriage should be consummated. But the Germans take so much time in everything."

The overture to Rubinstein's forgotten opera deserves to be forgotten. How the composer strains and twists! And the result is—nothing.

Melba was not at her vocal ease in the air from Tannhäuser. If her performance was without heroic proportions, it was, on the other hand, not frankly tender and womanly. In the air of Delibes she was more the mistress of her acknowledged art; yet the brilliancy of her coloratura was not as dazzling as on former occasions. This is not surprising; she has worked hard this season.

PHILIP HALE.

The Independent, N. Y. C.
JAN 30 1896
Music.

BY H. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

The Boston Symphony's third local concert of the season offered a program of particular interest. The symphony was Tschaikofsy's strange and beautiful swan-song, the "Pathetique" Opus 74; and the fourth number was Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. The two middle numbers of the program were in honor of the work, and of the participation in the concert of Mr. Edward A. MacDowell, one of the most aggressive and interesting figures among contemporary American music-writers—a man who is in many respects *hors ligne* as to such a category. Mr. MacDowell played his own admirable Concerto No, 1, which has long been a favorite here and in European musical centers; and in his remarkable "Indian Suite" for orchestra, Opus 48, was brought forward for the first time at a public musical entertainment. This new compositio n is yet unpublished. It will be in print presently by Messrs. Breitkopff & Haertel. Peculiar individuality is imparted to its score by the fact that Mr. MacDowell has used genuine, and in certain cases very ancient, airs of the Iroquois, the Iowas and other of our aboriginal tribes, as his themes. The Suite stands thus in the same catalog with Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, in which typical Negro motives occur; tho Mr. MacDonald's work improves on Dvorak's, inasmuch as the American writer transcribes, not merely imitates. It is a Suite of great felicity in ideas and treatment, either while the matter be of musical archeology or of the composer's own evolving. Its success was complete. It was given with much refinement and spirit; in fact, the orchestra was in a "form" lately unusual, during all the evening. The concert's audience was of fair size. Mr. Paur directed.

Additional to the incidents above noted the Dannreuther Quartet gave, on Thursday evening, one of its standard concerts of chamber-music. The program included Rubinstein's Quartet, Op. 17, No. 2, a Prelude and Minuet by Andreoli, and Richard Strauss's Quartet (with pianoforte part), Op. 13, in C minor. The pianist was Mr. Paolo Gallico. At Chickering Hall one of the invitation-concerts that the Messrs. Chickering & Co. are giving from time to time in the winter, drew an attentive audience, the artists being Miss Margaret Lemon, Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Tonzo Sauvage. Miss Antoinette Szumofska was heard in a second pianoforte recital, assisted by Mr. Franz Ondricek, with whose assistance was, in especial, played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor for piano and violin.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra; thirteenth concert. Melba, soloist. The programme:

Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major "Rustic Wedding," Op. 26.....Goldmark
Elizabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhauser," Wagner
Suite No. 2, in E-minor, "Indian," Op. 48 (MS.) (first time).....MacDowell
Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, from "Lakme".....Delibes
Overture to "Demetrius of the Don," (first time.....Rubinstein

Naturally, the Melba portion of the concert was responsible for the enormous crowd that sifted into every cranny of Music Hall; the diva is not often heard at Symphony prices. So fair maidens stood in long lines earlier in the week in order to have the blessed privilege of purchasing an admission ticket which might or might not mean a seat later. But having gained entrance, they pounded their hands together in a way to cause deep joy to the gloviers, and they helped swell the diapason that called and recalled the song-bird after an exhibition of her golden notes. Melba's style is not wholly adapted to the Elizabeth song and much lower-priced German women have made it more effective. Temperament counts for so much with Wagner. The "Lakme" piece was sung with crisp and delightful fluency and the "Bell Song" was an excellent exploiter of Melba's amazing technique and ease of delivery. She was called out more times than is necessary to recount.

If Melba was the magnet for the great "outside," the new "Indian" suite of McDowell was of infinitely more importance to the musicians and music-lovers of the town. The common order of things had been reversed in this case, and New York had had a first hearing of the work. Apparently it puzzled some of the brethren of Gotham, who evidently looked for a sort of musical transcription of Hiawatha, with a scalp-motif and a tomahawk scherzo. But, if there is nothing to startle or to stir the emotions in this peculiar suite, it certainly has the aboriginal themes and modes in plenty. That they are very like the north European melodies needs no explanation. Mr. McDowell has used his material as he should. There is a monotony in all this, it is true, but, starting with the premise of a work in a certain mode, you must stick to your mode. The only question arises is whether the accomplishment is after all an addition to music. We are inclined to think not. This "Indian" suite has plenty of the elements of fine musicianship, and of good taste and has a flavor of its composer's own; yet, for the most part, it is quite near to being dull. Perhaps such thematic treatment could not be otherwise, if adhered to with fidelity. But the music is thoughtful and well worth hearing at any rate.

The "Rustic Wedding" symphony is as fresh and beautiful as ever, and it was played with the exquisite daintiness it demands.

The Rubinstein overture, new to Boston, might well have remained unknown to Boston. It is mostly turmoil, and contains nothing that would do credit to the composer.

THE HOMESTEAD,
FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

Springfield News and Gossip.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony concert on Tuesday evening was a series of delights, like a gallery of magnificent pictures, each masterful in its way. It is nothing against them that so many of them were not new pictures, for the old masters still hold sway in both the limning and the musical arts. One must have little acquaintance with orchestral music not to be familiar with Beethoven's Leonore symphony, No 3, Schubert's unfinished symphony, the minuet and waltz from Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, and Wagner's Rienzi overture; yet these great if not immortal works are good enough to hear again and again; one can no more tire of them than of the Sistine Madonna. It is a fair point to say that if only one Wagner selection was to be given, it should have been from his later and more characteristic works, written after he had stunned the world, so to speak, with the blare and crash of his daring innovations, but his earlier works, if not as bold as his later ones, are well worth hearing, and both Rienzi and the Flying Dutchman are full of gems and interesting as showing from what seeds his later and greater operas developed. The Volkmann serenade for string orchestra, with its sadly sweet 'cello solo, so beautifully played by Mr Schroeder, was a lovely specimen of the new school, although at some points it seemed to be too anxiously striving for novelty. The performance of all the orchestral numbers was so nearly free from blemish that we can describe it only by piling adjective upon adjective. Miss Gertrude Franklin of Boston, soprano, was a quite satisfactory soloist.

We greatly regret to learn that although the concert was fairly attended, it was not a financial success. We cannot expect first-class concerts unless the people are ready to patronize them at least to the paying point.

ANOTHER SYMPHONY CONCERT PROMISED.

Everyone who enjoyed the superb concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Tuesday evening will be delighted to learn that arrangements have already been made for a return concert next November. The support of the concert was not all that might have been wished or expected, but it was a sufficient assurance of Springfield's appreciation of the work of this orchestra to warrant Mr Koop in making plans to include Springfield in the list of the next season's engagements. Mr Koop is deserving of no small credit for his enterprise in bringing such a costly attraction to Springfield and his efforts are certainly appreciated by the music-loving people of this city. Mr Koop's good work in bringing this company of artists to Springfield ought to result in making the coming of the Boston Symphony orchestra an annual event.

Mr Paur of the Symphony orchestra certainly shows the effect of his life in America. When he came out of city hall after the concert Tuesday night he was heard to say: "Ach! Ich muss meine carriage finden!"

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1896.

THE SY[illegible] CON[illegible]

The 730th concert of the Boston S[illegible] Orchestra was chiefly made up of modern dissonances ranging from Indian yells to Russian groans; yet it was of sustained interest and drew forth the largest of audiences and a continuity of applause. The programme began innocently enough with Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding Symphony," which is a suite rather than a true symphony; in his second symphony Goldmark came much closer to the sonata-form which is the essence of symphonic construction.

The "Rustic Wedding" opens with a march and variations, and the latter serve excellently to pass the orchestra in review. Of especial excellence was the pizzicato of the violins and the oboe variation; M. Sautet is practically master of two schools of blowing the oboe (and our second oboist, Mr. Mueller, is also an artist of great excellence) giving at times the broad tone, almost like the English horn, which suits to the German school of scoring, and at times the delicate thin tone which the French composers prefer. In this work he appropriately gave the tender and lighter quality.

Most charming in character and in their execution were the imitative phrases of the second movement, the daintiest of free canonic effects, and here the rustic character is never lost; but the earnest and soulful character of the scene in the garden might have told of the passion of Francesca and Paolo, or Tristan and Isolde, instead of a pair of country lovers. There was a ragged attack in the woodwind in the last movement and the work could have had a freer interpretation as regards tempi and shading, but it won much applause and was the only melodic bit of orchestral composition upon the programme.

Nordica has led the way from Bellini and Donizetti to Wagner, and Melba took the same path in this concert, giving as her first number "Elizabeth's Greeting" from "Tannhaeuser." She was welcomed into the Wagnerian fold with a mighty outburst of applause. But the Greeting to the Hall was after all, rather a tame one; one would have greeted even an ante-room in a broader manner. The pure sweet, and flexible voice is not cast in the heroic mould, and one measure sung by Materna or Lehmann would have shown the hopelessness of the excursion of the singer into this new path. Nevertheless, there was much applause and a floral tribute at the end of the number.

In her second number, the Parah song, though the voice seemed a trifle jaded from from "Lakme," Melba was decidedly more at home; her intonation in the difficult unaccompanied passages was perfect, although the effort made in the Wagner number, and was not at its very best. What an odd resemblance to Beckmesser's serenade there is in certain phrases of this song! Melba's enunciation was a model of clearness, and towards the end she seemed to triumph over her difficulties, and the voice, which had lacked resonance before, became brilliant and effective in the final cadenza. Recall after recall followed, but in accordance with the excellent rule at these concerts, no encore was given.

Among the orchestral numbers the chief interest centred upon MacDowell's "Indian Suite." This suite was first played in New York, and aroused great enthusiasm there. This enthusiasm the present writer cannot share; he believes it to be a wild-goose chase to seek out North American Indian themes with a view of founding a national school; the plantation negroes have a musical repertoire, the Indians have not; the negroes are to some extent fond of melody and are musically gifted, the Indians are not; while the researches of Messrs. Baker, Fillmore, Krehbiel, Cushing and Fewkes, among the Indian musical records and traditions are of ethnological value, they will never produce anything of permanent musical worth.

It did not greatly matter where the themes of this suite came from, for they were treated with such musical skill that their development was bound to become respectable and interesting. A French cook once made a most palatable dish out of an old glove; "it's all in the sauce," said he; and the beauty of this suite was "all in the sauce," and was in no degree to be credited to the Indians. The work suggested a Wagnerian tribe of Indians, armed with oboes, bassoons and clarinettes, engaged in fierce combat with another tribe armed with contrabasses and violins. If Mr. Paur had only conducted with a tomahawk!!

There was masterly scoring everywhere in the work. The first movement gave some strange rustling effects upon the violins, sull ponticello, and the baleful tones of the muted horns were heard in profusion. The second movement seemed to suggest a dusky Minnehaha of Scotch relationship, for the "Scotch snap" (a 16th note followed by a dotted 8th note) was freely used. There was much beauty in this movement.

The next movement was most remarkable for its vigor. The spectral color of the deepest register of the clarinette ("Chalumeau," it is called) is well understood by Mr. MacDowell, and he made free use of it in this strange ghost-dance. There was a strange dying-away in this movement, and as the muted horn had signified more trouble, it may be supposed that some victim was expiring either of the Indian themes or by other slow torture; after which some wild yells and a half-dozen blows of a tomahawk (tutti) brought the movement to an end.

The fourth movement ("Dirgelike, Mournfully") is very impressive. It begins with a bell-like organpoint, or stationary tone, which gives a solemn monotony which is very effective and is added to by the reiteration of a figure of three notes which is as full of evil as the leading figure in "Carmen," and that portentous interval, the augmented second, is frequently in evidence. It would be easy to satirize the repetitions and the monotony, but there is a certain majesty of sorrow and brooding here which forbids flippancy of treatment.

Not so the finale, which seemed noisy and meaningless on a first hearing and might well cause the government to send the orchestra back to their reservation. There was a pizzicato theme here that was outre enough to have been Indian or Cochin-Chinese. Altogether one cannot but feel that Mr. MacDowell has exhibited his usual genius, but in a wrong direction. The "national music" idea is running rampant at present, but it is not to be sought for in aboriginal themes; possibly we are too heterogeneous a people to expect a national school of music of any kind.

The concert ended with Russian dissonances as given by Rubinstein in his overture to "Dimitr'-Donskoi." It was a work in classical outline, but its only bit of direct melody seemed to lie in its second theme. The trombones had herculean work to do, and there was a grandiose climax with an apotheosis of the theme after the manner of Liszt. The work was excellently played and spite of its very dissonant development made a good impression. But what with North American Indian yells, East Indian wailings, and Russian discords, one began to long for a change, and a dominant-tonic progression, or a plain major scale would have been cordially welcomed.

Louis C. Elson.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

The program of the thirteenth Symphony concert last night was as follows:

Symphony, Rustic Wedding.....Goldmark
Elizabeth's Greeting, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Suite No. 2, E minor, Indian.....MacDowell
(First time here.)
Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, Lakmé.....Delibes
Overture, Demetrius Donskoi.....Rubinstein
(First time at these concerts.)

The feature of the concert was the first performance here of Mr. MacDowell's new suite. Melba was the singer, and she undoubtedly drew the crowd, which was great; but singers come and go; they are the sport of fashion; their memory is a tradition, dear to the old, challenged by irreverent youth; while a serious composition by a strong man goes to succeeding generations for judgment.

As it was a "prima donna" night, Mr. MacDowell was unfortunate, for his suite was sandwiched in between two tunes for the soprano; and an audience on such an occasion is in no mood to consider thoughtfully a new work, especially when it is of such an unconventional character.

That Mr. MacDowell took some or all of his thematic material from North American Indians does not interest me in the slightest. I go to a concert to hear music, not to study or discuss folk lore.

Then these "Indian tunes." Might not some retired warrior avenge himself upon the white oppressor by inventing some melody on the spur of the moment? Somehow or other, I always associate Indian tunes with Mr. Krehbiel. I see him in close confab with a plug hatted venerable chief, as they discuss folk songs over a jug of firewater. The phonograph is close at hand. The firewater begins to work, and old Three-Tones-in-His-Voice chirps like a cricket. "Did you ever hear this, my pale-faced brother? Listen to the Scotch snap." The phonograph records the wondrous melody. Another drink, another folk song, another burst of confidence to the phonograph. Why, the little jug is an anthology!

Mr. MacDowell may take his themes where he pleases, from an intoxicated chief who weeps at the name of J. F. Cooper; from Brer Krehbiel and his fellow explorers; from a relative of George Catlin; or from the rich storehouse of Mr. de Koven. The question is, What does Mr. MacDowell do with the tunes after he takes them home?

You have already answered this question, and I shall not go over the same ground. His suite seems to me the strong work of a singularly imaginative man, who is a master of expression. He paints his pictures; he gives them no specific titles. Find what you please in them. How often must it be repeated, There are no ideas in music except musical ideas? If Mr. MacDowell puts at the head of a movement "dirge-like, mournfully," and you have for the title of the suite "Indian," there is sufficient stimulus to your own intelligence.

I find in this suite, as in other works of the composer, rare beauty and entrancing wildness in harmonic progressions; disdain for conventional modulations, cadences, figures, padding dear to pedagogues; the avoidance of pretty shopkeeping talk. Here is no thought of crudeness; no awkwardness imperfectly erased; no meaningless correctness that maddens; no clutching after the bizzare. Even in the most frantic moments there is the assurance of serenity that stands apart and looks on at the orgy.

And I hear an individual voice. 'Tis a virile, tender voice; a voice that does not stammer, does not whine, does not wax hysterical; the voice of a composer who not only must pour out that which has accumulated within him, but knows all the resources of musical oratory. 'Tis the voice of MacDowell.

* * *

When now the pretty symphony of Goldmark is played I remember the impertinence of "Willy" in Paris: "This interminable Marriage should be consummated. But the Germans take so much time in everything."

The overture to Rubinstein's forgotten opera deserves to be forgotten. How the composer strains and twists! And the result is—nothing.

Melba was not at her vocal ease in the air from Tannhäuser. If her performance was without heroic proportions, it was, on the other hand, not frankly tender and womanly. In the air of Delibes she was more the mistress of her acknowledged art; yet the brilliancy of her coloratura was not as dazzling as on former occasions. This is not surprising; she has worked hard this season.

Philip Hale.

The Independent, N. Y. C.
JAN 30 1896
Music.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

The Boston Symphony's third local concert of the season offered a program of particular interest. The symphony was Tschaikofsy's strange and beautiful swan-song, the "Pathetique" Opus 74; and the fourth number was Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. The two middle numbers of the program were in honor of the work, and of the participation in the concert of Mr. Edward A. MacDowell, one of the most aggressive and interesting figures among contemporary American music-writers—a man who is in many respects *hors ligne* as to such a category. Mr. MacDowell played his own admirable Concerto No, 1, which has long been a favorite here and in European musical centers; and in his remarkable "Indian Suite" for orchestra, Opus 48, was brought forward for the first time at a public musical entertainment. This new composition is yet unpublished. It will be in print presently by Messrs. Breitkopff & Haertel. Peculiar individuality is imparted to its score by the fact that Mr. MacDowell has used genuine, and in certain cases very ancient, airs of the Iroquois, the Iowas and other of our aboriginal tribes, as his themes. The Suite stands thus in the same catalog with Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, in which typical Negro motives occur; tho Mr. MacDonald's work improves on Dvorak's, inasmuch as the American writer transcribes, not merely imitates. It is a Suite of great felicity in ideas and treatment, either while the matter be of musical archeology or of the composer's own evolving. Its success was complete. It was given with much refinement and spirit; in fact, the orchestra was in a "form lately unusual, during all the evening. The concert's audience was of fair size. Mr. Paur directed.

Additional to the incidents above noted the Dannreuther Quartet gave, on Thursday evening, one of its standard concerts of chamber-music. The program included Rubinstein's Quartet, Op. 17, No. 2, a Prelude and Minuet by Andreoli, and Richard Strauss's Quartet (with pianoforte part), Op. 13, in C minor. The pianist was Mr. Paolo Gallico. At Chickering Hall one of the invitation-concerts that the Messrs. Chickering & Co. are giving from time to time in the winter, drew an attentive audience, the artists being Miss Margaret Lemon, Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Tonzo Sauvage. Miss Antoinette Szumofska was heard in a second pianoforte recital, assisted by Mr. Franz Ondricek, with whose assistance was, in especial, played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor for piano and violin.

The Boston Traveler
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra; thirteenth concert. Melba, soloist. The programme:

Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major "Rustic Wedding," Op. 26.....Goldmark
Elizabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhauser," Wagner
Suite No. 2, in E-minor, "Indian," Op. 48 (MS.) (first time).....MacDowell
Legend of the Pariah's Daughter, from "Lakme".....Delibes
Overture to "Demetrius of the Don," (first time).....Rubinstein

Naturally, the Melba portion of the concert was responsible for the enormous crowd that sifted into every cranny of Music Hall; the diva is not often heard at Symphony prices. So fair maidens stood in long lines earlier in the week in order to have the blessed privilege of purchasing an admission ticket which might or might not mean a seat later. But having gained entrance, they pounded their hands together in a way to cause deep joy to the gloviers, and they helped swell the diapason that called and recalled the song-bird after an exhibition of her golden notes. Melba's style is not wholly adapted to the Elizabeth song and much lower-priced German women have made it more effective. Temperament counts for so much with Wagner. The "Lakme" piece was sung with crisp and delightful fluency and the "Bell Song" was an excellent exploiter of Melba's amazing technique and ease of delivery. She was called out more times than is necessary to recount.

If Melba was the magnet for the great "outside," the new "Indian" suite of McDowell was of infinitely more importance to the musicians and music-lovers of the town. The common order of things had been reversed in this case, and New York had had a first hearing of the work. Apparently it puzzled some of the brethren of Gotham, who evidently looked for a sort of musical transcription of Hiawatha, with a scalp-motif and a tomahawk scherzo. But, if there is nothing to startle or to stir the emotions in this peculiar suite, it certainly has the aboriginal themes and modes in plenty. That they are very like the north European melodies needs no explanation. Mr. McDowell has used his material as he should. There is a monotony in all this, it is true, but, starting with the premise of a work in a certain mode, you must stick to your mode. The only question arises is whether the accomplishment is after all an addition to music. We are inclined to think not. This "Indian" suite has plenty of the elements of fine musicianship, and of good taste and has a flavor of its composer's own; yet, for the most part, it is quite near to being dull. Perhaps such thematic treatment could not be otherwise, if adhered to with fidelity. But the music is thoughtful and well worth hearing at any rate.

The "Rustic Wedding" symphony is as fresh and beautiful as ever, and it was played with the exquisite daintiness it demands.

The Rubinstein overture, new to Boston, might well have remained unknown to Boston. It is mostly turmoil, and contains nothing that would do credit to the composer.

THE HOMESTEAD,
FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

Springfield News and Gossip.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony concert on Tuesday evening was a series of delights, like a gallery of magnificent pictures, each masterful in its way. It is nothing against them that so many of them were not new pictures, for the old masters still hold sway in both the limning and the musical arts. One must have little acquaintance with orchestral music not to be familiar with Beethoven's Leonore symphony, No 3, Schubert's unfinished symphony, the minuet and waltz from Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, and Wagner's Rienzi overture; yet these great if not immortal works are good enough to hear again and again; one can no more tire of them than of the Sistine Madonna. It is a fair point to say that if only one Wagner selection was to be given, it should have been from his later and more characteristic works, written after he had stunned the world, so to speak, with the blare and crash of his daring innovations, but his earlier works, if not as bold as his later ones, are well worth hearing, and both Rienzi and the Flying Dutchman are full of gems and interesting as showing from what seeds his later and greater operas developed. The Volkmann serenade for string orchestra, with its sadly sweet 'cello solo, so beautifully played by Mr Schroeder, was a lovely specimen of the new school, although at some points it seemed to be too anxiously striving for novelty. The performance of all the orchestral numbers was so nearly free from blemish that we can describe it only by piling adjective upon adjective. Miss Gertrude Franklin of Boston, soprano, was a quite satisfactory soloist.

We greatly regret to learn that although the concert was fairly attended, it was not a financial success. We cannot expect first-class concerts unless the people are ready to patronize them at least to the paying point.

ANOTHER SYMPHONY CONCERT PROMISED.

Everyone who enjoyed the superb concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Tuesday evening will be delighted to learn that arrangements have already been made for a return concert next November. The support of the concert was not all that might have been wished or expected, but it was a sufficient assurance of Springfield's appreciation of the work of this orchestra to warrant Mr Koop in making plans to include Springfield in the list of the next season's engagements. Mr Koop is deserving of no small credit for his enterprise in bringing such a costly attraction to Springfield and his efforts are certainly appreciated by the music-loving people of this city. Mr Koop's good work in bringing this company of artists to Springfield ought to result in making the coming of the Boston Symphony orchestra an annual event.

Mr Paur of the Symphony orchestra certainly shows the effect of his life in America. When he came out of city hall after the concert Tuesday night he was heard to say: "Ach! Ich muss meine carriage finden!"

BOSTON [illegible]
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.
FEBRUARY 2, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The last half of the season's symphonies began last night, the house being one of the largest of the season, primarily because the soloist of the occasion was none other than Melba.

The concert opened with Goldmark's Symphony No. 1, known as the "Rustic Wedding," and it probably never had a better rendering than at this time. It is a particularly joyous composition, one to which it is a delight to listen from beginning to end. The first movement presents a large number of melodious variations. This, called the wedding march, is followed successively by the bridal song, in the garden and the dance. The orchestra was at its best and the chromatic runs of the third movement taken by the various instruments in turn were as pleasing a performance of this kind as we have listened to for some time.

Melba's first selection was Elizabeth's greeting from Wagner's "Tannhauser," which was sung in a broad style and in a manner which amply showed the dramatic breadth and purity of her voice, and her work left little to be desired. Her second selection was the "Bell Song" from "Lakme," and she showed her wonderful command of technique and it was rendered in about the most brilliant manner possible.

Between the two numbers came an orchestral suite from manuscript by E. A. MacDowell, which composition the programme styled "Indian," and it was well that a key was furnished with the music, for it was difficult to tell just what the orchestra was attempting. Mr. MacDowell has given us some very good things from time to time, but in the present instance he has overreached himself. The suite is supposed to have as a groundwork the legendary music of the North American Indians, and while there are occasionally some pretty harmonies, the four movements are meaningless and thoroughly uninteresting. The composer has attempted to produce an imaginative work and in some respects he has succeeded, but so far as being at all characteristic of Indian or any other kind of music it amounts to little. The fourth movement, which is supposed to depict an Indian festival, presents a few interesting measures, but on the whole the work must be set down as a meaningless jumble of orchestration. The overture to Rubinstein's "Demetrius of the Don" finished the programme. At next week's concert Mr. M. Marsick will be the soloist, playing Vieuxtemps's concerto in D minor.

Gazette

last week was 20 per cent. more than that of the corresponding week of last year.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 9.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its fourteenth concert last night, in Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphony in G major.....Haydn
Fantasia, F minor.....Schubert
(Scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl.)
Prelude to Lohengrin.....Wagner
Symphonic Poem, No. 2, Tasso.....Liszt

The programme of the evening was changed in consequence of the illness of Mr. Marsick, whose wrist incapacitated him from playing. This is to be deeply regretted, as from his playing at the Symphony rehearsal, yesterday, he gave evidence of the finest skill and taste.

Hadyn's symphony, however, was a delight to hear, doubly a delight, coming as it did at the end of a week devoted to Wagner, when overstimulated nerves were the rule, and when rest was born only of exhaustion. The work was most lovingly played, and there was no need to delve deeply to discover its beauties, or to force an admiration dictated by fashion rather than conviction.

Curiously enough Schubert's piano-forte fantasia was not "modernized" by the fine orchestral setting given to it by Mottl, and this was largely due to the fact that all music of any enduring worth is always modern. In art matters a love for beauty makes the whole world kin, and art beauty retains its youth and attractiveness for all times. It is also fortunate that the Schubert fantasia fell into reverent hands, and it is only at rare intervals one feels that the ornamentation is out of harmony with the original structure.

As will be seen, Wagner found a place on the programme and one feared to close his eyes, in dread that when he opened them again he should see the open air court of Brabrant from which he had so recently departed. One cannot escape from the suspicion that Mr. Paur is something of a satirist. "Lohengrin" twice in one week at the Boston Theatre, and then the Prelude sounding mournfully from the Symphony Orchestra stage! Of the Liszt symphonic poem it would be useless to write at this late day, criticism will not add to the number of its friends or decrease the number of its foes.

The programme for the next concert is Tschaikowsky's sixth Symphony, by request; Schumann's concerto for violoncello, and Godard's Suite No. 1, and two arias. The soloists will be Miss Kate Rolla and Mr. Leo Schulz.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1896.

The Symphony Concert — Mr. Marsick Unable to Appear.

Opera may come and opera may go, but the symphony concerts go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. It was not to be expected that any opera season whatsoever would shake the devotion of a true and tried symphony auditor, and it was not astonishing therefore, to find the audience of Saturday quite as large as usual. Possibly, however, the appearance of a great violinist new to Boston, may have drawn many; if so, then the disappointment must have been intense when the concert orator announced in briefest fashion that Mr. Marsick was sick and could not play, and that Haydn's symphony in G (he did not particularize as to which one of the many in this key it was to be) would be performed instead of a violin solo.

It was by no means a fictitious "indisposition," such as artists sometimes are afflicted with when mundane affairs do not suit them; the great violinist has been bitten by some insect, probably a spider, during his journey to Boston, and as if inspired to do the greatest harm possible, this spider, with the whole Marsickian body to choose from, must needs take his feast on both wrists of the unfortunate musician. Spite of some slight inflammation in the arm, the violinist won a great success at Friday's rehearsal-concert, but paid for it by increased pain in the affected parts, and was obliged to go about with bandaged arms from the moment he left the concert platform.

It was as if fate had determined that a symphonic concert without a symphony should not occur in this course; had not the accident occurred there would have been only Liszt's almost formless "Tasso" to represent anything symphonic, and this more in name than in reality, for although the programme attached the name "Symphonic Poem" to the work, the word "symphonic" in its French significance (and it was in French that the adjective was used by Liszt) means simply "Orchestral."

The little Haydn symphony was welcome, spite of the fact that it replaced something of greater interest, and it was performed in a manner to do credit to Mr. Paur and his orchestra. There are not many orchestras in the world who could give such a work at a moment's notice. Especially attractive was the bright minuet with its Musette Trio, and the light-hearted simplicity of the finale had its own particular charm. The work was heartily applauded and Mr. Paur was obliged to bow his acknowledgments many times.

Schubert's "Fantasie in F minor" began the concert; it was arranged for orchestra, from the piano duet, by Felix Mottl. With the Haydn symphony superadded to this work there was a trifle too much of simple melody, but it would be manifestly unjust to animadvert on the scheme of a programme that was so unexpectedly disturbed.

The Prelude to "Lohengrin" was splendidly performed, and caused one to wish that our orchestra might sometime be heard as the New York one is at present, in connection with vocal forces, in Wagnerian opera; then, more than ever before, would the public realize the true meaning of the complex orchestration with which Wagner supports his vocal forces, and would comprehend how interdependent the two ferces are. This prelude emphasizes one of the Wagner innovations; Schumann, Berlioz, Gounod and all the other composers who deal in celestial topics, have pictured Heaven with harps; because the harp was the best instrument on earth at the time that the Scriptures were written, we find the harp alluded to in the sacred writings as the instrument of the angels. Spite of the fact that the violin had come into existence, the poets, even from mediaeval times, continued the metaphor; the composers followed suit so faithfully that there came to be a regular formula, viz:—Harps for Heaven, Piccolos for—the reverse! Wagner has broken up this tradition, and especially in this prelude, in which he gives his celestial topics upon the violins in high positions, and in harmonics, occasionally combining a sustained flute or clarinette tone with the strings, a more ecstatic and celestial tonecolor than the simple harp-tones. What might have proved a troublesome contretemps took place during the performance of this; Mr. Kneisel's E string broke during one of the earlier passages of the work; ordinarily one player, even though he be the chief violinist, would not be missed from the ensemble, but in this he was one of the four solo violins which end the work with high harmonic tones in celestial harmony, and his part was necessary. A quick exchange of violins was made and not a ripple of interruption to the flow of the composition resulted. The applause at the end of the work was very spontaneous and long-continued, and it was certainly deserved.

Liszt's "Tasso," the lament and triumph, was most brilliantly performed as the closing number of the concert. Although Liszt disdains any symphonic shape, even in the compositions, which he calls symphonies (and this is not of them) yet he is by no means as utterly without form as many of his critics claim him to be; he almost always presents well-judged contrast and continuous development; the intellectual process of ingenious treatment of themes is by no means discarded, and those who imagine that emotion rules alone in these works are sadly mistaken. Almost invariably, also, does Liszt work up a true climax at the end of his compositions, and Tasso is no exception to this rule; indeed, here the climax comes with especially legitimate force to represent the triumph of the poet.

The work was given with perfect shading, and not only was the ensemble excellent, but there were many individual points of great power. The violoncello solo was remarkably effective, and the clarinette, which the composer evidently loved and most frequently used in its spectral lower register, was splendidly played. The trumpet staccato was also strikingly clear, and the end was powerful enough to be represented by half a dozen Fs, and must have been audible in the suburbs.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 9, 1896.

The orchestral numbers of the fourteenth Symphony programme require no further mention than that of general commendation for the excellence of their rendering. For all were familiar—the delightfully melodious and genial fantasy in F minor which Schubert wrote for four hands at the piano and which Mott transcribed so successfully for orchestra; the prelude to "Lohengrin," offered perhaps as a tribute to the visiting German opera; and Liszt's "Tasso," sometimes poetic and sometimes merely turgid. The solo number was not unfamiliar either, for it was Vieuxtemp's fourth violin concerto. But the player was a stranger, Mr. M. Marsick, the Belgian artist. The choice of this work for his debut was wise, for his taste, style and art moved in close unison with the composition. His tone is beautifully clear and even, without too much lightness at the top of the scale or heaviness at the bottom, and his execution is easily clear and delicately distinct. He made no hard work of the many difficulties nor any appeal for admiration because of his technique, but played smoothly on as modestly as elegantly, that last word perhaps expressing better than any other single one the crowning charm of his style. In the slow movement, with its harp accompaniament, he developed a broad, bland cantabile, his double stopping in the scherzo was clear and equal, and his trills and runs were brilliant without exaggeration. It was honorable, artistic playing, and the many recalls were deserved.

On Saturday next the orchestra will repeat by request Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and introduce a suite by Godard. Mr. Schulz will play a 'cello concerto by Schumann, and Miss Kate Rolla—an American who has been esteemed in London—will sing twice.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the 14th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Fantasia F minor, op. 103.....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to "Lohengrin" (Act I)...Wagner
Symphonic poem "Tasso".....Liszt

To the great disappointment of the audience Mr. Marsick, the eminent violinist, did not play the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. A day or two ago he was bitten on the hand, which soon began to swell. Although he was not really in condition to play at the Friday rehearsal, he appeared, to the intense enjoyment of all that heard him. He is said to have triumphed gloriously, to have charmed by purity, accuracy and, in short, by uncommon display of artistry. After the concert he was obliged to consult a physician. The awkward trifle, as he thought it, turned out to be a serious affair; for the swelling extended through the arm, and there were symptoms of blood poisoning. It is to be hoped that Mr. Marsick will soon recover and that he will be heard at a Saturday concert this season.

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The familiar symphony of Haydn was substituted at a late moment, and yet it was played delightfully. With the disappearance of the solo violinist, the scheme or the program was broken into pieces; but the excellent work of the orchestra throughout the evening turned what might have been a rout into a signal victory. The fantasia of Schubert, written for the piano, and for four hands, and scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl, is an ingenious and pleasing composition. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was taken at a slower pace than is usual; yet the interest of the hearer did not flag; the details were brought out in striking relief; the climax was singularly imposing; all in all, the performance may be justly placed near that inspired performance under Mancinelli last season in Mechanics' Building, and this, indeed, is praise. A brilliant reading of Liszt's "Tasso" brought to a close one of the shortest Symphony concerts of late years.

P. H.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9, 1896.

Marsick at the Symphony.

The name and fame of Marsick, violin virtuoso and composer, must have preceded him, for there were uncommonly large audiences to welcome him to Music hall and the Symphony concert stage.

Nor was reasonable expectation disappointed by the artist's work. Boston has heard distinguished violinists not a few, and Marsick will hold a place of high and honorable rank in the list. He is, undoubtedly, a noteworthy exponent of the academic, not the emotional, style of playing. More nearly, perhaps, than any violinist who has appeared here within the last decade or so, he resembles Wilhelmz, though he lacks the wonderful power of that great artist.

There is nothing in the least sensational about Marsick. He is noticeably quiet and reserved in manner. But as he stands before his audience, listening apparently to his violin to see if it be in tune with the orchestra which is to accompany him, he gives one the idea that he commands all the resources of the instrument—an idea which his performance amply justifies.

Without resorting to any ad captandum devices, the artist counts upon faithfulness and correctness in interpretation rather than upon any tours de force, to arouse applause. Other violinists might give the Vieuxtemp's concerto which was his selection, yesterday, with more dash and spirit; none with greater care or skill, to interpret the composer's thought. He makes no effort to impress an audience with the idea that he is an artist of rare technique, yet no hearer can fail to realize that, for such a player, difficulties of score do not exist.

In point of vigor and directness of attack, in purity and clearness of tone, and in the brilliancy of his cadenza playing, Marsick's interpretation of the Vieuxtemp's concerto commands admiration. If he has not that fervid temperament which, from the moment an artist takes up his bow, arouses and stimulates the interest of an audience, he wins triumphs in his own way that no mere sensationalist could hope to attain.

Even the usually undemonstrative rehearsal audience was moved to enthusiastic demonstration by Marsick's playing. He was four times recalled, Mr Paur and the players of the orchestra joining heartily in the plaudits of the occasion. Marsick has unquestionably captured Boston's favor.

Schubert's fantasy in F minor, as orchestrated by Felix Mottl, formed a very agreeable opening to Mr Paur's 14th program. It was delightfully played throughout. The allegro molto moderato, in particular, could scarcely have been given with finer appreciation. On the other hand, the performance of the prelude to "Lohengrin" seemed to us a trifle disappointing in its effect, careful as was the orchestra's work. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso," with its grandiose music, made heavy demands on the resources of the orchestra, but the players acquitted themselves with as distinguished credit as on previous presentations of this work. More need not be said in praise.

Two soloists will be heard at this week's concerts. Miss Kate Rolla is assigned two arias, and Mr Leo Schulz is to be entrusted with Schumann's concerto for violoncello. The symphony will be Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," and a first hearing at the symphony concerts is to be given to Godard's suite, No. 1.

[illegible] 9, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The patrons of the Symphony were treated to a disappointment last night—the second one this season—in the non-appearance of M. Marsick, the violinist, who, it was announced, had been taken suddenly ill. In place of the concerto No. 4 (Vieuxtemps) Haydn's G major symphony was given. A better substitute could not have been selected, for the composition is bright and cheerful, and when given as this orchestra can give it, a lasting delight. It is clear and symmetrical throughout, and each movement is beautifully worked out. As for its interpretation, the orchestra has seldom played it better, and for his admirable reading, Mr. Paur was given the most spontaneous applause.

The Schubert fantasia, F minor, was the opening number. In this many of the instruments are frequently heard singly and in groups, and the various themes are particularly well defined, expressive and simply but effectively worked out. This, too, was greeted with considerable applause.

Out of compliment, presumably, to the Wagnerian opera season now on, the prelude to "Lohengrin" was included in the programme, and it is doubtful if the New York Symphony Orchestra, playing it but an hour or so previously at the Boston Theatre (that opera being on last night), could in any way have excelled this performance of it. More unity and perfect rhythm could scarcely be imparted to the altogether admirable reading, and with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo," one of the most uniformly excellent programmes of the season thus far was enjoyed by the audience.

At the concert next week Miss Kate Rolla and Mr. Leo Schulz will be the soloists, and Godard's suite No. 1 will be heard for the first time.

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BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 2, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The last half of the season's symphonies began last night, the house being one of the largest of the season, primarily because the soloist of the occasion was none other than Melba.

The concert opened with Goldmark's symphony No. 1, known as the "Rustic Wedding," and it probably never had a better rendering than at this time. It is a particularly joyous composition, one to which it is a delight to listen from beginning to end. The first movement presents a large number of melodious variations. This, called the wedding march, is followed successively by the bridal song, in the garden and the dance. The orchestra was at its best and the chromatic runs of the third movement taken by the various instruments in turn were as pleasing a performance of this kind as we have listened to for some time.

Melba's first selection was Elizabeth's greeting from Wagner's "Tannhauser," which was sung in a broad style and in a manner which amply showed the dramatic breadth and purity of her voice, and her work left little to be desired. Her second selection was the "Bell Song" from "Lakme," and she showed her wonderful command of technique and it was rendered in about the most brilliant manner possible.

Between the two numbers came an orchestral suite from manuscript by E. A. MacDowell, which composition the programme styled "Indian," and it was well that a key was furnished with the music, for it was difficult to tell just what the orchestra was attempting. Mr. MacDowell has given us some very good things from time to time, but in the present instance he has overreached himself. The suite is supposed to have as a groundwork the legendary music of the North American Indians, and while there are occasionally some pretty harmonies, the four movements are meaningless and thoroughly uninteresting. The composer has attempted to produce an imaginative work and in some respects he has succeeded, but so far as being at all characteristic of Indian or any other kind of music it amounts to little. The fourth movement, which is supposed to depict an Indian festival, presents a few interesting measures, but on the whole the work must be set down as a meaningless jumble of orchestration. The overture to Rubinstein's "Demetrius of the Don" finished the programme. At next week's concert Mr. M. Marsick will be the soloist, playing Vieuxtemps's concerto in D minor.

Gazette

last week was 20 per cent. more than that of the corresponding week of last year.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 9.

The Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra gave its fourteenth concert last night, in Music Hall. The programme was:

Symphony in G-major.....Haydn
Fantasia, F-minor..... Schubert
(Scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl.)
Prelude to Lohengrin.....Wagner
Symphonic Poem, No. 2, Tasso.....Liszt

The programme of the evening was changed in consequence of the illness of Mr. Marsick, whose wrist incapacitated him from playing. This is to be deeply regretted, as from his playing at the Symphony rehearsal, yesterday, he gave evidence of the finest skill and taste.

Hadyn's symphony, however, was a delight to hear, doubly a delight, coming as it did at the end of a week devoted to Wagner, when overstimulated nerves were the rule, and when rest was born only of exhaustion. The work was most lovingly played, and there was no need to delve deeply to discover its beauties, or to force an admiration dictated by fashion rather than conviction.

Curiously enough Schubert's piano-forte fantasia was not "modernized" by the fine orchestral setting given to it by Mottl, and this was largely due to the fact that all music of any enduring worth is always modern. In art matters a love for beauty makes the whole world kin, and art beauty retains its youth and attractiveness for all times. It is also fortunate that the Schubert fantasia fell into reverent hands, and it is only at rare intervals one feels that the ornamentation is out of harmony with the original structure.

As will be seen, Wagner found a place on the programme and one feared to close his eyes, in dread that when he opened them again he should see the open air court of Brabrant from which he had so recently departed. One cannot escape from the suspicion that Mr. Paur is something of a satirist. "Lohengrin" twice in one week at the Boston Theatre, and then the Prelude sounding mournfully from the Symphony Orchestra stage! Of the Liszt symphonic poem it would be useless to write at this late day, criticism will not add to the number of its friends or decrease the number of its foes,

The programme for the next concert is Tschaikowsky's sixth Symphony, by request; Schumann's concerto for violoncello, and Godard's Suite No. 1, and two arias. The soloists will be Miss Kate Rolla and Mr. Leo Schulz.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1896.

The Symphony Concert — Mr. Marsick Unable to Appear.

Opera may come and opera may go, but the symphony concerts go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. It was not to be expected that any opera season whatsoever would shake the devotion of a true and tried symphony auditor, and it was not astonishing therefore, to find the audience of Saturday quite as large as usual. Possibly, however, the appearance of a great violinist new to Boston, may have drawn many; if so, then the disappointment must have been intense when the concert orator announced in briefest fashion that Mr. Marsick was sick and could not play, and that Haydn's symphony in G (he did not particularize as to which one of the many in this key it was to be) would be performed instead of a violin solo.

It was by no means a fictitious "indisposition," such as artists sometimes are afflicted with when mundane affairs do not suit them; the great violinist has been bitten by some insect, probably a spider, during his journey to Boston, and as if inspired to do the greatest harm possible, this spider, with the whole Marsickian body to choose from, must needs take his feast on both wrists of the unfortunate musician. Spite of some slight inflammation in the arm, the violinist won a great success at Friday's rehearsal-concert, but paid for it by increased pain in the affected parts, and was obliged to go about with bandaged arms from the moment he left the concert platform.

It was as if fate had determined that a symphonic concert without a symphony should not occur in this course; had not the accident occurred there would have been only Liszt's almost formless "Tasso" to represent anything symphonic, and this more in name than in reality, for although the programme attached the name "Symphonic Poem" to the work, the word "symphonic" in its French significance (and it was in French that the adjective was used by Liszt) means simply "Orchestral."

The little Haydn symphony was welcome, spite of the fact that it replaced something of greater interest, and it was performed in a manner to do credit to Mr. Paur and his orchestra. There are not many orchestras in the world who could give such a work at a moment's notice. Especially attractive was the bright minuet with its Musette Trio, and the light-hearted simplicity of the finale had its own particular charm. The work was heartily applauded and Mr. Paur was obliged to bow his acknowledgments many times.

Schubert's "Fantasie in F minor" began the concert; it was arranged for orchestra, from the piano duet, by Felix Mottl. With the Haydn symphony superadded to this work there was a trifle too much of simple melody, but it would be manifestly unjust to animadvert on the scheme of a programme that was so unexpectedly disturbed.

The Prelude to "Lohengrin" was splendidly performed, and caused one to wish that our orchestra might sometime be heard as the New York one is at present, in connection with vocal forces, in Wagnerian opera; then, more than ever before, would the public realize the true meaning of the complex orchestration with which Wagner supports his vocal forces, and would comprehend how interdependent the two forces are. This prelude emphasizes one of the Wagner innovations; Schumann, Berlioz, Gounod and all the other composers who deal in celestial topics, have pictured Heaven with harps; because the harp was the best instrument on earth at the time that the Scriptures were written, we find the harp alluded to in the sacred writings as the instrument of the angels. Spite of the fact that the violin had come into existence, the poets, even from mediaeval times, continued the metaphor; the composers followed suit so faithfully that there came to be a regular formula, viz:—Harps for Heaven, Piccolos for—the reverse! Wagner has broken up this tradition, and especially in this prelude, in which he gives his celestial topics upon the violins in high positions, and in harmonics, occasionally combining a sustained flute or clarinette tone with the strings, a more ecstatic and celestial tonecolor than the simple harp-tones. What might have proved a troublesome contretemps took place during the performance of this; Mr. Kneisel's E string broke during one of the earlier passages of the work; ordinarily one player, even though he be the chief violinist, would not be missed from the ensemble, but in this he was one of the four solo violins which end the work with high harmonic tones in celestial harmony, and his part was necessary. A quick exchange of violins was made and not a ripple of interruption to the flow of the composition resulted. The applause at the end of the work was very spontaneous and long-continued, and it was certainly deserved.

Liszt's "Tasso," the lament and triumph, was most brilliantly performed as the closing number of the concert. Although Liszt disdains any symphonic shape, even in the compositions, which he calls symphonies (and this is not of them) yet he is by no means as utterly without form as many of his critics claim him to be; he almost always presents well-judged contrast and continuous development; the intellectual process of ingenious treatment of themes is by no means discarded, and those who imagine that emotion rules alone in these works are sadly mistaken. Almost invariably, also, does Liszt work up a true climax at the end of his compositions, and Tasso is no exception to this rule; indeed, here the climax comes with especially legitimate force to represent the triumph of the poet.

The work was given with perfect shading, and not only was the ensemble excellent, but there were many individual points of great power. The violoncello solo was remarkably effective, and the clarinette, which the composer evidently loved and most frequently used in its spectral lower register, was splendidly played. The trumpet staccato was also strikingly clear, and the end was powerful enough to be represented by half a dozen Fs, and must have been audible in the suburbs.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 9, 1896.

The orchestral numbers of the fourteenth Symphony programme require no further mention than that of general commendation for the excellence of their rendering. For all were familiar—the delightfully melodious and genial fantasy in F minor which Schubert wrote for four hands at the piano and which Mott transcribed so successfully for orchestra; the prelude to "Lohengrin," offered perhaps as a tribute to the visiting German opera; and Liszt's "Tasso," sometimes poetic and sometimes merely turgid. The solo number was not unfamiliar either, for it was Vieuxtemp's fourth violin concerto. But the player was a stranger, Mr. M. Marsick, the Belgian artist. The choice of this work for his debut was wise, for his taste, style and art moved in close unison with the composition. His tone is beautifully clear and even, without too much lightness at the top of the scale or heaviness at the bottom, and his execution is easily clear and delicately distinct. He made no hard work of the many difficulties nor any appeal for admiration because of his technique, but played smoothly on as modestly as elegantly, that last word perhaps expressing better than any other single one the crowning charm of his style. In the slow movement, with its harp accompaniament, he developed a broad, bland cantabile, his double stopping in the scherzo was clear and equal, and his trills and runs were brilliant without exaggeration. It was honorable, artistic playing, and the many recalls were deserved.

On Saturday next the orchestra will repeat by request Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and introduce a suite by Godard. Mr. Schulz will play a 'cello concerto by Schumann, and Miss Kate Rolla—an American who has been esteemed in London—will sing twice.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the 14th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Fantasia F minor, op. 103.....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to "Lohengrin" (Act 1).....Wagner
Symphonic poem "Tasso".....Liszt

To the great disappointment of the audience Mr. Marsick, the eminent violinist, did not play the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. A day or two ago he was bitten on the hand, which soon began to swell. Although he was not really in condition to play at the Friday rehearsal, he appeared, to the intense enjoyment of all that heard him. He is said to have triumphed gloriously, to have charmed by purity, accuracy and, in short, by uncommon display of artistry. After the concert he was obliged to consult a physician. The awkward trifle, as he thought it, turned out to be a serious affair; for the swelling extended through the arm, and there were symptoms of blood poisoning. It is to be hoped that Mr. Marsick will soon recover and that he will be heard at a Saturday concert this season.

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The familiar symphony of Haydn was substituted at a late moment, and yet it was played delightfully. With the disappearance of the solo violinist, the scheme of the program was broken into pieces; but the excellent work of the orchestra throughout the evening turned what might have been a rout into a signal victory. The fantasia of Schubert, written for the piano, and for four hands, and scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl, is an ingenious and pleasing composition. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was taken at a slower pace than is usual; yet the interest of the hearer did not flag; the details were brought out in striking relief; the climax was singularly imposing; all in all, the performance may be justly placed near that inspired performance under Mancinelli last season in Mechanics' Building, and this, indeed, is praise. A brilliant reading of Liszt's "Tasso" brought to a close one of the shortest Symphony concerts of late years.

P. H.

BOSTON POST.
FEBRUARY 9, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The patrons of the Symphony were treated to a disappointment last night—the second one this season—in the non-appearance of M. Marsick, the violinist, who, it was announced, had been taken suddenly ill. In place of the concerto No. 4 (Vieuxtemps) Haydn's G major symphony was given. A better substitute could not have been selected, for the composition is bright and cheerful, and when given as this orchestra can give it, a lasting delight. It is clear and symmetrical throughout, and each movement is beautifully worked out. As for its interpretation, the orchestra has seldom played it better, and for his admirable reading, Mr. Paur was given the most spontaneous applause.

The Schubert fantasia, F minor, was the opening number. In this many of the instruments are frequently heard singly and in groups, and the various themes are particularly well defined, expressive and simply but effectively worked out. This, too, was greeted with considerable applause.

Out of compliment, presumably, to the Wagnerian opera season now on, the prelude to "Lohengrin" was included in the programme, and it is doubtful if the New York Symphony Orchestra, playing it but an hour or so previously at the Boston Theatre (that opera being on last night), could in any way have excelled this performance of it. More unity and perfect rhythm could scarcely be imparted to the altogether admirable reading, and with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo," one of the most uniformly excellent programmes of the season thus far was enjoyed by the audience.

At the concert next week Miss Kate Rolla and Mr. Leo Schulz will be the soloists, and Godard's suite No. 1 will be heard for the first time.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9, 1896.

Marsick at the Symphony.

The name and fame of Marsick, violin virtuoso and composer, must have preceded him, for there were uncommonly large audiences to welcome him to Music hall and the Symphony concert stage.

Nor was reasonable expectation disappointed by the artist's work. Boston has heard distinguished violinists not a few, and Marsick will hold a place of high and honorable rank in the list. He is, undoubtedly, a noteworthy exponent of the academic, not the emotional, style of playing. More nearly, perhaps, than any violinist who has appeared here within the last decade or so, he resembles Wilhelmz, though he lacks the wonderful power of that great artist.

There is nothing in the least sensational about Marsick. He is noticeably quiet and reserved in manner. But as he stands before his audience, listening apparently to his violin to see if it be in tune with the orchestra which is to accompany him, he gives one the idea that he commands all the resources of the instrument—an idea which his performance amply justifies.

Without resorting to any ad captandum devices, the artist counts upon faithfulness and correctness in interpretation rather than upon any tours de force, to arouse applause. Other violinists might give the Vieuxtemp's concerto which was his selection, yesterday, with more dash and spirit: none with greater care or skill, to interpret the composer's thought. He makes no effort to impress an audience with the idea that he is an artist of rare technique, yet no hearer can fail to realize that, for such a player, difficulties of score do not exist.

In point of vigor and directness of attack, in purity and clearness of tone, and in the brilliancy of his cadenza playing, Marsick's interpretation of the Vieuxtemp's concerto commands admiration. If he has not that fervid temperament which, from the moment an artist takes up his bow, arouses and stimulates the interest of an audience, he wins triumphs in his own way that no mere sensationalist could hope to attain.

Even the usually undemonstrative rehearsal audience was moved to enthusiastic demonstration by Marsick's playing. He was four times recalled, Mr Paur and the players of the orchestra joining heartily in the plaudits of the occasion. Marsick has unquestionably captured Boston's favor.

Schubert's fantasy in F minor, as orchestrated by Felix Mottl, formed a very agreeable opening to Mr Paur's 14th program. It was delightfully played throughout. The allegro molto moderato, in particular, could scarcely have been given with finer appreciation. On the other hand, the performance of the prelude to "Lohengrin" seemed to us a trifle disappointing in its effect, careful as was the orchestra's work. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso," with its grandiose music, made heavy demands on the resources of the orchestra, but the players acquitted themselves with as distinguished credit as on previous presentations of this work. More need not be said in praise.

Two soloists will be heard at this week's concerts. Miss Kate Rolla is assigned two arias, and Mr Leo Schulz is to be entrusted with Schumann's concerto for violoncello. The symphony will be Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," and a first hearing at the symphony concerts is to be given to Godard's suite, No. 1.

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...Symphony Orchestra.
...ceventh Symphony ...given in the Music Hall last Saturday ...was as follows:
...F minor, opus 103. ...by Felix Mottl.)
...in G major (Breitkopf and Härtel).
...Prelude to "Lohengrin."
...Symphonic Poem, No. 2, "Tasso; Lamentoe ...Trionfo."

Mr. M. Marsick, the noted Belgian violinist, was announced to play Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto, opus 31, and indeed did play it at the Friday afternoon public rehearsal. But an accident to his left wrist, which happened to him on his way to Boston, and made playing already difficult on Friday afternoon, made it physically impossible on Saturday evening. So the Haydn symphony was substituted at the last moment for the Vieuxtemps concerto.

Mottl's orchestrating Schubert's F minor fantasia (for pianoforte for four hands) seems to us a mistake. It is too extended a work to be accepted as a mere musical tidbit, in any form; yet at the same time it is not quite of the calibre to justify an orchestral setting. It is by no means in so large a form as the two-hand "Wanderer" Fantasie in C major, opus 15, which Liszt arranged so effectively for pianoforte and orchestra, as a sort of concerto. We even doubt whether the "Wanderer" fantasia itself would have well stood a purely orchestral arrangement, without that element of virtuoso brilliancy which Liszt's solo pianoforte part gives it. And this smaller and more homely fantasia in F minor stands it even less well. In Mottl's setting you feel a certain disproportion between the work and the mighty orchestral vehicle. Upon the whole, nothing is more apt to dwarf a pianoforte composition than scoring it for full orchestra; it makes you half-consciously demand something like a symphony, and you do not get it. Only the stately Largo movement in F-sharp minor, which has something of Handelian grandeur in it, seemed to us to sound thoroughly well and in character. We thought the orchestration, too, left something to be desired, as such. Mottl seems to have wavered rather hesitatingly between his natural bent for full and brilliant modern orchestration and a more reserved, quasi-classical style of scoring, adapted to some of the quieter and more homely moments in the fantasia. His orchestration accordingly lacks distinctness of individuality and character; the more simply scored passages sound dull and colorless, and the more brilliant ones rather tawdry. The work was admirably played; so no fault could be found with it on that score.

The bright and ever-beautiful Haydn symphony went finely; only the last movement seemed to us taken decidedly too slow.

But what had Wagner's "Lohengrin" prelude to do right after Haydn's symphony? It came there as an accident, it is true; but, for matter of that, we doubt if it would have come in any more appositely after the Vieuxtemps concerto. It was, however, absolutely superbly played.

Liszt's "Tasso" has been given here with more dramatic fire and intensity than on Saturday evening; the performance was finished and excellent in many ways—the minuet movement in F-sharp major was particularly well played—but it did not carry you away.

The next programme is: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique" (repeated by request); —— aria; Schumann, concerto for violoncello, opus 129; —— aria; Godard, suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1 (first time at these concerts). Miss Kate Rolla will be the singer, and Mr. Leo Schulz, the 'cellist.

The Boston Traveler.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; fourteenth concert. The programme:

Fantasia in F minor, op. 103. (Scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl).....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Symphonic poem, "Tasso".....Liszt

It was expected that M. Marsick, one of the new violinists of the season, was to play Vieuxtemps' concerto, but an accident to his hand prevented, and the Haydn symphony was substituted. The orchestral arrangement of Schubert's "Fantasy" was brilliantly done by Mottl, and it was a pleasure to hear the work again after several years. It was played with excellent taste. The Lohengrin prelude went with the faultless purity of tone that the great violin section of our orchestra alone can give to it. A brilliant reading of Liszt's "Tasso" ended a concert of more than ordinary interest.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

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In spite of this attraction there was a large audience at the fourteenth Symphony concert, the program of which was as follows:

Fantasia, F minor, op. 103.....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to Lohengrin (Act I.).....Wagner
Symphonic poem, Tasso.....Liszt

To the great disappointment of the audience Mr. Marsick, the eminent violinist, did not play the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. A day or two ago he was bitten on the hand, which soon began to swell. Although he was not really in condition to play at the Friday rehearsal he appeared, to the intense enjoyment of all that heard him. He is said to have triumphed gloriously, to have charmed by purity, accuracy and, in short, by uncommon display of artistry. After the concert he was obliged to consult a physician. The awkward trifle, as he thought it, turned out to be a serious affair; for the swelling extended through the arm, and there were symptoms of blood poisoning. This evening he was well enough to be at Mr. Adamowski's concert in the Boston Theatre.

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The familiar symphony of Haydn was substituted at a late moment, and yet it was played delightfully. With the disappearance of the solo violinist the scheme of the program was broken into pieces; but the excellent work of the orchestra throughout the evening turned what might have been a rout into a signal victory. The fantasia of Schubert, written for the piano, and for four hands, and scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl, is an ingenious and pleasing composition. The prelude to Lohengrin was taken at a slower pace than is usual; yet the interest of the hearer did not flag; the details were brought out in striking relief; the climax was singularly imposing; all in all, the performance may be justly placed near that inspired performance under Mancinelli last season in Mechanics Building, and this indeed is praise. A brilliant reading of Liszt's Tasso brought to a close one of the shortest Symphony concerts of later years.

PHILIP HALE.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Fine Performance Before a Large Audience.

The fourth symphony concert was given in Infantry Hall last evening. There can be no doubt that interest in these superb performances is on the increase; the fact has already been noted that the audiences of this season show an increased attendance; there were more auditors present last night than at any previous concert, the hall being three-quarters filled or more, which would indicate an audience of probably 1500 people. This is an encouraging state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that by another season the orchestra may receive the compliment of a full house, which its always magnificent playing certainly deserves.

On opening the programme books last evening a slip was found within stating that by the kind permission of Mr. Walter Damrosch, Fraulein Johanna Gadski, prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, would sing in place of Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, whom sudden illness had prevented from appearing, as advertised. While this was a disappointment to the many friends and admirers of the charming little diva, it was tempered by the thought that a new and famous singer was to be heard, and the regrets were soon forgotten in the grand performance of the German prima donna.

The programme for the evening, as amended in consequence of the change of soloists, ran as follows:

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Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1..... .....Benjamin Godard
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III. Entr'acte Gavotte: Andante (A minor).
IV. Carillon: Moderato (A major). (First time.)
Agatha's Prayer and Aria, from "Der..... Freischutz".....C. M. von Weber
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Franz Liszt

A thoroughly interesting programme, and splendidly played from beginning to end. Goldmark's ever-welcome "Rustic Wedding" put everybody in a happy frame of mind at the start. Mr. Apthorp, after measuring it with his sonata yardstick and carefully calculating its cubic contents, announces with a somewhat aggrieved air in his programme notes that it is not a symphony at all, but merely a series of tone-pictures. Name it as you will, it is a most enjoyable piece of music, full of originality, color, and a genuine rustic flavor in both melody and rythm that justifies, at any rate, its secondary title. Mr. Paur gave it a very expressive reading and the players responded with their most finished and artistic work.

Godard's suite is of a sketchy character, in fact, makes no pretensions to be otherwise. The opera from which it is arranged is unknown in this country, but the music is full of variety and suggestiveness. It is also pleasant music to listen to, which the iconoclastic moderns regard as a more important matter than adherence to more or less archaic forms. Sharp contrasts and unexpected little surprises are met with at every turn. The scoring is decidedly heavy, the full modern orchestra and a largely augmented brass choir being employed. It is interesting to note the tendency of the later French composers toward the methods of their neglected countryman, Berlioz, and the long-despised and hated Wagner. This number, too, was magnificently played.

The value of the orchestral arrangements of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodys is open to question. While certain parts—like those fierce phrases in the low register at the beginning of this No. 2—come out more clearly and sound better than upon the harsh low notes of the piano, yet the compositions are as a whole so intimately conceived for the piano that the added sonority and volume of the orchestra serves but to disguise their real character. This, the best-known and most popular of the long series of similar works, is full of tremendous energy and heaven-storming climax, which, it is needless to say, was adequately reproduced by the brilliant band of players.

Fraulein Gadski's contributions to the programme met with instant and pronounced approval. That fraction of the audience which had previously heard her in opera or gained some familiarity with her high European reputation through the musical journals, were of course prepared to listen to an artist. But to the remainder she was something in the nature of a surprise. She has a voice of magnificent volume and extensive range, which her two selections served to display to great advantage. Nor is her voice marred by any hardness of quality or unsteadiness of tone, as is not infrequently the case with these great dramatic sopranos. As for her singing, it displayed in full measure the poise, control and temperament of a great artist. She was rapturously applauded, and recalled a half dozen times at each appearance, the orchestra laying down their instruments to aid in the general acclaim.

The whole concert was well appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by all present, a number being overheard to pronounce it the best of the series. As a matter of fact, these orchestral concerts are of such a quality that the last one heard nearly always seems the best. The fifth concert will occur on the evening of Wednesday, March 18.

The Telegram

EVENING AND SUNDAY.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

The announcement through the press yesterday that a change in soloists for the Boston Symphony orchestra concert last evening had been made, owing to the sudden illness of Madame Lillian Blauvelt, who was under engagement to appear, was full of disappointment, but it was a disappointment that curiosity tempered. In notifying the public of the fact that Madame Blauvelt was sick, the management created no little interest by stating that the prima donna of the Damrosch Grand Opera company, Fraulein Gadski, now located in Boston, had been secured to fill the place. Thus while all who are acquainted with Madame Blauvelt's great talent sincerely regretted her inability to come yet general pleasure was expressed over the chance of hearing an artist so celebrated and popular in European musical fields as is Miss Gadski. The promptness with which the orchestra people found a capable person to sing and apprized Providence of the arrangement was something that can be commended to other amusement projectors as worthy of adoption.

Miss Gadski's debut was magnetically successful. She had two numbers, Elizabeth's Greeting from "Tannhauser," and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischuetz," and her interpretation of them was delightful. The scope and power of her voice were not less remarkable than its lovely melodiousness. It was a thorough dramatic voice, abounding in fire and expressiveness, and yet, as many dramatic voices do not, it possessed a vein of rich softness that captivated. In method and style she was far above the possibility of fault-finding. The audience was enraptured by her superb work and fairly crowded its testimonials of enjoyment upon her.

The orchestra had three compositions to perform, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Godard's No. 1 suite from Jocelyn and the Franz-Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2. The second was a new creation here, and it also had its first presentation in this country. It was an illustration of how the full power of a modern orchestra can be gauged and manipulated. It was wealthy in striking effects and generally was of a very appreciable quality of musical beauty. The other productions were of course grandly played under Conductor Paur's baton.

The attendance was the best yet seen at a Symphony event. The next concert—the fifth—will be given Wednesday evening, March 18.

Providence Letter
Sunday Herald
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It was thought that the leap year ball would interfere somewhat with the attendance at the Boston Symphony concert. On the contrary, it increased and brightened it most decidedly, as many of the ball guests came to the concert arrayed in dancing attire and with opera cloaks, too, ready to go right on to the ball. Thus the attendance at the concert was the largest of the series, with even brighter gowning than was seen at its predecessor.

Those who incommoded themselves by deciding not to give nor attend dinners, so as to be faithful in their attendance at the Symphony, were more than repaid for attending, as a necessary change in the soloist helped to make it a great musical night, as well as a social one. Mme. Blauvett was too ill to appear, and the management, by the kindness of Mr. Damrosch, was enabled to announce the appearance of Frl. Johanna Gadski, one of the sopranos singing with the German opera company in Boston. As very few Providence people have been able to find sufficient time to attend the opera because of the busy whirl of the past 10 days, Frl. Gadski's appearance in her pretty pink gown and in charming voice was a most pronounced success. She was recalled again and again after each number, but did not respond with another selection, although the orchestra put down their instruments to join in the general applause. The orchestral programme was a most brilliant one, too.

[illegible] Transcript

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourteenth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schubert: Fantasia in F minor, opus 103. (Scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl.)
Haydn: Symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).
Wagner: Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Liszt: Symphonic Poem, No. 2, "Tasso; Lamentoe Trionfo."

Mr. M. Marsick, the noted Belgian violinist, was announced to play Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto, opus 31, and indeed did play it at the Friday afternoon public rehearsal. But an accident to his left wrist, which happened to him on his way to Boston, and made playing already difficult on Friday afternoon, made it physically impossible on Saturday evening. So the Haydn symphony was substituted at the last moment for the Vieuxtemps concerto.

Mottl's orchestrating Schubert's F minor fantasia (for pianoforte for four hands) seems to us a mistake. It is too extended a work to be accepted as a mere musical tidbit, in any form; yet at the same time it is not quite of the calibre to justify an orchestral setting. It is by no means in so large a form as the two-hand "Wanderer" Fantasie in C major, opus 15, which Liszt arranged so effectively for pianoforte and orchestra, as a sort of concerto. We even doubt whether the "Wanderer" fantasia itself would have well stood a purely orchestral arrangement, without that element of virtuoso brilliancy which Liszt's solo pianoforte part gives it. And this smaller and more homely fantasia in F minor stands it even less well. In Mottl's setting you feel a certain disproportion between the work and the mighty orchestral vehicle. Upon the whole, nothing is more apt to dwarf a pianoforte composition than scoring it for full orchestra; it makes you half-consciously demand something like a symphony, and you do not get it. Only the stately Largo movement in F-sharp minor, which has something of Handelian grandeur in it, seemed to us to sound thoroughly well and in character. We thought the orchestration, too, left something to be desired, as such; Mottl seems to have wavered rather hesitatingly between his natural bent for full and brilliant modern orchestration and a more reserved, quasi-classical style of scoring, adapted to some of the quieter and more homely moments in the fantasia. His orchestration accordingly lacks distinctness of individuality and character; the more simply scored passages sound dull and colorless, and the more brilliant ones rather tawdry. The work was admirably played; so no fault could be found with it on that score.

The bright and ever-beautiful Haydn symphony went finely; only the last movement seemed to us taken decidedly too slow.

But what had Wagner's "Lohengrin" prelude to do right after Haydn's symphony? It came there as an accident, it is true; but, for matter of that, we doubt if it would have come in any more appositely after the Vieuxtemps concerto. It was, however, absolutely superbly played.

Liszt's "Tasso" has been given here with more dramatic fire and intensity than on Saturday evening; the performance was finished and excellent in many ways—the minuet movement in F-sharp major was particularly well played—but it did not carry you away.

The next programme is: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique" (repeated by request); —— aria; Schumann, concerto for violoncello, opus 129; —— aria; Godard, suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1 (first time at these concerts). Miss Kate Rolla will be the singer, and Mr. Leo Schulz, the 'cellist.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Fifteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; fourteenth concert. The programme:

Fantasia in F minor, op. 103. (Scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl).....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Symphonic poem, "Tasso".....Liszt

It was expected that M. Marsick, one of the new violinists of the season, was to play Vieuxtemps' concerto, but an accident to his hand prevented, and the Haydn symphony was substituted. The orchestral arrangement of Schubert's "Fantasy" was brilliantly done by Mottl, and it was a pleasure to hear the work again after several years. It was played with excellent taste. The Lohengrin prelude went with the faultless purity of tone that the great violin section of our orchestra alone can give to it. A brilliant reading of Liszt's "Tasso" ended a concert of more than ordinary interest.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

* *

In spite of this attraction there was a large audience at the fourteenth Symphony concert, the program of which was as follows:

Fantasia, F minor, op. 103.....Schubert
Symphony in G.....Haydn
Prelude to Lohengrin (Act I.).....Wagner
Symphonic poem, Tasso.....Liszt

To the great disappointment of the audience Mr. Marsick, the eminent violinist, did not play the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. A day or two ago he was bitten on the hand, which soon began to swell. Although he was not really in condition to play at the Friday rehearsal he appeared, to the intense enjoyment of all that heard him. He is said to have triumphed gloriously, to have charmed by purity, accuracy and, in short, by uncommon display of artistry. After the concert he was obliged to consult a physician. The awkward trifle, as he thought it, turned out to be a serious affair; for the swelling extended through the arm, and there were symptoms of blood poisoning. This evening he was well enough to be at Mr. Adamowski's concert in the Boston Theatre.

* * *

The familiar symphony of Haydn was substituted at a late moment, and yet it was played delightfully. With the disappearance of the solo violinist the scheme of the program was broken into pieces; but the excellent work of the orchestra throughout the evening turned what might have been a rout into a signal victory. The fantasia of Schubert, written for the piano, and for four hands, and scored for orchestra by Felix Mottl, is an ingenious and pleasing composition. The prelude to Lohengrin was taken at a slower pace than is usual; yet the interest of the hearer did not flag; the details were brought out in striking relief; the climax was singularly imposing; all in all, the performance may be justly placed near that inspired performance under Mancinelli last season in Mechanics Building, and this indeed is praise. A brilliant reading of Liszt's Tasso brought to a close one of the shortest Symphony concerts of later years.

PHILIP HALE.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Fine Performance Before a Large Audience.

The fourth symphony concert was given in Infantry Hall last evening. There can be no doubt that interest in these superb performances is on the increase; the fact has already been noted that the audiences of this season show an increased attendance; there were more auditors present last night than at any previous concert, the hall being three-quarters filled or more, which would indicate an audience of probably 1500 people. This is an encouraging state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that by another season the orchestra may receive the compliment of a full house, which its always magnificent playing certainly deserves.

On opening the programme books last evening a slip was found within stating that by the kind permission of Mr. Walter Damrosch, Fraulein Johanna Gadski, prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, would sing in place of Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, whom sudden illness had prevented from appearing, as advertised. While this was a disappointment to the many friends and admirers of the charming little diva, it was tempered by the thought that a new and famous singer was to be heard, and the regrets were soon forgotten in the grand performance of the German prima donna.

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Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Rustic Wedding," Op. 26.....Goldmark
I. Wedding March: Moderato molto (E-flat major).
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III. In the Garden: Andante (G minor).
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Elizabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhauser"..... Wagner
Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1.....Benjamin Godard
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III. Entr'acte Gavotte: Andante (A minor).
IV. Carillon: Moderato (A major).
(First time.)
Agatha's Prayer and Aria, from "Der Freischute".....C. M. von Weber
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Franz Liszt

A thoroughly interesting programme, and splendidly played from beginning to end. Goldmark's ever-welcome "Rustic Wedding" put everybody in a happy frame of mind at the start. Mr. Apthorp, after measuring it with his sonata yardstick and carefully calculating its cubic contents, announces with a somewhat aggrieved air in his programme notes that it is not a symphony at all, but merely a series of tone-pictures. Name it as you will, it is a most enjoyable piece of music, full of originality, color, and a genuine rustic flavor in both melody and rythm that justifies, at any rate, its secondary title. Mr. Paur gave it a very expressive reading and the players responded with their most finished and artistic work.

Godard's suite is of a sketchy character, in fact, makes no pretensions to be otherwise. The opera from which it is arranged is unknown in this country, but the music is full of variety and suggestiveness. It is also pleasant music to listen to, which the iconoclastic moderns regard as a more important matter than adherence to more or less archaic forms. Sharp contrasts and unexpected little surprises are met with at every turn. The scoring is decidedly heavy, the full modern orchestra and a largely augmented brass choir being employed. It is interesting to note the tendency of the later French composers toward the methods of their neglected countryman, Berloiz, and the long-despised and hated Wagner. This number, too, was magnificently played.

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The Telegram

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

Fifteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Appearance of Kate Rolla, Soprano, and Martin Marsick, Violinist.

The program of the Symphony concert last night, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," op. 74, Tschaikowsky. (By request.) Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila." Saint Saens. Concerto for Violin, No. 4, in D minor, op. 31. Vieuxtemps. Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn." No. 1. I. Prelude; Adagio. II. Entr'acte, "Dans les Montagnes;" Moderato quasi Allegretto. III. Entr'acte Gavotte: Andante. IV. Carillon: Moderato. Godard. (First time at these concerts.)

A third hearing of Tschaikowsky's last symphony only strengthens the deep impression made by this work when it was first produced here. The third movement, which formerly seemed incongruous, is now revealed as full of purport. The noisy triumph, the shouts of the populace, all awards for personal prowess or mental discovery, the hurrahs, the drums, the trumpets, the rockets—these amuse the Gaunt Man with the Scythe.

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on Kings."

Truly a marvelous work, this symphony; and as for the requiem, I know of nothing sublimer in the history of absolute music.

* * *

Godard's suite from his opera "Jocelyn" recalls the melancholy life and the sad death of a man who had reason to regard himself as misunderstood. This music was written for the theatre; heard in a concert room, it naturally loses in effectiveness, and to the musician it is chiefly interesting on account of its instrumentation. The second movement is pretty, and the little gavotte is charming. As for the carillon, Bizet used the same idea to greater advantage in "L'Arlésienne." Brilliant music, with true melody and rich vocabulary of expression, but it should be heard in its proper place. By the way, there is a delightful "Village suite" by Godard, and the "Oriental" and the "Gothic" symphonies are by no means to be despised. Two movements from the "Oriental" were played here under Mr. Nikisch. "The Elephants" were not then brought on the stage, and yet that movement is a masterpiece.

Miss Rolla is a singer of certain experience, but she gave last evening no good reason for her appearance at a Symphony concert. Her voice is neither sensuous nor strong; her sense of rhythm is defective; and for once the great air of Delilah was tame and ordinary.

Mr. Marsick is a most accomplished violinist. In these days to speak at length concerning a player's technique is faint praise even when loud words are used. For this is an age of technique, except, alas, in song. It is enough to say that he surmounts all difficulties with graceful ease. His accuracy would, indeed, be annoying, were it not in a measure put into the background by fine artistry. Mr. Marsick is not merely a master of technique; he is not controlled by it, nor does he worship it. He uses it in the service of the composer.

While you cannot help admiring the delivery of this or that phrase, you do not in recollection forget the performance of the composition as a whole. To him the concerto of Vieuxtemps—now 46 years old—the one so praised by Berlioz, is an organic whole; he does not regard it as an occasion for playing pet passages, and then filling in the gaps almost carelessly; the beauty of the whole is brought into the clearest light, and yet when you examine each detail how perfect it seems. Now the man that succeeds in this task is not only an accomplished virtuoso, he is a thorough musician. Mr. Marsick's cantabile in the Adagio was incomparably sustained and noble; and the trying scherzo was capitally performed. All in all, Mr. Marsick is one of the most satisfying violinists that has been heard here of late years. His personality is dignified and winning. There is no attempt to catch applause by forcing of tone sentimentality, or physical display.

An admirable musician plays admirably the violin. And in Mr. Marsick's case praise halts between the musician and the virtuoso. Now, this is rare. No wonder that he enchanted musician and layman alike. Such violinists are very welcome to Boston, and it is to be hoped that there will be occasions of hearing him again.

* * *

It is also a great pleasure to find the compiler of the program book forsaking for a moment his deep study of Greek and mediæval music and indulging himself publicly in entertaining personal reminiscences. Thus, from the program book of last night we learn this valuable information: (1) That the compiler is an "educated musician;" (2) that he went "every night for a fortnight to Offenbach's 'La Perichole' in London;" (3, and most important of all) "he hadn't lost his heart to Schneider, either!" Of course, by Schneider he refers to the giddy and celebrated opéra bouffe singer—and not to Rip's ex.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 47.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme. Kate Rollo and Mr. M. Marsick the Soloists.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Symphony No. 6, "Pathetique"..Tschaikowsky
Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"..... Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin, No. 4, D-minor..... Vieuxtemps
Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1.....B. Godard

There were two soloists, Mme. Kate Rollo and Mr. M. Marsick. The imposing symphony was heard at these concerts only a few weeks ago, and was repeated thus soon after in compliance with many requests. It was well worth the hearing again before the impression it made earlier had time to fade. Every successive performance of the work discovers new beauties, and intensifies the belief that it is the largest and most impressive symphony of modern date, not only for its splendor of color, its wealth of refined and flowing melody and the lofty dignity that pervades it, but also for the nobility of its inspiration and the purity of its sentiment. The broad and graceful swing of the lovely second subject of the opening movement; the piquant vivacity that characterises the whole of the second movement, and the smoothness with which the rarely-used 5-4 rythm floats along on an indescribably charming theme; the spirited march theme of the third movement—which, by the way, always recalls the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony—and the grand melancholy and moving pathos of the finale, enraptured and delighted, as before.

Mr. Paur again read the work in a profoundly deep sympathy, with its varying moods, and obtained from his orchestra one of its most brilliant efforts of the season. The Godard suite was made by the composer from themes in his opera, "Jocelyn." Godard, who died a little over a year ago, at the early age of 46, after a dispiriting career, and a life passed in trial and disappointment, was a prominent figure in the modern French school. He wrote much music of a high order for both the stage and the concert room, but is only known in this country by his songs, and chiefly by the soprano prayer from "Jocelyn." This suite does his genius scant justice. It was played last night for the first time at these concerts. The four movements of which it consists are brief, and charm by their true color, rather than by any clearly defined themes that they contain. The opening movement, a slow prelude, is vague in meaning, but the instrumentation has a strong element of originality in its rapidly contrasted effects. The second movement, entitled "Dans les Montagnes," is the merest sketch, which is scarcely begun before it comes to a close.

The programme book, by the way, describes this movement as a quaint sort of peasant dance, whereas its opening theme, which is thus misinterpreted, is a few bars of the revolutionary tune, "Ca ira," that became so brutally prominent with the mob during the reign of terror. It is curious that the compiler of the book could have gone thus far astray on a point with which every well informed student of folk tunes with a history should be familiar. The third movement is one of the prettiest gavottes imaginable, but is as fragile as a cobweb and flutters for a few brief moments only. The finale is the most brilliant portion of the suite, and a succession of florid and charming flights of orchestration is built over a pedal formed of the notes of a simple chiming of bells, which is obstinately continued without cessation from the beginning to the end of the movement. Here, also, the orchestra was heard at its very best.

Of Mrs. Rollo's singing there is not much to be said that is pleasing in the saying. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of ample volume, but its quality is dry, cold and acid. Her style is commonplace, and her sense of rhythm imperfect. She sang the warm and sensuous Saint-Saens aria in an unimpassioned and inartistic style, and with such fickleness in regard to time that she changed it in nearly every bar, and made it almost impossible for the conductor to follow her. She was applauded, and received two recalls that were not earned by the worth of her singing. There may have been good and sufficient reasons why she did not acquit herself better, but, as judged by what she did, she was wholly out of place in a symphony concert.

It was quite another story with Mr. Marsick, whose performance of the Vieuxtemps concerto made known an artist of the finest powers. He has a beautiful tone, a perfect technique, the purest of intonation and the highest finish of style. His bowing is large and free, his cantabile playing is exquisite, and a noble artistic feeling dignifies all that he does. Above all, he is sincere and convincing, and though eminently classical in spirit, is never lacking in warmth of sentiment. There is not the remotest suggestion of affectation in him, nor of playing for the mere reward of applause. He had scarcely made his way well into the opening movement when it became clear that an artist of the first rank was before the audience.

The whole concerto was read and performed with unsurpassable purity of taste and dignity of style, but it was in the slow movement that his worth was fully revealed, and at its close the concerto was interrupted for some moments until the audience had exhausted itself in paying applausive tribute to him. At the end of the work, there was a still greater outburst of admiration, and he was recalled some three or four times with as great enthusiasm as has ever gone out to an artist in Music Hall. Not since Ysaye has a violinist met with so spontaneous, so just and so stormy a recognition of his merits.

The programme for the next concert is announced as follows: Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; a concerto for violin, by Moszkowski; "Midnight at Sedan," by Zollner (first time), and Brahm's "Academic" overture. Another violinist, Mr. Emil Sauret, is to be the soloist.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16, 1896.

Fifteenth Symphony Program.

Two soloists appeared at the symphony last week, Mme Kate Rolla, soprano, and Mr Marsick, violinist. The orchestral numbers were Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, which was performed at the concert Jan 11, and Godard's suite from "Jocelyn," the latter for the first time here. The Tschaikowsky symphony was given with grand effect by Mr Paur's men, the performance being even better than that at the 11th concert. The work is very impressive for several reasons. The orchestration is a masterpiece of elaboration, the contrasted instrumentations of different themes are frequent and at times startlingly bold, and each contingent of the band is given complex work which only an organisation like our grand orchestra could ever hope to smoothly interpret.

In the second movement a tripping melody has a curious accompaniment in a theme of a sober character, and in the third two figures are developed, one of a scherzo nature and the other martial in tone, with accentuations by the kettle-drum. Both of these movements were played with wonderful precision. In the last part of the work, which is strongly funereal in character, the muted horns were notably well played, and in fact the horns, muted and open, admirably preserved the pitch throughout the performance.

Mr Marsick played Bruch's D minor concerto for violin at the rehearsal, and a Vieuxtemp concerto at the concert Saturday evening. The praise given the artist in these columns last Sunday needs no modification in speaking of his work last week. Lacking somewhat in the emotional qualities, his technique and skill specially appeal to his auditors, and the modesty and intelligence with which his tasks are performed impress an audience more favorably and deeply than would the sensational artist, who covers his shortcomings by a dash and impetuosity in which a close observer will find many faults of omission and commission at variance with the composer's ideas.

Mme Kate Rolla, who came here with no advance heralding worth mentioning, is a soprano with a voice of uncommon sweetness and sympathetic timbre. She was allotted one solo, the Dalilah aria, "Mon cœur s'ouvre a ta voix," from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Dalilah," and the manner in which the singer interpreted the aria was very beautiful. Mme Rolla's voice evidently is excellently suited to expressing the tenderer emotions in song, for it is possessed of that pure, soulful quality which touches the heart, and the tones are as true and vibrant as one could wish to hear. She sings with ease, there is plenty of power, and her runs are smooth and without deflection from the pitch. The artist certainly deserves high encomiums for her solo, for her interpretation was far superior to that of some more famous singers who have been heard here in the same number.

The suite from "Jocelyn" was not specially interesting. The peasant dance movement in the first part has some quaint orchestral conceits well worked out. There is a dainty intermezzo for the third movement, in which the string part of the orchestra were conspicuously good. The processional, the finale, is of a florid and descriptive nature and the various figures were well set forth by the instrumentation. There is an air of simplicity to the suite as a whole. The suite was played commendably by Mr Paur's men.

Mr Emil Sauret, violinist, will be the soloist at the symphony this week. The program will be as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral," symphony; Moszkowski, concerto for violin; Zollner, "Midnight at Sedan," (first time); Brahms, academic overture.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 16.

The Symphony Concert.

The fifteenth concert of the Symphony orchestra was in Music Hall, last night. The following is the programme:

Symphony No 6,..... .....Tschaikowsky.
Aria from "Samson and Delila".....Saint-Saens.
Miss Kate Rolla.
Concerto for violin, D.minor.....Vieuxtemps.
Mr. M. Marsick.
Orchestral Suite "Jorcelyn,".....Godard.

Mr. Marsick's appearance was greeted with the heartiest applause, and he speedily demonstrated that he was worthy of the approbation of all who love pure high art. His presence alone is reassuring; he is quiet unassumieg self-possessed, and yet with a suggestion of suppressed emotion that is plainly revealed when his bow touches the violin strings. His style is large and of the finest finish, and his tones beautifully clear, liquid and of haunting sweetness. His interpretation of the second movement of the concerto—the adagio religioso—at once stamped him as an artist of the highest worth We have heard and marvelled at wonderful displays of difficulties conquered with ease; but here was a simple beautiful, theme, that depended on higher art qualities for its adequate presentation, and the demand was fully and frankly answered. It was pure legato playing of the very highest kind; the melody poured out in a full, rich and uninterrupted stream. It was the simplicty, the perfect adaptation of means to end that idicate art in its highest perfection. The effect produced cannot be expressed in words, although it was partly revealed in the enthusiasm aroused in the audience by this display of pure, warm, classic violin playing. The fourth movement was given with fire and spirit, and allowed one to judge Mr. Marsick's talents from a new viewpoint that only added to the conviction that there is no living man who is Mr. Marsick's superior in his art. Of his technical skill it is needless to speak, for it goes without saying that he is amply equipped in this direction. Difficulties melt away under his skilled fingers and magic bow, and become merged in an art that is above praise, and before which criticism is silent. And let it be added, the art is virile and without a trace of the sugary sentimentalism over which youth weeps and adult age yawns.

Mme. Kate Rolla sang the selection from "Samson and Delila" with care and earnestness.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony concert of last evening was somewhat out of the usual order, in that there were two soloists, a violinist and a soprano, one number which had never before been played at these concerts, and the repetition, by request, of the Tschaikowsky symphony No. 6, which was first heard in the present series some weeks ago.

The latter composition opened the evening's programme, and the manner in which it was received amply justified its repetition. It is a composition which one likes the more it is heard, for there are many hidden beauties of harmony and true color which are not apparent to the ordinary listener on a first hearing. The first number presents several sharp contrasts, and is prodigal in rich orchestration, which is dramatically developed. The second and third movements with their bizarre effects quite caught the audience as before, and with the funereal last movement, which sharply contrasted in general character with the preceding movements, were most beautifully played.

Mme. Kate Rolla, soloist, followed, singing the familiar air "Mon ceur s'ouvre a ta voix," from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Dalila." Her voice apparently has several qualities, and as she was somewhat nervous, she was not heard to especially good advantage. Neither did she have a proper conception of the aria in which she was heard, and once or twice she strayed from the key. Her intonation was fair, and under more favorable conditions she would probably make a better impression.

M. Marsick, whose appearance was announced for last week, then made his appearance, and was cordially received, even before he commenced to play, the excellence of his work at the rehearsal the day before having been well heralded. His selection on this occasion was the Vieuxtemps vellin concerto No. 4, in three movements. Mr. Marsick plays with the reatest ease and confidence, and impresses his hearers as a man in perfect sympathy with his work, and one, too, who quite lacks all the petty tricks of the average violinist. He plays with spirit, is wonderfully true in intonation, and has a style which is thoroughly artistic. His phrasing is musicianly, and his tones are remarkably warm and clear cut. His work is of that convincing order that commands attention, and the rather lengthy cadenza at the end of the first movement served to show him off to good advantage. His whole work was brilliant throughout, and the audience gave him four recalls at the conclusion of the concerto.

The orchestral suite from "Jocelyn," by Godard, is a particularly interesting composition in several places. It begins weirdly, but is daintily worked out, the gem of the suite being the brief gavotte which constitutes the third movement. In the fourth movement a quartet of bells are introduced with pleasing results.

At next week's concert Mr. Emil Sauret will be the soloist, playing the Moszkowski violin concerto.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 16, 1896.

Those of us who frequently hear the Symphony programmes at the rehearsals can congratulate ourselves upon having had two tastes of Mr. Marsick's quality—first in the Vieuxtemps concerto, which only got round to the Saturday people last night, and second in the third concerto of Bruch, which was put into the Friday afternoon programme to avoid a repetition. This is a composition requiring somewhat other qualities than those which would suffice amply for the light and almost superficial style of the Vieuxtemps. It has a more nervous force in its opening allegro, a deeper sentiment in its adagio and a bolder if less scintillant brilliancy in its finale. Mr. Marsick was ready and adequate at all points, supplying energy, tenderness and vivacity as they were in turn desired, and obtaining his recognition in the generous applause of a crowded audience.

There was another soloist—Mme. Kate Rolla, an American mezzo soprano, who has had her successes in Europe, even including some made upon the Covent Garden stage. She chose that air from "Samson and Delilah," which is becoming now so common that it will soon be hackneyed and wearisome, "Mon coeur s' ouvre a ta voix." Mme. Rolla has a pretty and rather penetrating voice, not sonorous or voluminous and somewhat pinched in the delivery of close vowels. It has not natural richness and she added to it no dramatic sensuousness, so that the winning, languorous, enthralling melody was tame, inert and unaffectual.

The symphony was Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," repeated by request, and in a rendering which at times grew up to real passion and fervor, besides gaining in freedom and decision of technical treatment.

The programme ended with a novelty, which was one of the orchestral suites made by Benjamin Godard from the material of his own opera "Jocelyn." It consisted of a slow prelude, passing into a vigorous and almost rudely martial peasant scene; an interlude called "In the Mountains," based on a characteristic theme; a gavotte and a carillon. It is all interesting music, with original fancies and high polish of art, and the orchestra rendered the several movements justice.

There will be no concert this week, but for the ensuing week, this programme is announced: Beethoven, Symphany No. 6 (Pastoral); Moszkowski, Concerto for violin; Zollner, "Midnight at Sedan," (first time); Brahms, Academic Overture. Soloist, Mr. Emil Sauret.

HOWARD MALCOM TOWNE.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

Fifteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Appearance of Kate Rolla, Soprano, and Martin Marsick, Violinist.

The program of the Symphony concert last night, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," op. 74, Tschaikowsky. (By request.) Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila.", Saint Saens. Concerto for Violin, No. 4, in D minor, op. 31. Vieuxtemps. Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1. I. Prelude; Adagio. II. Entr'acte, "Dans les Montagnes;" Moderato quasi Allegretto. III. Entr'acte Gavotte: Andante. IV. Carillon: Moderato. Godard. (First time at these concerts.)

A third hearing of Tschaikowsky's last symphony only strengthens the deep impression made by this work when it was first produced here. The third movement, which formerly seemed incongruous, is now revealed as full of purport. The noisy triumph, the shouts of the populace, all awards for personal prowess or mental discovery, the hurrahs, the drums, the trumpets, the rockets—these amuse the Gaunt Man with the Scythe.

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on Kings."

Truly a marvelous work, this symphony; and as for the requiem, I know of nothing sublimer in the history of absolute music.

* * *

Godard's suite from his opera "Jocelyn" recalls the melancholy life and the sad death of a man who had reason to regard himself as misunderstood. This music was written for the theatre; heard in a concert room, it naturally loses in effectiveness, and to the musician it is chiefly interesting on account of its instrumentation. The second movement is pretty, and the little gavotte is charming. As for the carillon, Bizet used the same idea to greater advantage in "L'Arlésienne." Brilliant music, with true melody and rich vocabulary of expression, but it should be heard in its proper place. By the way, there is a delightful "Village suite" by Godard, and the "Oriental" and the "Gothic" symphonies are by no means to be despised. Two movements from the "Oriental" were played here under Mr. Nikisch. "The Elephants" were not then brought on the stage, and yet that movement is a masterpiece.

Miss Rolla is a singer of certain experience, but she gave last evening no good reason for her appearance at a Symphony concert. Her voice is neither sensuous nor strong; her sense of rhythm is defective; and for once the great air of Delilah was tame and ordinary.

Mr. Marsick is a most accomplished violinist. In these days to speak at length concerning a player's technique is faint praise even when loud words are used. For this is an age of technique, except, alas, in song. It is enough to say that he surmounts all difficulties with graceful ease. His accuracy would, indeed, be annoying, were it not in a measure put into the background by fine artistry. Mr. Marsick is not merely a master of technique; he is not controlled by it, nor does he worship it. He uses it in the service of the composer.

While you cannot help admiring the delivery of this or that phrase, you do not in recollection forget the performance of the composition as a whole. To him the concerto of Vieuxtemps—now 46 years old—the one so praised by Berlioz, is an organic whole; he does not regard it as an occasion for playing pet passages, and then filling in the gaps almost carelessly; the beauty of the whole is brought into the clearest light, and yet when you examine each detail how perfect it seems. Now the man that succeeds in this task is not only an accomplished virtuoso, he is a thorough musician. Mr. Marsick's cantabile in the Adagio was incomparably sustained and noble; and the trying scherzo was capitally performed. All in all, Mr. Marsick is one of the most satisfying violinists that has been heard here of late years. His personality is dignified and winning. There is no attempt to catch applause by forcing of tone sentimentalism, or physical display.

An admirable musician plays admirably the violin. And in Mr. Marsick's case praise halts between the musician and the virtuoso. Now, this is rare. No wonder that he enchanted musician and layman alike. Such violinists are very welcome to Boston, and it is to be hoped that there will be occasions of hearing him again.

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It is also a great pleasure to find the compiler of the program book forsaking for a moment his deep study of Greek and mediaeval music and indulging himself publicly in entertaining personal reminiscences. Thus, from the program book of last night we learn this valuable information: (1) That the compiler is an "educated musician;" (2) that he went "every night for a fortnight to Offenbach's 'La Perichole' in London;" (3, and most important of all) "he hadn't lost his heart to Schneider, either!" Of course, by Schneider he refers to the giddy and celebrated opéra bouffe singer—and not to Rip's dog.

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme. Kate Rollo and Mr. M. Marsick the Soloists.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Symphony No. 6, "Pathetique"..Tschaikowsky
Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"..... Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin, No. 4, D-minor..... Vieuxtemps
Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1.....B. Godard

There were two soloists, Mme. Kate Rollo and Mr. M. Marsick. The imposing symphony was heard at these concerts only a few weeks ago, and was repeated thus soon after in compliance with many requests. It was well worth the hearing again before the impression it made earlier had time to fade. Every successive performance of the work discovers new beauties, and intensifies the belief that it is the largest and most impressive symphony of modern date, not only for its splendor of color, its wealth of refined and flowing melody and the lofty dignity that pervades it, but also for the nobility of its inspiration and the purity of its sentiment. The broad and graceful swing of the lovely second subject of the opening movement; the piquant vivacity that characterizes the whole of the second movement, and the smoothness with which the rarely-used 5-4 rythm floats along on an indescribably charming theme; the spirited march theme of the third movement—which, by the way, always recalls the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony—and the grand melancholy and moving pathos of the finale, enraptured and delighted, as before.

Mr. Paur again read the work in a profoundly deep sympathy, with its varying moods, and obtained from his orchestra one of its most brilliant efforts of the season. The Godard suite was made by the composer from themes in his opera, "Jocelyn." Godard, who died a little over a year ago, at the early age of 46, after a dispiriting career, and a life passed in trial and disappointment, was a prominent figure in the modern French school. He wrote much music of a high order for both the stage and the concert room, but is only known in this country by his songs, and chiefly by the soprano prayer from "Jocelyn." This suite does his genius scant justice. It was played last night for the first time at these concerts. The four movements of which it consists are brief, and charm by their true color, rather than by any clearly defined themes that they contain. The opening movement, a slow prelude, is vague in meaning, but the instrumentation has a strong element of originality in its rapidly contrasted effects. The second movement, entitled "Dans les Montagnes," is the merest sketch, which is scarcely begun before it comes to a close.

The programme book, by the way, describes this movement as a quaint sort of peasant dance, whereas its opening theme, which is thus misinterpreted, is a few bars of the revolutionary tune, "Ca ira," that became so brutally prominent with the mob during the reign of terror. It is curious that the compiler of the book could have gone thus far astray on a point with which every well informed student of folk tunes with a history should be familiar. The third movement is one of the prettiest gavottes imaginable, but is as fragile as a cobweb and flutters for a few brief moments only. The finale is the most brilliant portion of the suite, and a succession of florid and charming flights of orchestration is built over a pedal formed of the notes of a simple chiming of bells, which is obstinately continued without cessation from the beginning to the end of the movement. Here, also, the orchestra was heard at its very best.

Of Mrs. Rollo's singing there is not much to be said that is pleasing in the saying. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of ample volume, but its quality is dry, cold and acid. Her style is commonplace, and her sense of rhythm imperfect. She sang the warm and sensuous Saint-Saens aria in an unimpassioned and inartistic style, and with such fickleness in regard to time that she changed it in nearly every bar, and made it almost impossible for the conductor to follow her. She was applauded, and received two recalls that were not earned by the worth of her singing. There may have been good and sufficient reasons why she did not acquit herself better, but, as judged by what she did, she was wholly out of place in a symphony concert.

It was quite another story with Mr. Marsick, whose performance of the Vieuxtemps concerto made known an artist of the finest powers. He has a beautiful tone, a perfect technique, the purest of intonation and the highest finish of style. His bowing is large and free, his cantabile playing is exquisite, and a noble artistic feeling dignifies all that he does. Above all, he is sincere and convincing, and though eminently classical in spirit, is never lacking in warmth of sentiment. There is not the remotest suggestion of affectation in him, nor of playing for the mere reward of applause. He had scarcely made his way well into the opening movement when it became clear that an artist of the first rank was before the audience.

The whole concerto was read and performed with unsurpassable purity of taste and dignity of style, but it was in the slow movement that his worth was fully revealed, and at its close the concerto was interrupted for some moments until the audience had exhausted itself in paying applausive tribute to him. At the end of the work, there was a still greater outburst of admiration, and he was recalled some three or four times with as great enthusiasm as has ever gone out to an artist in Music Hall. Not since Ysaye has a violinist met with so spontaneous, so just and so stormy a recognition of his merits.

The programme for the next concert is announced as follows: Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; a concerto for violin, by Moszkowski; "Midnight at Sedan," by Zollner (first time), and Brahm's "Academic" overture. Another violinist, Mr. Emil Sauret, is to be the soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

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In the second movement a tripping melody has a curious accompaniment in a theme of a sober character, and in the third two figures are developed, one of a scherzo nature and the other martial in tone, with accentuations by the kettle-drum. Both of these movements were played with wonderful precision. In the last part of the work, which is strongly funereal in character, the muted horns were notably well played, and in fact the horns, muted and open, admirably preserved the pitch throughout the performance.

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 16, 1896.

Those of us who frequently hear the Symphony programmes at the rehearsals can congratulate ourselves upon having had two tastes of Mr. Marsick's quality—first in the Vieuxtemps concerto, which only got round to the Saturday people last night, and second in the third concerto of Bruch, which was put into the Friday afternoon programme to avoid a repetition. This is a composition requiring somewhat other qualities than those which would suffice amply for the light and almost superficial style of the Vieuxtemps. It has a more nervous force in its opening allegro, a deeper sentiment in its adagio and a bolder if less scintillant brilliancy in its finale. Mr. Marsick was ready and adequate at all points, supplying energy, tenderness and vivacity as they were in turn desired, and obtaining his recognition in the generous applause of a crowded audience.

There was another soloist—Mme. Kate Rolla, an American mezzo soprano, who has had her successes in Europe, even including some made upon the Covent Garden stage. She chose that air from "Samson and Delilah," which is becoming now so common that it will soon be hackneyed and wearisome, "Mon coeur s' ouvre a ta voix." Mme. Rolla has a pretty and rather penetrating voice, not sonorous or voluminous and somewhat pinched in the delivery of close vowels. It has not natural richness and she added to it no dramatic sensuousness, so that the winning, languorous, enthralling melody was tame, inert and unaffectual.

The symphony was Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," repeated by request, and in a rendering which at times grew up to real passion and fervor, besides gaining in freedom and decision of technical treatment.

The programme ended with a novelty, which was one of the orchestral suites made by Benjamin Godard from the material of his own opera "Jocelyn." It consisted of a slow prelude, passing into a vigorous and almost rudely martial peasant scene; an interlude called "In the Mountains," based on a characteristic theme; a gavotte and a carillon. It is all interesting music, with original fancies and high polish of art, and the orchestra rendered the several movements justice.

There will be no concert this week, but for the ensuing week, this programme is announced: Beethoven, Symphany No. 6 (Pastoral); Moszkowski, Concerto for violin; Zollner, "Midnight at Sedan," (first time); Brahms, Academic Overture. Soloist, Mr. Emil Sauret.

HOWARD MALCOM TOWNSHEND.

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[91]

Established 1845.
The Official Paper of the State.

The Official Paper of the City.

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In the programme of Saturday the "Pathetic Symphony" of Tschaikowsky received its second hearing this season. This second performance only made it more evident that the work is one of the greatest of modern masterpieces in symphonic form. It is a great pity therefore, to find that one of the silly "stories" which build up the musical history of the boarding-school miss, is beginning to attach itself to this noble work. It is the peculiar failing of the sentimental amateur to desire some definite tale to be attached to every expressive composition, and in response to this demand a whole repertoire of untrue anecdotes has sprung into existence. One hears of Beethoven wandering off into the forest and discovering an impossible blind girl, of his finding an opportune piano, also in the woods, of his improvising the "Moonlight" sonata with the summer moonlight streaming down upon himself and the blind girl! ! And all this stuff built around a bogus title, for even the name "moonlight sonata" is but a publisher's device to help sell the work.

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The anecdote-monger is now at work upon this great orchestral composition; it is a work full of emotion, therefore it must needs have a story! Hence we are told that Tschaikowsky wrote this work as his own requiem; that, after finishing it, he committed suicide, and some critics already apply the name of "The Suicide Symphony" to the work. But that the details of the sick room are out of place in any but a medical journal, one could give every phase of the cholera attack which carried off the great composer. The symphony is great enough to thrill the auditor without any "musical story" adjuncts.

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There were two soloists at this concert, but they were by no means upon one level. Mme. Kate Rolla was not in the best voice, and seemed not to be a sufficiently passionate singer to do full justice to St. Saens' very saccharine song of Dalilah. The song itself, beautiful as it is in some of its measures, is a glaring example of false musical treatment from a dramatic point of view; if Dalilah had been dying of love for Samson she could not have expressed herself more devotedly than in the final part of this song. Mme. Rolla was recalled twice by the audience.

M. Marsick made a most excellent impression in Vieuxtemp's fourth violin concerto. He has a most sympathetic tone, and it is broad and manly as well as tender. His G string work never gets raspy or rough, as he does not overforce the tone. He gives the impression of reserve force, even in the most difficult passages; his double-stopping is clear and purely intoned, and his harmonics are always sure. His most rapid passages are never blurred, and he seems absolutely secure in the high positions; altogether a great artist who should be heard in Boston again, a man who, even in this violin year, will take a very prominent position.

Godard's Suite No. 1, from "Jocelyn" was interesting and graceful, even while not an ambitious affair. At times its curtness and simplicity might have led one to challenge its right to a place upon a symphonic programme, but we are glad that our conductor is catholic enough to give a hearing to all the various expressions of modern music.

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The programme of the fifteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," opus 74. (By request.)
Saint-Saens: Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila."
Vieuxtemps: Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor, opus 31.
Godard: Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1.

Mme. Kate Rolla was the singer, and Mr. M. Marsick, the violinist.

In repeating Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony—first given in this city at the tenth concert last season, and again at the eleventh concert of the present one—Mr. Paur has done an excellent thing. It is something of a new departure for the Symphony Orchestra to give the same work twice in the same season; excepting a case or two of some famous pianist, violinist or singer repeating a concerto or aria, already played or sung by a local artist, the only previous instance of this we can remember was when Mr. Henschel gave the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal" twice at the same concert. We have long advocated the plan of giving important new works twice, and in pretty rapid succession; the season's repertory gains, rather than loses, in interest thereby. A single hearing of a new symphony by Brahms or Tschaikowsky is little better than none at all; one wants to hear the work again, and soon at that, to make better acquaintance with it while one's first impressions are still fresh. Two rapidly successive hearings of a long and complex new work are worth four more widely separated ones; just as two rehearsals on successive days of the same week are worth four, held once a week for four weeks. Indeed, one may say that, in the present instance, where a work has made such an immensely strong impression upon both musicians and public as this symphony of Tschaikowsky's has, there was hardly a valid excuse for not repeating it.

Of the composition itself we need say nothing more new than that it still makes good and increases its first impression of being a really great work. The performance was admirable at every point.

Benjamin Godard's suite, made up of excerpts from his opera "Jocelyn," is a pretty plaything. It is full of Gallic charm, light and sparkling as champagne froth—and about as nutritious. There is room in music for such things; only one should not take them too seriously. It was excellently played.

Mme. Rolla showed that she has a fairly good soprano voice, her use of which seems to improve as the music she sings grows in intensity of expression. If her singing of the opening phrases of both verses of Dalila's familiar song was a trifle colorless and lacking in definiteness of vocal pose, she warmed up well to the great phrase beginning "Ah! réponds a ma tendresse," and sang it really exquisitely. Her ending with the few phrases, stolen from the part of Samson—for the thing is really part of a long duet—and adapted to her own, was amply justified by the beauty of her delivery of them.

Mr. Marsick has had a peculiar experience here. Last week he played the Vieuxtemps D minor concerto at the Friday afternoon rehearsal; but inflammation, resulting from an insect-bite on his left wrist, set in almost immediately after the performance, and disabled him completely for the Saturday-evening concert. But, so as not to cheat the Saturday-evening audience out of hearing him, he was forthwith re-engaged for this week—the trouble with his wrist being evidently merely temporary. Not to play the same thing twice before the same audience, he substituted Max Bruch's third concerto, in D minor, opus 58, for the one by Vieuxtemps at last Friday's rehearsal, playing the Vieuxtemps concerto, as announced, at Saturday-evening's concert. We heard him on both occasions.

Neither the Bruch nor the Vieuxtemps concerto is a particular favorite of ours. The former is by no means up to the composer's second, in G minor, in freshness and vigor of musical invention, and the latter is a work which is all too plainly drawing near the end of its day. How bright and sparkling that scherzo of Vieuxtemps's must have sounded once; and how dull and feeble it sounds now! Only the trio retains something of its former charm. The slow movement still has beauty; but what a tame and uninspiring "Finale marziale!" It is, as it were, "martial" in civilian's dress.

Mr. Marsick impresses one immediately as a true master; and this impression goes on deepening and strengthening to the end. His technique, both in bowing and in left-hand work, is exceedingly brilliant and apparently unassailable; his tone smooth, warm and telling; his phrasing unusually pure and graceful—even for a master—and his whole attitude toward what he plays that of a consummate musician. He plays both solidly and charmingly. After hearing him in two totally different concertos, we should say that he shows both distinct individuality and uncommon versatility. He was plainly Marsick in both; but not the same Marsick. You felt that he took Max Bruch in a different way and spirit from Vieuxtemps. In his playing of the Vieuxtemps Adagio, for instance, there was something of old-time "grand style" expansiveness that accurately fitted the music; his expression in the Bruch Adagio was less outspoken, but profounder. Upon the whole, Mr. Marsick is to be ranked with the really great violinists we have heard here of late. He is a true artist.

The next programme is: Beethoven, symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," opus 68; Moszkowski, concerto for violin; Zellner, "Midnight at Sedan" (first time); Brahms, Academic overture, opus 80. Mr. Emile Sauret will be the violinist.

[illegible]AY, FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Marsick and Miss Kate Rolla Were the Soloists—Tschaikowsky Again.

Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra; fifteenth concert. Soloists: M. Marsick and Miss Kate Rolla. The programme:

Symphony No. 6, "Pathetique"...Tschaikowsky
Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"..Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin, No. 4, D minor..Vieuxtemps
Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1. (First time.) B. Godard

In the appearance of M. Marsick, the distinguished Belgian violinist, whom an accident prevented from appearing last week, was the chief interest of the concert. This man proved himself to be an artist of high attainments before he had played half a dozen bars of the concerto. He has a warm and pure tone, a keen sense of rhythm, a brilliant and accurate technique and a perfect poise of style that is refreshingly free from any trace of bidding for favor by any means not strictly artistic. On the other hand, he has not great breadth, and never thrills by any special "soul force" in his playing. Talent in plenty is his; genius he does not possess in any marked degree. The Vieuxtemps concerto is not a particularly impressive or fascinating work, but M. Marsick lent much of his skill to it, and made it very acceptable, at least.

The engagement of Miss Kate Rolla for such a concert is inexplicable. To be sure, she has a certain reputation as a singer, but if Mr. Paur had heard her once—and he must have—he should have seen that she was not up to the standard of excellence demanded by his patrons. Her voice is hard and dry, lacks carrying power, and, in its high register, is absolutely unmusical. She sang the "Delilah" aria without distinction, either in manner or tone.

The Godard suite is of small proportions, but is delicate and poetic throughout. It was beautifully played.

Another hearing fo the "Pathetique" convinces us that this work of Tschaikowsky's is the most perfect, impressive and beautiful symphony of our times. It has the elements of greatness, and that it will live is no matter of doubt. It received the most sympathetic and brilliant treatment from the orchestra.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1896.

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Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Pathétique.....Tschaikowsky
(By request.)
Air, Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix, from Samson et Dalila.....Saint-Saëns
Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor.....Vieuxtemps
Orchestral suite, from Jocelyn, No. 1.....Godard
Prélude, Adagio.
Entracte, Dans les Montagnes, Moderato quasi Allegretto.
Entracte Gavotte, Andante.
Carillon, Moderato.
(First time at these concerts.)

That a symphony should be repeated at one of these concerts after a comparatively short interval (Tschaikowsky's sixth was last performed here January 10), though unusual, is not unprecedented. Call this noble work a symphony or a suite; the name is immaterial. Repeated hearings only enlarge the first and deep impressions. The third movement, which once seemed incongruous, if not vulgar, now seems full of meaning. The shouts of the populace, the hurrahs, the beating of drums, the blowing of trumpets, wreaths and rockets, manned yards, mean salutations of cannon—all these amuse the gaunt man with the scythe. And there is the thought of Shirley's lines beginning "The glories of our blood and state," which used to chill the marrow of the careless king.

Miss Rolla showed experience rather than beauty of voice or wealth of temperament.

Mr. Marsick appeared at the public rehearsal the 14th, and played Bruch's concerto No. 3. Last night he played the concerto of Vieuxtemps that was so praised by Berlioz in 1851, and he won immediately the heart of the audience. Mr. Marsick is an admirable musician who plays admirably the violin. He is not merely a man of a pet phrase or pet phrases. To him a concerto is an organic whole; and you are apt to forget beauty of detail in warm admiration of the whole performance. It is idle in these days to wonder at a man's technic. The real question is, What does he do with it? Mr. Marsick employs his great proficiency in the service of the composer. He is a master of technic; technic is not his master. And so by purity of phrasing, by setting the composition in a clear light, as one exhibits a favorite picture—by elegance, refinement and true artistry he charmed last evening musician as well as layman. His success was great and indisputable.

The music from Godard's opera contains delightful instrumental effects. Written for the theatre, it would be easier to judge of its value if it were heard under the necessary conditions. The second movement is pastorally entertaining, and the gavot is an exquisite trifle.

The Cecilia gave a concert in Music Hall the 13th. The program included part songs by Sullivan, Saint-Saëns, Chadwick, Nevin, Marchetti, de Pearsall, Dvorák, and Mendelssohn's Judge Me, O God. Mr. C. L. Capen praised the singing of the part songs, with an exception in the case of Marchetti: "The Cecilia did not sing his music well, and each department of the club seemed to have a special pitch, but the music itself, which is neither fish, flesh not fowl, may never be sung tunefully, and the musical world will certainly survive if it is never sung again." Miss Olive Mead, violinist, and Mrs. Crocker-Follet, soprano, were heartily appreciated by the audience.

PHILIP HALE.

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[92]

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
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Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1. (First time.) B. Godard

In the appearance of M. Marsick, the distinguished Belgian violinist, whom an accident prevented from appearing last week, was the chief interest of the concert. This man proved himself to be an artist of high attainments before he had played half a dozen bars of the concerto. He has a warm and pure tone, a keen sense of rhythm, a brilliant and accurate technique and a perfect poise of style that is refreshingly free from any trace of bidding for favor by any means not strictly artistic. On the other hand, he has not great breadth, and never thrills by any special "soul force" in his playing. Talent in plenty is his; genius he does not possess in any marked degree. The Vieuxtemps concerto is not a particularly impressive or fascinating work, but M. Marsick lent much of his skill to it, and made it very acceptable, at least.

The engagement of Miss Kate Rolla for such a concert is inexplicable. To be sure, she has a certain reputation as a singer, but if Mr. Paur had heard her once—and he must have—he should have seen that she was not up to the standard of excellence demanded by his patrons. Her voice is hard and dry, lacks carrying power, and, in its high register, is absolutely unmusical. She sang the "Delilah" aria without distinction, either in manner or tone.

The Godard suite is of small proportions, but is delicate and poetic throughout. It was beautifully played.

Another hearing fo the "Pathetique" convinces us that this work of Tschaikowsky's is the most perfect, impressive and beautiful symphony of our times. It has the elements of greatness, and that it will live is no matter of doubt. It received the most sympathetic and brilliant treatment from the orchestra.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1896.

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The program of the fifteenth Symphony concert, given last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Pathétique.....Tschaikowsky
(By request.)
Air, Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix, from Samson et Dalila.....Saint-Saëns
Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor.....Vieuxtemps
Orchestral suite, from Jocelyn, No. 1.....Godard
Prélude, Adagio.
Entracte, Dans les Montagnes, Moderato quasi Allegretto.
Entracte Gavotte, Andante.
Carillon, Moderato.
(First time at these concerts.)

That a symphony should be repeated at one of these concerts after a comparatively short interval (Tschaikowsky's sixth was last performed here January 10), though unusual, is not unprecedented. Call this noble work a symphony or a suite; the name is immaterial. Repeated hearings only enlarge the first and deep impressions. The third movement, which once seemed incongruous, if not vulgar, now seems full of meaning. The shouts of the populace, the hurrahs, the beating of drums, the blowing of trumpets, wreaths and rockets, manned yards, mea[illegible], salutations of cannon—all these amuse the gaunt man with the scythe. And there is the thought of Shirley's lines beginning "The glories of our blood and state," which used to chill the marrow of the careless king.

Miss Rolla showed experience rather than beauty of voice or wealth of temperament.

Mr. Marsick appeared at the public rehearsal the 14th, and played Bruch's concerto No. 3. Last night he played the concerto of Vieuxtemps that was so praised by Berlioz in 1851, and he won immediately the heart of the audience. Mr. Marsick is an admirable musician who plays admirably the violin. He is not merely a man of a pet phrase or pet phrases. To him a concerto is an organic whole; and you are apt to forget beauty of detail in warm admiration of the whole performance. It is idle in these days to wonder at a man's technic. The real question is, What does he do with it? Mr. Marsick employs his great proficiency in the service of the composer. He is a master of technic; technic is not his master. And so by purity of phrasing, by setting the composition in a clear light, as one exhibits a favorite picture—by elegance, refinement and true artistry he charmed last evening musician as well as layman. His success was great and indisputable.

The music from Godard's opera contains delightful instrumental effects. Written for the theatre, it would be easier to judge of its value if it were heard under the necessary conditions. The second movement is pastorally entertaining, and the gavot is an exquisite trifle.

The Cecilia gave a concert in Music Hall the 13th. The program included part songs by Sullivan, Saint-Saëns Chadwick, Nevin, Marchetti, de Pearsall, Dvorák, and Mendelssohn's Judge Me, O God. Mr. C. L. Capen praised the singing of the part songs, with an exception in the case of Marchetti: "The Cecilia did not sing his music well, and each department of the club seemed to have a special pitch, but the music itself, which is neither fish, flesh not fowl, may never be sung tunefully, and the musical world will certainly survive if it is never sung again." Miss Olive Mead, violinist, and Mrs. Crocker-Follet, soprano, were heartily appreciated by the audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette

and business and circulation are responding accordingly.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 23.

The Symphony Concert.

The sixteenth rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall, on Friday afternoon. The programme was:

Orchestral Fantasia.....Zöllner
Concerto for Violin, C-major.....Moszkowski
"Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....R. Strauss
Symphony No. 6, F-major.....Beethoven
Soloist, Mr. Emile Sauret.

The Zöllner work is the orchestral interlude between acts 1 and 2 of an opera, "Bei Sedan," and, in its proper place, may be full of the rarest meaning; judged as an orchestral work, it has little to commend it to the attention or win for it human interest. The composer has tagged a descriptive programme to it, and those who yawn may read. The Richard Strauss work does not possess much greater value. Given the ordinary orchestra, with the addition of three bassoons, one double bassoon, four horns, with four additional horns ad libitum; three trumpets with three additional trumpets ad libitum, a watchman's rattle and a liberal variety and number of drums, and a very great amount of noise may be made—how much, Richard Strauss demonstrates. We are told that the work is a "joke," a German joke; that is a metaphysical scientifico-analytical and synthetic joke, a powerful weapon of offence, that surprises and dazes and stuns. The large audience assembled accepted the joke with troubled instead of smiling faces, and wondered when they were expected to laugh. A noisy, nerve-destroying, heavy piece of work, weak in ideas and strong in energy; a sketch by Beardsley set to music, crude in color, confusing in design and utterly unlovable. It will be pleasantly treasured in memory, however, because after hearing it Beethoven's symphony was doubly dear.

The soloist, Mr. Sauret, is a marvel; equally wonderful as an artist and as a master of technique. His tone is full, warm and beautifully clear; his style dignified, large, imposing and of the utmost finish, as to technique. As an encore, he played an arrangement of the sextet from "Lucia," a work abundantly supplied with octaves, tenths, harmonics and all difficulties of which a violinist dreamed or had the nightmare, and the difficulties were conquered with an ease that was startling, and with a grace that was delightful. Technique has no perplexities for Mr. Sauret; but what is better is that he is an artist in the highest meaning of the word; his work is marked by purity of style, exquisite taste, by thought and by feeling. That he should deliberately show at a Symphony concert what he can do in the way of bow and finger gymnastics does not detract from his higher merits, for before entering the temple of fame, an artist is frequently compelled to demonstrate to the people that he has the right to pass beyond and above them and sit with his equals, and when he speaks to the people, he must use their language, and astonish before he can be understood.

BOSTON POST,
FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The sixteenth symphony concert last night was one of both novelty and interest, interesting especially because of the altogether delightful playing of Mr. Emile Sauret, whose performance of the Moszkowski violin concerto was so acceptable to the large audience that it for the time forgot the unwritten law regarding encores and applauded until the soloist returned to the centre of the stage and played an unaccompanied solo.

The present symphony series has been remarkable for the number of violinists who have been heard. Up to last night the most artistic performer in this line has been Marsick, whose performance a week ago quite electrified the audience; but here comes another in the person of Sauret, whose work is quite the equal of Marsick in almost every way.

The Moszkowski concerto, which, by the way, is dedicated to Sauret, is a most difficult composition, and one that greatly taxes the physical ability of a performer. The first movement is not especially interesting, and while the solo part was well played, there was nothing especial to bring out the performer's ability. With the second movement, however, the case was different, for it had not progressed very far before plenty of opportunity was offered the player, and it was evident that it was equal to any tax put upon him by an artist of the finest powers. His technique is nearly perfect, his intonation is pure and sweet, and he plays with much style and breadth. His tones are always warm, and he plays with the greatest sweetness and intensity. This movement, as well as the third, was played with much purity and refinement, and it was not surprising that the audience should rise to the occasion and reward him as he eminently deserved to be. In response to the applause, he played in masterly style a selection from "Lucia," arranged for a violin concerto by himself, and this graceful bit on his part immediately made him popular with the audience.

The opening number on the programme was an orchestral fantasie, "Midnight at Sedan," by Heinrich Zoller, heard here for the first time. It is thoroughly descriptive and weird in the extreme. Its opening measures are a quaint bit of orchestral writing, but the themes are deftly worked one into the other, and as an example of development the composition is perfect.

The other novelty was a trifle from Strauss called "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." It is a nerve-distracting work in which much prominence is given to the brasses and drums. Midway a pretty melody is introduced, which reappears at intervals, which atones in a measure for the general heaviness of the work. It was not a pleasing work, however, because of its lack of melody. The "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven finished the programme, which was longer than usual. It was rendered in a splendid manner, Mr. Paur putting much feeling, obtaining from the orchestra all that it was capable of.

The concert next week, but one, will be a new

BOSTON HERALD,
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Good, bad and indifferent music, in fact almost every conceivable kind of music, was performed at the 16th Symphony Concert in Music Hall last evening, and the program read as follows:

Orchestra Fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," Zollner; concerto for violin, C major, op. 30, Moszkowski; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Strauss; symphony No. 6, "Pastoral," Beethoven.

The selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert, neither at any respectable concert, was that by Richard Strauss. From first to last it was musical obscenity of the most unique and remarkable description; in form a crazy-quilt, in orchestral color much the same. The editor of the program-book describes, or rather translates it as "after an old rogue's tune by Richard Strauss." Call it after an old roué's tune, and imagine this old roué on a spree and you hit the nail nearer on the head.

According to the erratic Richard Strauss this latest and most inexplicable hodge-podge from his pen is Eulenspiegel, "Merry Pranks Set to Orchestra." Now Eulenspiegel is one of the most famous characters of the Deutchen Volksbücher. His daily beverage was doubtless beer, and the music of Strauss is unmistakably beerish. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempts to produce a mirth-provoking, sprightly and grotesque setting to a very funny tale, he simply presents a grotesquely uninteresting tone-picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inanely colored by the medium through which they are seen.

The tone-picture, with all its abnormal and hideously grotesque proportions, is that of a heavy, dull and witless Teuton. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the piccolo-flute, three flutes, three oboes, the four clarinets, bassoons, trombones, drums and rattles are made to indulge in a shrieking, piercing, noisy breakdown most of the time.

The very worthiest novelty of the concert was the concerto by Moskowski. This great work is far from being the mere show-piece that its title would imply. Its first movement is charmingly clear and spirited in character. It is distinguished also for a large melodic outline, such as one is not apt to find in the average modern violin or pianoforte concerto. The virtuoso's part in the work is throughout characteristically violin-like, and one can easily believe that as was Ferdinand David to Mendelssohn when the latter composed his violin concerto, so has Sauret been to Moszkowski.

Even a single experience with the work is sufficient to make it clear that it affords a well night unrivaled opportunity for bringing out at a single stroke all the great technical qualities of the maestro violinist. The andante is, perhaps, the most thoroughly musical movement of the work and is imbued with all the poetic feeling that even the most captious music lover could desire. With the finale comes a veritable perpetuum mobile in which the performer's technique is severely tested.

Mr. Sauret produced the work with wonderful clearness, delightful firmness of execution and with great beauty of tone. Mr. Sauret has several times been heard in Boston, notably in 1872, again at a concert given by Ilma de Murska Sept. 28, 1874, and he also played in various parts of the United States in 1876 and '77. He is now a mature and highly cultivated artist.

It does not appear to be at all to his liking to perform like Sivori, who was never so thoroughly in his element as when he imagined he saw the devil's tail protruding from the S shaped apertures of his instrument. Sauret is first, last and always the artist. His technical command of the violin is none the less conspicuous, and no other violinist, since Thompson was here, has played octaves so marvelously well.

At the conclusion of his performance the orchestra and audience seemed to vie with each other in applause and shouts of bravo. He was again and again recalled, and finally yielding to an irrepressible and long-prolonged demand he responded by performing with masterly effect an arrangement of the well-known sextet from "Lucia."

The orchestral performance of the program music by Zöllner was excellent, and the accompaniment afforded Mr. Sauret seemed even more praiseworthy.

C. L. CAPEN.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The appetite of Boston for music seems to be insatiable, for notwithstanding the excess of it that the past three weeks have provided, the desire for more was forcibly accented by the large audience in attendance last night in Music Hall at the 16th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, the programme for which was:

Fantasy, "Midnight at Sedan".....H. Zollner
Concerto for violin in C, op. 80.....Moszkowski
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"..R. Strauss
"Pastoral" symphony.....Beethoven

M. Emile Sauret was the soloist. The Zoellner and the Strauss selections were heard at these concerts for the first time on this occasion. The first of these has little, if any, musical value. It is programme music pure and simple, and what it says and what it means are wholly incomprehensible in the absence of an elaborate description. The programme book gave a general idea of the composer's intentions, but the difficulty of applying it to the details of the score was wholly baffling. It is an interlude between the first and second act of Zollner's opera, "At Sedan," and may have been effective enough in its original place as a means of preparing the hearer for what comes after, but in the concert room it is dry, dull and groping in effect, and has not a little of vulgar commonplace. The orchestration is rich and massive, after the modern fashion, but it does not atone for the irritating vagueness and the readiness of invention that characterizes the score. The Strauss work is an attempt to put into music the comical aspect in which the mythical practical joker Eulenspiegel appears to his German admirers who have laughed at his tricks, not always distinguished for their freedom from naughtiness, for nearly four centuries. In order to depict the mirthfulness of this rough fun-maker, Strauss has increased the wind instruments of the conventional concert orchestra to a piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, an English horn, four clarinets, three bassoons, a double bassoon, eight horns, six trumpets, and a watchman's rattle, to say nothing of every variety of drum, from all which may be derived the fact that there is no lack of noise in this delectable musical joke. The orchestration in point of ingenious elaboration, novelty in effect and general originality, casts into the deepest shade the wildest efforts of the wildest follower of the modern school. As a bit of tone color laid on with a whitewash brush it is a masterpiece, but otherwise it is a blood-curdling nightmare. Never before was an orchestra subjected to such an ordeal in technique as it is in this work. Strauss has treated all his instruments in a way that would almost indicate that he expected their performers to be virtuosos of the first rank, the exception being in favor of the player of the watchman's rattle; but even here he demands from that classic instrument all of which it is capable. To the wood wind he is remorseless in the exactions he makes on both breath and fingers, and he sets no end of pitfalls for the performer who ventures to trifle with the frolicsome task he has imposed on the shrill and lip-tingling D clarinet. What the music is all about cannot possibly be divined on a first hearing, unless, perhaps, by some one thoroughly conversant with the resources of German fun and, as a consequence, fully in sympathy with it. It is not unlikely that the work may give a picturesque and faithful tone picture of the facetious Eulenspiegel of Braunschweig, and if it does, it may be freely conceded that he was an exceedingly cacophonous person who was not felicitous in imparting lucidity to his sense of humor. The splendid virtuosity of the orchestra was never as brilliantly vindicated as it was in the performance of this surpassingly difficult work; but the game was not worth the candle, unless it was to cast a strong light on the mastery of Strauss over the complicated combinations which is possible in modern orchestration.

What a relief it was when the first bars of the Beethoven symphony were heard after all this bizarre noise and straining after-effect. The difference between the mere dauber and the true artist could not have been shown in a more valuable object lesson. On the one hand was a palette overloaded with color in every variety and splashed on the canvas in thick masses to no end save confusion; on the other was the skill which knew how to use a simple palette and to produce, with the instinct of genius, a beautiful and a perfect work of art. Before the first movement of the symphony, which was finely read and played from beginning to end, was over, the ears were cleansed of the brutalities of Strauss.

M. Sauret had been heard several times in Boston before his performances of last night, but it was years ago, and to the greater part of the public he was a newcomer. In the time that has passed since he played on the same stage, he has won and merited the right to rank among the representative great violinists of the day. In the matter of technique he is unsurpassed. Nothing is impossible to him that is possible on his instrument. He has a beautiful tone, not large, but firm and pure, and his bowing is broad, free and graceful. The Moszkowski concerto is tiresomely long and not especially interesting. It is not lacking in charming movements of melodiousness, but it is spun out inordinately, especially the first movement, with whose themes the composer seems to have been so enamored that he was loth to part with them until he could no longer present them in a changed aspect. M. Sauret played it with exquisite clearness, brilliancy and delicacy of style; but it was in the andante that his full powers of expression were illustrated. A slow movement is always the test of an artist's real work. Flourishing over an instrument, be it never so skilfully, excites no more than astonishment; but Cantabile puts his gifts to a far severer test, and decides whether he is an artist entitled to the name, or only an industrious and clever exhibitor of musical fireworks. M. Sauret played this movement with every refined grace of style and beauty of phrasing. The violin sang under his hands with noble pathos and faultless purity of taste. The finale, which is mere finger and bow work, save for a lovely bit of cantilena, which appears now and then, enabled the artist to show his mastery of the finger board, and with results that gained for him at the end of his performance one of those spontaneous outbursts of applause that are the most cherished triumphs of an artist. After recalling him five times, M. Sauret gave as an encore a transcription of the famous sextette in Lucia, the playing of which was so masterly that he again aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The audience clapped and cried "Bravo! bravo!" in a fashion that was unusual for it even in its most tumultuous moods; in fact, no more emphatic success has been made at the Symphony concerts this season.

There will be no concert until that of March 6, when the programme will be: Suite, A. Foote, first time; concerto for violoncello, Schumann; symphony in G minor, Mozart. Soloist, Mr. Leo Schulz.

[93]

SUNDAY [illegible]

[illegible] FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

The soloist at the [illegible] concert was Mr Sauret, violinist, whose last visit to America was made in 1875. The orchestral numbers were Heinrich Zollner's orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," given for the first time here; Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op 28, also given for the first time, and Beethoven's symphony, No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," op 68.

Mr Sauret is new to the younger generation of concert goers. He was given a warm reception when he appeared, however, and after he had played the Moszkowski concerto for violin, in C major, op 30, bowed three times his appreciation of the "Bravos" which were hurled at him, and finally responded to the hearty encore with a number which he played without accompaniment. The score of the concerto was dedicated to Mr Sauret by the author.

Mr Sauret is unlike many artists who have appeared here, inasmuch as he does not possess any of those freakish elements in his makeup which have characterized them. He impresses one as a manly man, and yet produces an emotional effect in his playing to an extent which is remarkable. He has an excellent stage presence, and yet does not pose for the benefit of his auditors.

Mr Sauret is certainly a master of the mechanics of violin playing, and his phrasing in the Moszkowski concerto was all that could be desired. His execution was brilliant and his playing was marred only by an occasional rasping or scratchy tone on the G string. His encore number, a show piece, was excellently rendered, and he was compelled to bow his acknowledgments several times.

The orchestra fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," is somewhat Wagnerian in character. It is a descriptive composition from Zollner's opera, "Bei Sedan." It begins with a dreamy movement suggesting the peace and quiet of midnight. Then comes the tolling of midnight, followed by the flutes and piccolo shrieking out the weird cries of the affrighted night birds. Then the crash and din of battle, the blare of trumpets, and the boom of brass and drums lending their aid to carry to a successful termination the vivid tone picture. The composition ends with a mournful melody. The work was given with remarkable effect by the orchestra.

Mr Paur read the score of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" with rare judgment, and his players followed his every motion with admirable precision and accuracy.

The Beethoven symphony in F major tells in its first movement of the awakeninig of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country. This movement is in 2-4 time, and was excellently played, as was the second movement in 12-8, portraying the scene by the brookside.

The third, fourth and fifth movements portrayed, respectively, the meeting of the country folk, a thunder storm and a shepherd's song. They were well worked out and Mr Paur's efforts deserved the recognition which followed.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The program for March 6 and 7 will be: Suite, A. Foote, first time; concerto for violoncello, Schumann; symphony in G minor, Mozart. Soloist, Mr Leo Schulz.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1896

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows: Orchestra fantasia, Midnight at Sedan, Zöllner; concerto for violin, C major, op. 30, Moszkowski; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, Strauss; Symphony No. 6, Pastoral, Beethoven.

I was at Falstaff. Mr. C. L. Capen wrote as follows in the Boston *Journal* of the work of Strauss:

The selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert, neither at any respectable concert, was that by Richard Strauss. From first to last it was musical obscenity of the most unique and remarkable description; in form a crazy quilt, in orchestral color much the same. The editor of the program book describes or rather translates it as "after an old rogue's tune by Richard Strauss." Call it after an old roué's tune, and imagine this old roué on a spree and you hit the nail nearer on the head. According to the erratic Richard Strauss this latest and most inexplicable hodge-podge from his pen is Eulenspiegel, Merry Pranks Set to Orchestra. Now Eulenspiegel is one of the most famous characters of the Deutschen Volksbücher. His daily beverage was doubtless beer, and the music of Strauss is unmistakably beerish. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempts to produce a mirth provoking, sprightly and grotesque setting to a very funny tale he simply presents a grotesquely uninteresting tone picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inanely colored by the medium through which they are seen.

The tone picture, with all its abnormal and hideously grotesque proportions, is that of a heavy, dull and witless Teuton. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the piccolo-flute, three flutes, three oboes, the four clarinets, bassoons, trombones, drums and rattles are made to indulge in a shrieking, piercing, noisy breakdown most of the time.

Mr. B. E. Woolf, in the Boston *Herald*, paid this glowing tribute to Sauret, whose playing excited the wildest applause of musicians and laymen:

M. Sauret had been heard several times in Boston before his performance of last night, but it was years ago, and to the greater part of the public he was a newcomer. In the time that has passed since he played on the same stage he has won and merited the right to rank among the representative great violinists of the day. In the matter of technic he is unsurpassed. Nothing is impossible to him that is possible on his instrument. He has a beautiful tone, not large, but firm and pure, and his bowing is broad, free and graceful. The Moszkowski concerto is tiresomely long and not especially interesting. It is not lacking in charming movements of melodiousness, but it is spun out inordinately, especially the first movement; with these themes the composer seems to have been so enamored that he was loath to part with them until he could no longer present them in a changed aspect. M. Sauret played it with exquisite clearness, brilliancy and delicacy of style; but it was in the andante that his full powers of expression were illustrated. A slow movement is always the test of an artist's real work. Flourishing over an instrument, be it never so skillfully, excites no more than astonishment; but cantibile puts his gifts to a far severer test, and decides whether he is an artist entitled to the name or only an industrious and clever exhibitor of musical fireworks. M. Sauret played this movement with every refined grace of style and beauty of phrasing. The violin sang under his hands with noble pathos and faultless purity of taste. The finale, which is mere finger and bow work, save for a lovely bit of cantilena, which appears now and then, enabled the artist to show his mastery of the finger board, and with results that gained for him at the end of his performance one of those spontaneous outbursts of applause that are the most cherished triumphs of an artist. After recalling him five times M. Sauret gave as an encore a transcription of the famous sextet in Lucia, the playing of which was so masterly that he again aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The audience clapped and cried "Bravo! bravo!" in a fashion that was unusual for it even in its most tumultuous moods; in fact, no more emphatic success has been made at the Symphony concerts this season.

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette

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BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 23.

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Orchestral Fantasia.....Zöllner
Concerto for Violin, C-major.....Moszkowski
"Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....R. Strauss
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Soloist, Mr. Emile Sauret.

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BOSTON POST,

FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

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The sixteenth symphony concert last night was one of both novelty and interest, interesting especially because of the altogether delightful playing of Mr. Emile Sauret, whose performance of the Moszkowski violin concerto was so acceptable to the large audience that it for the time forgot the unwritten law regarding encores and applauded until the soloist returned to the centre of the stage and played an unaccompanied solo.

The present symphony series has been remarkable for the number of violinists who have been heard. Up to last night the most artistic performer in this line has been Marsick, whose performance a week ago quite electrified the audience; but here comes another in the person of Sauret, whose work is quite the equal of Marsick in almost every way.

The Moszkowski concerto, which, by the way, is dedicated to Sauret, is a most difficult composition, and one that greatly taxes the physical ability of a performer. Its first movement is not especially interesting, and while the solo part was well played, there was nothing especial to bring out the performer's ability. With the second movement, however, the case was different, for it had not progressed very far before plenty of opportunity was offered the player, and it was evident that he was equal to any tax put upon him and an artist of the finest powers. His technique is nearly perfect, his intonation is pure and sweet, and he plays with much style and breadth. His tones are always warm, and he plays with the greatest earnestness and intensity. This movement, as well as the third, was played with much purity and refinement, and it was not surprising that the audience should rise to the occasion and reward him as he eminently deserved to be. In response to the applause, he played in masterly style the sextet from "Lucia," arranged for a violin concerto by himself, and this graceful act on his part immediately made him a favorite with the audience.

The opening number on the programme was an orchestral fantasie, "Midnight at Sedan," by Heinrich Zoller, heard here for the first time. It is thoroughly descriptive and weird in the extreme. Its opening measures are a quaint bit of musical writing, but the themes are deftly woven one into the other, and as an example of development the composition is interesting.

The other novelty was a trifle from [illegible] called "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." It is a nerve-distracting work in which much prominence is given to brasses and drums. Midway a pretty melody is introduced, which reappears at the end, which atones in a measure for the general heaviness of the work. It was given a hearing, however, because of its composer. The "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven finished the programme, which was much longer than usual. It was played in a splendid manner, Mr. Paur bringing the work with much feeling, obtaining from the orchestra all that it was capable of producing.

There will be no concert next week, but on the following week a new suite by Arthur Foote will be played, and Leo Schultz of the orchestra will play the Schumann concerto for violoncello.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Good, bad and indifferent music, in fact almost every conceivable kind of music, was performed at the 16th Symphony Concert in Music Hall last evening, and the program read as follows:

Orchestra Fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," Zollner; concerto for violin, C major, op. 30, Moszkowski; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Strauss; symphony No. 6, "Pastoral," Beethoven.

The selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert, neither at any respectable concert, was that by Richard Strauss. From first to last it was musical obscenity of the most unique and remarkable description; in form a crazy-quilt, in orchestral color much the same. The editor of the program-book describes, or rather translates it as "after an old rogue's tune by Richard Strauss." Call it after an old roué's tune, and imagine this old roué on a spree and you hit the nail nearer on the head.

According to the erratic Richard Strauss this latest and most inexplicable hodge-podge from his pen is Eulenspiegel, "Merry Pranks Set to Orchestra." Now Eulenspiegel is one of the most famous characters of the Deutchen Volksbücher. His daily beverage was doubtless beer, and the music of Strauss is unmistakably beerish. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempts to produce a mirth-provoking, sprightiy and grotesque setting to a very funny tale, he simply presents a grotesquely uninteresting tone-picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inanely colored by the medium through which they are seen.

The tone-picture, with all its abnormal and hideously grotesque proportions, is that of a heavy, dull and witless Teuton. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the piccolo-flute, three flutes, three oboes, the four clarinets, bassoons, trombones, drums and rattles are made to indulge in a shrieking, piercing, noisy breakdown most of the time.

The very worthiest novelty of the concert was the concerto by Moskowski. This great work is far from being the mere show-piece that its title would imply. Its first movement is charmingly clear and spirited in character. It is distinguished also for a large melodic outline, such as one is not apt to find in the average modern violin or pianoforte concerto. The virtuoso's part in the work is throughout characteristically violin-like, and one can easily believe that as was Ferdinand David to Mendelssohn when the latter composed his violin concerto, so has Sauret been to Moszkowski.

Even a single experience with the work is sufficient to make it clear that it affords a well night unrivaled opportunity for bringing out at a single stroke all the great technical qualities of the maestro violinist. The andante is, perhaps, the most thoroughly musical movement of the work and is imbued with all the poetic feeling that even the most captious music lover could desire. With the finale comes a veritable perpetuum mobile in which the performer's technique is severely tested.

Mr. Sauret produced the work with wonderful clearness, delightful firmness of execution and with great beauty of tone. Mr. Sauret has several times been heard in Boston, notably in 1872, again at a concert given by Ilma de Murska Sept. 28, 1874, and he also played in various parts of the United States in 1876 and '77. He is now a mature and highly cultivated artist.

It does not appear to be at all to his liking to perform like Sivori, who was never so thoroughly in his element as when he imagined he saw the devil's tail protruding from the S shaped apertures of his instrument. Sauret is first, last and always the artist. His technical command of the violin is none the less conspicuous, and no other violinist, since Thompson was here, has played octaves so marvelously well.

At the conclusion of his performance the orchestra and audience seemed to vie with each other in applause and shouts of bravo. He was again and again recalled, and finally yielding to an irrepressible and long-prolonged demand he responded by performing with masterly effect an arrangement of the well-known sextet from "Lucia."

The orchestral performance of the program music by Zöllner was excellent, and the accompaniment afforded Mr. Sauret seemed even more praiseworthy.

C. L. CAPEN.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The appetite of Boston for music seems to be insatiable, for notwithstanding the excess of it that the past three weeks have provided, the desire for more was forcibly accented by the large audience in attendance last night in Music Hall at the 16th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, the programme for which was:

Fantasy, "Midnight at Sedan".....H. Zollner
Concerto for violin in C, op. 30....Moszkowski
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"..R. Strauss
"Pastoral" symphony.....Beethoven

M. Emile Sauret was the soloist. The Zoellner and the Strauss selections were heard at these concerts for the first time on this occasion. The first of these has little, if any, musical value. It is programme music pure and simple, and what it says and what it means are wholly incomprehensible in the absence of an elaborate description. The programme book gave a general idea of the composer's intentions, but the difficulty of applying it to the details of the score was wholly baffling. It is an interlude between the first and second act of Zollner's opera, "At Sedan," and may have been effective enough in its original place as a means of preparing the hearer for what comes after, but in the concert room it is dry, dull and groping in effect, and has not a little of vulgar commonplace. The orchestration is rich and massive, after the modern fashion, but it does not atone for the irritating vagueness and the readiness of invention that characterizes the score. The Strauss work is an attempt to put into music the comical aspect in which the mythical practical joker Eulenspiegel appears to his German admirers who have laughed at his tricks, not always distinguished for their freedom from naughtiness, for nearly four centuries. In order to depict the mirthfulness of this rough fun-maker, Strauss has increased the wind instruments of the conventional concert orchestra to a piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, an English horn, four clarinets, three bassoons, a double bassoon, eight horns, six trumpets, and a watchman's rattle, to say nothing of every variety of drum, from all which may be derived the fact that there is no lack of noise in this delectable musical joke. The orchestration in point of ingenious elaboration, novelty in effect and general originality, casts into the deepest shade the wildest efforts of the wildest follower of the modern school. As a bit of tone color laid on with a whitewash brush it is a masterpiece, but otherwise it is a blood-curdling nightmare. Never before was an orchestra subjected to such an ordeal in technique as it is in this work. Strauss has treated all his instruments in a way that would almost indicate that he expected their performers to be virtuosos of the first rank, the exception being in favor of the player on the watchman's rattle; but even here he demands from that classic instrument all of which it is capable. To the wood wind he is remorseless in the exactions he makes on both breath and fingers, and he sets no end of pitfalls for the performer who ventures to trifle with the frolicsome task he has imposed on the shrill and lip-tingling D clarinet. What the music is all about cannot possibly be divined on a first hearing, unless, perhaps, by some one thoroughly conversant with the resources of German fun and, as a consequence, fully in sympathy with it. It is not unlikely that the work may give a picturesque and faithful tone picture of the facetious Eulenspiegel of Braunschweig, and if it does, it may be freely conceded that he was an exceedingly cacophonous person who was not felicitous in imparting lucidity to his sense of humor. The splendid virtuosity of the orchestra was never as brilliantly vindicated as it was in the performance of this surpassingly difficult work; but the game was not worth the candle, unless it was to cast a strong light on the mastery of Strauss over the complicated combinations which is possible in modern orchestration.

What a relief it was when the first bars of the Beethoven symphony were heard after all this bizarre noise and straining after-effect. The difference between the mere dauber and the true artist could not have been shown in a more valuable object lesson. On the one hand was a palette overloaded with color in every variety and splashed on the canvas in thick masses to no end save confusion; on the other was the skill which knew how to use a simple palette and to produce, with the instinct of genius, a beautiful and a perfect work of art. Before the first movement of the symphony, which was finely read and played from beginning to end, was over, the ears were cleansed of the brutalities of Strauss.

M. Sauret had been heard several times in Boston before his performances of last night, but it was years ago, and to the greater part of the public he was a newcomer. In the time that has passed since he played on the same stage, he has won and merited the right to rank among the representative great violinists of the day. In the matter of technique he is unsurpassed. Nothing is impossible to him that is possible on his instrument. He has a beautiful tone, not large, but firm and pure, and his bowing is broad, free and graceful. The Moszkowski concerto is tiresomely long and not especially interesting. It is not lacking in charming movements of melodiousness, but it is spun out inordinately, especially the first movement, with whose themes the composer seems to have been so enamored that he was loth to part with them until he could no longer present them in a changed aspect. M. Sauret played it with exquisite clearness, brilliancy and delicacy of style; but it was in the andante that his full powers of expression were illustrated. A slow movement is always the test of an artist's real work. Flourishing over an instrument, be it never so skilfully, excites no more than astonishment; but Cantabile puts his gifts to a far severer test, and decides whether he is an artist entitled to the name, or only an industrious and clever exhibitor of musical fireworks. M. Sauret played this movement with every refined grace of style and beauty of phrasing. The violin sang under his hands with noble pathos and faultless purity of taste. The finale, which is mere finger and bow work, save for a lovely bit of cantilena, which appears now and then, enabled the artist to show his mastery of the finger board, and with results that gained for him at the end of his performance one of those spontaneous outbursts of applause that are the most cherished triumphs of an artist. After recalling him five times, M. Sauret gave as an encore a transcription of the famous sextette in Lucia, the playing of which was so masterly that he again aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The audience clapped and cried "Bravo! bravo!" in a fashion that was unusual for it even in its most tumultuous moods; in fact, no more emphatic success has been made at the Symphony concerts this season.

There will be no concert until that of March 6, when the programme will be: Suite, by A. Foote, first time; concerto for 'cello, Schumann; symphony, G minor, Mozart. Mr. Leo Schulz is to be soloist.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB. 23, 1896.

Symphony Concert.

The soloist at the 16th Symphony concert was Mr Sauret, violinist, whose last visit to America was made in 1877. The orchestral numbers were Heinrich Zollner's orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," given for the first time here; Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op 28, also given for the first time, and Beethoven's symphony, No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," op 68.

Mr Sauret is new to the younger generation of concert goers. He was given a warm reception when he appeared, however, and after he had played the Moszkowski concerto for violin, in C major, op 30, bowed three times his appreciation of the "Bravos" which were hurled at him, and finally responded to the hearty encore with a number which he played without accompaniment. The score of the concerto was dedicated to Mr Sauret by the author.

Mr Sauret is unlike many artists who have appeared here, inasmuch as he does not possess any of those freakish elements in his makeup which have characterized them. He impresses one as a manly man, and yet produces an emotional effect in his playing to an extent which is remarkable. He has an excellent stage presence, and yet does not pose for the benefit of his auditors.

Mr Sauret is certainly a master of the mechanics of violin playing, and his phrasing in the Moszkowski concerto was all that could be desired. His execution was brilliant and his playing was marred only by an occasional rasping or scratchy tone on the G string. His encore number, a show piece, was excellently rendered, and he was compelled to bow his acknowledgments several times.

The orchestra fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," is somewhat Wagnerian in character. It is a descriptive composition from Zollner's opera, "Bei Sedan." It begins with a dreamy movement suggesting the peace and quiet of midnight. Then comes the tolling of midnight, followed by the flutes and piccolo shrieking out the weird cries of the affrighted night birds. Then the crash and din of battle, the blare of trumpets, and the boom of brass and drums lending their aid to carry to a successful termination the vivid tone picture. The composition ends with a mournful melody. The work was given with remarkable effect by the orchestra.

Mr Paur read the score of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" with rare judgment, and his players followed his every motion with admirable precision and accuracy.

The Beethoven symphony in F major tells in its first movement of the awakeninig of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country. This movement is in 2-4 time, and was excellently played, as was the second movement in 12-8, portraying the scene by the brookside.

The third, fourth and fifth movements portrayed, respectively, the meeting of the country folk, a thunder storm and a shepherd's song. They were well worked out and Mr Paur's efforts deserved the recognition which followed.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The program for March 6 and 7 will be: Suite, A. Foote, first time; concerto for violoncello, Schumann; symphony in G minor, Mozart. Soloist, Mr Leo Schulz.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1896

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows: Orchestra fantasia, Midnight at Sedan, Zöllner; concerto for violin, C major, op. 30, Moszkowski; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, Strauss; Symphony No. 6, Pastoral, Beethoven.

I was at Falstaff. Mr. C. L. Capen wrote as follows in the Boston *Journal* of the work of Strauss:

The selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert, neither at any respectable concert, was that by Richard Strauss. From first to last it was musical obscenity of the most unique and remarkable description; in form a crazy quilt, in orchestral color much the same. The editor of the program book describes or rather translates it as "after an old rogue's tune by Richard Strauss." Call it after an old roué's tune, and imagine this old roué on a spree and you hit the nail nearer on the head. According to the erratic Richard Strauss this latest and most inexplicable hodge-podge from his pen is Eulenspiegel, Merry Pranks Set to Orchestra. Now Eulenspiegel is one of the most famous characters of the Deutschen Volksbücher. His daily beverage was doubtless beer, and the music of Strauss is unmistakably beerish. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempts to produce a mirth provoking, sprightly and grotesque setting to a very funny tale he simply presents a grotesquely uninteresting tone picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inanely colored by the medium through which they are seen.

The tone picture, with all its abnormal and hideously grotesque proportions, is that of a heavy, dull and witless Teuton. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the piccolo-flute, three flutes, three oboes, the four clarinets, bassoons, trombones, drums and rattles are made to indulge in a shrieking, piercing, noisy breakdown most of the time.

Mr. B. E. Woolf, in the Boston *Herald*, paid this glowing tribute to Sauret, whose playing excited the wildest applause of musicians and laymen:

M. Sauret had been heard several times in Boston before his performance of last night, but it was years ago, and to the greater part of the public he was a newcomer. In the time that has passed since he played on the same stage he has won and merited the right to rank among the representative great violinists of the day. In the matter of technic he is unsurpassed. Nothing is impossible to him that is possible on his instrument. He has a beautiful tone, not large, but firm and pure, and his bowing is broad, free and graceful. The Moszkowski concerto is tiresomely long and not especially interesting. It is not lacking in charming movements of melodiousness, but it is spun out inordinately, especially the first movement; with these themes the composer seems to have been so enamored that he was loath to part with them until he could no longer present them in a changed aspect. M. Sauret played it with exquisite clearness, brilliancy and delicacy of style; but it was in the andante that his full powers of expression were illustrated. A slow movement is always the test of an artist's real work. Flourishing over an instrument, be it never so skillfully, excites no more than astonishment; but cantibile puts his gifts to a far severer test, and decides whether he is an artist entitled to the name or only an industrious and clever exhibitor of musical fireworks. M. Sauret played this movement with every refined grace of style and beauty of phrasing. The violin sang under his hands with noble pathos and faultless purity of taste. The finale, which is mere finger and bow work, save for a lovely bit of cantilena, which appears now and then, enabled the artist to show his mastery of the finger board, and with results that gained for him at the end of his performance one of those spontaneous outbursts of applause that are the most cherished triumphs of an artist. After recalling him five times M. Sauret gave as an encore a transcription of the famous sextet in Lucia, the playing of which was so masterly that he again aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The audience clapped and cried "Bravo! bravo!" in a fashion that was unusual for it even in its most tumultuous moods; in fact, no more emphatic success has been made at the Symphony concerts this season.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1896.

Symphony Concert Programme Full of Novelties.

If ever the critic longed for ubiquity it was on Saturday night when the best comic opera of the Italian school was represented at Mechanics' Hall, and a programme full of novelties and a great violinist formed the attraction at Music Hall. It was an intense illustration of the lines:—

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

But believing that reviewing, like charity, should begin at home, the present writer turned to the alliterative combination of Symphony, Sauret and Strauss, although by no means a convert to Rubinstein's sour-grape statement that Symphony is a higher musical form than opera. It was an evening of "programme music." This school of composition can be briefly defined as objective music, instrumental music which tells a definite story, and, while the cultured musician holds such tonal story-telling as less high than "pure music" (subjective music) the general public almost always prefers a tone-picture, a composition in which the emotions and events are labelled.

Zollner's "Midnight at Sedan" is a species of "Danse Macabre" at wholesale; instead of a few individual spectres a few regiments of ghosts turn up. As in St. Saen's work, the clock strikes midnight, and then up come the skeletons, not, as in the "Macabre" for a soire dansante, but for a regimental drill, and ghostly battle. Naturally they arise in chromatics and with piccolo phrases, but they can no more make our flesh creep than could the fat boy in "Pickwick;" the fact is, that the modern concert-goer has become inured to this kind of diablerie, and even the muted horn which gives its nasal blast at regular intervals in all such music, no longer causes fear to any one but the horn-player.

It was a piccolo night; in almost every number this imp of the orchestra had its shrieking duties to perform, and one must pay cordial tribute to the player of this instrument for his steadiness and incisive style. In the first number the oboe did some excellent work also. The picture was essentially military, and tambour militaire was as often to the front as kettle-drums, although the latter instrument had a double organ-point of considerable power to execute. Altogether "Midnight at Sedan" was interesting but not thrilling. We fancied that we caught just a reminder of "Die Wacht am Rhein" at one part, but it was so brief that it might have been merely accidental resemblance.

Now came Emile Sauret, the great violinist. It was not an advantageous thing to follow Ondricek and Marsick, for both of these had made an impression and, besides, the public might possibly be sated with violin music. Spite of such a handicap, M. Sauret won the greatest kind of a triumph, a triumph both as musician and as virtuoso. He chose Moszkowski's Concerto in C, which is dedicated to him, for his re-entree to a Boston concert-room. It is a work of great beauty and romance, and it combines technique with expression in a most satisfactory manner. The first movement had sufficient dash and brilliancy, but was scarcely calculated to bring out the individuality of the soloist, being rather an orchestral picture; the second movement, however, brings the violin into the foreground in a masterly manner, and here M. Sauret displayed a breadth and a sympathetic tone that was glorious. The octave work was most powerful, and the ending in highest harmonics was as purely intoned as if it possessed no difficulties whatever. A thoroughly chaste and classical style of playing was here displayed.

The finale contained some very strong contrasts. The chief theme in this was of utmost rapidity, while the subordinate theme was of dignified and noble character. In both veins M. Sauret fulfilled all the demands of the composer. His broad bowing in the second theme was a delight to every auditor. Then came an outburst of enthusiasm such as is seldom heard in Boston; such as Melba achieved after her mad scene, or Paderewski after a Liszt concerto. The rule was broken, an encore was allowed, a proceeding which is not at all to be commended at these dignified concerts, and which opens the door to much that is inartistic in the future. The encore was, however, very welcome per se, and was the most astounding display of virtuosity since Thomson stood on the same platform. It was Sauret's own transcription of the sextette from "Lucia," played as a violin solo!! After this we may look for anything, up to the "Mastersingers of Nuremburg" played on one string!! In this transcription there was every technical difficulty that is known to the instrument except double stopping in harmonics. M. Sauret gave his single harmonics with a piping flageolet quality that reminded of Wieniawski, and in simultaneous bowing and pizzicato, in the most accurate double-stopping, in runs, skips, high positions, in everything belonging to violin fireworks, showed himself a giant in his technique, as in the concerto he had shown himself a thorough musician. Another outburst of frantic applause followed and it was certainly well-deserved, although the "Lucia" sextette scarcely deserves a place in the symphony concerts.

As the present writer may seem too furious against the Donizetti muse, it may be permitted that he rise, at this point, to a personal explanation. Donizetti was a genius in the making of tunes, just as Mozart was, but he stood to his combination of poetry and music. He considered music paramount, and therefore never sought to express the full meaning of his text by means of music. When the two arts thoroughly unite in his works it is rather by accident than by design. The wedding of poetry and music is by no means a matter of fashion. Gluck is of an epoch anterior to Donizetti, and even though his operas are not often given his theories are followed at the present time, while no one will ever again follow the inartistic lead of Donizetti or Rossini. Wagner's works may go "out of fashion" (although the present writer cannot bring himself to believe it), but his theory of the combination of poetry and music will last forever, because it is a philosophic truth. In Herbert Spencer's essay "On Education" he voices exactly the Wagnerian theory, in his arraignment of the drawing room songs of the day, and Gluck voiced something very similar over a century ago. The sextette of "Lucia" is one of the best points in the opera, yet observe what untruths it tells; note what a tender and melodious phrase tells of the thought of vengeance an combat on the part of Edgardo and Enrico! In the sweetest intervals known to music, a succession of thirds and sixths, the one sings of his misery, the other of remorse and revenge! Try the experiment of changing the words; place the music on the piano-rack and sing—

Now in Peace and Joy abiding
Pass the hours in gladness gliding,

to the first two lines in which Donizetti has pictured agony and anger, and the reader will find that the sense of the music is not disturbed, but actually enhanced thereby.

Nor is it the Italian school which is here attacked; Verdi followed the true dramatic sense when he wrote the absolutely great quartette in "Rigoletto" (equally popular with this sextette), for the duke sings "Bella Figlia dell' amore" to a light melody, Maddelena laughs out in light staccato, "Ah, ah! rido ben di core," her coquettish merriment, Gilda is sobbing her heart out in broken phrases on "Ah! Cosi—parlar—d'amore," and Rigoletto has a stern and terrific mood in his "Taci! il piangere non vale." Here is genius if you will, here is the predecessor of the "Meistersinger" quintette (if it must needs have a predecessor), here is the dramatic instinct which led Verdi finally to "Aida" and to "Otello," but this spirit of dramatic unity (which is not a matter of fashion) did not exist in Donizetti; if he had lived a thousand years he would have brought forth nothing but beautiful and singable melodies, laudable in their proper place, reprehensible when thrust forward as interpreters of a poetic idea.

Revenons a nos Moutons! After this great display of solo virtuosity came a display of orchestral virtuosity equally remarkable. Richard Strauss made a musical joke! When a follower of Wagner makes a jest in orchestral guise he requires trombones, piccolo, bass tuba, English horn, bass drum, double bassoon, half-a-dozen trumpets, a double quartette of horns, and all the percussive instruments that can be gathered. By this time the humor grows rather Johnsonian. There were progressions in this work that would have made Mozart's teeth rattle. The clarinette in D screamed out its humor until one imagined the player black in the face. This clarinette, by the way, has no business in the orchestra; its only place is in the military band. Once before the military clarinette has been heard in our concert-room, when Berlioz, in the scene in Hades, in the "Symphonie Fantastique," used an E flat clarinette, but nothing short of Sheol would seem to demand the little squealer.

Strauss' chief amusement, in his "Till Eulenspiegel" seemed to be to scamper from the cellar to the garret of the orchestra and back again. From contra-bassoon to piccolo and high clarinette the solo phrases followed each other, and then would come an outburst that caused the timid auditor to cling to his seat. But it was a great exhibition of skill in scoring, and this thing of shreds and patches showed that nothing can be written that our orchestra cannot conquer. The reading was something that should forever prove the great ability of Mr. Paur and the overwhelming technique of our orchestra. Till Eulenspiegel, the beau ideal of a happy-go-lucky, by turns charlatan, servant, artist, cheating everybody, and as full of pranks as an egg is full of meat, deserves a less pompous treatment in music. Carlyle himself has spoken of "Till Eulenspiegel" with great respect.

Beethoven's thunder-storm ("Pastoral Symphony") seemed a very light rain storm after Strauss' earthquakes. Everything seemed tame after such a furious spicing. The first movement of the symphony was very well executed, but was read rather too sedately, and the repeat of the exposition was cut out as the programme was exceptionally long.

The symphony is perhaps the weakest of the nine, and its display of ornithology at the end of the second movement seems the reductio ad absurdam of programme-music. The joke of the third movement, however, the tipsy bassoonist who has but three notes on his instrument and cannot even count those straight, was a good deal better than any of the humor displayed by that Wagnerian chromo,—Richard Strauss.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Heinrich Zöllner: Orchestral Fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan." (First time.)
Moszkowski: Concerto for Violin, in C major, opus 30.
Richard Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," opus 28. (First time.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," opus 68.

Mr. Emile Sauret was the violinist.

On the fly-leaf of the score of "Midnight at Sedan" Zöllner has had printed an elaborate programme-analysis of the composition. An English version of this was reproduced in the programme-books. Whether in German or English, it may be set down as one of the most ingenuous bits of thoosy-moosy, would-be-poetic fustian ever couched in schoolboy prose. We think it worth while to say this here, because it fits the composition—and the composition it—to a T. So you may imagine what the composition is like! This was its first performance in Boston; had it been a Requiem, one might say of it, as Berlioz once said of a certain Requiem he heard: "Appropriately brought out at its own funeral!"

The other first-timer on the programme was Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." This purports to be a humorous composition; a sort of musical joke. Eulenspiegel was a great hand at practical jokes, of the giuoco di mano sort—also known as giuoco di villano, by the way—and Strauss seems to have thought he could imitate him by playing a practical joke upon the general public. He has scored it for a portentous orchestra, as big as that of the "Nibelungen." For beauty of form and coloring, for refined delicacy of humor, this jocular composition is about on a par with the ordinary one-cent valentine of commerce.

Why should such things be given at a Symphony concert? If the late John S. Dwight ever said a true word, it was that a Symphony concert should be a place where one can seek refuge from "was uns Alle bändigt, das Gemeine;" and here we find the Zöllner piece to be the sorriest trash, and the Strauss thing even worse than that! It has been rumored at times that the Symphony Orchestra would feel it infra dig. to play (Johann) Strauss waltzes or light Italian overtures; we wonder how they feel under the indignity of being made to play this last monstrosity by Richard Strauss! Of course, it may be urged that novelties are desirable; indeed, they are, and the crop does not look very promising just now. But tout vient a qui sait attendre, and it is ill forcing luck with such bluff hands as these.

Beethoven's "Pastoral" was, as it seemed to us, rather listlessly played; we doubt if the average orchestral player of today cares much for the "Pastoral;" together with the D major symphony, No. 2, this sixth, in F major, seems to be rather falling out of favor. It has too much of the "young Beethoven" in it for men who would play Wagner for pleasure, and Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique" on their knees—if that posture were favorable to instrumental performance. At all events, the "Pastoral" did not seem to be just the work the players would have chosen to take the flavor of Strauss's "Eulenspiegel" out of their mouths. We have heard it better played before, and far more effectively.

Mr. Sauret has not been here since he made his first bow before our public, as a young aspirant for fame, in 1877. Nineteen years have brought about a growth in him in more ways than one. And yet he is still the Sauret we remember—only more so, in all good respects. When first he played here, his most striking characteristics as a violinist were great purity of technique, and an appealing personal charm; to these may be added an almost total absence of self-consciousness, and of the florid outward manner that goes with the same. His purity of technique has now grown to consummate and astounding virtuosity; his personal charm and modest, concentrated manner remain. We are no violin expert; but it certainly seems to us that, of all the astonishing virtuosi who have played the violin here of late, Mr. Sauret has the most impeccably sure technique. It is brilliant as that of any of his confrères and rivals; but in, the matter of clearness and pure intonation—even in face of some terrific and apparently "copyrighted" difficulties—it is the most infallible we have yet seen. His tone is pure, warm, and searching, if not over-large; his phrasing artistic as possible. The Moszkowski concerto did not give him the opportunity for showing great depth of sentiment; but sensibility, brilliancy, and vital force were all conspicuously there. In short, he played like a master. The work itself is genial, pleasing, and naturally written, rather than great. In response to the plaudits of the audience, he played—what do you think? That very self-same solo transcription of the sextet in "Lucia," with which he turned all heads nineteen years ago! A little titivated and brought up to date, to be sure, but the same thing. He played it as only he can play it, and we can assure him that it sounds even better with six voices, chorus, and orchestra!

The next programme (for March 6 and 7) is: Arthur Foote, suite (new); Schumann, concerto for violoncello; Mozart, symphony in G minor. Mr. Leo Schulz will be the 'cellist. There will be no rehearsal nor concert this week.

YORK HERALD
FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, always welcome here, will give its fourth concert for this season at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening. The soloists on this occasion will be Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. Franz Kneisel, both of whom are well known to the music lovers of this city.

The programme will comprise Mr. Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," which will be played by this orchestra for the first time; the aria "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation;" Viotti's concerto for violin, in A minor, in rendering which Mr. Kneisel reverses the order of the movements, playing the adagio first with a cadenza by himself; Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms' symphony, No. 4, in E minor.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES,
FEBRUARY 23, 1896.—1

—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its fourth concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening. Lillian Blauvelt will sing Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," and Franz Kneisel will play Viotti's twenty-second violin concerto. The orchestral numbers will be Heinrich Zöllner's fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," a novelty; Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The Strauss composition is a musical reflection of an old German tale supposed to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1475-1530). Till is a wandering mechanic who plays tricks upon all he meets. He is one of the mythical heroes of the German masses.

The Sun.
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its fourth concert of this season next Thursday evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. Franz Kneisel are to be the soloists, and Mr. Emil Paur will, of course, conduct. The programme is of great interest and excellence, and includes two novelties. It opens with Heinrich Zöllner's orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan," which is the orchestral interlude between the first and second acts of Zöllner's opera "Bei Sedan." Blauvelt is to sing the aria "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," and Mr. Kneisel will play Viotti's "Concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor." Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" should prove very interesting. It depicts some of the pranks of the popular German folklore hero, and is described as "a musical joke," with characteristics varying from the sprightly, grotesque, and violent to the tender and passionate. The programme closes with the Brahms "Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98."

THE PRESS: SUNDAY
G, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

Here is the programme for the fourth concert here this season of the Boston Symphony, which will be given on Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House:

Orchestral Fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," Heinrich Zollner.
"With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," Haydn
(Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.)
Concerto for violin, in A minor.....Viotti
(Franz Kneisel.)
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".Richard Strauss
Symphony in E minor.....Brahms

The novelties will be Zollner's fantasia and Strauss's composition. The fantasia is the orchestral interlude between acts I. and II. of the opera, "Bie Sedan." The full title of the other work may be translated thus: "Till Eulenspiegel's merry pranks, set to grand orchestra—in rondo form—after an old rogue's tune." Till Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, who plays all kinds of tricks on everybody. The composition is a musical joke, and the music often reaches the point of broad burlesque and farce.

THE WORLD:
FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

There will be two important orchestral concerts during the week. The first of these is that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera-House, on Thursday evening, Feb. 27. The programme will consist of Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan;" Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Justige Streche," a musical humoresque based on the old popular German folk-tale, and Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The soloists are Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who will sing "With Verdure Clad" from "The Creation," and Mr. Franz Kneisel, who will play Viotti's A minor violin concerto in a rearranged form.

TRIBUNE, SUNDAY,
FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Franz Kneisel will be the solo performers at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will take place in the Metropolitan Opera House next Thursday evening. There will be two novelties on the programme, Heinrich Zoellner's "Midnight at Sedan" (given last season at a private concert of the Liederkranz), and a rondo by Richard Strauss entitled "Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche," which is also promised by Mr. Thomas. Mme. Blauvelt will sing "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," and Mr. Kneisel will play two movements from a violin concerto in A minor by Viotte. The symphony will be Brahms's in E minor.

The New York Record.
BY GEORGE W. TURNER.
SUNDAY, FEB. 23, 1896.

Quite an interesting number of musical events are set forth for the present week.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its fourth concert at the Metropolitan on Thursday evening next.

One of the selections is Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28.

The name Eulenspiegel means literally owl's mirror.

For a clearer idea as to the nature of the composition I quote this note:

The full title of this composition is: Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche, nach alter Schelmenweise — in Rondeauform — fur grosses Orchester gesetzt von Richard Strauss. I am somewhat in doubt as to the correct translation of this; "nach alter Schelmenweise" may mean "after an old rogue's-tune" (Rogues' March?), but may equally well mean "after old-time rogue's fashion." Let me venture to English it: Till Euplenspiegel's Merry Pranks, set to grand orchestra—in Rondo-form—after an old rogue's-tune, by Richard Strauss.

Till (or Tyll) Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1475-1530). The story gives him out as a wandering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The book has long been a popular classic in Germany, and has become almost identified with the folk-lore of the nation. For centuries Eulenspiegel has been as popular and familair a mythical character in Germany as any hero in the Deutschen Volksbucher—as Santa Claus, Slovenly Peter, or Baron Munchausen is with us. The story was first published in an English translation (I imagine, with frequent expurgations in usum Delphini) as Tyll Owiglass.*

Of Richard Strauss' composition the analyst can say that it is in F major, and shows evident traces of the rondo-form. But it is a musical joke, very free in development, and its humorous side is plainly intended to be its most prominent one. Its character changes from the lively and sprightly to the grotesque, the violent, the tender and passionate—for Eulenspiegel could make love on occasion and the simply jovial. Often the music reaches the point of broad burlesque and farce.

This composition is scored for 1 piccolo-flute, 3 flutes, 3 oboes, 1 English horn, 1 small clarionet in D, 2 ordinary clarionets, 1 bass-clarionet, 3 bassoons, 1 double-bassoon, 4 horns (with 4 additional horns ad libitum), 3 trumpets (with three additional trumpets ad libitum), 3 trombones, 1 bass-tuba, kettle-drums, triangle, cymbals, bass-drum, snare-drum, 1 watchman's rattle, and the usual strings. The score is dedicated to Dr. Arthur Seidl.

* * *

The programme also includes Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," which will be given for the first time; Haydn's aria, "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation;" Viotti's concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor, and Johannes Brahms' Symphony No. 4 in E minor, op. 28.

* * *

Zoellner's "Midnight at Sedan" is the orchestral interlude between acts I. and II. of that composer's opera, "Bei Sedan." On the flyleaf of the score is printed the following description:

"Night rests upon the fields of Sedan. The mists of the Meuse have risen; valley and mountain lie enveloped in a white, spectral mantle. The strokes of the midnight hour sound from the tower of Sedan Cathedral. But, hark! Does it not sound like a soft rapping in the bowels of the earth? What sound is this that breaks the silence, uncannily and muffled, and affrights the night-birds? What arises, tired and heavy, from the opening earth? Crowds and crowds push their way upward—by hundreds and thousands they rise from their graves, the gray features of the dead revive, their bony hands once more grasp their arms, the ranks form again. The sabres and breast-plates flash in the moonlight, the plumes wave on the helmets, the Imperial Eagle gleams. The masses crowd close together; dark resolution, dull hatred, inspire the bloodless ghosts to fight—to fight, that is their lot! To fight the ghostly battle at midnight!

"But what soft plaint sounds over the field of death? Does it not sound like the sorrowful sobbing of mourning mothers and orphan children? Like the wail of all Humanity?

"Crowd them back again, all thoughts of peace, home, wife, and child! To the attack! The horns sound, the drums roll! See the frightfully careering masses of cavalry! They fly onward on their spectral horses, they surround the shock of the opposing armies with inextricable knots, they fight man to man, body to body. But it does not last long, the proud masses are dispersed and annihilated; the heaps of slain lie mountain high, they are buried by thousands beneath their own steeds. Proud and metallic sound the fanfares of victory—mightier and mightier grows the attack—one thought alone lives in them: the foe must be thrown down—wholly—at once!

"But yonder—to one side, near the skirt of the forest—who is there? Lies not there a German soldier, a French soldier by his side? The hands of both are clasped, as in brotherly harmony. They slumber on together to eternal rest—and their hands [illegible] last moments; both of [illegible] children of the same earth [illegible] weeps for us both afar off! [illegible] as foes—death is a great reconciliator!

And the night wind bears the distant sounds of a solemn melody over the battle-field—is it the last song of a dying hero? Or is it a warning call from superearthly fields; O, be reconciled, ye hostile nations—look upon the dead of Sedan!

The above is a sufficient analysis of the composition, which is perfectly free in form and development. It is in C major, and is scored for one piccolo-flute, two flutes, two oboes, three clarionets, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, one bass-tuba, triangle, cymbals, snare-drum, kettle-drums, harp, and the usual strings.

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
FEBRUARY 25.

Fourth Boston Symphony Concert.

It is almost a musical heresy to find fault with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has become such an idol of fashion; and yet patience has ceased to be a virtue—especially after such a concert programme as that of last evening at the Academy of Music. A superb organization, indeed, is the orchestra itself; but far from satisfactory is its latest conductor, Herr Emil Paur. He has signally distinguished himself throughout his career as a composer of distressingly ill-balanced programmes, and the climax was reached last night in the juxtaposition of such a Midway Plaisance of sounds as Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegels' Merry Pranks," with Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. This whimsical work is described as "a musical joke," but the joke was upon the audience, and a cruel one, too. The devil-may-care young Rossini did not perpetrate a more atrocious jest upon the feelings of the auditors of his mock opera, and they nearly arose and drove him from the theatre. Strauss' half-tipsy opus would be a capital piece of nonsense to listen to, as one sat in Alt Wien and smoked a cigarette and quaffed a mug of Muenchener beside the Blue Danube, but upon a sober concert programme, preceded by one of Beethoven's "Immortal Nine," it certainly gave one the impression of an unexpected case of musical delirium tremens. Its watchman's rattle would have frightened off even the intrepid Sousa. Herr Paur runs altogether too much to the fantastic, to harmonic oddities and extravagant colors. Introduced judiciously and not too abundantly, these caprices of the instrumental and contrapuntal fancy would be relishes and hors d'œuvres in the concert menus; but the Boston Symphony programmes now bewilder one with their eccentric and Puck-like aspect. To add to last evening's grievance the Beethoven symphony was rather listlessly played, and the first violinist was missed. Fraulein Milka Ternina, the German opera prima donna, attempted to sing Weber's "Ocean" aria and Agathe's prayer and aria from "Der Freischuetz" against a considerable week's performance of "Die Walkure" revealed a delightful soprano, but her hoarseness. Her Bruennhilde in last voice was decidedly under the weather last night, and her attack was uncertain, particularly in the opening of the severe "Ocean" aria. Her voice is, however, too reliable in its upper register and too expressive in its middle notes not to demonstrate its power, even under such an unfortunate condition, and she was roundly applauded. The performance of Benjamin Godard's orchestral suite (No. 1), from "Jocelyn," afforded Philadelphians practically their first opportunity to judge of the operatic music of this still lamented composer of the younger French school. His posthumous opera, "La Vivandiere," was to have been given its premier American production in New York this season, but was not put on. This suite, with its peculiar adagio prelude, its florid mountain melody, its dainty gavotte, and its almost dramatic carillon, revealed the decided individuality of this prolific minor maestro and testified to that exquisite touch which has lent such a charm to his smaller effects.

PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 25. 189

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music, last evening, was in fine keeping with the high standard for which these performances are noted. The house was large and the efforts of the Orchestra and the very capable soloist, Fraulein Milka Ternina, were sincerely appreciated and heartily applauded. The programme opened with Beethoven's Symphony No. 6, in F major ("Pastoral"), and under the skillful direction of Mr. Paur it was admirably interpreted by his corps of musicians. The bewitching harmonies of this exquisite work are an unfailing source of delight, and act upon the spirit with all the balm which the theme suggests. Two compositions were given which were new to these concerts. The first was Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche*, which is rendered in English as "Till Eulenspiegel's merry pranks." Eulenspiegel was the hero of an old German tale and was noted for his capital jokes. Strauss's work (last evening's performance was its second in America) "shows evident traces of the rondo form," and is itself a musical joke, being full of odd twists and capers, and making unexpected demands upon the various instruments. If applause be a test of its merits it must be voted a success. The other novelty was the No. 1 Orchestral Suite from Godard's "Jocelyn," which was a clever production, full of melody, and marked by a particularly dainty gavotte and a rich and sensuously fluent finale. Frl. Ternina sang two selections from Von Weber's works, a recitative and aria from "Oberon" and the prayer and aria from "Der Freischuetz." She made an excellent impression. As has been said with respect to her appearance with the German Opera Company, her voice is naturally of good quality and well suited to lyric efforts. It is of serviceable range, is clear and full and is a distinct acquisition to the operatic stage. Her high notes were the subject of warm commendation.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a matinée concert at the Academy of Music next Saturday, beginning at 2.30, when the following programme will be rendered:

Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Haydn, Variations on the Austrian National Hymn; Solos for Violoncello—*a*. Dvorak, "Waldesruhe;" *b*. Klengel, Capriccio, Op. 8, Mr. Alwin Schroeder; *a*. Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin;" *b*. Weber, Overture, "Oberon;" Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "Tasso;" Thomas, Overture, "Mignon." Miss Caroline Gardner Clark, soprano, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cello, will be the soloists upon this occasion.

NORTH AMERICAN
PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 25, 1896.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

The Fourth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth concert for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, at the Academy of Music last evening, and achieved the usual generous measure of success. There was a great crowd present, and as the programme was less exacting and more varied than that of last month, the enjoyment of the music was hearty and general. The symphony was Beethoven's familiar work in F major, the so-called "Pastoral," and it is difficult to conceive of a more lucid, refined, sympathetic, and in all respects beautiful performance of this lovely music than was given upon this occasion. Every detail was brought out with a smoothness and finish that were quite exquisite, while the delightful balance, the perfect symmetry of the whole, bespoke Mr. Paur's intelligently apprehensive conception of the composition in its entirety.

The programme included two novelties, a fantasia with an impracticable name by Richard Strauss, and a suite by Benjamin Godard. There is probably no very eager desire on the part of any one who was present to hear either of these numbers again. The Godard suite is pretty enough, but lacks strength and originality, and makes no deep or distinct impression, while the Strauss fantasia is a nightmare of eccentricity and cacophony, which might fittingly be described as the ravings of a musical maniac. It makes enormous demands both upon the scope and the virtuosity of the orchestra attempting it, and that is probably why it finds a place in Mr. Paur's repertory. It serves to display the incomparable quality of his organization.

Frl. Milka Ternina was the soloist. She was scarcely judicious in selecting two arias so similar in character as "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," and the prayer scene "Leise, leise," from "Der Freischutz;" but the splendid breadth and power of her delivery and the intelligence of her phrasing enabled her, although not in very good voice, to discharge a difficult task with complete success. She was much applauded, and refused a persistent but not very considerate encore.

The orchestra will give a matinee concert next Saturday, when the following will be the programme: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; songs with piano, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke; Haydn, variations on the Austrian National Hymn; solos for violoncello, a. Dvorak, "Waldersruhe;" b. Klengel, Capriccio, op. 8; Mr. Alwin Schroeder; a. Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin;" b. Weber, "overture, "Oberon;" songs with piano, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Tasso;" Thomas, overture, "Mignon;" soloists, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, soprano; Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cello.

E PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER—
FEBRUARY 25,

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Delightful Concert With Frl. Ternina as Soloist.

The fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night was one of the most delightful of the season. The symphony was Beethoven's No. 6 in F major, the well-beloved "Pastoral." Director Paur and his musicians gave it a most delightful rendering. The wealth of musical beauty in this work is inestimable, albeit the range of themes is so limited. It is a work well suited to the orchestra's present arrangement and in delicacy and tone shading reminded one forcibly of the days when Mr. Nickish refined the volume of sound to such a remarkable degree, while in the storm scene there was all the volume possible with the instruments at hand.

The other numbers were new. Strauss' fanciful composition, "Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche," is probably less appreciated by an American audience than a Teutonic one, where the pranks of the fabled Eulenspiegel are well known in every nursery. In scope the music is simply a continuous string of surprising comicalities in which many methods are employed to develop humor at a sacrifice of harmony. There is an occasional reminder of Peer Gynt, although the latter composition is a much more finished one and more musical.

The "Jocelyn" suite No. 1, by Godard, is one of the groupings of music by that composer from his opera. It is characteristic of the modern school of French orchestration, of which Godard was such an excellent example. The suite is simply four pretty compositions without more than a suggestion of connection with each other.

Fraulein Ternina sang two Von Weber numbers, the Ocean aria from "Oberon" and Agathe's prayer and aria from "Der Freischuetz." Her artistic powers were adequately discussed last week, when she sang here in opera. It must be confessed that in concert she does not shine so conspicuous, though this may be in part owing to hoarseness, from which she apparently suffered last evening. Her voice sounded cold last night, though she certainly sang admirably in all other respects.

There will be a fourth popular concert Saturday afternoon.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.
FEBRUARY 25.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A Great Classic and Two Modern Bits and a Great Dramatic Singer.

In every performance of a musical work, the mental attitude of the hearer differs according to the familiarity of the music. If the work is new, he takes the interpretation for granted and thinks only of the ideas expressed in the composition. If it is familiar, he takes the music for granted and is interested in the interpretation. Thus, in speaking of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night, we have to speak of some new music by Richard Strauss and Benjamin Godard, but it would seem absurd to discuss the character of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Yet if we try to imagine ourselves hearing this for the first time, what a revelation of clarity and beauty it would be, and how trivial the turgid striving of most of the modern symphonies would seem beside its wealth of musical ideas and the strength and sincerity of their expression. No two men feel every part of a work like this in exactly the same way, but Mr. Paur reads it clearly, firmly and impersonally, and the performance was one of the most satisfying that he or his orchestra has ever given us.

The new works were mere makeweights. The wild medley of Strauss, which he calls "Till Eulenspiegel's Jolly Pranks," recalled Simon Hassler's justly celebrated "Christmas Eve in Philadelphia," or one of Pat Gilmore's Coney Island rhapsodies, developed a la Berlioz to the limit of the resources of the modern orchestra, and was interesting chiefly as an example of orchestral virtuosity. Full of instrumental tricks, it is no doubt great fun to play it, but it is not necessary to hear it a second time. The Godard music was simply the prelude and entr'actes from his "Jocelyn," very bright in their place in opera comique, but cheap as an orchestral selection.

The soloist was Fraulein Ternina. She declaimed "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with an exaggeration of the German method of forcing the voice that was the more unexpected recalling the unusual lyric character she had given to Brunhilde's music in "Die Walkuere." There was much less of this Wagnerian manner in the "Freischuetz" aria, which she sang with admirable clearness and sentiment and musical effect, and with an ample power and dignity of style that even more than in the other Weber piece proclaimed her an artist of high distinction. In both she made a great impression on the audience, who apparently expected that she would return and sing "Old Folks at Home."

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.
FEBRUARY 25.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Paur Mixes Classics with German Jokes and French Bon-Bons.

Whether the pale cough that was heard during what might be called the "sotto voce" passage in Richard Strauss' musical joke at the Academy of Music last night was intended as a part of the eccentric scoring or not, Mr. Paur did not say, but it certainly was in harmony with the other effects of this ridiculous composition. Surely a consumptive orchestral cough is as good as a watchman's rattle and in giving us the playful pranks of a certain Till Eulenspiegel, Strauss used all the gentle arts of cacophony that he knew—drums, triangles, cymbals, bells, rattle and all. The only thing he didn't do was to include the sound of shuffling feet—Till could certainly do a double shuffle—and the crackle of rustling paper. This oversight is due doubtless to the fact that the orchestratonic method of Sousa's Band is unknown to Germany. Why Conductor Paur bored a Boston Symphony Orchestra audience by lugging in his Strauss he alone knows. We take our musical jokes with beer and pretzels at the seashore in August. In February we are differently minded.

However, Beethoven's exquisitely beautiful pastoral symphony atoned for much and was a delight, being the classical feature of the evening, which was also given an old-time flavor by Weber's heavy recitative and aria, "Ocean," from "Oberon" and "Agatha's" prayer and aria from "Der Frieschuetz." Fraulein Melka Fernina, the superb "Brunnhilde" of last Friday evening, was the soloist and received quite an ovation. The solos were unequally sung, that from "Oberon" having the explosive and screechy qualities of the forced German method of singing dramatic music. The "Freischuetz" music, however, was rendered in a more delightful manner, and the Fraulein displayed her beautiful voice to full effect. She is indeed a capable artist and would have made a fine "Elizabeth," as her voice is far more sympathetic than Klafsky's, as long as she does not force it. The finale of the programme was Godard's "Jocelyn Suite No. 1," a characteristic French confection, which was handled well, but seemed a trifle overdone. It is an agreeable musical sweetmeat, as it were. Taking it all in all, Mr. Paur as a programme maker is not a howling success.

The Washington Post.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1896.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An Artistic Programme Ably Rendered by Emil Paur and His Orchestra.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening at Metzerott Hall attracted a large audience of music lovers. It was the fourth in the series of the present season, and the programme was in some respects one of the most artistic ever rendered here by Mr. Emil Paur. A novelty, very well received, was Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," which was the first performance for these concerts, and the third time in America.

Beethoven's symphony No. 6, in F major, was the initial number, and was probably the favorite of the evening. This was given with an artistic finish that really idealizes the conception of the great composer. The descriptions of the scenes, for which he obtained his inspiration in the summer walks through the meadows of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, were graphically rendered. The clear and perfect movement was well maintained through the rather extended development of the first part. The rustic character of the music was preserved, and the strings did excellent work in their imitations, truly suggestive of the shepherd's pipe. In the second part, more emotional than the first, the rhythm, true to the idea of the composition, was lively, and the harmonic changes in their magical effects were splendidly made.

The joyous peasants' dance, interrupted by the thunderstorm, was, of course, the portion of this symphony that was looked forward to with the most pleasure, and the orchestra was in no wise disappointing. The appeals to the picturesque fancy by purely musical means, rather than imitations of natural sounds and sights, were forcibly done by the musicians, and the dying away of the storm in the form of a rondo was very cleverly suggested.

Fraulein Milka Terkina, the soloist of the evening, followed with Weber's recitative and aria, "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon." She rendered this romantic but difficult selection with great ease, her vigorous voice showing to good advantage in the changes from the upper to the lower register. A subsequent selection, "Agathe's Prayer and Aria," from Weber's "Der Freischuetz," was better adapted to show the sweetness and sympathy of her voice. At both her appearances she was frequently recalled.

The selection from Strauss, with its evident traces of the rondo form, was truthfully rendered like the musical joke that it is with its changes from the lively and sprightly to the grotesque, the violent, the tender, and passionate and the simply jovial. Franz Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, with its stern recitative phrases, strong chords, and more graceful and tender versions of the same theme was as popular as ever. The violins were especially noticeable in their repetition of the tremulous notes, and the whole orchestra worked up the two dashing subsidiaries with immense energy.

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.
Y, FEBRUARY 26, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Frl. Ternina to Make Her First Appearance in Baltimore.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is in town today, ready for its monthly concert at Music Hall tonight. Frl. Ternina will be the soprano soloist, and Assistant Manager Frederic R. Comee says she is the most noted artist the Damrosch Opera Company brought over from Europe. She was not with the company in its Baltimore season, and her appearance tonight will be her first in this city. The programme will be made up of the usual high-class selections, two of which will be musical novelties from Tschaikowsky and Strauss. Mr. Emil Paur will conduct.

The Press
DAILY EDITION.
NEW YORK FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Mme. Blauvelt in Excellent Voice at the Fourth Concert.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Franz Kneisel were the soloists at the fourth concert here this season of the Boston Symphony Society last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and were cordially received. The merits of these two artists are so well known that it seems almost useless to do more than record what they did.

Mme. Blauvelt sang "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," and Mr. Kneisel played Viotti's violin concerto in A minor. The soprano has a particularly engaging voice, if one may so term it. It is clear and pure, and she sings with excellent taste. Mr. Kneisel is another entirely satisfactory performer. What else need be said?

It must be admitted, however, that on the whole the evening's programme was not as interesting as some we have heard the Boston players give. The orchestral pieces were Zollner's fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan"; the remarkable, but not very popular, symphony in E minor, by Brahms, and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," a kind of musical nondescript. The Press on Sunday said something about this last.

The playing of the band was excellent, as usual, and a good-sized audience listened with evident pleasure.

The Morning Advertiser.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS.

Lillian Blauvelt Distinguishes Herself Moderately—Richard Strauss' Brilliant Composition.

There was a short and varied programme of music played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was the fourth concert of the series, and the solo singer was Lillian Blauvelt. Franz Kneisel was announced to play two movements of a Viotti concerto in A minor, but he was too sick to attempt the work, although he sat as usual at his desk. He has tonsilitis, and Boston climate did the rest. We missed him.

Miss Blauvelt sang, but cautiously, "With Verdure Clad," by Haydn, and "Voi Che Sapete," by Mozart, this latter as a substitute for Mr. Kneisel's number. She was in good voice, but sang without much color or intensity. Nor was that diminuendo on the G in the Haydn absolutely true. It is only just to say that the pretty little lady has been sick this season, so is not in her usual dainty form.

The symphony was Brahms' fourth, the one in E minor, beloved of mathematicians and musicians for its strenuous idealism, grim logic and superb form. Crabbed it is, I admit, but we can't always feed on flame and sounding lasciviousness. Brahms is the composer for musicians. He has the courage of his simplicity, and he is feared by amateurs. Two terrible angels, with forbidding chill swords, guard the gateway of his land. They are respectively named Logic and Heart. The latter angel has a clouded gauze, but is always potent; the former is ever the ruler of the country wherein much sour underwood obscures the vision, but the stately oaks are there, and beyond are the mountains, implacable, remote, but kissing the zenith.

The second movement, lyrical to the core in its austere mode and mood, claims one's suffrage, although the first movement, built in two notes on a descending inflection, is strong, smelling of Beethoven and powerful in development. It reminds me in its obstinate grappling with the theme of a psychological bulldog shaking a slim victim to the death.

The concert opened with Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia called "Midnight at Sedan." It is a large diffuse canvas full of fleeting shapes, ghosts of the dead on the field of battle. It is without originality as to idea and without individual manner. Tschaikowsky's manner is difficult to assimilate. The form is free and the oboe says some things in the modulation known to Chopin. The allegro is of the Russian. We hear the brass and it is the brass of Esau although the band is Zoellner's, while the climax is full of fury. Frankly, I didn't care for the work, although it indubitably proved the composer's excellent musicianship.

The novelty was novel, to use a Celticism. It was by Richard Strauss, a young German Berlioz who is more fantastic than Saint-Saens and whose feeling for orchestral color is almost abnormal. Abnormal, too, is voicing of the instruments and his theme of conversation was the pranks of a middle age Merry Andrew known to literature as "Till Eulenspiegel," or, if you wish it in English, "Til Owl Glass." The form of the work is rondo, but the spirit is scherzoso. It is hell itself let loose in the way of an orchestral frolic.

The burly humor, the bizarre treatment and the stupendous audacity that is able to pull down from the clouds a theme and spin music—crazy music—out of it are characteristic of Strauss. A man of enormous talent who says nothing in an unparalleled manner. This caprice is capital fun—for a musician—and stuffed with tricky effects. It is Puck in Teutonic boots and the orchestra played the work wonderfully. The house was small and Mr. Paur conducted with great care and energy.

JAMES HUNEKER.

NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

MUSICAL INVASION FROM BOSTON.

The Symphony Orchestra Carry All Before Them at the Metropolitan.

As Mr. Franz Kneisel, the violinist, has been ill for the last week, the programme at the Boston Symphony Orchestral concert, given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, was somewhat changed, and Giovanni Battista Viotti's concerto, which was to have been played by him, was omitted. Mr. Kneisel, although still suffering from a severe attack of tonsilitis, occupied his seat as concertmeister of the orchestra, but it was announced that he had not recovered his strength sufficiently to play the number.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, who was the soloist of the evening, sang her programme number, "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," magnificently, receiving at its conclusion six recalls, but Mr. Paur would not allow a repetition. In place of Mr. Kneisel's solo she gave "Voi Che Sapete," from "Don Giovanni."

The orchestra was superb in all work. It gave a brilliant interpretation of Richard Strauss' new work "Till Eulenspiegels Merry Pranks," opus 28, and of Zöllner's masterly orchestral fantasie, "Midnight at Sedan," which latter number, the programme erroneously stated, was given for the first time. It has been made familiar at the concerts of the Liederkranz Society last year, and was played recently under the composer's direction at Carnegie Hall.

Johannes Brahm's fourth symphony in E minor, opus 98, concluded in admirable fashion the excellent programme.

The Sun.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

The Boston Symphony Concert.

Four numbers of real interest and importance were offered upon the programme of the Boston Symphony concert last evening. They covered a wide range chronologically as well as geographically, stretching from Italy and Viotti in the time 1753 to 1824, and coming down by the way of Germany, Haydn, Brahms, and Richard Strauss to our own contemporary and fellow citizen, Herr Heinrich Zöllner, whose orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," was the first thing played. This composition stood well in dignity and ableness compared even with the masterwork of Brahms, with the conventional beauty and excellence of Haydn's "Creation" excerpt, or Strauss's clever sketch, which is so full of shifting variety in its instrumentation. Zöllner's writing is remarkable for picturesqueness—he is a true tone painter. There was darkness that could be felt in his "Midnight," and the thrilling horrors of battle and bloodshed lowered over and through it. In all that Herr Zöllner composes is felt a strong, sure hand and a broad intelligence. He uses the various combinations of instruments not only with modern daring and most bizarre effects, but also easily and frequently with the methods of the old masters. The fantasia given last night is worthy to take its place among concert overtures of the highest rank.

A great disappointment was destined suddenly to fall upon the audience last evening. It came from the announcement that Herr Kneisel, being convalescent from "a bad cold," did not "feel able" to play the Viotti concerto. As Viotti wrote twenty-five concertos and not one of them has ever yet been performed in New York, connoisseurs naturally felt aggrieved at having a novelty first offered and then so ruthlessly snatched away. It is to be hoped that another opportunity may arrive when our public shall hear what this poetic dreamy old violinist has to say to us. We must believe that Mr. Kneisel was actually feeble and suffering—otherwise his declining to perform would be absolutely unpardonable.

There are few persons so keen and gifted as to recognize the humor that often lies in musical phrases, but to the sharp observer there is much of it to be found. The old masters are very prone to slip a sly joke in where it would least be suspected, not alone in their scherzos, allegros, and rondos, but here and there outside of these. Richard Strauss, in his illustration of the German folk lore story "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," is perfectly frank, and shows us at once what he means to do. The fun of the story is patent, though its musical picturing, even to those who have not read of the tricks of the Braunschweig mechanic who gets into many scrapes, but always comes out best in the end. Strauss has made an elaborate and intricate piece of work, very unique and very charming to listen to, though it is often painfully noisy and its interjectional, spasmodic, jerky character makes it trying to follow in certain portions. Still, it is so frisky, so mischievous, so clownish and absurd, and so often beautiful and melodious that it must be rated as a work of tremendous talent, a welcome addition to orchestral repertories.

The Brahms symphony No. 4 in E minor closed the concert like a benediction. Its first movement is pure continuous melody, uninterrupted in its sweet flow from beginning to end. The second is as calm as nature itself and as majestic. The third and fourth are more elaborate and perhaps less easily inspired, but by no means so convoluted and involved as most of his music, especially his later music, is apt to be.

Mr. Paur was very energetic and capable last evening, and the orchestra, which probably is the best drilled and the finest in the world, did its work upon the level of its own high standard in all except the accompaniment to "Verdure Clad," which was heavy and bungling.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt sang two selections; one of them in order to heal those wounds made in the programme and the hearts of the audidience by cruel Mr. Kneisel, the other for her own glorification.

New-York Daily Tribune.
FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

Yesterday was full of music—a little too full for those who are anxious to hear all that is made which belongs to the better class. In the afternoon there was a concert of chamber music in the hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, at which Mlle. Szumowska, Mr. Timothee Adamowski and his brother Josef, violoncello, took part in the concerted pieces. In the evening the Boston Orchestra gave its fourth concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Louis Schmidt, jr., gave the first of a projected series of concerts in the room set apart for chamber music in Carnegie Hall.

At the afternoon recital, which was attended by a fashionable audience, Mlle. Szumowska and Mr. Adamowski played Grieg's "Sonata," op. 8, F major, and the three participants joined in Brahm's trio in C minor. Mr. Adamowski also played two solo numbers—Beethoven's "Romanza," in F major, and Wieniawski's "Valse Caprice," in which he was accompanied by Mr. Zach, also of the Boston Orchestra, on the pianoforte.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt and Franz Kneisel were to have been the solo performers, but Mr. Kneisel was indisposed and Miss Blauvelt (who had already sung the air "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation,") gave instead of the two movements from an archaic concerto which he was to play, Mozart's air, "Voi Che Sapete," from "Le Nozze di Figaro." The orchestral novelty of the concert was a humorous rondo by Richard Strauss called "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"—a most ingenious and highly colored piece of music which is rapidly making the rounds of the European concert-rooms. The symphony was Brahms's in E minor.

At the Chamber Music Hall, Mr. Schmidt provided for his hearers Grieg's sonata in G minor for pianoforte and violin, and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." In both Miss Lotta Mills played the pianoforte part. The choice of the latter composition was not, under the circumstances, an altogether happy one, for even Miss Mills's skilful playing could not make the transcription of the orchestra accompaniment take the place of the highly colored and richly elaborated original, which has so important a bearing upon the effect of the whole. In both works Mr. Schmidt showed his substantial qualities as a musician to good advantage. He was further assisted by Miss Marguerite Hall, who sang several songs acceptably. Miss Mills was also heard in a group of minor pianoforte pieces. She is a newcomer in New-York, a pupil of Leschetizky, and shows unmistakable evidences of good training, and possessing a sincere musical feeling and right understanding—qualities that are of good omen for her further development as a factor in the musical life of New-York.

The New-York Times.
NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1896.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

An Evening of Music in Which Pure Beauty Had to Struggle Against Fate.

If Mr. Emil Paur, formerly of Leipsic and now of Boston, will continue to give New-York audiences such programmes as that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, he will not again be accused of being an antidote for insomnia. On the contrary, he will keep his public wide awake and sitting up to wonder what is going to happen next. No one has yet seen the head of a kettledrum shattered at a symphony concert, but even that may yet come to pass. When the need for such shattering arises, it will be well to recall the pertinent suggestion of Mr. Daniel Bryant to the ambitious bass drummer: "Young man, yo' could break dat bettah wid an axe." As for Mr. Pourtau, the admirable clarionet player, he may be justified in resigning and returning to the peaceful seclusion of Lyons, where nothing more powerful than Berlioz's "Dies Irae" is attempted.

Richard Strauss, composer, is the immediate cause of these comments. He is the Maaterlinck of music, and hitherto he has reviled in the more or less harmonious exploitation of the charnel house, the grave, and the gnawing worm. But in "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," produced under Mr. Paur's direction last night, Mr. Strauss set out to be humorous. It appears that Till Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old mediaeval German tale. Till was a wandering mechanic who played tricks on every one. He never played any such trick on any one as Strauss played on orchestral music in his attempt to illustrate the story. Flutes chased one another all over the leger lines; oboes squeaked convulsively; clarionets cougher cracked staccati in their highest register; stopped cornets wailed in nasal tones; trombones bellowed; triangles and tambours rattled; and the tympani player lost his patience and several pounds of flesh in his desperate attempts to thump his three kettledrums as often and as hard as the score demanded. There was no doubt about the humor of it all; it would have made even a doctor of music laugh. But it was a vast and coruscating jumble of instrumental cackles for all that. Here and there Strauss permitted the sacred form of music to rear its lovely front. That was when Till was making love. And immediately a stinging thump on one of those kettledrums seemed to indicate that the maid had properly boxed his ear. At any rate, the ears of the hearers were boxed by Strauss. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" is a horrible example of what can be done with an orchestra by a determined and deadly decadent.

A companion picture to the impressionist nightmare of Strauss was the orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan," by Heinrich Zöllner, conductor of the Liederkranz of this city. The composer seems to have slept upon the battlefield and to have had a dream in which he saw the embattled hosts once more marshaled on the plain. When the contest is over, according to the inscription on the score, "the heaps of slain lie mountain high; they are buried by thousands beneath their own steeds." After that the French and the German soldiers sleep together the dreamless sleep, and a hymn of reconciliation is heard. Mr. Zöllner has followed some of the methods adopted by Strauss in constructing his battle picture; but he has treated the orchestra much more idiomatically. There is a tremendous amount of noise and a good deal of it is empty buncombe; but it is at least honestly orchestral. The finale of the composition is excellently conceived and solidly written. It does not transcend the modesty of art; and for this Mr. Zöllner deserves praise which cannot be awarded to the more famous Mr. Strauss. Both of these compositions were performed magnificently by the orchestra and were conducted with zeal and understanding by Mr. Paur. We have at times found grounds for censuring the work of this conductor, but in the playing of the two compositions mentioned it was not possible to detect any diminution of the splendid power and precision of the band, nor any falling off in its remarkable virtuosity.

The remaining orchestral number was Brahms's fourth symphony. After the previous works it came like the balmy breath of a Spring morning. By force of contrast Brahms became simple and lucid in form, graceful and fluent in melody, and suave in harmony. "Ubinam gentium sumus." There was a time when Brahms was regarded as the Browning of music, beside whom even the profound Bach was a Wordsworth. But even as the mystic symbolism of Maaterlinck has made Browning clubs appear to be a waste of time, so Richard Strauss has made the symphonies of Brahms sound like volkslieder. The Boweries of the world will yet whistle Wagner.

Mr. Franz Kneisel, who was to have played Viotti's twenty-second violin concerto, was indisposed, and Miss Lillian Blauvelt, who was down on the programme for Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," sang also Mozart's "Voi che sapete." Her delivery of the latter aria was lacking in polish, and in both numbers she was occasionally guilty of uncertain attack—the result, apparently, of spasmodic breathing. But, on the whole, she sang the Haydn aria well, with a full and beautiful quality of strong tone, with some charming messa da voce effects, and with appreciation of its content. The concert was a stimulating entertainment, and it is well worth while to produce even such novelties as the Strauss composition, because they give the hearer food for thought.

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The New York Recorder.
BY GEORGE W. TURNER.
FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1896.

PAUR WEAK IN TASTE.

His Selections for the Fourth Symphony Were Not Appropriate.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was, if possible, even more depressing than its predecessor. It was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before a half-filled house, that took but small enjoyment in the selections presented.

Decidedly, Mr. Paur is not felicitous at getting up an entertaining programme. He gave us, as novelties, Heinrich Zollner's orchestral fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," and Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

The former work is diffuse in form, lacking melodic invention and but thinly orchestrated. Its poverty of expression makes one wonder that a musician of Mr. Paur's standing should place it as the opening piece of a classical concert.

But the selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert was that by Richard Strauss. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempt to produce a mirth-provoking, sprightly and grotesque setting to a very funny tale, he simply presents a grotesque, uninteresting tone picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inanely colored by the medium through which they are seen. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Mr. Paur also managed to give a respectable rendition of Brahms' Symphony No. 4, in E minor. His readings are always correct and metronomic to a degree, but convey nothing of the author's inner meaning.

The soloists were Lillian Blauvelt and Franz Kneisel. Mme. Blauvelt sang charmingly, but with no great breadth, "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "The Creation." She was more at home in Mozart's familiar "Voi Che Sapete," which she gave with much daintiness and correct expression. She was several times recalled. The latter piece was given in place of Viotti's concerto in A minor, which Mr. Kneisel could not play on account of illness.

Truly, these are degenerate days, when the best orchestra in this country, and second only to the Vienna Philharmonic, is allowed to fall into desuetude for lack of a proper conductor and a better programme-maker. It is only now that we fully appreciate Nikisch, one of the few great conductors of the world, and it is doubtful if his place will ever be filled, at least as far as the Boston Symphony Orchestra is concerned. Those who attended the concert last evening spent a profitless evening.

The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mme. Blauvelt the Soloist in a Fine but Poorly Attended Concert.

I can hardly believe that the New York musical public cares anything for really first-class orchestral music, for if they did the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan last night would have been better attended. It is the part of intelligence to appreciate when you have a good thing, musical or otherwise. Where, then, is the intelligence and appreciation of the New York public?

The concert was certainly an admirable and interesting one. The number on the programme quoted as new—Heinrich zoliner's orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan," an orchestral interlude from the composer's opera "Bei Sedan," had already been heard at a recent concert of the Liederkranz Society. It is an imaginative bit of programme music, entirely free in form and development, which, while in a certain way pictorial and of excellent technical workmanship, is neither very interesting thematically nor very convincing in emotional force or suggestion. The powers of music as a purely descriptive agent are far more limited than modern composers would have us think.

Another number, the full title of which runs "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, set to grand orchestra—in rondo form—after an old rogue's tune (Rogue's March?) by Richard Strauss," while not set down as new, was heard for the first time. Eulenspiegel is a hero of German folk-lore who plays all sorts of pranks on everbody and always comes out ahead.

The opportunity thus given of playing all sorts of tricks and pranks with the orchestra was one which Strauss, with his itching desire for originality usually ending in more or less painful and tragic eccentricity, could not neglect, and he has certainly taken every advantage of it.

Traces of the rondo form there in the work, but the general development is free to license. It is a quaint musical conceit, interesting and often genuinely and humorously descriptive, so fanciful as to be fantastic, with orchestral color laid on as it were with a trowel, and so little melodic sequence or continuity as to make the composition appear disjointed and fragmentary.

Yet it is certainly highly original, scored with consummate art and mastery of orchestral resource, and does not offend or irritate the ear with really unwholesome noise like most of Strauss's lucubration. So, on the whole, considering its source, I like it vastly. So did the audience. It was read and played with great aplomb and incisiveness by Mr. Paur and the orchestra.

Mr. Franz Kneisel, who was announced as one of the soloists of the evening, excused himself on the ground of a severe cold, so that the entire soloistic honors devolved on Mme. Blauvelt, who sang the aria from Haydn's "Creation"—"With Verdue Clad"—and, in place of Mr. Kneisel's tenth concerto, Mozart's "Voi du Sapete" in charming fashion and with much finish and elegance of style and diction, if without much force.

Brahms's Fourth Symphony—E minor—closed the programme.

I must say I prefer a symphony first; one is more in the humor for it then, as miscellaneous selections upset one's classic mood, the proper one to appreciate a symphony.

And yet Brahms is not so classic and strictly symphonic in this as in his other symphonies. I love those insistent, persistent cross-relations in the romanza; they are so like Bach and yet so modern.

Mr. Paur, I think, is not unlike Brahms in his somewhat unbending classic sympathics and sometimes lack of emotional appreciation and romantic feeling; so I was not surprised to find that he read this symphony almost, as it were, intuitively and to me exceedingly well, especially the andante.

The orchestra throughout the concert played as well as always. I can say no more in the way of praise.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Boston Transcript
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

A Chat with Conductor Paur.

The past few weeks have been of intense interest to all lovers of music. We have had with us the German opera, have had the pleasure of listening to Klafsky, Ternina Grüning and others, and we have still with us the Italian opera, with its imposing cast, including such stars as Melba, Nordica, Calvé, and Jean de Reszke. But the end is already here, and next Monday all will have ceased; "Lohengrin," "Sigfried," "Fidelio," "Carmen," all will be a thing of the past, and henceforth will only live in the memory of the happy few who could afford such a luxury, until another year. The Bostonian will once more be content to turn to his own fireside and remember that there still remains with him his symphony—the Boston Symphony, although these faithful desert us not infrequently, if only for a week.

Mr. Paur has recently spoken quite freely and at length, giving his opinion on musical matters of great interest to our readers. In reply to a few questions he said:

"Boston audiences are intelligent; they appreciate and understand purely orchestral music, as is shown by the fact that the concerts where no soloist appears are attended fully as well as those at which an eminent artist is announced to take part.

"The public in other cities is not quite so far advanced, as is easily understood when the fact is borne in mind that they rarely have a chance to hear classical music, with the exception of New York, and also of Chicago, where Thomas has broken ground. A movement is on foot in other large cities to establish corresponding organizations, as in Cincinnati, where Van der Stucken appears to have been quite successful; but on the whole it seems hardly possible that many of our large cities could sustain an orchestra of so high a standing as the Boston Symphony, for the existence of which and its high standing Boston owes thanks only to Mr. Higginson.

"The monthly trips are absolutely necessary for the fame of the orchestra, although it cannot be denied that they are a great strain on the musicians. It is a serious matter to present a different programme every evening and to travel besides, but I must give the orchestra credit for the high standard of excellence which is maintained in every concert, and for their industry and zeal, and I know that the musicians themselves are ambitious and, notwithstanding the hard work, like these trips on account of the prestige they give the orchestra.

"If it were not for these trips, the smaller cities like Springfield and Providence would have absolutely no chance of hearing classical music, and the thought to be the means of thus educating the American public is certainly inspiring and makes such seemingly hard work a pleasure."

To maintain a high standard of excellence it is absolutely necessary that the leader and the orchestra constantly work together; a frequent change of leaders means a lessening of the possibility of producing the best results. An orchestra must understand its leader in the smallest details, and in order to achieve this a long acquaintance with each other is necessary. Of late years there has been a tendency in Europe to make much of the leader, and the result is the "Gastdirigent," some orchestras having no permanent leader, but one of these "stars" being invited to perform this duty from time to time. It will easily be seen that under such circumstances a leader cannot get the best work out of an orchestra, and, to use Mr. Paur's own words, "if a leader should fall from Heaven itself" and undertake to direct an orchestra, he could not obtain the high standard which is the fruit only of continuous and conscientious labor of orchestra and leader who thoroughly understand each other. A movement is now on foot in Europe to do away with this evil and the best artists and the most earnest musicians partake in this movement. I have recently received a circular letter which has apparently been sent to all musical organizations and leaders and which I would like to have translated and published in the Transcript. It is written by one of Europe's most prominent artists.

"I much prefer a competent and practical leader who understands the score and honestly endeavors to give it its full value, to those 'prima-donna leaders' who make themselves the centre of the musical production, and whose gestures will soon be of more importance to the audience than the work itself, by whomsoever it may have been written.

"In no branch of art is such a swindle more easily executed than in music. Hardly was it thought that the 'starring' was done away with forever when the 'dirigir' and the 'pult-virtuos' makes his appearance, and public and critic bow down before this most abominable of all virtuoso caricatures, and go wild with admiration about the one or the other who at this late day has shown the real worth of this or that symphony of Beethoven. Nobody cares to notice that the effect is not due to their musical abilities, but to their display, to which the tailor and outfitter contribute their share."

Mr. Paur says that he is highly pleased with the artistic success of this season, the hearty sympathy of the public and the willing co-operation of the musicians themselves. He says that the season has been a satisfactory one in every respect; the audiences have been larger than in the two previous years and the enthusiasm seems to have increased. The work of the orchestra also shows an improvement. The members are doing their best to satisfy the demands made on them, and the addition of new members has strengthened the orchestra. Of course, here as everywhere, there are a few discordant elements, but on the whole everything seems to favor a steady growth. The numerous letters received daily from total strangers, commenting upon the work, asking for the production of certain symphonies or the repetition of others go to show that the general public take an active interest in the work of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The letters are mostly from Boston and Cambridge, and recently quite a number of requests have been received asking for the repetition of the Tschaikowsky symphony. The season has also been a financial success; there have been large audiences which filled Music Hall at each concert.

This great interest shown by the Boston public in the welfare of the Symphony and the large crowds the German as well as the Italian opera have drawn here naturally lead to the question whether in Mr. Paur's opinion Boston could support an opera. The answer was rather discouraging:

"I am afraid that the Boston public would only care for the very best. It is out of the question to think of giving Boston such an opera as is now in our midst and making it a financial success. I have heard 'Tristan und Isolde' under the leadership of Seidl. About twenty years ago I heard the same work performed with Wagner himself as conductor. The historical details and the general effect were then better, but the singing of Nordica and Jean de Reszke excelled anything I have ever heard, and from their interpretation I received entirely new impressions of the work and I cannot praise them sufficiently. I think it would be well worth a trial to see whether an opera could live in Boston which, though it could not include in its cast such famous singers as make up the Italian opera, has a cast of first-class artists and a good orchestra. Much attention should be given to the work of the orchestra and it should be made prominent, and each opera thoroughly rehearsed. Thus the music itself would be the main feature, and I think this would prove a great education to the public, and very good performances could be expected. I do not see any way in which the Boston Symphony could be utilized in such an undertaking. There is, in the first place, a lack of time, and then performances of this kind naturally could not achieve the high excellence that is maintained in the Symphony concerts and the effect on the orchestra would be deteriorating."

Could not a similar thing be said of the Promenade concerts?

"Yes, and I very much regret the necessity of these concerts. The season lasts but seven months and there are five months of rest, and it becomes necessary for the members of the orchestra to do something. The Promenade concerts are now so popular that somebody would continue them should the Symphony cease to give them, and they are perhaps the best that can be done under the circumstances. They tend to keep the orchestra together and this is one good feature. I have given a good deal of serious thought to this subject and wish I could see my way clear to make this work unnecessary for members of the orchestra, but as yet nothing has presented itself to my mind that is tangible. The effect of these concerts on the orchestra is not a very good one. I do not think these concerts, either, are educating the public. Most people go there to enjoy themselves; they smoke, eat and drink and chat and pay only passing attention to the music, and while, of course, as a means of enjoyment they accomplish their purpose, they do not elevate the public mind!"

Mr. Paur says that he has not as yet made any plans for next season, or at least none that he would care to make public at this time. He also states that it is his intention to stay in this country the coming summer, and while he has as yet not selected any particular place, it is his intention to go to the mountains. The health of Mrs. Paur necessitated a trip to Europe last summer which was spent almost wholly in Switzerland, but Mrs. Paur's health has steadily improved, and Mr. Paur hopes that another summer's rest will strengthen her so far that next season she will once more be able to follow her artistic calling.

On being questioned whether it is true that he has received quite a number of urgent and lucrative calls from Europe, he told our representative that he has received very favorable offers, on the ground that the climate did not suit Mrs. Paur, and it was expected that he would accept, but for the present he does not intend to do so.

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Mr. Henschel's successor was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who came from Vienna, and to this second leader can be attributed much of the wonderful precision and finish of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After five years of untiring zeal and persistent striving for absolute perfection of ensemble, during which time he spared neither the orchestra nor himself, Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna.

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give three more concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. They will be on the evenings of January 23, February 27, and March 26. The soloists include Mme. Melba, Ben. Davis, and E. A. MacDowell.

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In the concert of Saturday, and the charity concert of Sunday, our orchestra played as seldom before. Mr. Paur has certainly brought the organization to a higher state of efficiency, a finer ensemble than it had even in the great days of Gericke. The volunteering of the whole orchestra and its leader, to play for the benefit of an afflicted comrade, deserves to be recognized, as well as the generosity of Paderewski noticed above, and the beneficence displayed stands out the more brilliantly when the attempts of certain artists to charge for their services (and charge roundly, too) is considered. Mr. Goldstein, or rather his family, will be about $3,000 richer because of the concert, which was chiefly brought about by the efforts of Mr. Paur.

[illegible] MARCH 1, 1896.

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Mrs. "Jack" and the Rest of Swelldom Astir.

(From Town Topics.)

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a most extraordinary organization. I say this from quite another standpoint than that of musical art, and also with fear and trembling. One cannot be in Boston long before it is made clear that Mr. Higginson's "best gift to man" must be spoken of with a sort of mental courtesy, and it is like touching the apple of society's eye to find fault with its personnel, much less its able conductor. It is true a certain set of fashionable music lovers quarrel with amiable Mr. Paur for being a family man, not addicted to sitting in the laps of the great, after the manner of his predecessors, but even these sang azur followers of music and Mammon will not hear a word against the results of his devotion to art and domesticity. But the reason for calling the Symphony Orchestra extraordinary is because it is a potent factor in the sum of Boston society. In no other city in the world would this state of things exist, and it proclaims how very democratic these double-dyed aristocrats become when they get the chance. Seated in the front ranks are four or five musicians, who are good fiddlers, and on occasion soloists, but this is not their chief attraction. They are society pets, orchestra pets, and what that splendid body would be without them it is not safe to even think, much less say out loud. Their leader is Mr. Kneisel, but he does not count among the smart people. He is not "in," but Mr. Loeffler, his desk companion, is, several fathoms deep. Mr. Higginson is supposed to love him, Mr. Montgomery Sears makes much of him. He dines out; he is a card for most musicales, and whenever swelldom and the heavenly maid come together, pallid, smiling Loeffler is observed "in their midst." That he is persona grata in the best homes cannot be gainsaid, especially since his compositions have been played at the concerts, and he has posed as something "besides a mere violinist." I have watched him in the orchestra often, and concluded by his glances at the audience that he has a very high opinion of Mr. Loeffler's status. When he played in his Russian prince's private orchestra, fifteen years ago, he was just such a pale slip of a fellow as he is now, barring the absence of his blonde white hair. New England's climate is so inimical to hair! Even dear Paderewski would not dare to remain in these chill airs two consecutive seasons.

Dark-haired, dreamy-eyed Roth, looking as spruce as a tailor's fashion plate, is also a great pet, running Loeffler and Adamowski a close second. He does not "go everywhere," as they do, but he is adored by the younger set of girls for just that reason. Even Mrs. "Jack" smiles on him from her balcony seat, and does not seem to notice him elsewhere. One of the dashing orchestra men is W. W. Swansbowne, who came so near causing the Charles River to burst into flames two seasons ago. He was taken up previously by several musical followers of high degree and nearly spoiled with kindness. Though one of the "second violins," he is a delightful artist, and what may be termed a masher. The band of juvenile elite used to rave about "Swany" until they were forbidden by their elders, on pain of having their rehearsal tickets taken away and their allowance of violet and Huyler money suspended.

American 2/23 96

The Boston Symphony.

The program announced for the fourth concert in the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Music Hall, next Wednesday evening, is an interesting one, because of the fact that two of the three orchestral selections to be played are novelties. The first and more important is the Symphony No. 6, known as the "Pathetic," by Tschaikowsky, which was published and performed just before his death. It is a singularly beautiful composition, impressive, and full of beautiful melodies. So favorable was the impression made at the first performance of this symphony at the Boston concerts early in January, that it was repeated, by very general request, at the concerts of last week, a compliment paid to not more than five compositions in the fifteen years' history of the organization. The second novelty on the program is the work of Richard Strauss, who is recognized as one of the ablest of the younger German composers of the present day. His reputation was made while director of the Court Opera at Weimar, and he is at present conductor of a series of concerts in Munich. The title of the composition, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," conveys but little idea to the ordinary concert-goer of the nature of the selection. Till Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1580). The story gives him out as a wandering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The closing orchestral selection will be the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, by Franz Liszt, a most beautiful piece of orchestral coloring, and eminently adapted to display the virtuosity of the orchestra in every department. Frl. Milka Ternina, the soloist selected for this concert, is the prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, and this is her first visit to this country.

Herald 2/23

Boston Symphony Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra announces for the fourth concert in its series at Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, February 26, an attractive programme, in which two of the three orchestral selections to be performed are given their initial production in these concerts.

The first and more important is the Symphony No. 6, called the "Pathetic," by Tschaikowsky, which was published and performed very shortly before his death and the last movement of which was supposed to be his own requiem. It is worthy of note in connection with this symphony that it made such a profound impression at its first performance at the Boston concerts early in January that it was repeated in the concerts last week. Such an immediate repetition is a compliment that has been paid to not more than half a dozen compositions in the entire 15 years' history of this organization.

The second novelty upon the programme is a composition by Richard Strauss, with the almost unmistakable title "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche." Till (or Tyll) Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1589). The story describes a wandering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The book has long been a popular classic in Germany, and has become almost identified with the folk-lore of the nation. For centuries Eulenspiegel has been as popular and familiar a mythical character as any hero in the Deutschen Volksbucher—as Santa Claus, Slovenly Peter, or Baron Munchausen is with us.

The remaining orchestral number on the programme is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, a composition eminently adapted to display the virtuosity of the various departments of the orchestra.

Frl. Milka Ternina, the soloist announced for this concert, is the prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, and this is her first visit to this country. She was born in Agram, the capital of Croatia, received her musical education in Vienna and began her career as an opera singer at the Stadt Theatre in Bremen. From there she accepted the position of leading soprano at the Opera House in Munich, where she has been for the past seven years. An indication of the remarkable hold she has upon the public at Munich is afforded by the following incident: When Felix Weingartner, the famous Berlin conductor, was under contract to accept a position in Munich, Frl. Ternina was also under contract to leave Munich for Berlin; but Weingartner having changed his mind and being anxious to remain in Berlin, he was released solely upon the stipulation that Frl. Ternina should be allowed to remain in Munich. Frl. Ternina's selections at the coming concert are an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz."

Illus 2/22

SYMPHONY CONCERT NOVELTIES.

Works of Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss to Be Given.

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The second novelty is by Richard Strauss, and has the rather lengthy title, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche." Till, or Tyll, Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1580). The [illegible] dering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The book has long been a popular classic in Germany, and has become almost identified with the folk-lore of the nation. For centuries Eulenspiegel has been as popular and familiar a mythical character in Germany as any hero in the Deutschen Volksbucher—as Santa Claus, Slovenly Peter or Baron Munchausen is to the English.

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American 2/23 96

The Boston Symphony.

The program announced for the fourth concert in the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Music Hall, next Wednesday evening, is an interesting one, because of the fact that two of the three orchestral selections to be played are novelties. The first and more important is the Symphony No. 6, known as the "Pathetic," by Tschaikowsky, which was published and performed just before his death. It is a singularly beautiful composition, impressive, and full of beautiful melodies. So favorable was the impression made at the first performance of this symphony at the Boston concerts early in January, that it was repeated, by very general request, at the concerts of last week, a compliment paid to not more than five compositions in the fifteen years' history of the organization. The second novelty on the program is the work of Richard Strauss, who is recognized as one of the ablest of the younger German composers of the present day. His reputation was made while director of the Court Opera at Weimar, and he is at present conductor of a series of concerts in Munich. The title of the composition, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," conveys but little idea to the ordinary concert-goer of the nature of the selection. Till Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1580). The story gives him out as a wandering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The closing orchestral selection will be the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, by Franz Liszt, a most beautiful piece of orchestral coloring, and eminently adapted to display the virtuosity of the orchestra in every department. Frl. Milka Ternina, the soloist selected for this concert, is the prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, and this is her first visit to this country.

Herald 2/23

Boston Symphony Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra announces for the fourth concert in its series at Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, February 26, an attractive programme, in which two of the three orchestral selections to be performed are given their initial production in these concerts.

The first and more important is the Symphony No. 6, called the "Pathetic," by Tschaikowsky, which was published and performed very shortly before his death and the last movement of which was supposed to be his own requiem. It is worthy of note in connection with this symphony that it made such a profound impression at its first performance at the Boston concerts early in January that it was repeated in the concerts last week. Such an immediate repetition is a compliment that has been paid to not more than half a dozen compositions in the entire 15 years' history of this organization.

The second novelty upon the programme is a composition by Richard Strauss, with the almost unmistakable title "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche." Till (or Tyll) Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1580). The story describes a wandering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The book has long been a popular classic in Germany, and has become almost identified with the folk-lore of the nation. For centuries Eulenspiegel has been as popular and familiar a mythical character as any hero in the Deutschen Volksbucher—as Santa Claus, Slovenly Peter, or Baron Munchausen is with us.

The remaining orchestral number on the programme is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, a composition eminently adapted to display the virtuosity of the various departments of the orchestra.

Frl. Milka Ternina, the soloist announced for this concert, is the prima donna soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, and this is her first visit to this country. She was born in Agram, the capital of Croatia, received her musical education in Vienna and began her career as an opera singer at the Stadt Theatre in Bremen. From there she accepted the position of leading soprano at the Opera House in Munich, where she has been for the past seven years. An indication of the remarkable hold she has upon the public at Munich is afforded by the following incident: When Felix Weingartner, the famous Berlin conductor, was under contract to accept a position in Munich, Frl. Ternina was also under contract to leave Munich for Berlin; but Weingartner having changed his mind and being anxious to remain in Berlin, he was released solely upon the stipulation that Frl. Ternina should be allowed to remain in Munich. Frl. Ternina's selections at the coming concert are an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz."

Herald 2/24

SYMPHONY CONCERT NOVELTIES.

Works of Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss to Be Given.

An interesting feature of the fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announced for next Wednesday evening at Music Hall, will be the performance of two novelties. The first of these will be the Symphony No. 6, by Tschaikowsky, known as the "Pathetic." So favorable was the impression made by the first performance of this work in the Boston concerts early in January, that it was repeated in the concerts of last week, something that has not happened more than half a dozen times in the history of this organization. This symphony was published and performed very shortly before Tschaikowsky's death, and it is supposed that he meant the last movement to be his own requiem.

The second novelty is by Richard Strauss, and has the rather lengthy title, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche." Till, or Tyll, Eulenspiegel is the hero of an old German tale, supposed by some to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1476-1580). Th[illegible]

dering Braunschweig mechanic, who plays all sorts of tricks on everybody, and always comes out ahead. The book has long been a popular classic in Germany, and has become almost identified with the folk-lore of the nation. For centuries Eulenspiegel has been as popular and familiar a mythical character in Germany as any hero in the Deutschen Volksbucher—as Santa Claus, Slovenly Peter or Baron Munchausen is to the English.

Richard Strauss is looked upon as one of the most promising of the younger German school. His reputation was made while director of the Court Opera at Weimar, and he belongs to the extreme modern school. He is at present conductor of a series of concerts in Munich.

The other orchestral number on the programme is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, a composition eminently adapted to display the virtuosity of the various departments of the orchestra.

Frl. Milka Ternina of the Damrosch Opera Company will be the soloist.

THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1896.

A TSCHAIKOWSKY SYMPHONY.

The Great Russian's Last Composition of the Kind Produced Here by the Boston Orchestra.

An up-to-date concert programme seems to be incomplete without the name of Tschaikowsky, at least this must be the firm opinion of Director Paur, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for at nearly every one of the orchestra's concerts this year something by this wonderful composer has been produced. The public has in every case been clearly the gainer, for Tschaikowsky stands forth in the musical history of the end of this century as one of its most splendid and striking figures.

At the concert of the orchestra last night at Music Hall Tschaikowsky was represented on the programme by his last symphony, number six, in B minor. The added title of "Pathetic" applies to the work in more than one way, as the composer died soon after its completion. The last movement of the symphony has been supposed to have been written for his own requiem.

In the matter of form this symphony departs essentially from the traditional treatment. It has been maintained that the word "suite" would apply to it more correctly. However this may be, the beauty of the work has not suffered because of the formal innovations. The interest is kept up throughout in a manner that is rare and is a sign of a musician of the highest endowments. Probably nothing else has been performed by the orchestra this year that has such intense power.

The playing of the orchestra in this work, as indeed thoughout the entire concert, was all that could be desired. Mr. Paur's reading of the symphony lost nothing by his vigor and enthusiasm. The more delicate treatment of the first and last movements was as appreciative and satisfying as the spirited second and third movements.

The name of Strauss upon the programme of the orchestra looks at first sight rather out of place. The Strauss represented at the concert was not Johann, of waltz fame, but a younger scion of the family of Strauss, from whom much has been expected. A few years ago one of his symphonies was performed in this city, and last night he was represented by what, for lack of a better word, may be called a musical "divertisement," entitled "Til Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche," which has been rendered into English as "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." As the name indicates, it is of a jocular and irregular character, being in keeping with the erratic doings of Eulenspiegel, who is a popular hero of a German volksbuch of the fifteenth century.

The work shows decided originality, but the novelty seems to be the result of the composer's imagination run mad. It was given for the first time in this city.

The concluding number was an arrangement, or rather a derangement, of the second Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody by Karl Mueller Berghaus. This composition has become such a hackneyed piano solo that one might suppose it had earned exemption from duty under other auspices, and this, however, does not seem to be the case, as the management last night relied upon it to supply the requisite popular portion of the concert.

The soloist was Fraulein Milka Ternina, the prima donna of the Royal Opera in Munich and at present the leading singer of the Damrosch Opera Company. She sang the recitative and aria from Weber's "Oberon," "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster;" Agatha's Prayer and aria, "Wie nakte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischuetz."

Fraulein Ternina is certainly one of the most intelligent and satisfactory singers who has visited America in the past ten years. Her voice is of heroic dimensions, of unusually beautiful quality and under good control. The most striking characteristic of her singing is her superb style and the great musical temperament dominating her performance.

The concert was the last but one of the season's series by the orchestra, and was in many respects the most interesting that has been given this year.

Evening Herald

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra occurred at the Academy of Music last night, and one of the largest houses of the year was in attendance. Mr. Paur had provided a modern programme, except for the vocal solos, which were antique, and perhaps enjoyably so. The sixth, or "Pathetic," symphony of Tschaikowsky was the heavy number of the bill. People in this quarter are not unfamiliar with it, through the readings of Mr. Seidl and Walter Damrosch, and Boston took to it so keenly that it was repeated at a subsequent concert—the first and only time that a piece was played twice by this orchestra in its home town in a single season. It is a resonant and stirring oftener than a pathetic work, although there is an undertone of melancholy such as we find to be not uncommon in all the art of the East. It is difficult to be sentimental on the bass drum. But through all the clash and riot of brass and percussive instruments there are high ideals; indeed, the whole work is serious and dignified in its intention and the effect is that of seeing a stately and beautiful structure through driving mist and whirling branches. Had Tschaikowsky lived longer his style would have ripened, his work would have gained repose, and he might have become the equal of Rubinstein as a melodist and formalist, while his more pungent individuality would always have imbued his work with more character than that of Rubinstein. The latter regretted his Slavic origin, so far as it affected his music. He followed German models, when he could, and denied utterance to his racial promptings. Tschaikowsky is proudly and frankly Russian. When his symphony expresses pain it is with a savage's defiance of it; not with the assumption of suffering that we find in the work of those arch sentimentalists, the Frenchmen, nor with the real though sickly plainings of a Chopin. The beauty is not tame. It never attains to loveliness; the gayety never reaches joy; the tragedy is often fantastic. The thing which most impresses the hearer in this work is its splendid vitality, its barbarian vigor. Its author has a fair command of the resources of the orchestra and what he does not know, he dares. He is ingenious within certain limits, and he has tact, as well. Had he been lacking in this latter attribute he would not have closed the symphony with a requiem, but would have arranged it in the conventional form. The requiem is a soothing finish to the excited work. The Second Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt was played in the fiery, heroic strain of the Russian symphony. This and prayers before battle ought to put heart into soldiers. The harp episode in the Berghaus instrumentation was struck out with wondrous liberty and force of tone. Usually the harp suggests a zephyr; this time it was a gale. There was a delightful suite adapted from Godard's "Jocelyn," the first of two that he constructed from airs and other portions of his opera. Though nearly unknown in this larger aspect to American audiences, his work as it was revealed last night warrants close acquaintance. It has symphonic breadth and ring, especially as interpreted by this magnificent orchestra, and it has much that is suave and beautiful, though these aspects are less congenial to Mr. Paur than its vigorous and even dynamic phases. It has moments of surprising power, its rustic incidents are sweet, fresh and unaffected; the harmony is less distinct than in the older writers, but is constant and ingenuous. A bright gavotte, quaint and in minors, and a chime movement gave most pleasure to the audience. Alwin Schroeder, the cellist, played Dvorak's "Wood Rest" and a caprice by Julius Klengel with vivacity, expression, stable tone and power. Through some mischance, perhaps, the orchestra did not accompany his solos, and he had only an upright piano in its place. The effect was not conspicuously admirable, but it gave the more prominence to his solo work. The Dvorak piece is pleasant in sentiment, though not a strong or striking work, and the caprice is full of life. The other soloist was Lillian Blauvelt of Brooklyn, a delightful singer, whatever her selections, and an artist of charming personality, which goes farther than an audience realizes toward the acceptance of her work. Her voice is true and melodious, her method admirable in its simplicity and directness, the art of it never being forced on the attention. Her selections were the "Voi che sapete," from "Figaro," and "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," neither of them commanding, but both pretty and restful. Applause for her was especially vigorous. The next and last concert of the season by the Symphony orchestra will occur on the 27th of March.

THE HERALD

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Freulein, Ternina and the Boston Orchestra at the Music Hall—Success of the Cantatrice.

A varied programme truly was the one presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. In the instrumental numbers could be seen such a striking difference of temperament, idea and method as to make even the light and familiar selections decidedly interesting, to say nothing of the unique composition of Richard Strauss, as eccentric in construction as it is complicated in title.

But the star feature of the evening was the singing of Freulein Milka Ternina, the soprano, of whom so much has been said and written since her advent in this country. She came from Munich to join the Damrosch Company, and has since fully sustained the splendid reputation attained in the Old Country. She was heard for the first time by Baltimoreans in the Music Hall last night, and those who were present will not soon forget the peerless vocalization of the famous cantatrice.

First she sang the recitative and aria "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's opera "Oberon," a well-known number, yet happily selected, for it afforded Ternina ample opportunity to display the remarkable range of her voice. From the extreme high register to broad tones in alt the enunciation was true, and each note as full of music as the sweetest chimes; and it was all done without the least apparent effort. Even in the fullest of orchestral accompaniment the voice sung out above all in its dramatic intensity, as pure as crystal. There was everything in the style and effort to admire and dwell upon.

Equally as well done was the second vocal number, "Agatha's Prayer," and aria from "Der Freischutz," its deep pathos and melodious rhythm in such a contrast to the dramatic fire of the first solo. Ternina was given an ovation after the sweet, sympathetic rendition of this selection.

Tschaikowsky's symphony "Pathetic," F in B minor, so named probably for the sombre adajio which opens it, and the funeral finale movement. The work was produced shortly before the composer's death, and the apparent inconsistency of the various movements seems to tell of the writer's vain effort to throw off the gruesome forebodings, which resulted ultimately in the adajio lamentoso, the last movement supposed to have been meant for his own requiem.

The symphony is not unfamiliar to the local concert-goers. It seems like a rehearsal of a morbid existence, dashed here and there with a firm determination to infuse a rainbow halo into a clouded life, as can be inferred from the three snappy intermediate movements. It is characteristically Tschaikowsky; replete with sharp contrasts, bold centrapuntal construction and departures in instrumentation.

"Tiel Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche" was the Strauss number, which is now being given its fourth performance in America. Probably as many meanings could be advanced for its themes as have been hazarded in vain endeavors to furnish an English translation for the title. It is descriptive of the merry pranks of Tyel Owiglass, a mythical personage in German folklore, and the music, in keeping with the subject, is of such light, jovial nature as to culminate almost in an actual farce.

The concluding number was Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, scored for orchestra by Karl Mueller-Berghaus. The work was handled in excellent manner, but is hardly an improvement over the old Liszt-Doppler arrangement.

Director Paur was heartily encored for the intelligent reading given the symphony, as well as the masterly manner in which the vocal accompaniments were conducted.

Baltimore American and COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD AND THE OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

"WE BUILD."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Performance of the Boston Orchestra—A Delightful Singer.

The audience assembled to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening heard by far the finest concert which has taken place this season—or, indeed, in several seasons—in Baltimore. Everything contributed to this end. The superb orchestra was in its best form, Mr. Paur was in his happiest mood, the program was highly interesting and well arranged, and the soloist proved to be one of the greatest artists heard here in a long time. Altogether, the concert was delightful, and those who were present were to be congratulated.

The Tchaikowsky symphony, which opened the program, was very welcome. It is a magnificent work, and repeated hearings but serve to deepen the impression of solemnity and grandeur it produces. This symphony was the last that Tchaikowsky wrote. It is his swan song. He has rightly named it pathetic, and its effect throughout is one of somber, gloomy melancholy. The symphony is a masterpiece, and it is a source of deep regret that it is the last work the world will ever receive from its composer, the greatest of his nationality, one of the greatest of his time.

It abounds in rhythmical and technical difficulties, especially in the second and third movements; but the Boston Orchestra, as usual, played it with that perfection and finish which are characteristic of all their work. Mr. Paur conducted the work con amore, and it received an electrifying treatment at his hands. This symphony was first produced in Baltimore at a Peabody symphony concert on the 23d of February, 1895; so, last evening's performance came near being an anniversary.

The second number introduced the soloist Frl. Milka Ternina, a well-known and highly-appreciated singer in her own country, Germany, and at present one of the prime donne of the Damrosch German Opera Company.

Rarely does nature endow one person with all the attributes of an artist as she has Fraulein Ternina. A noble voice, faultlessly placed and delivered; perfect diction and enunciation, great dramatic power, splendid artistic intelligence, united to a personality very dignified and attractive—all in all, a superb singer, a fact immediately recognized by her audience, who were enthusiastic in their appreciation and delight. Frl. Ternina selected the two great Weber arias, "Ocean, Ungeheuer," from Oberon, and "Leise, Leise," from the Freischutz, for her solos, and her singing of both was beyond criticism, artistic and finished in every phrase. She more than fulfilled the high expectations aroused by the promise of her appearance.

The novelty, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," belongs, as may be inferred from its title, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," distinctively to the humoreske type, although it is inscribed "in rondo form," but this is applicable only in its widest sense. It is program music based on an old German tale which belongs to the folklore of the nation, and "merry pranks" abound in the orchestral score, which is the most modern and highly colored of all this fin de siecle composer's works. He seems to have brought every possibility of the modern orchestra into play, and the result is a vivid tone-picture, so "lustig" that the hearers must smile perforce at its extravagancies. Richard Strauss, its composer, is in the very van of modern orchestral writers, and this latest composition out-herods Herod. The concert was brought to a close by a brilliant performance of the second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt, orchestrated by Muller-Berghaus. Mr. Paur has rarely conducted with more enthusiasm than he did last night, a fact which naturally contributed to the success of the concert. The next and final concert takes place Wednesday, March 25th.

Sun 2/26

CONCERTS THIS WEEK.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartette.

The fourth concert in the series given this season at the Music Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, will take place Wednesday evening.

The numbers selected for the performance include: Tschaikowsky's Symphony, No. 6, "Pathetic;" Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche."

The soloists will be Fraulein Milka Ternina, one of the leading sopranos of the Damrosch Opera Company, and for seven years dramatic soprano at the Munich Opera House. Her selections will be an aria from "Oberon," "Agatha's Prayer" and an aria from "Die Freischutz."

Tomorrow afternoon, at Music Hall, will be given the third concert in the series by the Kneisel Quartette and Prof. Harold Randolph, of Baltimore. Two of the numbers to be given have never been heard in Baltimore before. They are a suite for piano and violin in D minor, by Emile Bernard, and a string quartette in E flat minor, written by Tschaikowsky, in memory of Ferdinand Laub, the noted violinist and quartette

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Baltimore Every Saturday 2/22

Boston Symphony Concert.

Baltimore will be specially favored next Wednesday night at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Music Hall, when Frl. Milka Terina, the great Wagnerian dramatic soprano, will make her first appearance here. Ternina is under engagement with the Damrosch Opera Company but has been specially engaged as soloist for the coming concert. For several years she has been the leading vocalist at the Wagnerian festivals at Munich and has recently arrived in America. She has a voice of superb power and sweetness, and is said to excel any of the prima donnas heard in this country.

Her numbers on the program for the Wednesday concert are an aria from "Oberon," and also Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz" The other numbers for orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur include Tschaikowsky Symphony No 6, "Pathetic," Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; and the famous Strauss "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche." The concert, in consequence of the engagement of Frl. Ternina, will be the most notable of the series.

Life 2/22

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT AT THE MUSIC HALL.—Again Baltimoreans will have an opportunity to enjoy something in the German opera line, this time it will be Frl. Milka Ternina, who will appear as the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on next Wednesday evening, February 26, at 8.15, at the regular monthly concert of this brilliant musical organization. Frl Ternina is a soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company and for the past seven years has been the leading soprano at the opera house in Munich. This is her first visit to this country, not being with the Damrosch Opera Company when heard here in January, yet she is well and favorably known to a great many by reputation; for this reason alone she will be received, no doubt, with great favor and given a warm reception. Her selections for the coming concert will be an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." She will be greatly augmented by the enlarged Symphony Orchestra in the rendition of her parts, in a way few can fail to appreciate and which so many of our music-lovers have learned to appreciate in the past. Tickets for sale at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street, and we suggest securing them early.

News 2/19

Boston Symphony Concert.

An echo of the German opera season will be heard next Wednesday evening at Music Hall when Frl. Milka Ternina will appear as the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its regular monthly concert. Frl. Ternina is a soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company. For the past seven years she has been the leading soprano at the opera house in Munich.

This is her first visit to this country. Frl Ternina's selctions at the coming concert will be an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." She was not with the company in its recent Baltimore season, but has been singing with it in New York and other cities.

THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1896.

A TSCHAIKOWSKY SYMPHONY.

The Great Russian's Last Composition of the Kind Produced Here by the Boston Orchestra.

An up-to-date concert programme seems to be incomplete without the name of Tschaikowsky, at least this must be the firm opinion of Director Paur, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for at nearly every one of the orchestra's concerts this year something by this wonderful composer has been produced. The public has in every case been clearly the gainer, for Tschaikowsky stands forth in the musical history of the end of this century as one of its most splendid and striking figures.

At the concert of the orchestra last night at Music Hall Tschaikowsky was represented on the programme by his last symphony, number six, in B minor. The added title of "Pathetic" applies to the work in more than one way, as the composer died soon after its completion. The last movement of the symphony has been supposed to have been written for his own requiem.

In the matter of form this symphony departs essentially from the traditional treatment. It has been maintained that the word "suite" would apply to it more correctly. However this may be, the beauty of the work has not suffered because of the formal innovations. The interest is kept up throughout in a manner that is rare and is a sign of a musician of the highest endowments. Probably nothing else has been performed by the orchestra this year that has such intense power.

The playing of the orchestra in this work, as indeed thoughout the entire concert, was all that could be desired. Mr. Paur's reading of the symphony lost nothing by his vigor and enthusiasm. The more delicate treatment of the first and last movements was as appreciative and satisfying as the spirited second and third movements.

The name of Strauss upon the programme of the orchestra looks at first sight rather out of place. The Strauss represented at the concert was not Johann, of waltz fame, but a younger scion of the family of Strauss, from whom much has been expected. A few years ago one of his symphonies was performed in this city, and last night he was represented by what, for lack of a better word, may be called a musical "divertisement," entitled "Til Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche," which has been rendered into English as "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." As the name indicates, it is of a jocular and irregular character, being in keeping with the erratic doings of Eulenspiegel, who is a popular hero of a German volksbuch of the fifteenth century.

The work shows decided originality, but the novelty seems to be the result of the composer's imagination run mad. It was given for the first time in this city.

The concluding number was an arrangement, or rather a derangement, of the second Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody by Karl Mueller Berghaus. This composition has become such a hackneyed piano solo that one might suppose it had earned exemption from duty under other auspices, and this, however, does not seem to be the case, as the management last night relied upon it to supply the requisite popular portion of the concert.

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Fraulein Ternina is certainly one of the most intelligent and satisfactory singers who has visited America in the past ten years. Her voice is of heroic dimensions, of unusually beautiful quality and under good control. The most striking characteristic of her singing is her superb style and the great musical temperament dominating her performance.

The concert was the last but one of the season's series by the orchestra, and was in many respects the most interesting that has been given this year.

Sun 2/20

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartette.

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra occurred at the Academy of Music last night, and one of the largest houses of the year was in attendance. Mr. Paur had provided a modern programme, except for the vocal solos, which were antique, and perhaps enjoyably so. The sixth, or "Pathetic," symphony of Tschaikowsky was the heavy number of the bill. People in this quarter are not unfamiliar with it, through the readings of Mr. Seidl and Walter Damrosch, and Boston took to it so keenly that it was repeated at a subsequent concert—the first and only time that a piece was played twice by this orchestra in its home town in a single season. It is a resonant and stirring oftener than a pathetic work, although there is an undertone of melancholy such as we find to be not uncommon in all the art of the East. It is difficult to be sentimental on the bass drum. But through all the clash and riot of brass and percussive instruments there are high ideals; indeed, the whole work is serious and dignified in its intention and the effect is that of seeing a stately and beautiful structure through driving mist and whirling branches. Had Tschaikowsky lived longer his style would have ripened, his work would have gained repose, and he might have become the equal of Rubinstein as a melodist and formalist, while his more pungent individuality would always have imbued his work with more character than that of Rubinstein. The latter regretted his Slavic origin, so far as it affected his music. He followed German models, when he could, and denied utterance to his racial promptings. Tschaikowsky is proudly and frankly Russian. When his symphony expresses pain it is with a savage's defiance of it; not with the assumption of suffering that we find in the work of those arch sentimentalists, the Frenchmen, nor with the real though sickly plainings of a Chopin. The beauty is not tame. It never attains to loveliness; the gayety never reaches joy; the tragedy is often fantastic. The thing which most impresses the hearer in this work is its splendid vitality, its barbarian vigor. Its author has a fair command of the resources of the orchestra and what he does not know, he dares. He is ingenious within certain limits, and he has tact, as well. Had he been lacking in this latter attribute he would not have closed the symphony with a requiem, but would have arranged it in the conventional form. The requiem is a soothing finish to the excited work. The Second Hungarian rhapsody of Lisst was planed in the fiery, heroic strain of the Russian symphony. This and prayers before battle ought to put heart into soldiers. The harp episode in the Berghaus instrumentation was struck out with wondrous liberty and force of tone. Usually the harp suggests a zephyr; this time it was a gale. There was a delightful suite adapted from Godard's "Jocelyn," the first of two that he constructed from airs and other portions of his opera. Though nearly unknown in this larger aspect to American audiences, his work as it was revealed last night warrants close acquaintance. It has symphonic breadth and ring, especially as interpreted by this magnificent orchestra, and it has much that is suave and beautiful, though these aspects are less congenial to Mr. Paur than its vigorous and even dynamic phases. It has moments of surprising power, its rustic incidents are sweet, fresh and unaffected; the harmony is less distinct than in the older writers, but is constant and ingenuous. A bright gavotte, quaint and in minors, and a chime movement gave most pleasure to the audience. Alwin Schroeder, the cellist, played Dvorak's "Wood Rest" and a caprice by Julius Klengel with vivacity, expression, stable tone and power. Through some mischance, perhaps, the orchestra did not accompany his solos, and he had only an upright piano in its place. The effect was not conspicuously admirable, but it gave the more prominence to his solo work. The Dvorak piece is pleasant in sentiment, though not a strong or striking work, and the caprice is full of life. The other soloist was Lillian Blauvelt of Brooklyn, a delightful singer, whatever her selections, and an artist of charming personality, which goes farther than an audience realizes toward the acceptance of her work. Her voice is true and melodious, her method admirable in its simplicity and directness, the art of it never being forced on the attention. Her selections were the "Voi che sapete," from "Figaro," and "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," neither of them commanding, but both pretty and restful. Applause for her was especially vigorous. The next and last concert of the season by the Symphony orchestra will occur on the 27th of March.

Baltimore
Every Saturday
2/22

Boston Symphony Concert.

Baltimore will be specially favored next Wednesday night at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Music Hall, when Frl. Milka Terina, the great Wagnerian dramatic soprano, will make her first appearance here. Ternina is under engagement with the Damrosch Opera Company but has been specially engaged as soloist for the coming concert. For several years she has been the leading vocalist at the Wagnerian festivals at Munich and has recently arrived in America. She has a voice of superb power and sweetness, and is said to excel any of the prima donnas heard in this country.

Her numbers on the program for the Wednesday concert are an aria from "Oberon," and also Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." The other numbers for orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur include Tschaikowsky Symphony No 6, "Pathetic," Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; and the famous Strauss "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche." The concert, in consequence of the engagement of Frl. Ternina, will be the most notable of the series.

THE MORNING HERALD
BALTIMORE
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Freulein Ternina and the Boston Orchestra at the Music Hall—Success of the Cantatrice.

A varied programme truly was the one presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. In the instrumental numbers could be seen such a striking difference of temperament, idea and method as to make even the light and familiar selections decidedly interesting, to say nothing of the unique composition of Richard Strauss, as eccentric in construction as it is complicated in title.

But the star feature of the evening was the singing of Freulein Milka Ternina, the soprano, of whom so much has been said and written since her advent in this country. She came from Munich to join the Damrosch Company, and has since fully sustained the splendid reputation attained in the Old Country. She was heard for the first time by Baltimoreans in the Music Hall last night, and those who were present will not soon forget the peerless vocalization of the famous cantatrice.

First she sang the recitative and aria "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's opera "Oberon," a well-known number, yet happily selected, for it afforded Ternina ample opportunity to display the remarkable range of her voice. From the extreme high register to broad tones in alt the enunciation was true, and each note as full of music as the sweetest chimes; and it was all done without the least apparent effort. Even in the fullest of orchestral accompaniment the voice sung out above all in its dramatic intensity, as pure as crystal. There was everything in the style and effort to admire and dwell upon.

Equally as well done was the second vocal number, "Agatha's Prayer," and aria from "Der Freischutz," its deep pathos and melodious rhythm in such a contrast to the dramatic fire of the first solo. Ternina was given an ovation after the sweet, sympathetic rendition of this selection.

Tschalkowsky's symphony "Pathetic," F in B minor, so named probably for the sombre adajio which opens it, and the funeral finale movement. The work was produced shortly before the composer's death, and the apparent inconsistency of the various movements seems to tell of the writer's vain effort to throw off the gruesome forebodings, which resulted ultimately in the adajio lamentoso, the last movement supposed to have been meant for his own requiem.

The symphony is not unfamiliar to the local concert-goers. It seems like a rehearsal of a morbid existence, dashed here and there with a firm determination to infuse a rainbow halo into a clouded life, as can be inferred from the three snappy intermediate movements. It is characteristically Tschaikowsky; replete with sharp contrasts, bold centrapuntal construction and departures in instrumentation.

"Tiel Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche" was the Strauss number, which is now being given its fourth performance in America. Probably as many meanings could be advanced for its themes as have been hazarded in vain endeavors to furnish an English translation for the title. It is descriptive of the merry pranks of Tyel Owlglass, a mythical personage in German folklore, and the music, in keeping with the subject, is of such light, jovial nature as to culminate almost in an actual farce.

The concluding number was Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, scored for orchestra by Karl Mueller-Berghaus. The work was handled in excellent manner, but is hardly an improvement over the old Liszt-Doppler arrangement.

Director Paur was heartily encored for the intelligent reading given the symphony, as well as the masterly manner in which the vocal accompaniments were conducted.

Baltimore American
AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD AND THE OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

"WE BUILD."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Performance of the Boston Orchestra—A Delightful Singer.

The audience assembled to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening heard by far the finest concert which has taken place this season—or, indeed, in several seasons—in Baltimore. Everything contributed to this end. The superb orchestra was in its best form. Mr. Paur was in his happiest mood, the program was highly interesting and well arranged, and the soloist proved to be one of the greatest artists heard here in a long time. Altogether, the concert was delightful, and those who were present were to be congratulated.

The Tchaikowsky symphony, which opened the program, was very welcome. It is a magnificent work, and repeated hearings but serve to deepen the impression of solemnity and grandeur it produces. This symphony was the last that Tchaikowsky wrote. It is his swan song. He has rightly named it pathetic, and its effect throughout is one of somber, gloomy melancholy. The symphony is a masterpiece, and it is a source of deep regret that it is the last work the world will ever receive from its composer, the greatest of his nationality, one of the greatest of his time.

It abounds in rhythmical and technical difficulties, especially in the second and third movements; but the Boston Orchestra, as usual, played it with that perfection and finish which are characteristic of all their work. Mr. Paur conducted the work con amore, and it received an electrifying treatment at his hands. This symphony was first produced in Baltimore at a Peabody symphony concert on the 23d of February, 1895; so, last evening's performance came near being an anniversary.

The second number introduced the soloist Frl. Milka Ternina, a well-known and highly-appreciated singer in her own country, Germany, and at present one of the prime donne of the Damrosch German Opera Company.

Rarely does nature endow one person with all the attributes of an artist as she has Fraulein Ternina. A noble voice, faultlessly placed and delivered; perfect diction and enunciation, great dramatic power, splendid artistic intelligence, united to a personality very dignified and attractive—all in all, a superb singer, a fact immediately recognized by her audience, who were enthusiastic in their appreciation and delight. Frl. Ternina selected the two great Weber arias, "Ocean, Ungeheuer," from Oberon, and "Leise, Leise," from the Freischutz, for her solos, and her singing of both was beyond criticism, artistic and finished in every phrase. She more than fulfilled the high expectations aroused by the promise of her appearance.

The novelty, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," belongs, as may be inferred from its title, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," distinctively to the humoreske type, although it is inscribed "in rondo form," but this is applicable only in its widest sense. It is program music based on an old German tale which belongs to the folklore of the nation, and "merry pranks" abound in the orchestral score, which is the most modern and highly colored of all this fin de siecle composer's works. He seems to have brought every possibility of the modern orchestra into play, and the result is a vivid tone-picture, so "lustig" that the hearers must smile perforce at its extravagancies. Richard Strauss, its composer, is in the very van of modern orchestral writers, and this latest composition out-herods Herod. The concert was brought to a close by a brilliant performance of the second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt, orchestrated by Muller-Berghaus. Mr. Paur has rarely conducted with more enthusiasm than he did last night, a fact which naturally contributed to the success of the concert. The next and final concert takes place Wednesday, March 25th.

News 2/19

Boston Symphony Concert.

An echo of the German opera season will be heard next Wednesday evening at Music Hall when Frl. Milka Ternina will appear as the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its regular monthly concert. Frl. Ternina is a soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company. For the past seven years she has been the leading soprano at the opera house in Munich.

This is her first visit to this country. Frl Ternina's selctions at the coming concert will be an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." She was not with the company in its recent Baltimore season, but has been singing with it in New York and otner cities.

Life 2/22

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT AT THE MUSIC HALL.—Again Baltimoreans will have an opportunity to enjoy something in the German opera line, this time it will be Frl. Milka Ternina, who will appear as the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on next Wednesday evening, February 26, at 8.15, at the regular monthly concert of this brilliant musical organization. Frl Ternina is a soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company and for the past seven years has been the leading soprano at the opera house in Munich. This is her first visit to this country, not being with the Damrosch Opera Company when heard here in January, yet she is well and favorably known to a great many by reputation; for this reason alone she will be received, no doubt, with great favor and given a warm reception. Her selections for the coming concert will be an aria from "Oberon" and Agatha's prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." She will be greatly augmented by the enlarged Symphony Orchestra in the rendition of her parts, in a way few can fail to appreciate and which so many of our music-lovers have learned to appreciate in the past. Tickets for sale at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street, and we suggest securing them early.

[99]

The Evening Post.

New York, Friday, Feb. 28, 1896.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Boston Musicians in New York.

To bring orchestral players to New York is like taking coal to Newcastle; at least New Yorkers seem to think so, for they do not patronize the Boston players as generously as the best home talent. Two concerts were given here yesterday, chiefly by Boston musicians, and neither attracted as large an audience as it might. In the afternoon a chamber concert was given at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall by Miss Szumowska and Messrs T. and J. Adamowski, and in the evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra played at the Metropolitan.

Miss Szumowska proved to be no less delightful as an ensemble player than as a soloist. The beauty of her tone and the genuine musicianly spirit of the interpretations have been repeatedly dwelt on in this column and need not be emphasized again. The Messrs. Adamowski also are well known here, and they performed their parts in the Grieg sonata and Brahms trio chosen most satisfactorily. At the second recital, on March 9, Miss Szumowska will play the piano part of a Beethoven violin sonata and a Schumann trio, besides some solos.

The present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has acquired an astounding virtuosity in the art of making uninteresting programmes. Of his three principal numbers last evening—Zöllner's "Midnight at Sedan," Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms's fourth symphony—any one would have been sufficient to leaven an ordinary entertainment with deadly dulness; to combine them in one programme was a procedure that sufficiently accounted for the small audience.

Zoellner's piece, which is designated an "orchestral fantasia," is the interlude between the first two acts of his opera "Bei Sedan." It is a typical piece of *Kapellmeister-musik* of the Wagnerian persuasion such as any conductor might write. Richard Strauss's piece is intended to be a musical counterpart of the practical jokes of Till Eulenspiegel, known to every German. It illustrates the composer's marvellous knowledge of all the secrets of orchestration, but is, like all his music, weak in invention. The jocular use of rattles and unusual combinations would have doubtless pleased Offenbach. Of Brahms's fourth symphony, which was played after Miss Blauvelt had charmingly sung arias by Haydn and Mozart, it may be said that it was, like the other pieces, very well played under Mr. Paur's direction. But we confess once more that, with the exception of the opening bars of the andante, it seems to us to be deadly dull music—not deep or mystic, but simply shallow, commonplace, and void of ideas. The last movement is marked Chaconne. If any one admires it, we can only say, "Chaconne á son gout."

The Brooklyn Citizen.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A highly appreciative audience welcomed the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening. There were not many vacant seats in the house when Emil Paur, the popular conductor, stepped to the front of the platform. The concert was given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute and the Philharmonic Society.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony was the opening selection. From the first note the audience was under the spell of the maestro and his company of artists. The close of the first part gave opportunity for the mild expression of approval which the soft strains of the adagio in B minor had excited. The second part was received with a little more enthusiasm, while the third brought forth still stronger manifestations of commendation. It was not until the end of the piece, however, that the unreserved satisfaction of the audience was evinced by the hearty applause, which was followed by the low murmur of happy voices.

An air of expectancy pervaded the auditorium when Mme. Lillian Blauvelt appeared. She sang Mozart's aria from the "Marriage of Figaro." Her efforts were received with that appreciation they always command among lovers of vocal music. After the orchestra had played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Mr. Alwin Schroeder rendered a couple of violoncello solo selections, which captivated his audience.

Mme. Blauvelt also sang "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation." In response to prolonged applause, she was forced to show herself four times, but she could not be induced to sing another note. The rule of "no encores" was strictly followed.

The concluding selection was Godard's orchestral suite, from "Jocelyn." The programme was one of the best the orchestra ever presented to a Brooklyn audience, and Mr. Paur has a warmer place than ever in the hearts of music lovers in this city.

The Independent, N. Y. C.

FEB 27 1896

Music.

BY H. EUGENE STEVENSON.

The present week is a concert week. Last week was—hardly anything. The halls of Carnegie and the Metropolitan seemed, as it were, the places for the bats and the owls (not 'owls) and dustcloths and solemn silence. The current seven days tells a cheerfuller tale with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the local Symphony Society, Mr. Rafael Joseffy's reappearance, and smaller musical entertainments quite in wonted plentifulness. Next week comes Mr. Damrosch's Wagnerian season at the Academy of Music, with Klafsky, with Ternina, with Gadsky, Gruening, with Alvary, with Popovici, with Fischer, in imposing procession.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert this evening will be its fourth one of this tenth year of New York visiting, and the Metropolitan will doubtless hold an interested audience in view of two novelties on the program, one might say three. For the Symphony, Brahms's Fourth, is with us his rarest heard one, and counts for much with lovers of Brahms's noble and austere muse. Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"—a descriptive and humorous score, ostensibly in rondo form, will come as one new matter. The other will be Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia, also descriptive," and such to the degree of emotional-program music "Midnight at Sedan," being an intermezzo from Mr. Zoellner's military opera lately produced (in "recital") here. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the one soloist, playing Viotti's Violin Concerto, No. 22, in A minor; and Mme. Lillian Blauvelt will be another, and will sing Haydn's "With Verdure Clad."

We have come to February's ultimate week; and therewith, on Friday afternoon (to-morrow), and on Saturday evening, our one local Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Damrosch thrown in, returns unto its duty to Manhattan and Carnegie Hall. The program will offer the "Heroic" Symphony of Beethoven; Liszt's two-part symphonic poem, "The Lament and Triumph of Tasso," and Brahms's beautiful, most beautiful B flat Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. Even were this bill of music less inviting, a large and tolerably excited audience could be predicted, for Mr. Joseffy's sake. No favorite of a day or a year has taken his place with us. He is still not outrivaled, however splendidly rivaled. His withdrawal from public work seems to have been only a *recutement pour mieux sauter*—with every essential element of a consummate virtuoso's art and power. In this expectation no one is likely to be disappointed.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Marie Brema are announced for a joint song-recital next week (not this one, as earlier advertised), in the Mendelssohn Glee Club's Hall; similar to the delightful concerts that they arranged last spring. The program presents a scheme of lyrics in wide chronological range; old British popular airs, leading to songs by Purcell, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Henschel, Moszkofski and several contemporary song-composers. Somebody lately mentioned Miss Brema as considerably a pupil of Mr. Greene's instruction. In *lieder* singing a resemblance in vocal technic is obvious, tho the likeness does not extend into the operatic work of the rich-voiced contralto that Mr. Damrosch imported to us.

There will be much chamber-music, too, before the week ends. Miss Jessie Shay, one of the most interesting of our younger and native pianists, gives a recital on Monday night, the New York Trio Club playing at Chamber Music Hall (Carnegie) on Tuesday night. The chief matters will be Schubert's Trio, Opus 100, and the Opus 70, No. 1 of Beethoven.——This evening Mr. Louis Schmidt, the violinist, will give a concert in the same hall, assisted by Miss Lottie Mills, pianist, and Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo-soprano. The instrumental *pièce de resistance* will be Edward Grieg's G minor Sonata; Miss Mills will play several pianoforte pieces of good and approved character, and Miss Hall will sing some of Schumann's songs and Bizet's exquisite "Farewell of the Arab Hostess"—that exquisite pendant to his "Djamileh."—— Yet another concert, sans orchestra, will be a recital by Mrs. Harcourt Bull, at the Waldorf Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon. The lady's program will be of variety, dignity and length, as follows: Sonata Tragica, McDowell; A Song without Words, Mendelssohn; Waltz from "Narcissus," Nevin; Barcarolle in A minor, Rubinstein; Sketch, Schluky; two Schumann numbers; three Chopin numbers; Liszt's Eighth Rhapsody.

Apropos of Mr. Damrosch's initial week, it is noticeable that its burden is not made oppressively Wagnerian at all. "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," "The Scarlet Letter" (Damrosch) and "Siegfried" constitute the bill. Of the casts, it may be said that on Monday's "Fidelio," Mrs. Klafsky makes her début; on Wednesday, Mrs. Ternina will be heard for the first time here as *Elsa;* with Mrs. Klafsky as *Ortrud* and Mr. Gruening as *Lohengrin*, and Mr. Popovici as *Telramund*. Mr. Damrosch's own work will enlist in the chief rôles *Hester Prynne* and *Arthur Dimmesdale*, Mrs. Gadski and Mr. Barron Berthaldi; and Saturday afternoon brings Mr. Alvary as *Siegfried*, Miss Ternina as *Brünnhilde*, Paul Lange as *Mime* and Mr. Stehmann as *The Wanderer*.

Inasmuch as the Bayreuth Festival of 1896 will concern itself only with the Nibelungen Cyclus, those German stages are somewhat put to it for material for their own fairly concurrent and model Wagnerian performances. In such connection, the indefatigable Munich Royal Opera has announced the immediate preparation of a "model performance" of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"—one to be as truly such as the famous "Wedding of Figaro," that is given in the repertory of Herr Possart's establishment. The work is to be produced in exact accordance with the original score used by the master himself (in the possession of Madame Viardoto Garcia), and divided into two acts as indicated by the librettist. In order to effect the scenic changes more rapidly, a revolving stage is being constructed, by means of which the changes will be carried out in a few seconds, before the eyes of the audience.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 29, 1896.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Academy was a delightful affair. To be sure the programme verged a bit on the "popular," and it was over at the end of two hours, but both these characteristics are virtues in the eyes of a Brooklyn Institute audience, and in fact of any right-minded individual not wedded to tradition. The most important number of the evening was, necessarily, the sixth Tschaikowsky symphony, that called the Pathetique. While not so strange, so fiery, so maddening a work as the Fifth, it yet is a charteristic expression of the Russian temperament, and exceedingly beautiful in its two adagios The one which closes the symphony, the Adagio Lamentoso, can hold its own with the funeral music of Chopin and Beethoven in its massive harmonies, its strong dramatic feeling, and its thrilling sadness. Mr. Paur has seldom conducted more satisfactorily than in this number, the interpretation of the serious passages displaying quite as fine an insight as the charming third movement, when the contrasting themes afford opportunity for much vivacious expression. It was bravely done, by leader as well as men, from the warm, strong coloring at the opening to the last pianissimo at the close. There were crescendo effects so well worked up that it is difficult to see how they could be improved upon, and it was not easy to explain, during the progress of this symphony, why we do not care much for Mr. Paur.

But it all came back to us when he and his noble band essayed the second Hungarian rhapsody. Before us was the finest orchestra in America, and yet Seidl, with an inferior instrument in every way, at Brighton Beach last summer, could make that rhapsody speak as Mr. Paur can never hope to. It was the performance of a doctrinaire, of a pedagogue, of a Sunday school teacher; it was correct enough, and well-ordered, but every bit of the madness, the diabolism, was squeezed out of it; the opening dragged, the tempo was too slow throughout, in fact and in those magnificently crazy passages, neither strings, wood wind nor brasses seemed to lose their heads, as by every right they ought to! The band recovered itself, however, in the suite from Godard's opera, "Jocelyn," which brought out some of Mr. Paur's better qualities as an interpreter, and closed the concert most gloriously amidst the delicious harmonies of the Carillon. What a superb orchestra is is to be sure, be the conductor who he may, and what a shame that such a little second-rate city as Boston owns it, while imperial New York is forced to submit practically to "scratch" companies, preoccupied and insufficiently rehearsed!

The soloists were Lillian Blauvelt and Alwin Schroeder. Mme. Blauvelt opened in "Voi, che sapete," from the "Marriage of Figaro," which she sang with her usual daintiness and charm, but it was in Haydn's great aria, "With Verdure Clad," that she made the most profound impression. It is an old favorite with this singer, and one in which her fresh, sweet, tender voice appears to decided advantage. Every note rang out clear and true; only one whose method is correct can so attack and sustain; while the cantabile passages were warm, fluent and lovely. It seems a pity that such a pretty woman and true artist should confine herself to the concert room, when opera is so often lumbered up with creatures, who sing false and weigh two hundred. What a charming Elsa or Mignon Mme. Blauvelt would make, and how we hope she may tend toward such a realization!

The violoncello playing of Mr. Schroeder, particularly in connection with the incomparable Kneisel Quartet, is well known. Last evening he spoke to the public through Dvorak's dreamy "Waldesruhe" and Klengel's "Capriccio." Both performances were excellent in a way, but not noticeable for special magnetism or meaning. His tone is smooth, ripe and true, but it is a trifle monotonous. He is a sincere and careful artist, but he appears to best advantage in ensemble playing.

A large audience listened attentively to the music, and applauded vigorously. The next concert will take place March 27.

Jewish Comment 2/22

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TERNINA.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

4th Concert, Wednesday Evening, February 26, at 8.

PROGRAMME:

Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"; Weber, aria, "Oberon"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; Weber, aria, "Freischutz"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche."

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street.

[100]

The Evening Post.
New York, Friday, Feb. 28, 1896.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

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Miss Szumowska proved to be no less delightful as an ensemble player than as a soloist. The beauty of her tone and the genuine musicianly spirit of the interpretations have been repeatedly dwelt on in this column and need not be emphasized again. The Messrs. Adamowski also are well known here, and they performed their parts in the Grieg sonata and Brahms trio chosen most satisfactorily. At the second recital, on March 9, Miss Szumowska will play the piano part of a Beethoven violin sonata and a Schumann trio, besides some solos.

The present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has acquired an astounding virtuosity in the art of making uninteresting programmes. Of his three principal numbers last evening—Zöllner's "Midnight at Sedan," Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms's fourth symphony—any one would have been sufficient to leaven an ordinary entertainment with deadly dulness; to combine them in one programme was a procedure that sufficiently accounted for the small audience.

Zoellner's piece, which is designated an "orchestral fantasia," is the interlude between the first two acts of his opera "Bei Sedan." It is a typical piece of *Kapellmeister-musik* of the Wagnerian persuasion such as any conductor might write. Richard Strauss's piece is intended to be a musical counterpart of the practical jokes of Till Eulenspiegel, known to every German. It illustrates the composer's marvellous knowledge of all the secrets of orchestration, but is, like all his music, weak in invention. The jocular use of rattles and unusual combinations would have doubtless pleased Offenbach. Of Brahms's fourth symphony, which was played after Miss Blauvelt had charmingly sung arias by Haydn and Mozart, it may be said that it was, like the other pieces, very well played under Mr. Paur's direction. But we confess once more that, with the exception of the opening bars of the andante, it seems to us to be deadly dull music—not deep or mystic, but simply shallow, commonplace, and void of ideas. The last movement is marked Chaconne. If any one admires it, we can only say, "Chaconne à son gout."

The Brooklyn Citizen.
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A highly appreciative audience welcomed the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening. There were not many vacant seats in the house when Emil Paur, the popular conductor, stepped to the front of the platform. The concert was given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute and the Philharmonic Society.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony was the opening selection. From the first note the audience was under the spell of the maestro and his company of artists. The close of the first part gave opportunity for the mild expression of approval which the soft strains of the adagio in B minor had excited. The second part was received with a little more enthusiasm, while the third brought forth still stronger manifestations of commendation. It was not until the end of the piece, however, that the unreserved satisfaction of the audience was evinced by the hearty applause, which was followed by the low murmur of happy voices.

An air of expectancy pervaded the auditorium when Mme. Lilian Blauvelt appeared. She sang Mozart's aria from the "Marriage of Figaro." Her efforts were received with that appreciation they always command among lovers of vocal music. After the orchestra had played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Mr. Alwin Schroeder rendered a couple of violoncello solo selections, which captivated his audience.

Mme. Blauvelt also sang "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation." In response to prolonged applause, she was forced to show herself four times, but she could not be induced to sing another note. The rule of "no encores" was strictly followed.

The concluding selection was Godard's orchestral suite, from "Jocelyn."

The programme was one of the best the orchestra ever presented to a Brooklyn audience, and Mr. Paur has a warmer place than ever in the hearts of music lovers in this city.

The Independent, N. Y. C.
FEB 27 189[illegible]

Music.

BY R. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE present week is a concert week. Last week was hardly anything. The halls of Carnegie and the Metropolitan seemed, as it were, the places for the bats and the owls (not 'owls) and dustcloths and solemn silence. The current seven days tells a cheerfuller tale with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the local Symphony Society, Mr. Rafael Joseffy's reappearance, and smaller musical entertainments quite in wonted plentifulness. Next week comes Mr. Damrosch's Wagnerian season at the Academy of Music, with Klafsky, with Ternina, with Gadsky, Gruening, with Alvary, with Popovici, with Fischer, in imposing procession.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert this evening will be its fourth one of this tenth year of New York visiting, and the Metropolitan will doubtless hold an interested audience in view of two novelties on the program, one might say three. For the Symphony, Brahms's Fourth, is with us his rarest heard one, and counts for much with lovers of Brahms's noble and austere muse. Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"—a descriptive and humorous score, ostensibly in rondo form, will come as one new matter. The other will be Heinrich Zoellner's orchestral fantasia, also descriptive, and such to the degree of emotional-program music "Midnight at Sedan," being an intermezzo from Mr. Zoellner's military opera lately produced (in "recital") here. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the one soloist, playing Viotti's Violin Concerto, No. 22, in A minor; and Mme. Lillian Blauvelt will be another, and will sing Haydn's "With Verdure Clad."

We have come to February's ultimate week; and therewith, on Friday afternoon (to-morrow), and on Saturday evening, our one local Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Damrosch thrown in, returns unto its duty to Manhattan and Carnegie Hall. The program will offer the "Heroic" Symphony of Beethoven; Liszt's two-part symphonic poem, "The Lament and Triumph of Tasso," and Brahms's beautiful, most beautiful B flat Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. Even were this bill of music less inviting, a large and tolerably excited audience could be predicted, for Mr. Joseffy's sake. No favorite of a day or a year has taken his place with us. He is still not outrivaled, however splendidly rivaled. His withdrawal from public work seems to have been only a *reculement pour mieux sauter*—with every essential element of a consummate virtuoso's art and power. In this expectation no one is likely to be disappointed.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Marie Brema are announced for a joint song-recital next week (not this one, as earlier advertised), in the Mendelssohn Glee Club's Hall; similar to the delightful concerts that they arranged last spring. The program presents a scheme of lyrics in wide chronological range; old British popular airs, leading to songs by Purcell, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Henschel, Mozkofski and several contemporary song-composers. Somebody lately mentioned Miss Brema as considerably a pupil of Mr. Greene's instruction. In *lieder* singing a resemblance in vocal technic is obvious, tho the likeness does not extend into the operatic work of the rich-voiced contralto that Mr. Damrosch imported to us.

There will be much chamber-music, too, before the week ends. Miss Jessie Shay, one of the most interesting of our younger and native pianists, gives a recital on Monday night, the New York Trio Club playing at Chamber Music Hall (Carnegie) on Tuesday night. The chief matters will be Schubert's Trio, Opus 100, and the Opus 70, No. 1 of Beethoven.——This evening Mr. Louis Schmidt, the violinist, will give a concert in the same hall, assisted by Miss Lottie Mills, pianist, and Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo-soprano. The instrumental *pièce de resistance* will be Edward Grieg's G minor Sonata; Miss Mills will play several pianoforte pieces of good and approved character, and Miss Hall will sing some of Schumann's songs and Bizet's exquisite "Farewell of the Arab Hostess"—that exquisite pendant to his "Djamileh."—— Yet another concert, sans orchestra, will be a recital by Mrs. Harcourt Bull, at the Waldorf Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon. The lady's program will be of variety, dignity and length, as follows: Sonata Tragica, McDowell; a Song without Words, Mendelssohn; Waltz from "Narcissus," Nevin; Barcarolle in A minor, Rubinstein; Sketch, Schluky; two Schumann numbers; three Chopin numbers; Liszt's Eighth Rhapsody.

Apropos of Mr. Damrosch's initial week, it is noticeable that its burden is not made oppressively Wagnerian at all. "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," "The Scarlet Letter" (Damrosch) and "Siegfried" constitute the bill. Of the casts, it may be said that on Monday's "Fidelio," Mrs. Klafsky makes her début; on Wednesday, Mrs. Ternina will be heard for the first time here as *Elsa;* with Mrs. Klafsky as *Ortrud* and Mr. Gruening as *Lohengrin*, and Mr. Popovici as *Telramund*. Mr. Damrosch's own work will enlist in the chief rôles *Hester Prynne* and *Arthur Dimmesdale*, Mrs. Gadski and Mr. Barron Berthaldi; and Saturday afternoon brings Mr. Alvary as *Siegfried*, Miss Ternina as *Brünnhilde*, Paul Lange as *Mime* and Mr. Stehmann as *The Wanderer*.

Inasmuch as the Bayreuth Festival of 1896 will concern itself only with the Nibelungen Cyclus, those German stages are somewhat put to it for material for their own fairly concurrent and model Wagnerian performances. In such connection, the indefatigable Munich Royal Opera has announced the immediate preparation of a "model performance" of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"—one to be as truly such as the famous "Wedding of Figaro," that is given in the repertory of Herr Possart's establishment. The work is to be produced in exact accordance with the original score used by the master himself (in the possession of Madame Viardoto Garcia), and divided into two acts as indicated by the librettist. In order to effect the scenic changes more rapidly, a revolving stage is being constructed, by means of which the changes will be carried out in a few seconds, before the eyes of the audience.

THE STANDARD UNION.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 29, 1896.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Academy was a delightful affair. To be sure the programme verged a bit on the "popular," and it was over at the end of two hours, but both these characteristics are virtues in the eyes of a Brooklyn Institute audience, and in fact of any right-minded individual not wedded to tradition. The most important number of the evening was, necessarily, the sixth Tschaikowsky symphony, that called the Pathetique. While not so strange, so fiery, so maddening a work as the Fifth, it yet is a charteristic expression of the Russian temperament, and exceedingly beautiful in its two adagios The one which closes the symphony, the Adagio Lamentoso, can hold its own with the funeral music of Chopin and Beethoven in its massive harmonies, its strong dramatic feeling, and its thrilling sadness. Mr. Paur has seldom conducted more satisfactorily than in this number, the interpretation of the serious passages displaying quite as fine an insight as the charming third movement, when the contrasting themes afford opportunity for much vivacious expression. It was bravely done, by leader as well as men, from the warm, strong coloring at the opening to the last pianissimo at the close. There were crescendo effects so well worked up that it is difficult to see how they could be improved upon, and it was not easy to explain, during the progress of this symphony, why we do not care much for Mr. Paur.

But it all came back to us when he and his noble band essayed the second Hungarian rhapsody. Before us was the finest orchestra in America, and yet Seidl, with an inferior instrument in every way, at Brighton Beach last summer, could make that rhapsody speak as Mr. Paur can never hope to. It was the performance of a doctrinaire, of a pedagogue, of a Sunday school teacher; it was correct enough, and well-ordered, but every bit of the madness, the diabolism, was squeezed out of it; the opening dragged, the tempo was too slow throughout, in fact and in those magnificently crazy passages, neither strings, wood wind nor brasses seemed to lose their heads, as by every right they ought to! The band recovered itself, however, in the suite from Godard's opera, "Jocelyn," which brought out some of Mr. Paur's better qualities as an interpreter, and closed the concert most gloriously amidst the delicious harmonies of the Carillon. What a superb orchestra is is to be sure, be the conductor who he may, and what a shame that such a little second-rate city as Boston owns it, while imperial New York is forced to submit practically to "scratch" companies, preoccupied and insufficiently rehearsed!

The soloists were Lillian Blauvelt and Alwin Schroeder. Mme. Blauvelt opened in "Voi, che sapete," from the "Marriage of Figaro," which she sang with her usual daintiness and charm, but it was in Haydn's great aria, "With Verdure Clad," that she made the most profound impression. It is an old favorite with this singer, and one in which her fresh, sweet, tender voice appears to decided advantage. Every note rang out clear and true; only one whose method is correct can so attack and sustain; while the cantabile passages were warm, fluent and lovely. It seems a pity that such a pretty woman and true artist should confine herself to the concert room, when opera is so often lumbered up with creatures, who sing false and weigh two hundred. What a charming Elsa or Mignon Mme. Blauvelt would make, and how we hope she may tend toward such a realization!

The violoncello playing of Mr. Schroeder, particularly in connection with the incomparable Kneisel Quartet, is well known. Last evening he spoke to the public through Dvorak's dreamy "Waldesruhe" and Klengel's "Capriccio." Both performances were excellent in a way, but not noticeable for special magnetism or meaning. His tone is smooth, ripe and true, but it is a trifle monotonous. He is a sincere and careful artist, but he appears to best advantage in ensemble playing.

A large audience listened attentively to the music, and applauded vigorously. The next concert will take place March 27.

Jewish Comment 2/22

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

On next Wednesday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its regular monthly concert at the Music Hall. Frl. Ternina, soprano of the Damrosch Opera Company, will appear as the soloist. The following programme will be rendered: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic;" Weber, aria, "Oberon;" Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; Weber, aria, "Freischutz;" Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche."

MUSIC HALL.
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
TERNINA.
MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
rth Concert, Wednesday Evening, February 26, at 8.
PROGRAMME:
schaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"; Weber, aria, "Oberon"; Liszt, ngarian Rhapsody No. 2; Weber, aria, ieshutz"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegels tige Streiche."
ickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 N. rles street.

[100]

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.
Broadway and Fulton St., New York.
FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Boston Symphony Concert Last Night—Two Recitals.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Metropolitan Opera House was decidedly weaker than any of the season thus far, the Brahms Symphony No. 4 in E minor, opus 98, saving it from being mediocre. The opening number, the excerpt from Herr Zoellner's "Bei Sedan," was, on the whole, interesting, though at times a little strained. The composer shows his sincerity, and the sympathetic quality of his work is noticeable. One of the two disappointments of the evening was the omission of the Viotti violin concerto, in which Mr. Kneisel was to have taken the solo part. It was announced that owing to a severe cold, from which he was just recovering, Mr. Kneisel would be unable to play. The Viotti work has not been heard here, and it doubtless would have been a novelty worth obtaining. In its place Mme. Lillian Blauvelt sang "Voi Che Sapete," from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," her programme number being "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Seasons." She was in good voice, but there is a sameness about her performances that rather palls after many hearings.

The other novelty of the evening was Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," a sort of musical joke, Till Eulenspiegel being the hero of an old German tale and a player of tricks on the rest of humanity in general. The Strauss work, though confessedly an attempt at humor, is, on the whole, a preposterous achievement. There are some exquisite bits in it, but the orchestration is bizarre to the last degree, and the suddenness of the jolts from one mood to another becomes wearisome after a few minutes. The piece is much too long for a joke, and can be taken only with a solemn seriousness after it has begun to tire the attention. The addition and use of a watchman's rattle to the instruments of the orchestra, which the score calls for, is almost insulting.

After the lighter weight contributions of the first part of the concert, the great Brahms symphony came as a sort of panacea. Its noble thoughts and dignified yet quick and powerful ideas were wonderfully satisfying. The hoarse and raucous combination of the Strauss number were forgotten in the quiet potentiality and rich meaning of the Symphony. It was played with appreciation and feeling by Mr. Paur and his men, and the music seemed to take its proper rank in the minds of hearers. The second movement, andante moderato, in 6-8 time, was particularly fine, the clarionets, which Brahms is very fond of, doing notably good work.

THE MUSIC CENTRE.

THE Boston *Budget* recently published an editorial on "Music Centres," and said, curiously enough, that Paris was first as a music centre today. This sounds very funny. London, with its forty concerts a day during the season, is far in advance of Paris, and both cities rank below Berlin and New York as centres where the great works of modern composers may be heard. Paris has yet to hear Wagner—the Wagner of the Ring, Tristan und Isolde and Die Meistersinger. London still rebels against novelties and worships Händel and Mendelssohn. Paris is chauvinistic and London is hide bound. Not only has New York its great opera house, wherein the greatest singers alive may be heard—singers that Paris seldom enjoys, but we have, thanks to Mr. Damrosch, our Wagner season, and, thanks to Boston, one of the greatest orchestras in the world. To Boston we must concede superiority in this respect, and Paris or London has no such an orchestra. The Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic bands are the only organizations worthy of mention in the same breath with Boston's band. No, most decidedly Paris is not the real music centre. New York is far more alive musically.

CONCERT ROOM MUSIC.

Matinee Performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth matinee given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last Saturday was one of the most brilliant and enjoyable concerts of the season. An admirable programme had been arranged, and such performances were given of the great "Leonora" and "Oberon" overtures as will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to hear them. Other notable features were the beautiful renderings of Liszt's "Symphonic Poem" of "Tasso" and the "Mignon" overture, played in honor of its lately-deceased composer. The soloists were Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who gave a most impressive demonstration of virtuosity as a 'cellist by his playing of the Klengel capriccio, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, a soprano with a good method, but a somewhat strident voice.

The last evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on March 23, and the last matinee on Saturday, March 28. Upon this occasion the Boston Symphony Orchestra will for the first time in this city actually play a Strauss waltz, probably the latest, "The Roses of the South."

North Am

Daily Evening News.
THURSDAY, MARCH 5.

THE SYMPHONY.

One of the Best Ever Heard in Fall River.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played, Wednesday evening, at the Academy, to the smallest audience that has ever attended one of its concerts in this city. The present season is the 15th of this great orchestra and the performance was its 1,376th. It was the 11th performance in Fall River.

Several years ago the orchestra came here twice in one season, and the average receipts for one of the concerts were no higher than the receipts from last night's concert. Prices of seats were lower than for last night, however, and the audiences were larger. The storm interfered to a considerable extent with the attendance, but the advance sale of seats was the lowest on record for a Symphony concert here. The attendance at this biggest musical event of the season here was added evidence that this is an off year for patronage of high class music in this city. Hardly a high class concert this year has paid expenses.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is said by musicians who can speak with authority to be the finest permanent orchestra in the world. It improves with every season. Mr. Emil Paur, the present conductor, has it in perfect control, and he plays these 70 musicians as confidently as he would the piano, and the result in time, precision and harmony is equally as perfect as the performance of a great artist on the piano is. Seventy-two or 73 musicians took part in the concert, a larger number than has usually come here.

As though to emphasize the lack of deserved patronage, the concert was probable the most enjoyable ever given here. The men seemed to be just in the best mood for playing, and the selections were played with a rare spirit and swing. Mr. Paur was in his usual good humor, and seemed to enjoy the concert as fully as his men and the audience did. Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, the soloist, was at her best. Everything in the concert contributed to the pleasure of the audience, if the size of the audience did not make the evening a specially pleasant one for the management of the concert.

The audience was a very appreciative one. Two of the orchestra selections, the overture and the Hungarian Rhapsody from Liszt have been heard here before, the latter being familiar to all advanced students of the piano. Both are popular favorites, and they are of a character that cannot grow tiresome through repetition. The symphony was never heard here before in public and it thoroughly pleased everybody, something that cannot be said of all symphonies, for they are tiresome at times for nearly everybody except musically inclined people. The conductor was called upon to respond to several rounds of hearty applause after each number. Miss Clarke was called out four times after singing the aria, and Mr. Paur and the players joined in urging an encore, but she had three short songs later and shook her her head in response to the loud calls.

Mr. Emil Paur was warmly welcomed as he came out to take his place on the platform. The concert was begun very close to 8 o'clock, and people who were delayed by the storm and came in late had to wait in the rear till the first number was completed. It was the stirring overture from Wagner's "Rienzi," and it made a most excellent introduction for the fine program.

Miss Clarke sang the aria from Lachner's "Vineta." She has sung here twice before, both times in Music Hall, and people were delighted with the power and richness of her perfectly trained voice. She sang to better advantage, last evening, than at her previous appearances, for her voice is better fitted in volume for a big hall. She is an earnest and faithful worker, and is repaid for her work with a voice that constantly improves. This earnestness is always apparent in her singing. The sang the aria with full orchestra accompaniment. The selection is a difficult one, and from its length must be trying. The singer maintained an even strength and force to the close. As a reward she was called out four times.

Miss Clarke sang later three short songs, to piano accompaniment by Mr. Max Zach. Each of these songs was distinctly differently in character from the other two. The "Spirng Song" by Mackenzie was descriptive and rather enlivening. "Thy Beaming Eyes," by MacDowell, was tender. The expression in this song was the finest of the three. Only one stanza was sung, and the audience hardly realized that it was closed before the third song was taken up. This was Clara Kathleen Rogers' "The Answer." The applause was hearty for each song.

The symphony was "Pathetique," No. 6, in B minor, opus 74, by Tschainowsky. There was a peculiar interest attached to this symphony, as it was the last important work completed by this brilliant Russian compositor before he committed suicide. His works have recently come into prominence, and he died without realizing the great success that he had won. The last movement of this symphony, which he named adagio lamentoso, it is quite generally believed he wrote as a lament for his own death, which he had decided upon. It [illegible] commonly called

The other movements there is prominent the dance element that is so characteristic of Russian music. In the third movement, the *allegro molto vivace* the brass is very prominent, and the climax is reached in that movement. The fourth movement is properly called a lament, for through it all there runs a wailing of strings and muted horns, and an involuntary sadness or a sensation of creepiness is produced, according to the temperament of the listener. In the first movement there a beautiful strain is sustained by the strings.

The concluding number was Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2. There is another sort of barbaric dance tune from that of the symphony in it, and it is full of life and contains odd and unexpected passages. The audience enjoyed hearing it once more sufficiently to remain and applaud for a minute or two.

THE
FALL RIVER DAILY HERALD.
MARCH 5, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fair Sized Audience Heard the Celebrated Boston Orchestra in the Academy.

Last evening at the Academy of Music lovers of music, and especially those who like "something in C minor with a melancholy coloring," were given a rich musical treat. In plain prose, the Boston Symphony orchestra held forth, giving their annual concert. This was their eleventh appearance here.

Taking in account the miserable weather of last evening, the house was as large as could be expected, the floor being well filled. Still, the continuance of these concerts in the future is doubtful, from the fact that they deserve better patronage from a capricious public than they have received in the past two years.

The programme was most excellent; in fact, the best one we have had for a number of years. And we had a brand new work on the programme—the Tschaikowski Symphony Pathetique—a composition that surely is the sensation just now in musical circles. It is even whispered that Tschaikowski meant this particular work to be his own requiem, and after its completion deliberately committed suicide.

We know surely that it was his last work, and that he evidently took his own life, but as to the composition being his premeditated last word, must be taken with a grain of salt. I will allow that the music appeals to you more if you allow yourself to think of a person in the presence of death, and most certainly the last movement brings you there, if music can. The crash on the tam-tam, the uncanny wheeze of the stopped horn are simply devilish.

The direct contrast to this movement was the second, the Allegro Con Grazia. The rythm here is most peculiar of five counts to the measure, and yet it is as graceful as could be imagined and as sunny and cheerful as a well ordered kindergarten.

I have read of some critics who see in the third movement the wish of the composer to depict the vanities and frivolities of the world—sounding brass and tinkling symbol. Those who were at the concert can testify as to the sounding brass, for there was a lot of it.

Personally, I like the first movement the best. The pungent opening of the allegro is as characteristic as the "Knocking of Fate" in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The memory of the melody played by the violins and cellos will linger for many a day.

For a "house warmer" we had the "Rienzi" overture of Wagner. Here we see the Past Master in dissonances and and discords revelling in the kind of music that he afterwards repudiated, namely—the Italian operatic school. Most musicians recall the whirling violin figure that accompanies the chorus of pilgrimes in "Tannhauser." We have the same idea in this very overture in the accompaniment to Rienzi's prayer. The idea was not Wagner's, but Bellini's. The figure occurs in the last named composer's Opera "Norma." There are some splendid places for the brass choir, notably the battle cry of the populace.

The second portion of the overture, that begins with the chorus taken from the opera, announcing the freedom of the people, is as stirring and bombastic as one could wish.

We have heard Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke here before, but not to such advantage as last evening, for she sang splendidly a rather uninteresting aria by Lachner, and was recalled many times. Rather appropriately she sang a Spring song, the words telling us that half of March was now well over, but still the snow is on the ground, but—Spring is not dead. 'Twas truly kind on such a night.

The Rhapsody of Liszt suggests a funeral on election day. A period of sorrow, followed by great hilarity, followed by campaign music at the polls; in the evening, Roman candles, sky rockets and the lock-up.

The work of the orchestra needs no praise from a provincial paper. The standard set years ago is always maintained, as indeed it was last [illegible]

The Independent, N. Y. C.
MAR 6- 1896

Music.

The other orchestral concert of the week, that by the Boston Symphony band, drew an audience of good size to the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening. The indisposition of Mr. Franz Kneisel made it necessary for Mr. Paur to alter the program announced; and Mme. Lillian Blauvelt sang not only Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," but Mozart's ever-lovely arietta "Voi che sapete," to atone for the Viotti violin-concerto which had to be dismissed. The great interest of the evening centered, however, on the performance of Brahms's profoundly beautiful Fourth Symphony; a score of exhaustless charm and interest and worthy to have its numerical place—worthy of, perhaps, being the last—in that wonderful series by the greatest symphonist since Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Mr. Paur directed it with care (if not with grace), and it was a sincere pleasure and privilege to study again the changeful, melodic loveliness, the varied emotional hintings and the steady course of orchestral ingenuity displayed by the Austro-Hungarian composer. In the present predicament of symphonic thought in Europe the old and rugged Brahms towers up as does Cologne's big church, seen from across the flat river-lands adjacent.

This week brings the (Damrosch) Wagner Opera Season at the Academy of Music, of which this department will speak next Thursday. Also occur the Philharmonic Society's fifth rehearsal and fifth concert, at which Mr. Achille Rivarde is to be the soloist. The full program will be Bach's Third Concerto for Strings; a concert overture "From the Scottish Highlands," by F. Lamond (new); Bruch's Second Concerto for Violin, and Schubert's C Major Ninth (or Tenth) Symphony. The pleasant Szumofska Adamofski recitals, two chamber-music concerts, respectively, of the Dannreuther Quartet and the Kneisel Quartet, also will contribute to the week's musical refreshment.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. have lately issued a reprint of a valuable musical curiosity—two of the famous "descriptive" Sonatas for the harpsichord entitled "Bible Stories," written by Johann Kuhnau, perhaps the most important German composer prior to Bach. They appeared in 1700, and have become *rarissimi*. As early "program-music," music in which the description of incidents and emotions is definitely attempted, they have more than merely an interest as effort. Kuhnau had a true musical sense, and knew how far even "program-music," especially for the harpsichord, could go and should go. Like Beethoven he believed in expression of the emotions accompanying a situation, rather than "realism" in portrayal. His music, as such, is dignified. The present examples are edited by Mr. J. S. Shedlock.

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Fourth Boston Symphony Matinee.

There were but few more auditors in the Academy of Music seats at the fourth popular matinee of the Boston Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon than musicians on the stage itself. Even the strike week matinee brought out a larger audience. Why this should have been it is, indeed, inscrutable to perceive. A great deal of dissatisfaction has been felt among the truly musical patrons of the regular season over Herr Emil Paur's fantastic selections, but no such argument could have been urged against yesterday's programme, which included Beethoven's peerless "Leonore" Overture No. 3, the prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," the overture to Weber's "Oberon" and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso." There has been a peculiar difference of patronage, anyway, between the regular and the popular concerts. When is music worth hearing and when not? It seems to be a matter of mere fashion, after all. The few who did enjoy this latest treat were enthusiastically responsive to the magnificent rendition of the "Leonore" number and to the delightful string work on the developed theme of Haydn's "Variations on the Austrian National Hymn," and to the superb technique displayed once more by Violoncellist Alvin Schroeder in his solos—Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" and Klengel's Capriccio, Op. 8. The Dvorak piece was a gently descriptive forest hymn, but the capriccio served to reveal to the best the firm but flexible bowing and resource and finesse of shifts of Mr. Schroeder's art. His tonal effects were exquisite. An orchestral feature was the playing of the "Mignon" overture to the memory of the dead maestro, M. Ambroise Thomas. Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke was the soprano soloist.

Record

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Orchestra.

For some mysterious reason the admirable popular concert given in the Academy Saturday afternoon, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, failed to draw a large audience. Why this was the case it would be hard to determine; the plain fact remains that the house did not reach the proportions commensurate with the excellence of the programme. And it was a programme, let it be added, which illustrated in a delightful way the artistic resources of the forces led by Mr. Paur. Nothing, for instance, could have been finer than the performance of the lovely "Leonore" overture, No. 3, of Beethoven, or, for the matter of that, of the various other orchestral examples, which included the fanciful "Oberon" overture of Weber, and the beautiful prelude to "Lohengrin." The execution of the whole list was, indeed, full of charm, and would call for more than passing mention were it not that to praise the work of the Boston Symphony musicians has become an act which resembles the traditional painting of the lily.

The soloists were Alwin Schroeder, the accomplished 'cellist (whose technique had remarkable exposition in a Capriccio by Klengel, op. 8), and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, soprano.

Public Ledger

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS,
Broadway and Fulton St., New York.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Boston Symphony Concert Last Night—Two Recitals.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at the Metropolitan Opera House was decidedly weaker than any of the season thus far, the Brahms Symphony No. 4 in E minor, opus 98, saving it from being mediocre. The opening number, the excerpt from Herr Zoellner's "Bei Sedan," was, on the whole, interesting, though at times a little strained. The composer shows his sincerity, and the sympathetic quality of his work is noticeable. One of the two disappointments of the evening was the omission of the Viotti violin concerto, in which Mr. Kneisel was to have taken the solo part. It was announced that owing to a severe cold, from which he was just recovering, Mr. Kneisel would be unable to play. The Viotti work has not been heard here, and it doubtless would have been a novelty worth obtaining. In its place Mme. Lillian Blauvelt sang "Voi Che Sapete," from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," her programme number being "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Seasons." She was in good voice, but there is a sameness about her performances that rather palls after many hearings.

The other novelty of the evening was Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," a sort of musical joke, Till Eulenspiegel being the hero of an old German tale and a player of tricks on the rest of humanity in general. The Strauss work, though confessedly an attempt at humor, is, on the whole, a preposterous achievement. There are some exquisite bits in it, but the orchestration is bizarre to the last degree, and the suddenness of the jolts from one mood to another becomes wearisome after a few minutes. The piece is much too long for a joke, and can be taken only with a solemn seriousness after it has begun to tire the attention. The addition and use of a watchman's rattle to the instruments of the orchestra, which the score calls for, is almost insulting.

After the lighter weight contributions of the first part of the concert, the great Brahms symphony came as a sort of panacea. Its noble thoughts and dignified yet quick and powerful ideas were wonderfully satisfying. The hoarse and raucous combination of the Strauss number were forgotten in the quiet potentiality and rich meaning of the Symphony. It was played with appreciation and feeling by Mr. Paur and his men, and the music seemed to take its proper rank in the minds of hearers. The second movement, andante moderato, in 6-8 time, was particularly fine, the clarionets, which Brahms is very fond of, doing notably good work.

THE MUSIC CENTRE.

THE Boston *Budget* recently published an editorial on "Music Centres," and said, curiously enough, that Paris was first as a music centre today. This sounds very funny. London, with its forty concerts a day during the season, is far in advance of Paris, and both cities rank below Berlin and New York as centres where the great works of modern composers may be heard. Paris has yet to hear Wagner—the Wagner of the Ring, Tristan und Isolde and Die Meistersinger. London still rebels against novelties and worships Händel and Mendelssohn. Paris is chauvinistic and London is hide bound. Not only has New York its great opera house, wherein the greatest singers alive may be heard—singers that Paris seldom enjoys, but we have, thanks to Mr. Damrosch, our Wagner season, and, thanks to Boston, one of the greatest orchestras in the world. To Boston we must concede superiority in this respect, and Paris or London has no such an orchestra. The Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic bands are the only organizations worthy of mention in the same breath with Boston's band. No, most decidedly Paris is not the real music centre. New York is far more alive musically.

CONCERT ROOM MUSIC.

Matinee Performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth matinee given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last Saturday was one of the most brilliant and enjoyable concerts of the season. An admirable programme had been arranged, and such performances were given of the great "Leonora" and "Oberon" overtures as will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to hear them. Other notable features were the beautiful renderings of Liszt's "Symphonic Poem" of "Tasso" and the "Mignon" overture, played in honor of its lately-deceased composer. The soloists were Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who gave a most impressive demonstration of virtuosity as a 'cellist by his playing of the Klengel capriccio, and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, a soprano with a good method, but a somewhat strident voice.

The last evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on March 23, and the last matinee on Saturday, March 28. Upon this occasion the Boston Symphony Orchestra will for the first time in this city actually play a Strauss waltz, probably the latest, "The Roses of the South."

Daily Evening News.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5.

THE SYMPHONY.

One of the Best Ever Heard in Fall River.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played, Wednesday evening, at the Academy, to the smallest audience that has ever attended one of its concerts in this city. The present season is the 15th of this great orchestra and the performance was its 1,376th. It was the 11th performance in Fall River.

Several years ago the orchestra came here twice in one season, and the average receipts for one of the concerts were no higher than the receipts from last night's concert. Prices of seats were lower than for last night, however, and the audiences were larger. The storm interfered to a considerable extent with the attendance, but the advance sale of seats was the lowest on record for a Symphony concert here. The attendance at this biggest musical event of the season here was added evidence that this is an off year for patronage of high class music in this city. Hardly a high class concert this year has paid expenses.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is said by musicians who can speak with authority to be the finest permanent orchestra in the world. It improves with every season. Mr. Emil Paur, the present conductor, has it in perfect control, and he plays these 70 musicians as confidently as he would the piano, and the result in time, precision and harmony is equally as perfect as the performance of a great artist on the piano is. Seventy-two or 73 musicians took part in the concert, a larger number than has usually come here.

As though to emphasize the lack of deserved patronage, the concert was probable the most enjoyable ever given here. The men seemed to be just in the best mood for playing, and the selections were played with a rare spirit and swing. Mr. Paur was in his usual good humor, and seemed to enjoy the concert as fully as his men and the audience did. Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, the soloist, was at her best. Everything in the concert contributed to the pleasure of the audience, if the size of the audience did not make the evening a specially pleasant one for the management of the concert.

The audience was a very appreciative one. Two of the orchestra selections, the overture and the Hungarian Rhapsody from Liszt have been heard here before, the latter being familiar to all advanced students of the piano. Both are popular favorites, and they are of a character that cannot grow tiresome through repetition. The symphony was never heard here before in public and it thoroughly pleased everybody, something that cannot be said of all symphonies, for they are tiresome at times for nearly everybody except musically inclined people. The conductor was called upon to respond to several rounds of hearty applause after each number. Miss Clarke was called out four times after singing the aria, and Mr. Paur and the players joined in urging an encore, but she had three short songs later and shook her her head in response to the loud calls.

Mr. Emil Paur was warmly welcomed as he came out to take his place on the platform. The concert was begun very close to 8 o'clock, and people who were delayed by the storm and came in late had to wait in the rear till the first number was completed. It was the stirring overture from Wagner's "Rienzi," and it made a most excellent introduction for the fine program.

Miss Clarke sang the aria from Lachner's "Vineta." She has sung here twice before, both times in Music Hall, and people were delighted with the power and richness of her perfectly trained voice. She sang to better advantage, last evening, than at her previous appearances, for her voice is better fitted in volume for a big hall. She is an earnest and faithful worker, and is repaid for her work with a voice that constantly improves. This earnestness is always apparent in her singing. The sang the aria with full orchestra accompaniment. The selection is a difficult one, and from its length must be trying. The singer maintained an even strength and force to the close. As a reward she was called out four times.

Miss Clarke sang later three short songs, to piano accompaniment by Mr. Max Zach. Each of these songs was distinctly differently in character from the other two. The "Spirng Song" by Mackenzie was descriptive and rather enlivening. "Thy Beaming Eyes," by MacDowell, was tender. The expression in this song was the finest of the three. Only one stanza was sung, and the audience hardly realized that it was closed before the third song was taken up. This was Clara Kathleen Rogers' "The Answer." The applause was hearty for each song.

The symphony was "Pathetique," No. 6, in B minor, opus 74, by Tschaikowsky. There was a peculiar interest attached to this symphony, as it was the last important work completed by this brilliant Russian compositor before he committed suicide. His works have recently come into prominence, and he died without realizing the great success that he had won. The last movement of this symphony, which he named adagio lamentoso, it is quite generally believed he wrote as a lament for his own death, which he had decided upon. It is commonly called the "Pathetique." There are four movements, every one of them long, but in the first three there is a stirring quality that prevents any possibility of their being tiresome. In these movements there is prominent the dance element that is so characteristic of Russian music. In the third movement, the *allegro molto vivace* the brass is very prominent, and the climax is reached in that movement. The fourth movement is properly called a lament, for through it all there runs a wailing of strings and muted horns, and an involuntary sadness or a sensation of creepiness is produced, according to the temperament of the listener. In the first movement there a beautiful strain is sustained by the strings.

The concluding number was Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2. There is another sort of barbaric dance tune from that of the symphony in it, and it is full of life and contains odd and unexpected passages. The audience enjoyed hearing it once more sufficiently to remain and applaud for a minute or two.

THE
FALL RIVER DAILY HERALD,
MARCH 5, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fair Sized Audience Heard the Celebrated Boston Orchestra in the Academy.

Last evening at the Academy of Music lovers of music, and especially those who like "something in C minor with a melancholy coloring," were given a rich musical treat. In plain prose, the Boston Symphony orchestra held forth, giving their annual concert. This was their eleventh appearance here.

Taking in account the miserable weather of last evening, the house was as large as could be expected, the floor being well filled. Still, the continuance of these concerts in the future is doubtful, from the fact that they deserve better patronage from a capricious public than they have received in the past two years.

The programme was most excellent; in fact, the best one we have had for a number of years. And we had a brand new work on the programme—the Tschaikowski Symphony Pathetique—a composition that surely is the sensation just now in musical circles. It is even whispered that Tschaikowski meant this particular work to be his own requiem, and after its completion deliberately committed suicide.

We know surely that it was his last work, and that he evidently took his own life, but as to the composition being his premeditated last word, must be taken with a grain of salt. I will allow that the music appeals to you more if you allow yourself to think of a person in the presence of death, and most certainly the last movement brings you there, if music can. The crash on the tam-tam, the uncanny wheeze of the stopped horn are simply devilish.

The direct contrast to this movement was the second, the Allegro Con Grazia. The rythm here is most peculiar of five counts to the measure, and yet it is as graceful as could be imagined and as sunny and cheerful as a well ordered kindergarten.

I have read of some critics who see in the third movement the wish of the composer to depict the vanities and frivolities of the world—sounding brass and tinkling symbol. Those who were at the concert can testify as to the sounding brass, for there was a lot of it.

Personally, I like the first movement the best. The pungent opening of the allegro is as characteristic as the "Knocking of Fate" in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The memory of the melody played by the violins and cellos will linger for many a day.

For a "house warmer" we had the "Rienzi" overture of Wagner. Here we see the Past Master in dissonances and and discords revelling in the kind of music that he afterwards repudiated, namely—the Italian operatic school. Most musicians recall the whirling violin figure that accompanies the chorus of pilgrimes in "Tannhauser." We have the same idea in this very overture in the accompaniment to Rienzi's prayer. The idea was not Wagner's, but Bellini's. The figure occurs in the last named composer's Opera "Norma." There are some splendid places for the brass choir, notably the battle cry of the populace.

The second portion of the overture, that begins with the chorus taken from the opera, announcing the freedom of the people, is as stirring and bombastic as one could wish.

We have heard Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke here before, but not to such advantage as last evening, for she sang splendidly a rather uninteresting aria by Lachner, and was recalled many times. Rather appropriately she sang a Spring song, the words telling us that half of March was now well over, but still the snow is on the ground, but —Spring is not dead. 'Twas truly kind on such a night.

The Rhapsody of Liszt suggests a funeral on election day. A period of sorrow, followed by great hilarity, followed by campaign music at the polls; in the evening, Roman candles, sky rockets and the lock-up.

The work of the orchestra needs no praise from a provincial paper. The standard set years ago is always maintained, as indeed it was last evening.

JAMES D. D. COMEY.

The Independent, N. Y. C.

MAR 6- 1896

Music.

The other orchestral concert of the week, that by the Boston Symphony band, drew an audience of good size to the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening. The indisposition of Mr. Franz Kneisel made it necessary for Mr. Paur to alter the program announced; and Mme. Lillian Blauvelt sang not only Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," but Mozart's ever-lovely arietta "Voi che sapete," to atone for the Viotti violin-concerto which had to be dismissed. The great interest of the evening centered, however, on the performance of Brahms's profoundly beautiful Fourth Symphony; a score of exhaustless charm and interest and worthy to have its numerical place—worthy of, perhaps, being the last—in that wonderful series by the greatest symphonist since Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Mr. Paur directed it with care (if not with grace), and it was a sincere pleasure and privilege to study again the changeful, melodic loveliness, the varied emotional hintings and the steady course of orchestral ingenuity displayed by the Austro-Hungarian composer. In the present predicament of symphonic thought in Europe the old and rugged Brahms towers up as does Cologne's big church, seen from across the flat river-lands adjacent.

This week brings the (Damrosch) Wagner Opera Season at the Academy of Music, of which this department will speak next Thursday. Also occur the Philharmonic Society's fifth rehearsal and fifth concert, at which Mr. Achille Rivarde is to be the soloist. The full program will be Bach's Third Concerto for Strings; a concert overture "From the Scottish Highlands," by F. Lamond (new); Bruch's Second Concerto for Violin, and Schubert's C Major Ninth (or Tenth) Symphony. The pleasant Szumofska Adamofski recitals, two chamber-music concerts, respectively, of the Dannreuther Quartet and the Kneisel Quartet, also will contribute to the week's musical refreshment.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. have lately issued a reprint of a valuable musical curiosity—two of the famous "descriptive" Sonatas for the harpsichord entitled "Bible Stories," written by Johann Kuhnau, perhaps the most important German composer prior to Bach. They appeared in 1700, and have become *rarissimi*. As early "program-music," music in which the description of incidents and emotions is definitely attempted, they have more than merely an interest as effort. Kuhnau had a true musical sense, and knew how far even "program-music," especially for the harpsichord, could go and should go. Like Beethoven he believed in expression of the emotions accompanying a situation, rather than "realism" in portrayal. His music, as such, is dignified. The present examples are edited by Mr. J. S. Shedlock.

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Record

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The soloists were Alwin Schroeder, the accomplished 'cellist (whose technique had remarkable exposition in a Capriccio by Klengel, op. 8), and Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, soprano.

Public Ledger

[101]

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

Seventeenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—New Suite of Foote—Mr. Schulz the Soloist.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Suite in D minor, op. 36.....Foote
1. Allegro energico.
2. Espressivo, non troppo Adagio.
3. Tema con Variazioni: Andante espressivo, con moto.
4. Presto assai.
(First time.)
Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, op. 129 .....Schumann
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart

Mr. Foote's suite shows a gain in facility of expression. Whether that which he has to express is worth saying is another matter.

The first movement, in themes and treatment of them, is for the most part in the spirit of Mendelssohn. The fortissimo passages are inclined to be noisy rather than full and sonorous. The brass crackles and bursts; there is occasional blatancy. The second movement opens very agreeably and promises pleasure. This promise is not fulfilled. The composer wanders aimlessly and picks his thoughts apparently at random. The movement is by far the feeblest one of the suit. In the Theme with variations Mr. Foote shows in certain ways a decided advance. The variations are not of equal worth; nevertheless, the composer's hand is freer; his rhythms are not so rigid; the instrumentation is richer and more authoritative. The second and the fourth of these variations at once arrest attention. And yet in nearly all the variations there is the suggestion that the composer did not think each one out as a distinct and organic whole. There will be, for instance, an almost stern contrapuntal beginning, and then an incongruous romantic episode will enter, like sweetmeats with dry meat in one course at a German dinner. The finale seems to me an unsuccessful attempt to combine dry scholarship and the glowing cantabile of—say Massenet.

Now, in this suite I hear no genuine, unmistakable, individual voice. As the music is played, thoughts of several composers arise. I do not say the music is borrowed or even distinctly reminiscent. But there is no voice that belongs alone to Foote. This is no disgrace to the industrious composer. Little music is written today for orchestra that has pronounced individuality. When you hear a large work of Brahms you know it is by Brahms. When you hear a large work by MacDowell, you know that MacDowell wrote it. Mr. Chadwick has this individual touch. So has Ethelbert Nevin in a song.

Certainly Mr. Foote writes with a freer hand. And it all comes back to this statement. Industry must nearly always bring facility. Facility, however, is not synonymous with spontaneity, or strength, or beauty, or individuality. The suite was loudly welcomed.

* * *

Mr. Schulz played with his customary care, intelligence, and musical taste the 'cello concerto of Schumann. His choice was not to be applauded, however richly the performance deserved the hearty applause which it received. This concerto does not put in clear light the artistry of a virtuoso, and, with the exception of the slow movement, it is of little musical beauty. Indeed, it is one of Schumann's driest and dullest works, and if it did not bear the name of Schumann, I doubt if it would ever be heard in a concert room. The slow movement is of mysterious charm; but the rest of the work is an exhibition of the restless Schumann of the last period, groping after strange rhythms and progressions, searching vainly for that "one tone" heard by him in his dismal madness.

A discreet performance of the G minor Symphony of Mozart ended the concert of reasonable length. Some of the ultra-moderns sneer at the 18th century "passion" of this symphony, and an eminent critic in New York said not long ago that its interest is only historical. Yes, its passion is under firm control. The work is like a classic frieze. The symphony is beautiful for its calmness, its sureness, its pure elegance of expression. But we belong to a far different generation, and I confess I would not exchange the last movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony for all the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn together. We sometimes forget that if Mozart and Haydn had lived today they would not be classics. That their works still charm is a proof of their genius; it is not due to the fact that they lived in "better, healthier" days.

* * *

Mr. Edward M. Heindl, a second flute player of the Symphony Orchestra, a musician known and respected by all concert-goers of this city, died last Friday morning, 58 years old. His career in this city was long and honorable. When chamber music was little cultivated, even in large towns, his face was familiar to all who enjoyed the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintet. He was the first flute player of the Symphony Orchestra when it was founded, and he remained in this position until the arrival of Mr. Molé. As artist and as man he was held in loving esteem by his associates and troops of friends. The funeral exercises will be held at his house this afternoon at half past 2.

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette
SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.

BOSTON, MARCH 8 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night the Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert, with the following programme:

Suite, D minor, op. 36.....Arthur Foote
Concerto for violoncello, A minor.....Schumann
Mr. Leo Schulz.
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart

As will be seen, the suite by Mr. Arthur Foote was the one novelty on the list, and the work is most creditable to its composer. It is demonstrably the result of hard work, patience and knowledge, and technically it will win the approval of musicians. Inspiration or spontaneity are no longer expected in orchestral work. If the young composer writes correctly; if he has a fair knowledge of orchestral effects, it is no longer demanded that his work shall be born of the fulness of ideas. Tone color and odd and unexpected harmonies are everything; dignity or importance of ideas nothing. If monotony is the result of faulty theory, we excuse it by calling it erudition, and feel remorse for the yawns with which nature punishes us for being so intensely modern.

The Suite is the work of a man of talent; it has nothing new to say, but it says old things with suavity and with irreproachable good manners. It is work manufactured in the best manner, and on an approved and fashionable model. It need not be ashamed of going into good society, or of receiving the deserved approval of well bred people. Our era is characterized by the absence of genius, and so talent of all kinds has the opportunity to distinguish itself. We do not expect passion, pathos, tenderness, or any emotion whatever in our works of art; but we do inlist that correctness and oddity shall supply the place of thought and feeling. Mr. Foote is a modern and he fully understands what modern art-lovers expect; he pleases without exciting us, he puts no strain on the heart, head or memory. We listen to him with respect, part with him in the friendliest manner and then put on our hats and overcoats and talk about the weather or of the next epidemic of influenza. Genius is more uncomfortable and less courteous; it forces itself on the memory and makes us feel our own bitterness; it warms our blood, thrills our nerves and brings the tears to our eyes, and makes us ashamed of facing our friends. Mr. Foote's suite never adds to the number of our heart beats; it is irreproachable in this as in other things. One can even write of it without vulgar enthusiasm and placidly look forward to the time when Mr. Foote will honor us and himself by producing another suite, concerto or symphony, for to the modern composer, the difference in art forms is simply a question of time and labor, and not of degree and inspiration. It deserves to be added that Mr. Foote's suite belongs to the better class of academic music; it is dignified and effective work. The third movement is most ingeniously developed and worked out in its seven variations, and the last movement is impressive and fiery. The work aroused much enthusiasm, and at its conclusion, Mr. Foote was called out to bow his thanks.

Mr. Schulz was a most sympathetic as well as skilful interpreter of the Schumann concerto, and the Mozart symphony was brilliantly read by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1896.
(Copyrighted by Post Publishing Company.)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

After a lapse of two weeks the Symphony concerts were resumed last night, the seventeenth being especially notable because of the first hearing of a suite by a local composer, Mr. Arthur Foote.

The suite in D minor was placed on the programme, and of the several things which Mr. Foote has written this is the most musical and ambitious. It is in four movements, each distinct in itself, and although some of the themes are rather reminiscent, it must be conceded that much originality has been displayed in their development. The first movement is written freely and boldly, and other than mildly suggesting what is to follow, is perhaps the least interesting of the four movements. The second, however, is very expressive and introduces several pretty figures. The third movement is broken into a number of short passages, each of which is quaintly conceived. It is the least serious of the movements, and is in fact of a light, playful order. It is in the fourth movement in which the genuine originality of the composer is seen at its best, for although comparatively short, the movement is exceedingly brilliant, his masterly handling of tone colors producing some picturesque effects. The suite was beautifully played, and at its conclusion Mr. Foote acknowledged the long-continued applause from his seat in the balcony.

Schumann's 'cello concerto in A minor was the next number, introducing Mr. Leo Schulz of the orchestra. Mr. Schulz has not been heard as a soloist at these concerts for some time, and it was apparent that in the interim he has made much progress as a solo player. He plays with a firm touch, and his tone is clear, full and rich. In the Schumann concerto he was particularly at home, and gave the number (which is a particularly difficult undertaking, as all the four movements are enchained together) in a beautiful manner, carefully bringing out its many beauties.

The Mozart symphony in G minor followed, and to enter into detail as to its performance would only be to again chronicle the masterly manner in which all the symphonies are being read this season by Mr. Paur.

At the concert next week a new symphony will be played, "Anthar," by Balakirew, and the soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska, who will play Saint-Saens's pianoforte concerto in G minor.

SUNDAY [illegible]
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 68.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

LEO SCHULZ'S FINE PLAYING.

Recalls Splendidly Earned at the Symphony Concert.

The Soloist Gives a Thorough Exemplification of His Artistic Worth—Unfading Mozart Symphony Delightfully Played by the Orchestra—New Foote Suite.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Suite in D minor, op. 36.....A. Foote
Concerto for 'cello, op. 129.....Schumann
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart

The soloist was Mr. Leo Schulz.

Mr. Foote's Suite was new. It is not as labored and academic as his more ambitious works have been hitherto, and suggests the effect of greater ease and spontaneity in invention. There is also greater ease in the orchestration, which is always graceful and clear, and often piquantly dainty. There is nothing vague in the Suite from beginning to end, and it is wholly lacking in the extravagances of the modern school. In fact, it might be characterized as something between Brahms made somewhat antique and Gade modernized. It is chastely melodious, the ideas are always refined, and the work is put together with irreproachable neatness. If such an expression may be permitted, it is well-groomed music. Nothing is out of place. The adagio has a charming leading theme, and it is interestingly and effectively scored. The third movement is a theme with variations, and these latter are skilfully contrasted, notably tasteful in their instrumentation and scholarly in their contrapuntal devices. The finale is spirited, well marked in its themes, and also clever contrapuntally. The workmanship is of the highest finish throughout. And yet the work seemed lacking in individual character and in originality; not that there is a trace of plagiarism in it, but that it says nothing that has not been said before in exactly the same way, and that its style constantly reflects that of other composers, notably Mendelssohn and Gade, admirable models unquestionably, in their clearness and their classical purity of taste, but dangerous, by reason of their strong mannerisms to the composer who studies them too closely and too confidingly. The work, however, is pleasing as an evidence of Mr. Foote's increased mastery over the technical resources of his art, in its steadily sustained melodiousness, and in its avoidance of the ugliness, the hysteria, the noise and blatant unmeaning that mark so much of the music of the time. It was read and played with great care, and was listened to with manifest interest, and when it was over the applause was very cordial, and did not cease until the composer had bowed his acknowledgments from the balcony.

The Schumann concerto is not often heard. With the exception of the beautiful but brief slow movement it is not an effective work, and has many tiresome movements, especially in the long-drawn-out opening movement. It is not felicitous writing for the solo instrument, inasmuch as it fails to bring out its most characteristic qualities, and has too little of the broad singing phrases that suit it so well. Mr. Schulz's playing was masterly in its easy freedom, its exquisitely refined tastefulness, the perfection of its intonation, its purity of style, the certainty and the brilliancy of its technique. He has never been heard here when he gave so thorough an exemplification of his artistic worth; the applause and the two imperative recalls that rewarded him were splendidly earned.

The unfading Mozart symphony which still remains, through all the revolutionary mutations that musical art has experienced since it was written, a work that can still be listened to with wonder and admiration, was perfectly read and delightfully played. Mr. Paur is always at his happiest when interpreting Mozart and Haydn.

There was sadness in seeing a new player at the stand of the second flute, which was rendered necessary by the death of Mr. E. M. Heindl, who had been a member of the orchestra from its foundation, and who had filled the position of principal flautist until he was replaced by Mr. Mole under the regime of Mr. Gericke. He was an excellent artist and an exemplary man.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte in G-minor, Saint-Saens; symphony, "Anthar," Balakirew (first time); Academic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

Mr Foote's New Work Played at Symphony Concert.

The program for last week's symphony comprised a suite in D minor by Mr Arthur Foote, played for the first time; Schumann's cello concerto in A minor and Mozart's symphony in G minor. Mr Leo Schulz was the soloist. Mr Foote's rank as a composer has long since been firmly established by many works which evinced musicianly attainments of a high grade and his latest contribution to the concert world accentuates his right to the position already accredited him by competent judges and critics of the higher art of composition. His understanding of the resources of the orchestra is marked and his combinations, lights and shades are effective and skilfully scored. The theme of the first movement in the suite was strongly developed and the contrasted second, given to the horns and woodwinds, was boldly treated and with some originality of instrumentation. The closing coda was quite elaborately scored and a brilliant interpretation was given by the orchestra.

The long crescendo in the second movement, admirably written, leads up to some odd passages by the brasses, and thence to a "musical conversation" by the 'celli and horns. The latter portion is capitally wrought out, and by introducing a background of violins and woodwinds, Mr Foote has produced a most charming effect. The melody, finally given to the violins, is free, although strong in character and precedes the closing coda. The work of the orchestra, especially in the music dialogue, was most commendable, each contingent playing with wonderful precision.

In the third movement Mr Foote has introduced seven variations on a simple theme. There is no similarity in the various movements, and each contrast is treated elaborately. The pizzicato variation was notably delicate and elicited applause which interrupted the playing of the orchestra. The last movement is of a sterner nature, two themes forming the base of the work. The composition is very interesting, and the large audience received it with many manifestations of pleasure, calling the popular composer to the platform at the close of the number.

Mr Leo Schulz played the difficult Schumann concerto brilliantly. This well-known cellist has a beautiful tone production, his instrument in the higher register resembling a viola and at times a violin in purity. The romanza in the second part was magnificently "sung," and the rapid passage work in the third movement was notably smooth and true in tone. His chords, double and triple, were admirable in blending, and his whole work is entitled to warm commendation. Save a little harshness in the bass notes, Mr Schulz's tones were very sweet.

The orchestra interpreted the Mozart symphony with the usual excellent effect. Perhaps the fantasia, with the modulations in the opening movement, the quavering figures in the second and the rushing passages of the fourth call for special comment, but where all was so well performed general encomiums should suffice. The recent indorsements of New York critics, who place Mr Paur's orchestra at the head of American organizations, and possibly the best in the world, may have had an inspiring influence on the men, for their work last week seemed to be as near perfection as one could reasonably wish for.

At the concerts this week Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: "Melpomene" overture, Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; symphony, "Anthar," Balakirew (first time); Academic overture, Brahms.

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Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

Seventeenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—New Suite of Foote—Mr. Schulz the Soloist.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Suite in D minor, op. 36.....Foote
1. Allegro energico.
2. Espressivo, non troppo Adagio.
3. Tema con Variazioni: Andante espressivo, con moto.
4. Presto assai.
(First time.)
Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, op. 129 ..... Schumann
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart

Mr. Foote's suite shows a gain in facility of expression. Whether that which he has to express is worth saying is another matter.

The first movement, in themes and treatment of them, is for the most part in the spirit of Mendelssohn. The fortissimo passages are inclined to be noisy rather than full and sonorous. The brass crackles and bursts; there is occasional blatancy. The second movement opens very agreeably and promises pleasure. This promise is not fulfilled. The composer wanders aimlessly and picks his thoughts apparently at random. The movement is by far the feeblest one of the suit. In the Theme with variations Mr. Foote shows in certain ways a decided advance. The variations are not of equal worth; nevertheless, the composer's hand is freer; his rhythms are not so rigid; the instrumentation is richer and more authoritative. The second and the fourth of these variations at once arrest attention. And yet in nearly all the variations there is the suggestion that the composer did not think each one out as a distinct and organic whole. There will be, for instance, an almost stern contrapuntal beginning, and then an incongruous romantic episode will enter, like sweetmeats with dry meat in one course at a German dinner. The finale seems to me an unsuccessful attempt to combine dry scholarship and the glowing cantabile of—say Massenet.

Now, in this suite I hear no genuine, unmistakable, individual voice. As the music is played, thoughts of several composers arise. I do not say the music is borrowed or even distinctly reminiscent. But there is no voice that belongs alone to Foote. This is no disgrace to the industrious composer. Little music is written today for orchestra that has pronounced individuality. When you hear a large work of Brahms you know it is by Brahms. When you hear a large work by MacDowell, you know that MacDowell wrote it. Mr. Chadwick has this individual touch. So has Ethelbert Nevin in a song.

Certainly Mr. Foote writes with a freer hand. And it all comes back to this statement. Industry must nearly always bring facility. Facility, however, is not synonymous with spontaneity, or strength, or beauty, or individuality. The suite was loudly welcomed.

* * *

Mr. Schulz played with his customary care, intelligence, and musical taste the 'cello concerto of Schumann. His choice was not to be applauded, however richly the performance deserved the hearty applause which it received. This concerto does not put in clear light the artistry of a virtuoso, and, with the exception of the slow movement, it is of little musical beauty. Indeed, it is one of Schumann's driest and dullest works, and if it did not bear the name of Schumann, I doubt if it would ever be heard in a concert room. The slow movement is of mysterious charm; but the rest of the work is an exhibition of the restless Schumann of the last period, groping after strange rhythms and progressions, searching vainly for that "one tone" heard by him in his dismal madness.

A discreet performance of the G minor Symphony of Mozart ended the concert of reasonable length. Some of the ultra-moderns sneer at the 18th century "passion" of this symphony, and an eminent critic in New York said not long ago that its interest is only historical. Yes, its passion is under firm control. The work is like a classic frieze. The symphony is beautiful for its calmness, its sureness, its pure elegance of expression. But we belong to a far different generation, and I confess I would not exchange the last movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony for all the symphonies of Mo art and Haydn together. We sometimes forget that if Mozart and Haydn had lived today they would not be classics. That their works still charm is a proof of their genius; it is not due to the fact that they lived in "better, healthier" days.

* * *

Mr. Edward M. Heindl, a second flute player of the Symphony Orchestra, a Orchestra, Mr. Edward M. Heindl, a musician known and respected by all concert-goers of this city, died last Friday morning, 58 years old. His career in this city was long and honorable. When chamber music was little cultivated, even in large towns, his face was familiar to all who enjoyed the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintet. He was the first flute player of the Symphony Orchestra when it was founded, and he remained in this position until the arrival of Mr. Molé. As artist and as man he was held in loving esteem by his associates and troops of friends. The funeral exercises will be held at his house this afternoon at half past 2.

PHILIP HALE.

Gazette
SUNDAY MORNING EDITION.
BOSTON, MARCH 8 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night the Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert, with the following programme:

Suite, D-minor, op. 36.....Arthur Foote
Concerto for violoncello, A-minor.....Schumann
Mr. Leo Schulz.
Symphony, G-minor. .....Mozart

As will be seen, the suite by Mr. Arthur Foote was the one novelty on the list, and the work is most creditable to its composer. It is demonstrably the result of hard work, patience and knowledge, and technically it will win the approval of musicians. Inspiration or spontaneity are no longer expected in orchestral work. If the young composer writes correctly; if he has a fair knowledge of orchestral effects, it is no longer demanded that his work shall be born of the fulness of ideas. Tone color and odd and unexpected harmonies are everything; dignity or importance of ideas nothing. If monotony is the result of faulty theory, we excuse it by calling it erudition, and feel remorse for the yawns with which nature punishes us for being so intensely modern.

The Suite is the work of a man of talent; it has nothing new to say, but it says old things with suavity and with irreproachable good manners. It is work manufactured in the best manner, and on an approved and fashionable model. It need not be ashamed of going into good society, or of receiving the deserved approval of well bred people. Our era is characterized by the absence of genius, and so talent of all kinds has the opportunity to distinguish itself. We do not expect passion, pathos, tenderness, or any emotion whatever in our works of art; but we do inlist that correctness and oddity shall supply the place of thought and feeling. Mr. Foote is a modern and he fully understands what modern art-lovers expect; he pleases without exciting us, he puts no strain on the heart, head or memory. We listen to him with respect, part with him in the friendliest manner and then put on our hats and overcoats and talk about the weather or of the next epidemic of influenza. Genius is more uncomfortable and less courteous; it forces itself on the memory and makes us feel our own bitterness; it warms our blood, thrills our nerves and brings the tears to our eyes, and makes us ashamed of facing our friends. Mr. Foote's suite never adds to the number of our heart beats; it is irreproachable in this as in other things. One can even write of it without vulgar enthusiasm and placidly look forward to the time when Mr. Foote will honor us and himself by producing another suite, concerto or symphony, for to the modern composer, the difference in art forms is simply a question of time and labor, and not of degree and inspiration. It deserves to be added that Mr. Foote's suite belongs to the better class of academic music; it is dignified and effective work. The third movement is most ingeniously developed and worked out in its seven variations, and the last movement is impressive and fiery. The work aroused much enthusiasm, and at its conclusion, Mr. Foote was called out to bow his thanks.

Mr. Schulz was a most sympathetic as well as skilful interpreter of the Schumann concerto, and the Mozart symphony was brilliantly read by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1896.
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

After a lapse of two weeks the Symphony concerts were resumed last night, the seventeenth being especially notable because of the first hearing of a suite by a local composer, Mr. Arthur Foote.

The suite in D minor was placed on the programme, and of the several things which Mr. Foote has written this is the most musical and ambitious. It is in four movements, each distinct in itself, and although some of the themes are rather reminiscent, it must be conceded that much originality has been displayed in their development. The first movement is written freely and boldly, and other than mildly suggesting what is to follow, is perhaps the least interesting of the four movements. The second, however, is very expressive and introduces several pretty figures. The third movement is broken into a number of short passages, each of which is quaintly conceived. It is the least serious of the movements, and is in fact of a light, playful order. It is in the fourth movement in which the genuine originality of the composer is seen at its best, for although comparatively short, the movement is exceedingly brilliant, his masterly handling of tone colors producing some picturesque effects. The suite was beautifully played, and at its conclusion Mr. Foote acknowledged the long-continued applause from his seat in the balcony.

Schumann's 'cello concerto in A minor was the next number, introducing Mr. Leo Schulz of the orchestra. Mr. Schulz has not been heard as a soloist at these concerts for some time, and it was apparent that in the interim he has made much progress as a solo player. He plays with a firm touch, and his tone is clear, full and rich. In the Schumann concerto he was particularly at home, and gave the number (which is a particularly difficult undertaking, as all the four movements are enchained together) in a beautiful manner, carefully bringing out its many beauties.

The Mozart symphony in G minor followed, and to enter into detail as to its performance would only be to again chronicle the masterly manner in which all the symphonies are being read this season by Mr. Paur.

At the concert next week a new symphony will be played, "Anthar," by Balakirew, and the soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska, who will play Saint-Saens's pianoforte concerto in G minor.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 68.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

LEO SCHULZ'S FINE PLAYING.

Recalls Splendidly Earned at the Symphony Concert.

The Soloist Gives a Thorough Exemplification of His Artistic Worth—Unfading Mozart Symphony Delightfully Played by the Orchestra—New Foote Suite.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall was:

Suite in D minor, op. 36.....A. Foote
Concerto for 'cello, op. 129.....Schumann
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart

The soloist was Mr. Leo Schulz.

Mr. Foote's Suite was new. It is not as labored and academic as his more ambitious works have been hitherto, and suggests the effect of greater ease and spontaneity in invention. There is also greater ease in the orchestration, which is always graceful and clear, and often piquantly dainty. There is nothing vague in the Suite from beginning to end, and it is wholly lacking in the extravagances of the modern school. In fact, it might be characterized as something between Brahms made somewhat antique and Gade modernized. It is chastely melodious, the ideas are always refined, and the work is put together with irreproachable neatness. If such an expression may be permitted, it is well-groomed music. Nothing is out of place. The adagio has a charming leading theme, and it is interestingly and effectively scored. The third movement is a theme with variations, and these latter are skilfully contrasted, notably tasteful in their instrumentation and scholarly in their contrapuntal devices. The finale is spirited, well marked in its themes, and also clever contrapuntally. The workmanship is of the highest finish throughout. And yet the work seemed lacking in individual character and in originality; not that there is a trace of plagiarism in it, but that it says nothing that has not been said before in exactly the same way, and that its style constantly reflects that of other composers, notably Mendelssohn and Gade, admirable models unquestionably, in their clearness and their classical purity of taste, but dangerous, by reason of their strong mannerisms to the composer who studies them too closely and too confidingly. The work, however, is pleasing as an evidence of Mr. Foote's increased mastery over the technical resources of his art, in its steadily sustained melodiousness, and in its avoidance of the ugliness, the hysteria, the noise and blatant unmeaning that mark so much of the music of the time. It was read and played with great care, and was listened to with manifest interest, and when it was over the applause was very cordial, and did not cease until the composer had bowed his acknowledgments from the balcony.

The Schumann concerto is not often heard. With the exception of the beautiful but brief slow movement it is not an effective work, and has many tiresome movements, especially in the long-drawn-out opening movement. It is not felicitous writing for the solo instrument, inasmuch as it fails to bring out its most characteristic qualities, and has too little of the broad singing phrases that suit it so well. Mr. Schulz's playing was masterly in its easy freedom, its exquisitely refined tastefulness, the perfection of its intonation, its purity of style, the certainty and the brilliancy of its technique. He has never been heard here when he gave so thorough an exemplification of his artistic worth; the applause and the two imperative recalls that rewarded him were splendidly earned.

The unfading Mozart symphony which still remains, through all the revolutionary mutations that musical art has experienced since it was written, a work that can still be listened to with wonder and admiration, was perfectly read and delightfully played. Mr. Paur is always at his happiest when interpreting Mozart and Haydn.

There was sadness in seeing a new player at the stand of the second flute, which was rendered necessary by the death of Mr. E. M. Heindl, who had been a member of the orchestra from its foundation, and who had filled the position of principal flautist until he was replaced by Mr. Mole under the regime of Mr. Geriche. He was an excellent artist and an exemplary man.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte in G-minor, Saint-Saens; symphony, "Anthar," Balakirew (first time); Academic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Boston Sunday [illegible]

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

Mr Foote's New Work Played at Symphony Concert.

The program for last week's symphony comprised a suite in D minor by Mr Arthur Foote, played for the first time; Schumann's cello concerto in A minor and Mozart's symphony in G minor. Mr Leo Schulz was the soloist. Mr Foote's rank as a composer has long since been firmly established by many works which evinced musicianly attainments of a high grade and his latest contribution to the concert world accentuates his right to the position already accredited him by competent judges and critics of the higher art of composition. His understanding of the resources of the orchestra is marked and his combinations, lights and shades are effective and skilfully scored. The theme of the first movement in the suite was strongly developed and the contrasted second, given to the horns and woodwinds, was boldly treated and with some originality of instrumentation. The closing coda was quite elaborately scored and a brilliant interpretation was given by the orchestra.

The long crescendo in the second movement, admirably written, leads up to some odd passages by the brasses, and thence to a "musical conversation" by the 'celli and horns. The latter portion is capitally wrought out, and by introducing a background of violins and woodwinds, Mr Foote has produced a most charming effect. The melody, finally given to the violins, is free, although strong in character and precedes the closing coda. The work of the orchestra, especially in the music dialogue, was most commendable, each contingent playing with wonderful precision.

In the third movement Mr Foote has introduced seven variations on a simple theme. There is no similarity in the various movements, and each contrast is treated elaborately. The pizzicato variation was notably delicate and elicited applause which interrupted the playing of the orchestra. The last movement is of a sterner nature, two themes forming the base of the work. The composition is very interesting, and the large audience received it with many manifestations of pleasure, calling the popular composer to the platform at the close of the number.

Mr Leo Schulz played the difficult Schumann concerto brilliantly. This well-known cellist has a beautiful tone production, his instrument in the higher register resembling a viola and at times a violin in purity. The romanza in the second part was magnificently "sung," and the rapid passage work in the third movement was notably smooth and true in tone. His chords, double and triple, were admirable in blending, and his whole work is entitled to warm commendation. Save a little harshness in the bass notes, Mr Schulz's tones were very sweet.

The orchestra interpreted the Mozart symphony with the usual excellent effect. Perhaps the fantasia, with the modulations in the opening movement, the quavering figures in the second and the rushing passages of the fourth call for special comment, but where all was so well performed general encomiums should suffice. The recent indorsements of New York critics, who place Mr Paur's orchestra at the head of American organizations, and possibly the best in the world, may have had an inspiring influence on the men, for their work last week seemed to be as near perfection as one could reasonably wish for.

At the concerts this week Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: "Melpomene" overture, Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; symphony, "Anthar," Balakirew (first time); Academic overture, Brahms.

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Boston Daily Advertiser.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 9, 1896.

A Concert Programme That Was Fairly Attractive.

Last Saturday's concert presented a programme that was fairly attractive, if not as varied as some that have preceded it. Mr. Arthur Foote's new Suite in D Minor was the first number, and the chief centre of interest. It proved to be much more melodious than some of the composer's earlier writings would lead one to expect, and although counterpoint was present in measurable quantity, the work derived its chief charm from the direct beauty of its thematic material.

The first movement, allegro energico, was cast in a free Sonata form, with a return of the first theme in place of closing theme—a sort of Sonata Rondo with the last theme left out. The opening measures were earnest and dignified, and gave promise of a great work. This promise, however, was not wholly fulfilled, for the extended subsidiary passages introduced a rather conventional second theme, richly enough harmonized, but becoming somewhat too saccharine in character. The development, based chiefly on the first theme, is successful enough, and so is the coda that closes what would be the recapitulation, in strict form. This whole movement has a rhythmic swing that does much to make it thoroughly effective.

The second movement, Espressivo, non troppo adagio, is the weakest of the four. It is full of melodic beauty, and contains some rich modulatory passages, but the ideas are not entirely coherent, nor are they especially distinctive. The slow movement seems to be the great crux of modern writers, and Mr. Foote has the same trouble that other composers have in trying to say something that shall be simple and at the same time forceful and original.

The third movement, andante espressivo con moto, presented a set of variations on a simple minor theme. These were not all of equal value; some of them displayed a power and dignity worthy of high praise, while others, after giving some delicious melody, would lapse into commonplaces. The varieties of rhythm employed, and the frequent (perhaps too frequent) contrasts between austerity and richness of harmony, gave the music a free style that made it seem more like development than a set of strict variations. It was played with a clearness that did credit to orchestra and conductor.

The final Presto was brisk enough at times, though not especially great. It contained some good contrapuntal writing, but in this case the scholarship and the musical beauty, like oil and water, did not mix very well. The wonderful orchestral fugue in Lachner's well-known suite shows that the strictest writing can be combined with thorough harmonic beauty, while the variations in the same suite prove that well marked contrasts may be obtained without too radical changes of style.

Mr. Foote's suite as a whole is eminently pleasing and successful. Its musical ideas are numerous and beautiful, and well worked out on the whole, in spite of an occasional lack of unity and coherence. Judged by the highest standards it is somewhat conventional, but it has many moments of dignity and power. At its close Mr. Foote was made to bow his acknowledgments from his seat in the audience.

Schumann's A-Minor concerto for violoncello is dull, in spite of a beautiful second movement. Its harmonies are broad and effective enough, but there is none of the spirited animation that characterizes his earlier works. Mr. Leo Schultz played it with all the ease and breadth of style that the public have been led to expect from him. His holding of the solo part against the whole orchestra in the latter part of the first movement showed admirable power, while the double-stopping and other difficulties of the final cadenza were as nothing in his hands. The C-string seemed a trifle muddy at times, but this was due to the composition, which brought its notes into contrast with the more cantabile tones of the upper strings.

The concert closed with a delightful clear rendering of Mozart's ever attractive G-Minor Symphony. It is more or less true of all Mozart's works that the stamp of his genius will prevent their ever becoming antiquated, but this one more than many others seems to belong to a far more recent epoch than most of the tinkling melodies of Mozart's time. Its strength and sincerity of harmony always win it a cordial recognition, even in these degenerate days of orchestral spice and bizarrerie. It is interesting to notice that the style of the Menuetto in this particular symphony is brusque and virile enough for the more modern scherzo that replaced the older form at the beginning of the present century.

Arthur Elson.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.
BOSTON STANDARD.

The concert by the Symphony orchestra on Saturday evening last was one of the best of the season thus far, the orchestra seemingly giving rhythmic expression of their pleasure for being at home once more. In this sentiment they were entirely in harmony with the large audience present, whose manifestitations of pleasure were equally earnest and spontaneous, if not so harmonically expressed. The Mozart symphony in G minor, which closed the evening's program, was most excellently interpreted, each musician seemingly in full sympathy with Mr. Paur, who, in his turn, was never in higher form. The solo playing in the Schumann concerto of Mr. Leo Schelz was a matter of general acclaim, his masterly genius investing the 'cello with a quality attainable to the most advanced masters of the musical art.

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Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1896.

The seventeenth Symphony programme began with the first performance of a suite in D minor for full orchestra—opus 36—by Mr. Arthur Foote, upon whose excellent and esteemed talent this new composition reflects new and favorable light. We have always thought highly of his ability, and believed that sometimes his very conscientiousness and care formalized his expression and cast the gown of the academician over the jacket of the composer, so that his work seemed dryer, more deliberate and set, and in a certain sense older than it ought. But we find almost nothing of such restraint and scholasticism in this suite, throughout all of which there breathes an air of ease and freedom, and the manner of which seems spontaneous, adequate, well-adjusted and true. The themes are not brief, and their melodic forms show variety and independence without any suggestion of the fantastic, the commonplace or the long drawn. The thematic treatment is scholarly and strong, and the instrumentation is compact and contained within the natural middle range of the orchestra. There is no recourse to any airy twiddling of the strings or to any subterranean groans of bassoon or tuba or to any extravagance of musical instruments. Yet there is invention enough, some quaintness and a little oddity, for the harp appears two or three times for a few measures only and in the last movement perhaps a dozen notes are pointed with a touch of the triangle. The orchestral combinations are natural and agreeable, and just because no one makes any extraordinary demand upon the general resources, there is enough diversity and to spare for every want. The first movement is an energetic (and at the beginning and end) almost vehement allegro, the first theme of which, rushing up excitedly and then sweeping down more easily, contrasts well with a quieter and more level antithesis. The second is a sweet and placid adagietto. The third is a theme with variations, usually an unprofitable and uninteresting form. But Mr. Foote has a bright, clean-cut subject, and his seven short variations are delightfully individual in formation and original in coloring, rising at last to a rough and emphatic finale which smacks a little of what people like to speak of now as "American" in type and accent. The fourth movement is a vigorous fucato, with a very sturdy contrapuntal development which becomes frugal for a little while now and then. The playing was excellent, the audience was pleased and Mr. Foote was warmly summoned.

After the suite Schumann's con certo for violoncello in A major, opus 129, was played by Mr. Leo Schulz, who won much honor by his performance, which was finer than it may have seemed to some listeners. For this concerto is more for the artist than for the virtuoso, and although it has its difficulties and demands a thorough and extended technique; there is nothing showy about it, and even the rapid last movement could not be made a means for display without subordinating the composer to the performer. Mr. Schulz's playing was quiet, sympathetic and refined, had all needful strength and celerety, and was tender and sweet in the romance which constitutes the short second movent. His work was appreciated and he was handsomely recalled.

A good reading of Mozart's G minor symphony, which was much enjoyed, completed the programme.

For this week's concert this programme is promised: Chadwick, "Melpomene" overture; Saint-Saens, concerto for pianoforte, in G minor; Balakirew, first time, symphony, "Anthar;" Brahms, academic overture. Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1896.

The seventeenth Symphony concert was given last evening. The program was as follows:

Suite, D minor, op. 36.....Foote
(First Time.)
Concerto for 'cello, A minor, op. 129.....Schumann
Mr. Leo Schulz.
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart

The first movement of Mr. Foote's suite, allegro energico, is in themes and in general treatment according to the gospel of Mendelssohn; yet there is not that master's discretion in the matter of fortissimo, for Mr. Foote's sonority is inclined to be blatant; the brass is handled as though it were a brass band late in the day at a firemen's muster. The second movement, espressivo, non troppo adagio (B flat major), begins admirably, with a flowing and agreeable cantabile, but the composer soon wanders in thought, and there is diffuseness and there is uncertainty. In spite of the fact that in the Theme—G minor—and Variations which follow the composer does not always seem to have regarded each variation as a single individual, organic whole, this movement shows a notable advance on his earlier work in freedom of thought and expression. The rhythms are attractive and well defined; the instrumentation is richer. This music is most respectable; and it is more than that: it is in large measure interesting. The finale, presto assai, D major, is a not very successful attempt to combine scholasticism with sensuous melody. As in nearly all of the music of this industrious composer, so in this suite there is no marked individual voice. Still there is a decided gain in ease and fluency of expression, and the vocabulary of the composer is fuller and not so painfully chosen. The suite was welcomed heartily by a friendly audience.

Mr. Schulz has never played here as well as he did last night; his technic was sure and brilliant; he displayed in full his intelligence and taste. The concerto of Schumann, with the exception of the mysteriously beautiful slow movement, is an unthankful task for the player and a bore to the hearer. I wonder if anybody would ever play it if it did not bear the name of Schumann.

The program of the concert the 14th is as follows: Chadwick's Melpomene overture; Saint-Saëns' G minor piano concerto (Miss Szumowska); Antar, by Rimsky-Korsakoff—not by Balakireff, as stated in the program book—and Brahms' Academic overture.

* * *

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Arthur Foote: Suite in D minor, opus 36.
(First time.)
Schumann: Concerto for violoncello, in A minor, opus 129.
Mozart: Symphony in G minor (Koechel, 550).
Mr. Leo Schulz was the 'cellist.

Mr. Foote's new suite made, in one way, a different impression from that to which one is used from a work by him. The general plan of the composition seemed to us to be the least good part of it; and Mr. Foote's power of writing both orchestral and choral works of well-nigh masterly coherence of scheme and classic unity of impression has hitherto been conspicuous. No doubt, one cannot make such severe demands in this respect upon a suite as upon an orchestral or chamber composition in the more highly developed sonata form. Originally the suite was nothing more than was implied in the name "Suite de pièces"—"Series of pieces;" and the several movements in the suites by the old masters had no more inner connection with one another than would come from their all being in the same key. But ever since more modern composers stopped writing all the movements of a suite in one and the same key, one has got to look for some other, more ideal, connecting link between them, so that the composition shall seem something more than a mere haphazard aggregation of unrelated parts.

It seems to us that the trouble with this suite of Mr. Foote's is in the second and third movements; Espressivo, non troppo Adagio, and Tema con variazioni. Both are slow movements, and, though some of the variations in the latter are in a more rapid tempo, its general character is that implied in its heading: Andante espressivo, con moto. The more rapid variations do not come until this character has impressed itself upon the listener, and he has already noted the lack of contrast between the movement and its immediate predecessor. And this Theme with Variations itself, though containing some of the happiest inspirations and the best writing in the whole suite, seemed to us to be open to much the same charge as the entire composition; the charge of a certain lack of unity and coherence of scheme. Was this because too long pauses were made between the separate variations? We cannot quite tell. The theme itself is charming, and each variation, by itself, is equally so; but somehow we could not catch the connecting thread on which all these pearls were strung. We hear that the composer is dissatisfied with the first movement, and intends rewriting it. Perhaps we are no more satisfied with it than he; but, on the other hand, it strikes us as having the best stuff in it of all the four movements, and to be laid out on the stoutest plan. What faults it has are merely matters of detail—both as regards development and instrumentation—which prevent its producing the effect it would were the conspicuously fine ideas in it better carried out. To us it is eminently worth rewriting; if Mr. Foote bends well to the oar—which he knows how to do as well as anyone going—he will make it the finest movement in the suite. The second movement strikes us as rather weak. Perhaps all the third needs, after all, is, as we have already hinted, to have the pauses between the separate variations done away with, so that the whole may be seen to flow more in one stream. The fourth movement, Presto assai, is capital throughout. The heading seems to us a little misleading; if Mr. Paur really took the movement in Mr. Foote's tempo—as there seems to be no reason for doubting—the impression was by no means that of a Presto; save in the Stringendo toward the close, it sounded no faster than an Allegro giusto. But this is comparatively unimportant; Rubinstein was famous for marking many of his movements in a way that gave no notion at all of their proper tempo, but merely of the general character; when expostulated with by conductors for thus misleading them, he would reply that the marking meant something to him and that he did not care to change it. Perhaps Mr. Foote feels in something the same way about this Presto assai. But the movement is unspeakably bright and inspiring in its onward rush, in its ingenious development, especially in the clever and distinctly humorous treatment of fugal forms. It is, in one sense, perhaps, the most modern thing Mr. Foote has yet written, and this impression of "modernity" is not gained at the expense of stout construction nor logical development. The suite was loudly applauded, and the composer had at last to bow his acknowledgments from his hiding-place in the first balcony.

Mozart's ever-wonderful G minor symphony was, upon the whole, excellently well played. We cannot remember hearing the full rhythmic effect of that inimitable initial viola figure in the first movement so well brought out for many years. And the wondrous first theme in the violins was played with all due grace and sensibility, yet without any over-sentimentalizing of the tempo. The little holding-back the rhythm in the second theme we did not like; ten or fifteen years ago it might have passed for modern romanticism of conception; now it sounds like the mere stencil-plate of romanticism. The divine Andante was admirably read, and minuet and finale went to a charm. Of the work itself we can only say that it seems to us as godlike as ever; it sounds as easily great and beautiful, as ineffably charming, as it did before "Tristan und Isolde" was written.

Mr. Schulz had a rather thankless task in Schumann's 'cello concerto. Virtuosity seems to have been a thing for which Schumann had no native sense. Liszt jokingly called his great pianoforte concerto "un concert sans piano"—in allusion to the already famous F minor sonata, originally published as "concert sans orchestre." One can fancy that Schumann must have heard this good-natured little fling and taken it to heart; for one can almost hear him groan in the first and last movements of this 'cello concerto, in his endeavors to make the solo part prominent and give the 'cellist a chance to show off his virtuosity. But these two movements are as dull as they are ineffective; seldom has Schumann shown himself less inspired. The short slow movement is a gem of beauty and genuinely Schumannesque feeling; but there is something lacking, it sounds rather half-baked; it leads you to expect more than you really get. Mr. Schulz played the work very beautifully indeed, like a true artist; but, save in the slow movement, he could not make it effective.

The next programme is: Chadwick, overture to "Melpomene;" Saint-Saëns, concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor; Rimsky-Korsakoff, symphony, "Antar;" Brahms, "Academic" overture. Miss Antoinette Szumowska will be the pianist.

The Boston Courier.
MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY.

A Concert of Much Merit—Mr. Schulz as Soloist—Arthur Foote's New Suite.

Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra, eighteenth concert. The programme:
Suite in D minor, op. 36.....A. Foote
Concerto for 'cello, op. 129.....Schumann
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
Soloist, Mr. Leo Schulz.

It was a concert of grace and charm throughout; if there were no intense feelings, there were also no regrets, and everything moved along melodiously and clearly. Mr. Foote's new suite was, of course, the piece de resistance, so far as interest went. It turned out to be a very refined work of the purely classical style. It does not aim at exceeding heights, and it therefore succeeds excellently. There is a beautifully tender theme in the adagio, which is also well orchestrated, and the variations of the third movement are skilfully carried out and display all Mr. Foote's best qualities of musicianship. He is getting to use his tools with much defter touch than formerly. It might be asked of this suite whether inspiration does not sometimes flag, whether Mendelssohn is not sometimes too much to the fore in it. To each question a somewhat hesitating affirmative may be given, but qualified by the conviction that there is enough of originality in the work to justify warm praise. It was played extremely well and was received with marked favor.

Mr. Schulz gave us about the best 'cello playing we have heard from him in the Schumann concerto. In breadth, beauty of tone, elegance of phrasing and clean-cut technique there was little to be desired. The concerto, however, does not bring out the beauties of the instrument. Much of it is mere exercise, and the moments of weariness are not few. That Mr. Schulz succeeded in arousing interest in it as a whole was proof enough of his fine ability.

The ever-golden Mozart symphony, which delights and amazes by its melodic beauty and perennial youthfulness, brought the concert to an appropriate end. It was played with great delicacy and refinement of shading.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte in G minor, Saint-Saens; symphony, "Anthar," Balakirew (first time); Academic overture, Brahms. The soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

BOSTON POST.
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1896.
(Copyright 1896, Post Publishing Company.)

WON PIANO HONORS.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska's Playing a Revelation.

The eighteenth in the present series of symphonies introduced a new aspirant for musical honors at Music Hall last night—local honors, at least, for while Miss Antoinette Szumowska has already won a reputation in other cities, she had not, up to last night, been heard in Boston.

The number she essayed was the Saint-Saens pianoforte concerto, No. 2, G minor, which is a favorite one with pianists, as it offers especial opportunities.

Miss Szumowska is a comparatively young woman, of pleasing presence, and plays with much ease and grace. She has a bold, firm touch, suggesting a male player rather than a woman. There is a marked earnestness and finish about her work which especially commend her to her audience.

The second number of the concerto she played with great delicacy of expression, the rapid dextrous fingering required in this movement being accomplished in a particularly graceful, easy way, and quite a burst of applause greeted her at the close of the movement.

Her interpretation of the third movement also gave much pleasure and Miss Szumowska was recalled five times at the close of the number

The only two other numbers on the programme were the "Melpomene" overture by Chadwick, and the long Brahms symphony, No. 2. Mr. Chadwick's overture was charmingly played, especially the coda and the symphony, particularly the third and fourth movements. The last, with its touch of Hungarianism, was played in characteristic fashion by the orchestra.

Next week's concert will include Rubinstein's symphony, No. 4; three Hungarian dances, Brahms-Dvorak; andante from second symphony and the overture, "Abu Hassan." No soloist has been announced.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 9, 1896.

A Concert Programme That Was Fairly Attractive.

Last Saturday's concert presented a programme that was fairly attractive, if not as varied as some that have preceded it. Mr. Arthur Foote's new Suite in D Minor was the first number, and the chief centre of interest. It proved to be much more melodious than some of the composer's earlier writings would lead one to expect, and although counterpoint was present in measurable quantity, the work derived its chief charm from the direct beauty of its thematic material.

The first movement, allegro energico, was cast in a free Sonata form, with a return of the first theme in place of closing theme —a sort of Sonata Rondo with the last theme left out. The opening measures were earnest and dignified, and gave promise of a great work. This promise, however, was not wholly fulfilled, for the extended subsidiary passages introduced a rather conventional second theme, richly enough harmonized, but becoming somewhat too saccharine in character. The development, based chiefly on the first theme, is successful enough, and so is the coda that closes what would be the recapitulation, in strict form. This whole movement has a rhythmic swing that does much to make it thoroughly effective.

The second movement, Espressivo, non troppo adagio, is the weakest of the four. It is full of melodic beauty, and contains some rich modulatory passages, but the ideas are not entirely coherent, nor are they especially distinctive. The slow movement seems to be the great crux of modern writers, and Mr. Foote has the same trouble that other composers have in trying to say something that shall be simple and at the same time forceful and original.

The third movement, andante espressivo con moto, presented a set of variations on a simple minor theme. These were not all of equal value; some of them displayed a power and dignity worthy of high praise, while others, after giving some delicious melody, would lapse into commonplaces. The varieties of rhythm employed, and the frequent (perhaps too frequent) contrasts between austerity and richness of harmony, gave the music a free style that made it seem more like development than a set of strict variations. It was played with a clearness that did credit to orchestra and conductor.

The final Presto was brisk enough at times, though not especially great. It contained some good contrapuntal writing, but in this case the scholarship and the musical beauty, like oil and water, did not mix very well. The wonderful orchestral fugue in Lachner's well-known suite shows that the strictest writing can be combined with thorough harmonic beauty, while the variations in the same suite prove that well marked contrasts may be obtained without too radical changes of style.

Mr. Foote's suite as a whole is eminently pleasing and successful. Its musical ideas are numerous and beautiful, and well worked out on the whole, in spite of an occasional lack of unity and coherence. Judged by the highest standards it is somewhat conventional, but it has many moments of dignity and power. At its close Mr. Foote was made to bow his acknowledgments from his seat in the audience.

Schumann's A-Minor concerto for violoncello is dull, in spite of a beautiful second movement. Its harmonies are broad and effective enough, but there is none of the spirited animation that characterizes his earlier works. Mr. Leo Schultz played it with all the ease and breadth of style that the public have been led to expect from him. His holding of the solo part against the whole orchestra in the latter part of the first movement showed admirable power, while the double-stopping and other difficulties of the final cadenza were as nothing in his hands. The C-string seemed a trifle muddy at times, but this was due to the composition, which brought its notes into contrast with the more cantabile tones of the upper strings.

The concert closed with a delightful clear rendering of Mozart's ever attractive G-Minor Symphony. It is more or less true of all Mozart's works that the stamp of his genius will prevent their ever becoming antiquated, but this one more than many others seems to belong to a far more recent epoch than most of the tinkling melodies of Mozart's time. Its strength and sincerity of harmony always win it a cordial recognition, even in these degenerate days of orchestral spice and bizarrerie. It is interesting to notice that the style of the Menuetto in this particular symphony is brusque and virile enough for the more modern scherzo that replaced the older form at the beginning of the present century.

Arthur Elson.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The concert by the Symphony orchestra on Saturday evening last was one of the best of the season thus far, the orchestra seemingly giving rhythmic expression of their pleasure for being at home once again. In this sentiment they were entirely in harmony with the large audience present, whose manifestitations of pleasure were equally earnest and spontaneous, if not so harmonically expressed. The Mozart symphony in G minor, which closed the evening's program, was most excellently interpreted, each musician seemingly in full sympathy with Mr. Paur, who, in his turn, was never in higher form. The solo playing in the Schumann concerto of Mr. Leo Schelz was a matter of general acclaim, his masterly genius investing the 'cello with a quality attainable to the most advanced masters of the musical art.

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Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1896.

The seventeenth Symphony programme began with the first performance of a suite in D minor for full orchestra—opus 36—by Mr. Arthur Foote, upon whose excellent and esteemed talent this new composition reflects new and favorable light. We have always thought highly of his ability, and believed that sometimes his very conscientiousness and care formalized his expression and cast the gown of the academician over the jacket of the composer, so that his work seemed dryer, more deliberate and set, and in a certain sense older than it ought. But we find almost nothing of such restraint and scholasticism in this suite, throughout all of which there breathes an air of ease and freedom, and the manner of which seems spontaneous, adequate, well-adjusted and true. The themes are not brief, and their melodic forms show variety and independence without any suggestion of the fantastic, the commonplace or the long drawn. The thematic treatment is scholarly and strong, and the instrumentation is compact and contained within the natural middle range of the orchestra. There is no recourse to any airy twiddling of the strings or to any subterranean groans of bassoon or tuba or to any extravagance of musical instruments. Yet there is invention enough, some quaintness and a little oddity, for the harp appears two or three times for a few measures only and in the last movement perhaps a dozen notes are pointed with a touch of the triangle. The orchestral combinations are natural and agreeable, and just because no one makes any extraordinary demand upon the general resources, there is enough diversity and to spare for every want. The first movement is an energetic (and at the beginning and end) almost vehement allegro, the first theme of which, rushing up excitedly and then sweeping down more easily, contrasts well with a quieter and more level antithesis. The second is a sweet and placid adagietto. The third is a theme with variations, usually an unprofitable and uninteresting form. But Mr. Foote has a bright, clean-cut subject, and his seven short variations are delightfully individual in formation and original in coloring, rising at last to a rough and emphatic finale which smacks a little of what people like to speak of now as "American" in type and accent. The fourth movement is a vigorous fucato, with a very sturdy contrapuntal development which becomes frugal for a little while now and then. The playing was excellent, the audience was pleased and Mr. Foote was warmly summoned.

After the suite Schumann's con certo for violoncello in A major, opus 129, was played by Mr. Leo Schulz, who won much honor by his performance, which was finer than it may have seemed to some listeners. For this concerto is more for the artist than for the virtuoso, and although it has its difficulties and demands a thorough and extended technique; there is nothing showy about it, and even the rapid last movement could not be made a means for display without subordinating the composer to the performer. Mr. Schulz's playing was quiet, sympathetic and refined, had all needful strength and celerety, and was tender and sweet in the romance which constitutes the short second movent. His work was appreciated and he was handsomely recalled.

A good reading of Mozart's G minor symphony, which was much enjoyed, completed the programme.

For this week's concert this programme is promised: Chadwick, "Melpomene" overture; Saint-Saens, concerto for pianoforte, in G minor; Balakirew, first time, symphony, "Anthar;" Brahms, academic overture. Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1896.

The seventeenth Symphony concert was given last evening. The program was as follows:

Suite, D minor, op. 36.....Foote
(First Time.)
Concerto for 'cello, A minor, op. 129.....Schumann
Mr. Leo Schulz.
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart

The first movement of Mr. Foote's suite, allegro energico, is in themes and in general treatment according to the gospel of Mendelssohn; yet there is not that master's discretion in the matter of fortissimo, for Mr. Foote's sonority is inclined to be blatant; the brass is handled as though it were a brass band late in the day at a firemen's muster. The second movement, espressivo, non troppo adagio (B flat major), begins admirably, with a flowing and agreeable cantabile, but the composer soon wanders in thought, and there is diffuseness and there is uncertainty. In spite of the fact that in the Theme—G minor—and Variations which follow the composer does not always seem to have regarded each variation as a single individual, organic whole, this movement shows a notable advance on his earlier work in freedom of thought and expression. The rhythms are attractive and well defined; the instrumentation is richer. This music is most respectable; and it is more than that: it is in large measure interesting. The finale, presto assai, D major, is a not very successful attempt to combine scholasticism with sensuous melody. As in nearly all of the music of this industrious composer, so in this suite there is no marked individual voice. Still there is a decided gain in ease and fluency of expression, and the vocabulary of the composer is fuller and not so painfully chosen. The suite was welcomed heartily by a friendly audience.

Mr. Schulz has never played here as well as he did last night; his technic was sure and brilliant; he displayed in full his intelligence and taste. The concerto of Schumann, with the exception of the mysteriously beautiful slow movement, is an unthankful task for the player and a bore to the hearer. I wonder if anybody would ever play it if it did not bear the name of Schumann.

The program of the concert the 14th is as follows: Chadwick's Melpomene overture; Saint-Saëns' G minor piano concerto (Miss Szumowska); Antar, by Rimsky-Korsakoff —not by Balakireff, as stated in the program book—and Brahms' Academic overture.

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Boston Transcript
MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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Arthur Foote: Suite in D minor, opus 36.
(First time.)
Schumann: Concerto for violoncello, in A minor, opus 129.
Mozart: Symphony in G minor (Koechel, 550).
Mr. Leo Schulz was the 'cellist.

Mr. Foote's new suite made, in one way, a different impression from that to which one is used from a work by him. The general plan of the composition seemed to us to be the least good part of it; and Mr. Foote's power of writing both orchestral and choral works of well-nigh masterly coherence of scheme and classic unity of impression has hitherto been conspicuous. No doubt, one cannot make such severe demands in this respect upon a suite as upon an orchestral or chamber composition in the more highly developed sonata form. Originally the suite was nothing more than was implied in the name "Suite de pièces" —"Series of pieces;" and the several movements in the suites by the old masters had no more inner connection with one another than would come from their all being in the same key. But ever since more modern composers stopped writing all the movements of a suite in one and the same key, one has got to look for some other, more ideal, connecting link between them, so that the composition shall seem something more than a mere haphazard aggregation of unrelated parts.

It seems to us that the trouble with this suite of Mr. Foote's is in the second and third movements; Espressivo, non troppo Adagio, and Tema con variazioni. Both are slow movements, and, though some of the variations in the latter are in a more rapid tempo, its general character is that implied in its heading: Andante espressivo, con moto. The more rapid variations do not come until this character has impressed itself upon the listener, and he has already noted the lack of contrast between the movement and its immediate predecessor. And this Theme with Variations itself, though containing some of the happiest inspirations and the best writing in the whole suite, seemed to us to be open to much the same charge as the entire composition; the charge of a certain lack of unity and coherence of scheme. Was this because too long pauses were made between the separate variations? We cannot quite tell. The theme itself is charming, and each variation, by itself, is equally so; but somehow we could not catch the connecting thread on which all these pearls were strung. We hear that the composer is dissatisfied with the first movement, and intends rewriting it. Perhaps we are no more satisfied with it than he; but, on the other hand, it strikes us as having the best stuff in it of all the four movements, and to be laid out on the stoutest plan. What faults it has are merely matters of detail—both as regards development and instrumentation—which prevent its producing the effect it would were the conspicuously fine ideas in it better carried out. To us it is eminently worth rewriting; if Mr. Foote bends well to the oar—which he knows how to do as well as anyone going—he will make it the finest movement in the suite. The second movement strikes us as rather weak. Perhaps all the third needs, after all, is, as we have already hinted, to have the pauses between the separate variations done away with, so that the whole may be seen to flow more in one stream. The fourth movement, Presto assai, is capital throughout. The heading seems to us a little misleading; if Mr. Paur really took the movement in Mr. Foote's tempo—as there seems to be no reason for doubting—the impression was by no means that of a Presto; save in the Stringendo toward the close, it sounded no faster than an Allegro giusto. But this is comparatively unimportant; Rubinstein was famous for marking many of his movements in a way that gave no notion at all of their proper tempo, but merely of the general character; when expostulated with by conductors for thus misleading them, he would reply that the marking meant something to him and that he did not care to change it. Perhaps Mr. Foote feels in something the same way about this Presto assai. But the movement is unspeakably bright and inspiring in its onward rush, in its ingenious development, especially in the clever and distinctly humorous treatment of fugal forms. It is, in one sense, perhaps, the most modern thing Mr. Foote has yet written, and this impression of "modernity" is not gained at the expense of stout construction nor logical development. The suite was loudly applauded, and the composer had at last to bow his acknowledgments from his hiding-place in the first balcony.

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The Boston Traveler
MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1896.

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Soloist, Mr. Leo Schulz.

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The number she essayed was the Saint-Saens pianoforte concerto, No. 2, G minor, which is a favorite one with pianists, as it offers especial opportunities.

Miss Szumowska is a comparatively young woman, of pleasing presence, and plays with much ease and grace. She has a bold, firm touch, suggesting a male player rather than a woman. There is a marked earnestness and finish about her work which especially commend her to her audience.

The second number of the concerto she played with great delicacy of expression, the rapid dextrous fingering required in this movement being accomplished in a particularly graceful, easy way, and quite a burst of applause greeted her at the close of the movement.

Her interpretation of the third movement also gave much pleasure and Miss Szumowska was recalled five times at the close of the number

The only two other numbers on the programme were the "Melpomene" overture by Chadwick, and the long Brahms symphony, No. 2. Mr. Chadwick's overture was charmingly played, especially the coda and the symphony, particularly the third and fourth movements. The last, with its touch of Hungarianism, was played in characteristic fashion by the orchestra.

Next week's concert will include Rubinstein's symphony, No. 4; three Hungarian dances, Brahms-Dvorak; andante from second symphony and the overture, "Abu Hassan." No soloist has been announced.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCVI., NO. 75.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Brilliant Performance of Chadwick's "Melpomene."

Full Justice Done the Overture by Mr. Paur and His Orchestra—Very Fine Reading of the Brahms Symphony No. 2, D-Major—Miss Antoinette Szumowska the Soloist.

The selections for the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, last night were:

Overture, "Melpomene".....G. W. Chadwick
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G-minor....
Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D-major.....Brahms

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the soloist.

Increased familiarity with Mr. Chadwick's overture enlarges respect for it. The work wears well and holds its own firmly. Its color, though tragic, is never overcharged, and the large and profound dignity befitting the theme has never been lost sight of by the composer. Temperance and keen artistic judgment and feeling, seconded by fine skill and unerring taste, are everywhere apparent. The clearness and beauty of the orchestration, notably in regard to the wood wind, and the always effective and well considered contrasts in tone color, impart a steady charm and interest to the score. The overture is fairly entitled to rank prominently with the best achievements in its kind that have come from the hand of a native composer. Full justice was done it by Mr. Paur and his orchestra, and prolonged applause followed its performance.

Mr. Paur, who evidences a deep and sympathetic appreciation of Brahms, gave an exceptionally fine reading of the symphony. Not a point was missed, and all that there is of grace, force and color in the work was brought out perfectly. The opening movement has never been more thoroughly interpreted than it was last night, and the pretty allegretto grazioso, with its piquant, rhythmic daintiness, was delightfully accented. But, oh, the wearisome length of the first allegro and the interminable toying with its brief leading subject, to no discoverable end except exhausting pedagogically all possibilities of thematic development, until at last resentful exasperation is stimulated by the ever-recurring repetitions!

Miss Szumowska has gained something of repose since she was last heard at these concerts. Her performance of the concerto was abundant in graces of style and charm of technique. The opening allegro was given with appropriate breadth and dignity, and the allegretto with brilliancy and clearness. More of maturity in taste and flexibility in sentiment might have been desired, but that will come by and by. In the finale, the young artiste was less successful. She took it at a rapid pace, which she could not always sustain with clearness of execution. The result was that some passages were blurred and others were unduly hurried and even clipped short, rendering it far from easy for the conductor and the orchestra to follow her with precision. As the movement progressed the pace began to tell on her fingers, and she became nervous, which did not mend matters. However, toward the close the artiste recovered, and the animated coda was wound up with great spirit and brilliancy, and a stormy round of applause and several recalls rewarded her.

Miss Szumowska has every qualification to win a high place in her art. Already her playing indicates the innate artist. What she most lacks is individuality and independence in style, but, with greater experience, this shortcoming will doubtless disappear.

The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 4, "Dramatic," Rubinstein; three Hungarian dances, Brahms-Dvork; andante from symphony No. 2, Weber; overture, "Abu Hassan," Weber. There will be no soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1896.

Eighteenth Concert of the Fifteenth Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—Miss Szumowska the Soloist.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture "Melpomene".....Chadwick
Concerto No. 2 for piano, G minor.....
Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The program-book says that Mr. Chadwick's overture might have had a sub-title "Overture to an Imaginary Tragedy." But the title is "Melpomene; Dramatic Overture," whatever was the original intention of specification.

"Melpomene" is enough as it stands. This Muse presided over all melancholy subjects, as well as tragedy; for did not Horace write:

"Praecipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene?"

She was dignified in look, stature and dress, this daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, and yet, according to one myth, she loved Achelous and bore unto him the Sirens, those fair creatures designed for man's destruction. Who, pray, will unriddle this riddle? The Sirens are the children of the Tragic Muse, who in turn was the daughter of the All-Powerful and Memory.

No doubt the program book is right. Mr. Chadwick evidently had a tragedy in mind; he did not attempt to exploit musically a strange family tree. His music is indeed tragic, nobly tragic. The very introduction prepares for the black curtain. Yet the gloom is neither peevish nor pessimistic. The mourning is a loud lamentation. There is the thought of heroic life and heroic death. His tragedy does not hint at Helen of Troy or her successors. There is no amorous parley in life; there is no sensuous regret when Death enters and dominates the scene. This music is nobly male, without thought of feminine influence.

Mr. Chadwick builded better than he perhaps knew when he chose the title that stands at the head of his admirable composition; Melpomene crowned the poets of high and lofty song, and through Melpomene has he gained the laurel.

* * *

Miss Szumowska is the delicate corollary to the weighty proposition, Paderewski. This surely is more gallant than to call her the pilot-fish that precedes the voracious shark—for Paderewski will soon be here. Let us not look upon the graceful pianist who appeared last evening as a species of gasteroteus; let us rather admire her as a pale reflection of the feminine Paderewski; as we have often said before, Paderewski is androgynal.

Fleetly, sweetly, and neatly did Miss Szumowska skim over the keys in the first two movements of Saint Saëns's polished, elegant concerto, like the Camilla mentioned by Mr Alexander Pope. You might well have demanded in the first movement more strength, but there were charming portions of cantabile, and fluent technique in passage-work. Crisp and crystalline was her performance of the Scherzo. In the finale the pace was too hot for her. The rhythm was not well defined, and there was not always distinctness.

The chief charm of Miss Szumowska's playing last night was a feminine refinement that suggested rare lace, a Watteau fan, and the perfume of sandal wood. And then this refinement would be vaporous, and you realized that the player is not an amazon of the piano.

* * *

When Mr. Paur is in doubt, he plays Brahms. It's a safe play in Boston. Let me not be unthankful; let me be duly appreciative of my educational opportunities in this town; but the symphony by Rimsky-Korsakoff, announced for last evening, would at least have gratified curiosity. For some reason or other, the first movement of the Brahms symphony seemed interminable. And for once the Scherzo was the most beautiful of the four movements, because it was the shortest. There is, it is true, a gospel of Johannes Brahms; but Brahms, to use an old New England phrase, is often a painful preacher of the word.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1896.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

The reappearance of Miss Antoinette Szumowska as soloist with the Boston orchestra was cordially welcomed by large gatherings Friday afternoon and last evening. She is a very attractive young woman, this talented pupil of Paderewski, and her graceful bearing and unaffected manner contribute not a little to the enjoyment derived from listening to her playing.

She made an extremely favorable impression when first heard here with the Symphony orchestra, a year ago, and at a recital given a few weeks since added materially to her popularity in Boston. Her performance last evening was applauded with much enthusiasm, and she was recalled half a dozen times.

She played Saint-Saens' concerto for piano, No. 2, a very brilliant and exacting composition, one which offers excellent opportunities for displaying a pianist's virtuosity. It abounds in brilliant running passages and complicated arrangements of octaves and chords, all requiring extreme fecility of finger work.

Miss Szumowska's fingers are wonderfully flexible, and she plays the most rapid passages with exactness and delightful clearness. Indeed, so far as digital dexterity is concerned, her equal has rarely been heard here. This accomplishment was particularly evident yesterday in her performance of the brilliant unaccompanied cadenza in the first movement, which was splendidly played, and won cordial recognition from the audience.

In certain portions of the concerto the orchestration is very elaborate, and in these passages Miss Szumowska was heard to the least advantage; in fact, sometimes not heard at all, for she is far from being a robust player. Great strength is not, however, to be expected from a woman.

One of the especially pleasing features of her playing is the effective use she makes of the pedals in producing singing tones. This production of "singing tone" is one of Paderewski's specialties, and he seems to have been very successful in teaching the art to his pupil.

Brahms' symphony No. 2, in D major, was in respect to solidity the feature of the orchestral program. It was given a superb performance under Mr Paur's direction, and the audience tried very hard to enjoy the many mysterious beauties of the score. A portion of the gathering probably succeeded in this commendable effort, but the majority gave evidence of longing for something more lucid.

This symphony is unquestionably a noble work, rich in grand harmonic effects, but it is of excessive length, and its numerous repetitions and massive elaborations prove severely taxing to the attention of an average audience. The third movement is an exception, however, for it contains one of the most graceful, melodious and altogether charming minuets ever written. It was exquisitely played by the orchestra, and earned the one hearty burst of applause accorded the performance of the symphony.

Mr George W. Chadwick's dramatic overture in D minor entitled "Melpomene," was played with splendid expression, spirit and artistic finish. It is a delightful work, thoroughly scholarly in treatment, rich in delicious melodies and abounding in elaborate and strikingly brilliant orchestral effects. Its performance was very welcome.

The following program is announced for this week's rehearsal and concert: Symphony No. 4, dramatic, Rubinstein; three Hungarian dances, Nos. 19, 15 and 21, Brahms-Dvorak; andante from second symphony, Weber; overture, Abu Hassan, Weber.

Gazette

enjoys. That Boston's merchants appreciate this fact is shown by the advertising columns of the Gazette, as compared with those of other weekly society papers.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15.

The Symphony Concert.

The eighteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given last night in Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene".....George W. Chadwick
Concerto for Pianoforte, G-minor.....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 2..... .....Brahms
(Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

This programme is another proof of the liberality with which Mr. Paur deals with our local composers, and never before since the Symphony concerts were inaugurated have native composers had so many opportunities for having their works played. The "Melpomene" overture is not new, but to have it interpreted by the Symphony Orchestra will be an encouragement and a stimulus to Mr. Chadwick to write another overture at his leisure, and so add to the list of his admirable compositions. It is naturally a discouragement to our local geniuses to labor for months or years at elaborating an overture or a suite and then be unable to have the work played. The liberal policy pursued by Mr. Paur will doubtless result in the production of native works that the world will not willingly let die.

Miss Szumowska was in one of her happiest moods; she has conquered several of the small faults that formerly marred her playing. Her technical work now, as always, is beyond praise, but she is also the rare artist, gifted with intelligence, feeling and interpretative skill. Her reading of the Saint Saens concerto was admirable in almost every respect. The second movement was given with rare grace, delicacy and lightness, and the last movement with great brilliancy and dash. Occasionally there was a slight fault of omission and commission, especially in some of the rapid passages when notes were dropped or slurred; but the faults were few compared with the many merits, and it is doubtful if ever before Miss Szumowska did so much justice to her talents. It was the graceful, brilliant, dainty playing of a finished artist, and won enthusiastic applause, Miss Szumowska being repeatedly called forward to bow her thanks.

American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

ARTHUR FOOTE'S SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, D MINOR, OP. 36.

Last Saturday night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert, with the following program: Suite, D minor, op. 36, Arthur Foote; Concerto for violoncello, A minor (Schumann), Mr. Leo Schulz; Symphony, G minor, Mozart.

As will be seen, the Suite by Mr. Arthur Foote was the one novelty on the list, and the work is most creditable to its composer. It is demonstrably the result of hard work, patience and knowledge, and technically it will win the approval of musicians. Inspiration or spontaneity are no longer expected in orchestral work. If the young composer writes correctly; if he has a fair knowledge of orchestral effects, it is no longer demanded that his work shall be born of the fulness of ideas. Tone color and odd and unexpected harmonies are everything; dignity or importance of ideas nothing. If monotony is the result of faulty theory, we excuse it by calling it erudition, and feel remorse for the yawns with which nature punishes us for being so intensely modern.

The Suite is the work of a man of talent; it has nothing new to say, but it says old things with suavity and with irreproachable good manners. It is work manufactured in the best manner, and on an approved and fashionable model. It need not be ashamed of going into good society, or of receiving the deserved approval of well bred people. Our era is characterized by the absence of genius, and so talent of all kinds has the opportunity to distinguish itself. We do not expect passion, pathos, tenderness, or any emotion whatever in our works of art; but we do insist that correctness and oddity shall supply the place of thought and feeling. Mr. Foote is a modern and he fully understands what modern art lovers expect; he pleases without exciting us, he puts no strain on the heart, head or memory. We listen to him with respect, part with him in the friendliest manner and then put on our hats and overcoats and talk about the weather or of the next epidemic of influenza. Genius is more uncomfortable and less courteous; it forces itself on the memory and makes us feel our own bitterness; it warms our blood, thrills our nerves and brings the tears to our eyes, and makes us ashamed of facing our friends. Mr. Foote's Suite never adds to the number of our heart beats; it is irreproachable in this as in other things. One can even write of it without vulgar enthusiasm and placidly look forward to the time when Mr. Foote will honor us and himself by producing another suite, concerto or symphony, for to the modern composer, the difference in art forms is simply a question of time and labor, and not of degree and inspiration. It deserves to be added that Mr. Foote's Suite belongs to the better class of academic music; it is dignified and effective work. The third movement is most ingeniously developed and worked out in its seven variations, and the last movement is impressive and fiery. The work aroused much enthusiasm, and at its conclusion, Mr. Foote was called out to bow his thanks.

PHILIP WOOLF.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 75.
SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Brilliant Performance of Chadwick's "Melpomene."

Full Justice Done the Overture by Mr. Paur and His Orchestra—Very Fine Reading of the Brahms Symphony No. 2, D-Major—Miss Antoinette Szumowska the Soloist.

The selections for the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, last night were:

Overture, "Melpomene".....G. W. Chadwick
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G-minor....
Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D-major.....Brahms

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the soloist.

Increased familiarity with Mr. Chadwick's overture enlarges respect for it. The work wears well and holds its own firmly. Its color, though tragic, is never overcharged, and the large and profound dignity befitting the theme has never been lost sight of by the composer. Temperance and keen artistic judgment and feeling, seconded by fine skill and unerring taste, are everywhere apparent. The clearness and beauty of the orchestration, notably in regard to the wood wind, and the always effective and well considered contrasts in tone color, impart a steady charm and interest to the score. The overture is fairly entitled to rank prominently with the best achievements in its kind that have come from the hand of a native composer. Full justice was done it by Mr. Paur and his orchestra, and prolonged applause followed its performance.

Mr. Paur, who evidences a deep and sympathetic appreciation of Brahms, gave an exceptionally fine reading of the symphony. Not a point was missed, and all that there is of grace, force and color in the work was brought out perfectly. The opening movement has never been more thoroughly interpreted than it was last night, and the pretty allegretto grazioso, with its piquant, rhythmic daintiness, was delightfully accented. But, oh, the wearisome length of the first allegro and the interminable toying with its brief leading subject, to no discoverable end except exhausting pedagogically all possibilities of thematic development, until at last resentful exasperation is stimulated by the ever-recurring repetitions!

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Boston Journal.
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Overture "Melpomene".....Chadwick
Concerto No. 2 for piano, G minor.....
Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The program-book says that Mr. Chadwick's overture might have had a sub-title "Overture to an Imaginary Tragedy." But the title is "Melpomene; Dramatic Overture," whatever was the original intention of specification.

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PHILIP HALE.

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One of the especially pleasing features of her playing is the effective use she makes of the pedals in producing singing tones. This production of "singing tone" is one of Paderewski's specialties, and he seems to have been very successful in teaching the art to his pupil.

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Gazette

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The Symphony Concert.

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Overture, "Melpomene".....George W. Chadwick
Concerto for Pianoforte, G-minor.....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 2.....Brahms
Soloist, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

This programme is another proof of the liberality with which Mr. Paur deals with our local composers, and never before since the Symphony concerts were inaugurated have native composers had so many opportunities for having their works played. The "Melpomene" overture is not new, but to have it interpreted by the Symphony Orchestra will be an encouragement and a stimulus to Mr. Chadwick to write another overture at his leisure, and so add to the list of his admirable compositions. It is naturally a discouragement to our local geniuses to labor for months or years at elaborating an overture or a suite and then be unable to have the work played. The liberal policy pursued by Mr. Paur will doubtless result in the production of native works that the world will not willingly let die.

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American Art Journal.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

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Last Saturday night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert, with the following program: Suite, D minor, op. 36, Arthur Foote; Concerto for violoncello, A minor (Schumann), Mr. Leo Schulz; Symphony, G minor, Mozart.

As will be seen, the Suite by Mr. Arthur Foote was the one novelty on the list, and the work is most creditable to its composer. It is demonstrably the result of hard work, patience and knowledge, and technically it will win the approval of musicians. Inspiration or spontaneity are no longer expected in orchestral work. If the young composer writes correctly; if he has a fair knowledge of orchestral effects, it is no longer demanded that his work shall be born of the fulness of ideas. Tone color and odd and unexpected harmonies are everything; dignity or importance of ideas nothing. If monotony is the result of faulty theory, we excuse it by calling it erudition, and feel remorse for the yawns with which nature punishes us for being so intensely modern.

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PHILIP WOOLF.

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...N DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 16, 1896.

Symphony Concert Devoted to Composers of the Present.

Last Saturday's symphony concert presented a programme devoted entirely to composers of the present, and even the substitution of a classic Brahms symphony for the more modern work of Balakireff did not deprive the list of its contemporary character. What the Russian symphony might have been cannot be told, but it is certain that the German work kept the concert within the limits of strict classicality.

The evening began with an admirable presentation of Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture. Every phrase was brought out with remarkable clearness, and with a delicacy of shading that deserves high praise. This is a work, too, that deserves a careful reading. Its themes are always earnest and sincere, its contrasts are well brought out but never overdrawn, its climaxes are forcible without becoming exaggerated. It contains little or none of the modern sensationalism, but says its say with a measured dignity not unworthy of the tragic muse of antiquity. The prominence of reed and wood-wind in the color-scheme is another thing that imparts an ancient flavor to the music. English horn and oboe were demanded with a persistence worthy of the old Romans themselves, and in our orchestra it goes without saying that they were always excellently played. The impressive horn passages of the development were effectively given, while the fortissimo climax of the coda, followed by a crash on the drums, was powerful enough to suggest that the murder of sleep was the tragedy implied in the title.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the soloist. This artist has already been heard here during the present season, and so has the Saint-Saens G-minor concerto. A hearing of the two in combination only increased the admiration that had previously been accorded to each separately. In the opening measures Miss Szumowska displayed a surety of touch that augured well for the success of her performance. The whole of the opening andante was with just the proper dynamic force, and the ensemble between piano and orchestra was well-nigh perfect. But it was in the second movement that the soloist's style had its best exemplification. The bright, sparkling theme that begins the allegretto, and forms one of its chief charms, afforded an excellent chance for the display of the charming grace and delicate crispness that characterize her playing. The final presto was taken at a rattling pace, and became an exciting exhibition of technique. At times there seemed a slight lack of power, but this fault was only temporary, and even if she did not always reach the standard of virtuosity attained by Sieveking in the movement, she gave it with a clearness that ought to please the conservatives in the present degenerate era of pianoforte pounding.

The Brahms second symphony ended the concert. The reading of this noble work was all that Mr. Paur's previous successes had led the public to expect. It was given with the requisite thoroughness of analysis and sympathetic understanding, and proved that Brahms need not be treated as a supernatural being whose utterances are unintelligible to ordinary mortals. A few more such readings will do away with the senseless fashion of regarding every Brahms work with a shrug and a smile just because some of his writings are too abstruse to suit the popular taste. Studied skill and artificial devices of composition are always present in this particular symphony, and there are moments when they lead to an undue prolixity. But this is not enough to obscure the melodic beauties of the work, and its wealth of musical ideas ought to appeal to every auditor who is content to take his themes without an excess of the ultra-modern orchestral spice. That Brahms is the greatest modern composer is not so absolutely certain as some of his admirers would have people believe; it may safely be affirmed, however, that public appreciation of his works is sure to increase greatly in the near future.

Arthur Elson.

The Boston Traveler
MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY.

Mlle. Szumowska's Clean Cut and Brilliant Playing—A Brahms Symphony.

Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra; eighteenth concert. Mlle. Szumowska, soloist. The programme:

Overture, "Melpomene".....G. W. Chadwick
Concerto for pianoforé, No. 2, G minor.... " Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The "Melpomene" stands the test of repe[tition] admirably. Its largeness, dignity, classic beauty and inherent musical worth make it certain of existence for some time to come. Mr. Chadwick has done very little—perhaps nothing—of more than this one overture. It is a [work] we can send across the water with entire confidence. It was read with [accuracy] and in a style befitting its [character].

Mlle. Szumowska gave an excellent account of herself in the lovely and bubbling Saint Saens concerto. She has a crisp and exceedingly clean-cut technique, a touch of more than ordinary [beauty] and a poetic instinct not always found in a woman. She may be a feminine replica of Paderewski, her teacher, but even granting that, she plays with a considerable amount of authority in the [manner] of interpreting the composer. Her [technical] points are undoubtedly reminiscent of the great Pole, and they are not the less agreeable for that. It seems to [us] that Szumowska is in many respects the best equipped and most satisfactory woman pianist who has come to Boston [for] years.

The Brahms symphony is the same odd [curious] medley of passages of rare beauty and periods of great tediousness. The first and third movements will always delight by their melodic elegance and graceful treatment. The slow movement is in Brahms' most uncompromisingly academic vein, and the last movement is a conspicuous example of fine thematic material overburdened and obscured by [over]fine development. Yet the symphony [has] power and elegance enough to warrant continued rehearing, and this occasion it was played in a masterly fashion. Surely Brahms is Mr. Paur's

Boston Commercial
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The programme of the eighteenth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Chadwick: Dramatic overture, "Melpomene."
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73.
Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the pianist.

Mr. Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture is more and more of a solid satisfaction, the more one hears it. Titles do not always mean very much; but they at least mean something, and one cannot grudge a composer the pleasure of giving his audience the hint a title conveys, so long as he shows in his work that he has not been his title's slave. If he has really mastered the idea contained in his title, and not been mastered by it, both he and his audience are generally safe. He will have written music which can appeal to his listeners as such; and they, in turn, will not be disposed to let the question, "Does the music really fill the bill?" stand between them and their appreciation of his composition as a work of art. Upon the whole, it is a matter of quite secondary importance whether music "fill the bill" or not; the main point is whether it is fine music or not. Yet, in spite of all this, few of us are such hard-and-fast purists that we are not conscious of a certain feeling of satisfaction when a composition, which we recognize as already fine in itself, thoroughly comes up to the specifications implied in its title. To our mind, Mr. Chadwick's overture does this conspicuously. He has taken his title in its highest sense, and well lived up to it in his music. Our idea of Melpomene, as the Muse of Tragedy, is inseparable from that of a certain classic beauty of form and proportion, a certain dignity and measure in expression. Eliminate these, and Tragedy becomes mere Melodrama. In this overture of his, Mr. Chadwick has preserved just enough of the classic musical spirit, of the classic modes of musical expression, to give the strenuous romanticism which is, after all, the most salient trait in the composition just the due tinge of tragic dignity. The work is not only full of vigor and beauty, and very stoutly built, but is altogether noble in character, and impressive as only noble things can be. The overture was excellently well played.

Brahm's D major symphony—which was substituted on second thoughts for Rimsky-Korsakoff's (not Balakirev's) "Antar," announced last week—is always welcome. Nowhere has Brahms shown himself more thoroughly possessed with the spirit of musical beauty. The symphony was evidently played con amore, with that enthusiasm our orchestra always shows for Brahms. Only the tempo of the first movement, Allegro non troppo, struck us as inexplicably slow. "Allegro non troppo" does not mean "not Allegro at all!" The movement dragged terribly. One almost trembles to think of what excesses in the opposite direction the reaction will bring with it, when this modern passion for slow Allegros has burnt itself out. Otherwise, the performance was capital.

Saint-Saens's G. Minor concerto still well holds its high position among modern pianoforte concertos; one may almost call it a perfect work. But Miss Szumowska, sad to say, was by no means in her best form last Saturday evening. She was plainly very nervous, and showed neither the mastery over herself nor the music that she has taught us to expect from her. You could not but feel the artist in her, the fineness of mental fibre that she has so often shown before; but the physical mastery was not there. She too often ran away with herself—as the saying is—at times to an extent that made accompanying her a real tour de force. Miss Szumowska has done far better here before, and will do better again; but it was not her night.

The next programme is: Rubinstein, symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," opus 95; Brahms-Dvorak, three Hungarian Dances, Nos. 19, 15, and 21; Weber, (a) Andante from symphony No. 2, in C major; (b) Overture to "Abu Hassan."

The Boston Courier.
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Brahms's second symphony ended the concert, and was well and completely rendered, as also were the other two numbers.

For Saturday night next this is the promise: Rubinstein, Symphony No. 4, "Dramatic;" Brahms—Dvorak, Three Hungarian Dances, Nos. 19, 15 and 21; a. Weber, Andante from Second Symphony; b. Weber. Overture, "Abu Hassan."

Howard Malcom Ticknor.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1896.

The program of the eighteenth Symphony concert was:

Overture, Melpomene.....Chadwick
Concerto No. 2, for piano, G minor.....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms

You know this overture by Chadwick? To me it is a nobly tragic work. The tragedy that he imagines is not cryptic, mystic. I do not believe that any woman caught the chief male in her meshes of perfumed hair. This music hints at conflict, of the delight of battle, of heroic death under the imperturbable sky. Melpomene crowned the poets of high and lofty song; through Melpomene did Chadwick gain the laurel.

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"If you ask us whether we like the work we may answer judicially—Yes, with a difference. Much of it is Beethoven, but Beethoven without the throbs, the inspired exaltation of spirit which sets what a great and good critic would call 'the symphonies of the Bonn master' apart from all similar works in the world. Much of it, again, is commonplace stuff, magnificently decorated—for example, the andante movement, which, so far as its melody goes, is very like and no better than the prayer from Zampa, but it is draped and adorned with endless ingenuity, with fine, 'thick' (this may be New Criticism, but it is the only word) masses of sound, and, in a word, with all the resources of a great, learned and industrious Academician. For the rest we far prefer Brahms in this irregular, not unjoyous mood, to the abysmally pretentious and dull Brahms of the Requiem. Even here his gaiety sometimes reminds you of a butterfly that is about the size of an elephant, and it would be superfluous to claim for his irregularity of inspiration that coherence and quickness of combination which make Beethoven so greatly magnificent; but Brahms is a portentous phenomenon, and we are content to gasp and stare before the evidences of his endless intricacy and massiveness of musical emotion."

Philip Hale.

...OVIDENCE JOURNAL.
THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896.

Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra's fifth concert was given last night in Infantry Hall. There was a large audience, who listened with rapt attention to the highly interesting programme, and waxed enthusiastic at times, especially over the superb playing of Mr. Timothie Adamowski, who contributed the solo number. The four numbers given, each representing a different composer, resembled each other in but one respect—that each was a gem of its kind, and presented not a dull moment from first to last. The following selections were played:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Op. 72.....Ludwig van Beethoven
Andante and Finale from Concerto for Violin.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Op. 74.....Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky
I. Adagio (B minor). Allegro non troppo (B minor).
II. Allegro con grazia (D major).
III. Allegro molto vivace (G major).
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso (B minor).
Overture to "Oberon"...Karl Maria von Weber

Beethoven's overture, which opened the concert, is the most brilliant of the four which he composed at different times for his one opera, "Fidelio"—or, as it was originally known, "Leonore." It is a work of unusual length and profundity for an opera overture, approaching the symphonic form, and is altogether a characteristic piece of Beethoven's workmanship. It abounds in sharp contrasts, and is by no means a thing to be recommended to amateur players; Mr. Paur's band of virtuosi, however, made light work of its difficulties, and performed it with telling effect.

As the programme began with an overture, so it ended with one, the last composition of that great genius, Weber, who died soon after conducting the first performance of "Oberon" in London. This overture has long been a favorite concert piece and small wonder, for it is simply filled with delicious music of every sort, from that which hints of elves and fairies and their moonlight pranks to the rush and swing of the most brilliant climax. Needless to say, it was superbly played.

The chief number of the programme was Tschaikowsky's great sixth symphony. This, too, was a swan song, the last gift of its composer to the world he was destined soon to leave. Weird stories have been circulated regarding the master work of the greatest Russian composer. One runs to the effect that he designed it as his requiem—this, of course, being meant to pair up with the rumor prevalent at the time of his death that he had committed suicide. In the same vein, perhaps, goes the tale that so profound and thrilling is its gloomy character that excitable musicians have been unable to sit out its performance, and have been compelled to seek the seclusion which the corridor grants. This sort of thing stimulates curiosity, and an unmistakable air of expectancy pervaded the audience last night, but no one was compelled to leave the building. But, putting aside subjective impressions, and measuring the symphony from the ordinary musical standpoint, there can be no doubt but that it must be emphatically termed a great work. It is heavily scored, and at times over noisy, but there is always the sense of a great composer with something original to say. The musical workmanship is of the finest, and the themes are pregnant and impressive. Its outlines are massive rather than graceful, and the hide of the Cossack is to be seen now and again beneath the cloak of the modern, as indeed is often the case with Tschaikowsky's music. But a great work it remains, and would alone suffice to make a man's reputation. It was received with much favor.

Mr. Adamowski's viola playing was a revelation, even to his old admirers. The criticism that has been made upon his playing—that he is apt to sacrifice something of the music to a showy style—could not be applied to his performance last evening. It was magnificent playing in every sense of the word, and, wedded to the charming music of Mendelssohn's concerto, brought out a storm of applause that at times could hardly wait for the conclusion of a phrase. It is a significant measure of the quality of this superb orchestra that such a soloist sits in the second seat.

The concert was greatly enjoyed by the large audience, and the symphony in particular freely commented upon. A well-known musician and keen critic announced his conversion to the suicide theory, saying that it sounded to him as if Tschaikowsky was tired of it all. Mr. Adamowski was the hero of the occasion with many.

The sixth and last concert will be given on Wednesday evening, April 22.

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The Official Paper of the City.

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The evening began with an admirable presentation of Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture. Every phrase was brought out with remarkable clearness, and with a delicacy of shading that deserves high praise. This is a work, too, that deserves a careful reading. Its themes are always earnest and sincere, its contrasts are well brought out but never overdrawn, its climaxes are forcible without becoming exaggerated. It contains little or none of the modern sensationalism, but says its say with a measured dignity not unworthy of the tragic muse of antiquity. The prominence of reed and wood-wind in the color-scheme is another thing that imparts an ancient flavor to the music. English horn and oboe were demanded with a persistence worthy of the old Romans themselves, and in our orchestra it goes without saying that they were always excellently played. The impressive horn passages of the development were effectively given, while the fortissimo climax of the coda, followed by a crash on the drums, was powerful enough to suggest that the murder of sleep was the tragedy implied in the title.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the soloist. This artist has already been heard here during the present season, and so has the Saint-Saens G-minor concerto. A hearing of the two in combination only increased the admiration that had previously been accorded to each separately.

In the opening measures Miss Szumowska displayed a surety of touch that augured well for the success of her performance. The whole of the opening andante was with just the proper dynamic force, and the ensemble between piano and orchestra was well-nigh perfect. But it was in the second movement that the soloist's style had its best exemplification. The bright, sparkling theme that begins the allegretto, and forms one of its chief charms, afforded an excellent chance for the display of the charming grace and delicate crispness that characterize her playing. The final presto was taken at a rattling pace, and became an exciting exhibition of technique. At times there seemed a slight lack of power, but this fault was only temporary, and even if she did not always reach the standard of virtuosity attained by Sieveking in the movement, she gave it with a clearness that ought to please the conservatives in the present degenerate era of pianoforte pounding.

The Brahms second symphony ended the concert. The reading of this noble work was all that Mr. Paur's previous successes had led the public to expect. It was given with the requisite thoroughness of analysis and sympathetic understanding, and proved that Brahms need not be treated as a supernatural being whose utterances are unintelligible to ordinary mortals. A few more such readings will do away with the senseless fashion of regarding every Brahms work with a shrug and a smile just because some of his writings are too abstruse to suit the popular taste. Studied skill and artificial devices of composition are always present in this particular symphony, and there are moments when they lead to an undue prolixity. But this is not enough to obscure the melodic beauties of the work, and its wealth of musical ideas ought to appeal to every auditor who is content to take his themes without an excess of the ultra-modern orchestral spice. That Brahms is the greatest modern composer is not so absolutely certain as some of his admirers would have people believe; it may safely be affirmed, however, that public appreciation of his works is sure to increase greatly in the near future.

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THE SYMPHONY.

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Fifteenth season Boston Symphony Orchestra; eighteenth concert. Mlle. Szumowska, soloist. The programme:

Overture, "Melpomene".....G. W. Chadwick
Concerto for pianoforo, No. 2, G minor.... .. Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The "Melpomene" stands the test of repetition admirably. Its largeness, dignity, classic beauty and inherent musical worth make it certain of existence for some time to come. Mr. Chadwick has done very little—perhaps nothing—of more value than this one overture. It is a work that can send across the water with entire confidence. It was read with sympathy and in a style befitting its character.

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Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73.
Miss Antoinette Szumowska was the pianist.

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HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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Given the weighty proposition Paderewski, and you have the fragrant, delicate corollary Miss Szumowska. The charm of her playing last night was its feminine refinement. One might have demanded reasonably more breadth and power in the graver portions of the first movement, but there was haunting cantabile and there was elegance in passage work. Crisp and crystalline was the scherzo under her fleet fingers. The pace of the finale was too hot for absolute accuracy and distinctness, and the rhythm was not sharply defined. Miss Szumowska suggests in her playing the odor of sandalwood.

The Antar of Rimsky-Korsakoff had been announced, but it was omitted, and Mr. Paur, in doubt, played Brahms, which is a trump in the Boston musical game. For some reason or other the first movement seemed interminably long and the treatment of the Mendelssohnian theme irritating to madness. But we have often talked of Brahms. This afternoon I happened to see a review in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 2d of a Crystal Palace concert in which Brahms' third symphony was performed. Let us listen to the reviewer, instead of threshing again the old familiar wheat; for although he speaks of the third symphony, his remarks may be applied to nearly all of Brahms' orchestral works of long breath:

"If you ask us whether we like the work we may answer judicially—Yes, with a difference. Much of it is Beethoven, but Beethoven without the throbs, the inspired exaltation of spirit which sets what a great and good critic would call 'the symphonies of the Bonn master' apart from all similar works in the world. Much of it, again, is commonplace stuff, magnificently decorated—for example, the andante movement, which, so far as its melody goes, is very like and no better than the prayer from Zampa, but it is draped and adorned with endless ingenuity, with fine, 'thick' (this may be New Criticism, but it is the only word) masses of sound, and, in a word, with all the resources of a great, learned and industrious Academician. For the rest we far prefer Brahms in this irregular, not unjoyous mood, to the abysmally pretentious and dull Brahms of the Requiem. Even here his gaiety sometimes reminds you of a butterfly that is about the size of an elephant, and it would be superfluous to claim for his irregularity of inspiration that coherence and quickness of combination which make Beethoven so greatly magnificent; but Brahms is a portentous phenomenon, and we are content to gasp and stare before the evidences of his endless intricacy and massiveness of musical emotion."

PHILIP HALE.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896.

Symphony Concert.

The Symphony Orchestra's fifth concert was given last night in Infantry Hall. There was a large audience, who listened with rapt attention to the highly interesting programme, and waxed enthusiastic at times, especially over the superb playing of Mr. Timothie Adamowski, who contributed the solo number. The four numbers given, each representing a different composer, resembled each other in but one respect—that each was a gem of its kind, and presented not a dull moment from first to last. The following selections were played:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Op. 72.....Ludwig van Beethoven
Andante and Finale from Concerto for Violin.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," Op. 74.....Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky
I. Adagio (B minor). Allegro non troppo (B minor).
II. Allegro con grazia (D major).
III. Allegro molto vivace (G major).
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso (B minor).
Overture to "Oberon"...Karl Maria von Weber

Beethoven's overture, which opened the concert, is the most brilliant of the four which he composed at different times for his one opera, "Fidelio"—or, as it was originally known, "Leonore." It is a work of unusual length and profundity for an opera overture, approaching the symphonic form, and is altogether a characteristic piece of Beethoven's workmanship. It abounds in sharp contrasts, and is by no means a thing to be recommended to amateur players; Mr. Paur's band of virtuosi, however, made light work of its difficulties, and performed it with telling effect.

As the programme began with an overture, so it ended with one, the last composition of that great genius, Weber, who died soon after conducting the first performance of "Oberon" in London. This overture has long been a favorite concert piece and small wonder, for it is simply filled with delicious music of every sort, from that which hints of elves and fairies and their moonlight pranks to the rush and swing of the most brilliant climax. Needless to say, it was superbly played.

The chief number of the programme was Tschaikowsky's great sixth symphony. This, too, was a swan song, the last gift of its composer to the world he was destined soon to leave. Weird stories have been circulated regarding the master work of the greatest Russian composer. One runs to the effect that he designed it as his requiem—this, of course, being meant to pair up with the rumor prevalent at the time of his death that he had committed suicide. In the same vein, perhaps, goes the tale that so profound and thrilling is its gloomy character that excitable musicians have been unable to sit out its performance, and have been compelled to seek the seclusion which the corridor grants. This sort of thing stimulates curiosity, and an unmistakable air of expectancy pervaded the audience last night, but no one was compelled to leave the building. But, putting aside subjective impressions, and measuring the symphony from the ordinary musical standpoint, there can be no doubt but that it must be emphatically termed a great work. It is heavily scored, and at times over noisy, but there is always the sense of a great composer with something original to say. The musical workmanship is of the finest, and the themes are pregnant and impressive. Its outlines are massive rather than graceful, and the hide of the Cossack is to be seen now and again beneath the cloak of the modern, as indeed is often the case with Tschaikowsky's music. But a great work it remains, and would alone suffice to make a man's reputation. It was received with much favor.

Mr. Adamowski's viola playing was a revelation, even to his old admirers. The criticism that has been made upon his playing—that he is apt to sacrifice something of the music to a showy style—could not be applied to his performance last evening. It was magnificent playing in every sense of the word, and, wedded to the charming music of Mendelssohn's concerto, brought out a storm of applause that at times could hardly wait for the conclusion of a phrase. It is a significant measure of the quality of this superb orchestra that such a soloist sits in the second seat.

The concert was greatly enjoyed by the large audience, and the symphony in particular freely commented upon. A well-known musician and keen critic announced his conversion to the suicide theory, saying that it sounded to him as if Tschaikowsky was tired of it all. Mr. Adamowski was the hero of the occasion with many.

The sixth and last concert will be given on Wednesday evening, April 22.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.

Uninteresting Program at Symphony Concert.

"Chimes of Normandy" to be Sung at the Castle Sq Theater.

Mr and Mrs Henschel—Paderewski's Return—Harmonic Happenings.

The 19th symphony program of the season could not be called very interesting. Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony occupied about two-thirds of the time, and the remaining half hour was devoted to Saint-Saens' poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," Weber's overture to "Abu Hassan" and three Hungarian dances by Brahms. Admirers of Rubenstein do not rank his "Dramatic" symphony among his higher compositions, for although the orchestration is elaborate and complex at times there is a lack of coherency about the work which makes it uninteresting, and the frequent repetitions of many pages of the score are really wearisome. This is specially so in the second and fourth movements.

The triplet passages by the strings and the cantabile phrases by the clarinets were beautifully played in the first movement, and the concluding development, with the fusilade of changes from quarter to sixteenth notes, gave ample evidence of the grand ensemble work of the men, for the work by each contingent was as of one player and without a trace of indecision or cloudiness. The dance melody of the second movement was like a melodic oasis in a desert of uninteresting repetitions; the latter scholarly, of course, but to the average auditor reiterated unnecessarily.

The third part of the symphony is rather gloomy and meaningless, and possesses but little with which to inspire players or auditors. The figures given to the horns and clarinets were admirably played, and the interpretation of the whole movement was creditable to the orchestra. In the fourth part the sharp contrasts were conscientiously observed.

The Saint-Saens' poem was a welcome supplement to the Rubinstein's symphony, and the charmingly delicate rhythm of the composition appeared to put every one in good humor. Its irregularity of form, the tripping measures given to the strings, while a sonorous background is furnished by the basses, and the artistic harmonic contrasts are undeniably pleasing, and the men of the orchestra fairly reveled in the dainty work given them. The interpretation aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the concert.

The humor of Weber's overture was deliciously brought out, the pompous themes with mock solemnity by the basses and double basses and the lighter passages by the violins and companion instruments. The three Hungarian dances were splendidly played, especially the 21st, and the performance of this trio was brilliant in every way.

There will be no concert this week. The next rehearsal will be given Thursday afternoon, April 2, to enable the Handel and Haydn society to prepare for the concert Friday evening. Mrs Georg Henschel will be the soloist at the next symphony. The numbers for the orchestra will be as follows: Overture, "Der Portugiesische Gasthof," L. Cherubini; symphony in C minor, op 11 (MS.), Gustav Strube; overture, "Genoveva," Schumann.

Gazette

enjoys. That Boston's merchants appreciate this fact is shown by the advertising columns of the Gazette, as compared with those of other weekly society papers.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22.

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the season was given in Music Hall, last night by the Symphony orchestra. The following is the programme:

Symphony No. 4, D-minor.....Rubenstein
Symphonic Poem, A-major, op. 31.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Three Hungarian Dances.....Brahms-Dvorak.

This is a good programme and it received a most artistic interpretation. The Rubenstein symphony loses neither in strength nor beauty by age though the impatient might object that it is a trifle long. Rubenstein remains the master of modern masters, in the largeness and boldness of his ideas, in genuine fiery feeling and in impetuosity of attack. We all know that Rubenstein was lacking in patience thereby differing from his great contemporaries who carve their work inch by inch and labor lovingly over it until it receives its highest finish. On the other hand Rubenstein gives us some delightfully pleasant and restful moments, stimulating the nerves by contrasts, rather than exhausting them by monotonous excitement. The adagio of this "Dramatic" symphony is a fine example of both these merits; it is a glimpse of the pure beauty that the old masters were so proud of dealing with, and one listens to it with an emotion in which there is no trace of pain. It is possible that in his love of beauty for beauty's sake Rubenstein was old fashioned; but the present generation of music lovers, at least, will excuse him for it has not yet reached the condition of being fully satisfied with noise developed on a scientific basis.

The Saint-Saëns work was played with the utmost grace and brilliancy by the orchestra, and one listened to it in pleased content, as to the conversation of a clever man who gives novelty to commonplaces by uttering them in the form of epigrams. As to the Hungarian dances, what Brahms says and Dvorak approves of cannot be wrong. There is a charming, stately liveliness in these dances, suggesting a love poem by Ben Jonson translated into sonorous Greek. The "Abu Hassan" overture is charming, and it was charmingly played by the orchestra.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.

Rubinsteins Long, Tedious 4th Symphony.

Yet He Once Said It Was His Favorite Work.

Announcements of the Next Two Weeks—Notes.

The program of the Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic".....Rubinstein
Symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning-Wheel".....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Three Hungarian dances (Nos. 15, 17 and 21).....Brahms
(Scored for orchestra by Dvorak.)

Rubinstein once said in Berlin that of all his symphonies he was fondest of the "Dramatic." He said this at the rehearsal of the symphony, which he conducted Nov. 12, '83. He also remarked that the slow movement was "poor stuff," but the other movements pleased him. Thus he differed in self-estimation from the old minister in Orange County, Vermont, who, when he was about to retire from his charge, concluded his farewell in these memorable words: "My brethren, I have preached many, many sermons; few have pleased God, and none have pleased me."

Truly the scherzo is interesting and original, peculiar in its use of the wood-wind; but the other movements are more attractive to the eyes of the reader of the score than to the ears of the hearer; for the instrumentation is generally so arranged that passages which look as though they should be effective sound strangely commonplace and crude. Passages of importance are given to the wood-wind which are entirely covered by the strings; or elaborate figures are introduced that would only be prominent when played on a piano. Nor is the thought always lofty enough or beautiful enough to shine through the shabby dress.

Rubinstein was right about the slow movement; it is poor stuff, and its sentiment is too often the sentimentalism of the salon. The first movement and the finale are over-elaborated, that is, in Rubinstein's way, and spun out to an appalling length; this symphony was, indeed, written for Russia, where nights are longest. The effect is frittered away by constant repetition. As in certain other large works of Rubinstein, there is the impression of eagerness to begin and pleasure taken in the stretching of the first movement; but when it comes to the labor of development, and omitting and revising, the interest departs and the rest is unhappily the result of perfunctory facility.

There were so many ideas in the composer's head that the moment he began a symphony, he worked ambitiously until the thought of an opera, or a concerto or a piece of chamber music harassed him, and it is as though he said, "I must hurry this thing up; there's something else to be done." An irregular, comparatively untrained genius, this Rubinstein; who, a marvel of industry, yet lacked intense application and had not the gift of rigid self-examination.

The symphony was well played, and the task was not an easy one. The Scherzo was especially well given. The first flute made a false entrance in the slow movement, and there was a trifling raggedness of attack in the finale; but, as I have said, the symphony is full of difficulties. On the whole, it was played admirably.

* * *

The other numbers of the program do not call for extended comment. Saint-Saëns's delightful symphonic poem, with the whirr of the wheel, the voice of the mocking Omphale and the impotent rage of the enamored Hercules, is well known here and warmly appreciated. Perhaps it never gave such keen delight as last evening, when it came directly after the labored and muddily scored symphony.

Weber's opera, "Abu Hassan," tells of our old friend in the "Arabian Nights," who, after he had married the slave of Zobeide, lived riotously, and tried to cheat his creditors and gain gifts from Caliph by feigning death. Is the short opera as hopelessly old-fashioned and tiresome as the short overture, with its 1811 idea of Eastern color in music?

The dances of Brahms played last night are not among his best.

PHILIP HALE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.—There is another most excellent program selected for tonight; one, too, which contains elements calculated to please all. We present it in full, as it deserves a hearing: Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," op. 96; 1 Lento, Allegro moderato; 2 Presto, Allegro non troppo; 3 Adagio; 4 Largo, Allegro con fuoco. Saint-Saens—Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale, op. 31. Weber—Overture to "Abu Hassan" (first time). Brahms—Three Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21, Allegretto, Allegretto grazioso, Vivace. Scored for orchestra by Albert Parlow and Antonin Dvorak.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 82.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Contrast of Gayety with Gloomy Seriousness.

Rubenstein's "Dramatic" Symphony Almost Depressingly Wearisome, but Beautifully Played—Saint-Saens' Tuneful Symphonic Poem—Spirited Weber Overture.

The programme for the 19th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, which was given in Music Hall last evening, was:

Symphony No. 4, in D-minor, "Dramatic,".....Rubinstein
Symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel".....Saint-Saens
Overture, "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17 and 21..Brahms

Of Rubinstein's six symphonies, the "Dramatic" is one of the most ambitious and the least attractive. It takes over an hour in the performance, and its gloomy seriousness is unbroken except by the scherzo, of which the themes are melodious and flowing, and the instrumentation delightfully piquant. The development of each movement is carried to such unusual length and with so much of dry profundity that the work is almost depressingly wearisome, and despite its scholarly harmonic treatment and its rich and solid instrumentation it fails to interest as a whole. It lacks the melodiousness, the breadth and the fine contrasts in effect that mark his "Ocean" symphony, and its prevailing sombreness of color and its excess of labored pedagogy repel the hearer and leave him cold and fatigued. It had been played here twice before, but on neither occasion did it make a favorable impression, by reason of its inordinate length, its frequent vagueness and its monotony of sentiment. It was carefully read, and beautifully played, but on the whole was endured rather than enjoyed, except in regard to the scherzo, which drew forth the only hearty manifestation of pleasure that rewarded the performance.

The grace, the tunefulness and the clearness of the familiar Saint-Saens symphonic poem which followed came as a grateful relief after the spun-out gloom of the symphony. It was exquisitely interpreted by Mr. Paur and was played by the orchestra with incomparable delicacy.

The Weber overture is the veriest of lively trifles, of which the gaiety and the tunefulness still charm, despite the aspect of quaintness that has settled on it. It has little except the spirit and fire of the violin passages toward the close, that recall the composer of the overtures to "Oberon," "Preciosa," Der Freyschutz" and "Euryanthe," but then it was written only to usher in a one-act comic operetta, and sprightliness and humor were all that was demanded. These it has in all necessary fulness. It was brilliantly played and was well worth the hearing.

The Brahms dances were scored for orchestra by Dvorak, and were heard in this version for the first time at these concerts. The instrumentation is characteristic and colors and accents the dances with impressive effect. Mr. Paur read them in a manner that brought out all that was in them. Not a point was lost that could emphasize and bring out clearly the varying moods of the music.

There will be no rehearsal or concert this week. The next rehearsal will take place on Thursday afternoon, April 2, the change from Friday being made to provide the opportunity for the arrangement of the stage for the Handel and Haydn concert on the evening of that day. The programme will be: Overture, "L'Hotellerie Portugaise," Cherubini; symphony in C minor, by Gustav Strub, a member of the Symphony orchestra, and Overture "Genoveva," Schumann. Mrs. Georg Henschel will be the soloist, and will sing two arias not yet announced.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.
(Copyright 1896, Post Publishing Company.)

SYMPHONY CONCERT ATTRACTIONS.

The nineteenth symphony last night presented four composers, opening with Rubinstein's fourth symphony ("Dramatic"), the playing of which occupied over an hour.

It presents a number of figures skilfully arranged, interwoven and developed, though in many cases very frequently repeated. As a piece of musical construction it shows a master hand, but its extreme length and general heaviness make it rather dreary. It was read, however, intelligently, and was liberally applauded.

Following it came "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," by Saint-Saens, a dainty thing, full of pleasing melodies and light enough to contrast strongly with what preceded, and the fact that it was exquisitely played added much to its enjoyment.

Von Weber's overture to "Abu Hassan" was also a bright, lively and light composition. It is in one movement and occupies but a few minutes in playing.

Three of Brahms's Hungarian dances closed the programme. They were the more familiar ones, Nos. 15, 17 and 21, and ended in a breezy and light manner a programme drearily enough begun.

There was no soloist, which may account for the comparatively small attendance.

There will be no concert next week, but at that of the following week Mrs. Georg Henschel will sing and the C minor symphony by Gustav Strube will be heard for the first time.

The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 23, 1896.

Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" as Heard in Boston.

With Methuselah as auditor, and an eternity to play it in, Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" might be effective, but it is a trifle long for the ordinary three-score-and-ten individual. It might rather be called the "Spasmodic Symphony" for it is built up of a whole host of fragmentary thoughts which are not fused into homogeneity. Its bold chief theme makes a good impression at the outset, and the tender second theme gives just that pairing of the Gentle with the Strong, which seems to be the aesthetic union demanded in every true art-work. It is also a commendable fact that the composer has not called every unusual instrument to his aid but expresses his thought within the limits of classical scoring, only the usual Beethoven forces being required in this work. But here praise must stop, or at least pause to take breath, for the elaboration of the themes is carried to an inordinate length, the first movement alone being nearly 25 minutes long. There are many bold and semi-barbaric touches; one does not need to cratch the Russian to find the Tartar here, and the final cadence pushes the violins to a high position above even the highest orchestral peaks of Beethoven.

The Scherzo is original and very bizarre, and become a splendid study of skilful scoring. Its spasmodic character gives the impression of an epileptic fit set to music, but there are some striking touches in its measures, notably the march-like theme which again struck the keynote of barbaric effect. A better test of the ensemble of an orchestra could scarcely be found, and the fact that this Scherzo was performed without a flaw speaks forcibly for the standard which our orchestra has attained under the leadership of Mr. Paur.

The Adagio is far less effective and seems very conventional, although leading up to a good climax just before the coda, but this same coda closes with some remarkably weak flute sequences, and the whole movement shows that Rubinstein requires bizarreris to make his effects; the reader may recall Thackeray's picture of Louis XIV. without his robes and great wig—that is the symphonic Rubinstein when shorn of his musical surprises and eccentricities, and that was the Rubinstein of this Adagio.

The Finale dealt in syncopations at wholesale, as the first movement had done, and it also gave much reiteration of quaint and original figures. The development was an exhibition rather of the strainings than the strains of music, although there was much knowledge displayed. One bit of canonic work, a species of Fugato, began furiously upon the bassoon and was carried through the woodwind with fine effect; the bassoon deserves especial mention for excellent work in this. The horns also deserve praise in connection with this finale. There was an endless use of sequence in this movement, as indeed throughout the symphony, but the coda was inspiring, triumphant and majestic.

It is just possible that we have judged the symphony too harshly, for it has certainly gained by repeated hearing and a study of the score; that a symphony taking an hour in the performance should not leave the impression of dulness is in itself much, and it was one of the finest exhibitions of technique and ensemble that our orchestra has ever given. But woe be to this work if it ever is attempted by any lesser organization!

Possibly as a recognition of the beginning of the bicycling season "The Wheel of Omphale" was now given, although the make of the wheel was not mentioned on the programme; it ran most smoothly and came to its end without a punctured tire. The audience seemed heartily to appreciate the beauty of a direct and intelligible melody, and the cellos groaned with Hercules and the oboes chattered with Omphale right interestingly. The work was shaded to perfection and the constant reiteration of the spinning figure was pretty enough to make one exclaim with Ophelia,—"Oh, how the wheel becomes it!"

The work was a good buffer between the fierceness of the Rubinstein symphony and the jollity of Weber's "Abu Hassan" overture. The latter stood like Saul among the prophets in a gathering of ultra-modern works, but its brightness proved that spontaneity cannot lose its charm even in a complex age. It was delightfully interpreted.

Less effective was the reading of the Brahms-Dvorak Hungarian dances which sounded formal and square-cut. Of course they presented the formulae with which we are now somewhat familiar. To make a Hungarian dance it is necessary to begin with a degree of agony as if too much Tokay had left a period of deepest depression; when the gloom is at its deepest there comes a musical hiccough and — presto the work ends with delirium tremens! Quick changes and utter abandon to the caprice of the moment must characterize the work, and we doubt whether any Teuton in the world can give this music just as the Hungarians enjoy it. The present writer recalls strolling orchestras of gypsies, heard near Buda-Pesth, which could give such compositions in a manner beyond that of any symphony orchestra of the world. Not a scrap of printed or written music was amongst the musicians; the leader, who directed solely by his performance upon the violin, arose and began the sorrowful Lassa nalone; tender and brooding harmonies were improvised by the rest of the band and the ensemble was as if one great instrument were playing; gradually they dropped out again and the tearful violin was alone once more; then came the little whip-snap of an upward progression, a slight pause, and suddenly all were off like a set of racers. The end was generally a perfect whirlwind, a species of dancing dervish intoxication, but never did there seem to be any scrambling or any disturbance of the unity of the performance. And at the end of it when the little saucer was passed around for contributions it was chiefly copper that filled it and the dropping in of a silver coin was evidently a rare enough occurrence to cause comment.

The last of the three Hungarian dances of this concert was the most dashing and the shortest of all. It seemed to be a [illegible] movement [illegible] most satisfactory of [illegible]

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Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.

Uninteresting Program at Symphony Concert.

"Chimes of Normandy" to be Sung at the Castle Sq Theater.

Mr and Mrs Henschel—Paderewski's Return—Harmonic Happenings.

The 19th symphony program of the season could not be called very interesting. Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony occupied about two-thirds of the time, and the remaining half hour was devoted to Saint-Saens' poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," Weber's overture to "Abu Hassan" and three Hungarian dances by Brahms. Admirers of Rubenstein do not rank his "Dramatic" symphony among his higher compositions, for although the orchestration is elaborate and complex at times there is a lack of coherency about the work which makes it uninteresting, and the frequent repetitions of many pages of the score are really wearisome. This is specially so in the second and fourth movements.

The triplet passages by the strings and the cantabile phrases by the clarinets were beautifully played in the first movement, and the concluding development, with the fusilade of changes from quarter to sixteenth notes, gave ample evidence of the grand ensemble work of the men, for the work by each contingent was as of one player and without a trace of indecision or cloudiness. The dance melody of the second movement was like a melodic oasis in a desert of uninteresting repetitions; the latter scholarly, of course, but to the average auditor reiterated unnecessarily.

The third part of the symphony is rather gloomy and meaningless, and possesses but little with which to inspire players or auditors. The figures given to the horns and clarinets were admirably played, and the interpretation of the whole movement was creditable to the orchestra. In the fourth part the sharp contrasts were conscientiously observed.

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Gazette

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BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22.

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the season was given in Music Hall, last night by the Symphony orchestra. The following is the programme:

Symphony No. 4, D minor.....Rubenstein
Symphonic Poem, A-major, op. 31.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Three Hungarian Dances.....Brahms-Dvorak.

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Yet He Once Said It Was His Favorite Work.

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Overture to "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Three Hungarian dances (Nos. 15, 17 and 21).....Brahms
(Scored for orchestra by Dvorak.)

Rubinstein once said in Berlin that of all his symphonies he was fondest of the "Dramatic." He said this at the rehearsal of the symphony, which he conducted Nov. 12, '83. He also remarked that the slow movement was "poor stuff," but the other movements pleased him. Thus he differed in self-estimation from the old minister in Orange County, Vermont, who, when he was about to retire from his charge, concluded his farewell in these memorable words: "My brethren, I have preached many, many sermons: few have pleased God, and none have pleased me."

Truly the scherzo is interesting and original, peculiar in its use of the wood-wind; but the other movements are more attractive to the eyes of the reader of the score than to the ears of the hearer; for the instrumentation is generally so arranged that passages which look as though they should be effective sound strangely commonplace and crude. Passages of importance are given to the wood-wind which are entirely covered by the strings; or elaborate figures are introduced that would only be prominent when played on a piano. Nor is the thought always lofty enough or beautiful enough to shine through the shabby dress.

Rubinstein was right about the slow movement; it is poor stuff, and its sentiment is too often the sentimentalism of the salon. The first movement and the finale are over-elaborated, that is, in Rubinstein's way, and spun out to an appalling length; this symphony was, indeed, written for Russia, where nights are longest. The effect is frittered away by constant repetition. As in certain other large works of Rubinstein, there is the impression of eagerness to begin and pleasure taken in the stretching of the first movement; but when it comes to the labor of development, and omitting and revising, the interest departs and the rest is unhappily the result of perfunctory facility.

There were so many ideas in the composer's head that the moment he began a symphony, he worked ambitiously until the thought of an opera, or a concerto or a piece of chamber music harassed him, and it is as though he said, "I must hurry this thing up; there's something else to be done." An irregular, comparatively untrained genius, this Rubinstein; who, a marvel of industry, yet lacked intense application and had not the gift of rigid self-examination.

The symphony was well played, and the task was not an easy one. The Scherzo was especially well given. The first flute made a false entrance in the slow movement, and there was a trifling raggedness of attack in the finale; but, as I have said, the symphony is full of difficulties. On the whole, it was played admirably.

* * *

The other numbers of the program do not call for extended comment. Saint-Saëns's delightful symphonic poem, with the whirr of the wheel, the voice of the mocking Omphale and the impotent rage of the enamored Hercules, is well known here and warmly appreciated. Perhaps it never gave such keen delight as last evening, when it came directly after the labored and muddily scored symphony.

Weber's opera, "Abu Hassan," tells of our old friend in the "Arabian Nights," who, after he had married the slave of Zobeide, lived riotously, and tried to cheat his creditors and gain gifts from Caliph by feigning death. Is the short opera as hopelessly old-fashioned and tiresome as the short overture, with its 1811 idea of Eastern color in music?

The dances of Brahms played last night are not among his best.

PHILIP HALE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.—There is another most excellent program selected for tonight; one, too, which contains elements calculated to please all. We present it in full, as it deserves a hearing: Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," op. 96; 1 Lento, Allegro moderato; 2 Presto, Allegro non troppo; 3 Adagio; 4 Largo, Allegro con fuoco. Saint-Saens—Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale, op. 31. Weber—Overture to "Abu Hassan" (first time). Brahms—Three Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21, Allegretto, Allegretto grazioso, Vivace. Scored for orchestra by Albert Parlow and Antonin Dvorak.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Contrast of Gayety with Gloomy Seriousness.

Rubenstein's "Dramatic" Symphony Almost Depressingly Wearisome, but Beautifully Played—Saint-Saens' Tuneful Symphonic Poem—Spirited Weber Overture.

The programme for the 19th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, which was given in Music Hall last evening, was:

Symphony No. 4, in D-minor, "Dramatic," Rubinstein
Symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel".....Saint-Saens
Overture, "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17 and 21..Brahms

Of Rubinstein's six symphonies, the "Dramatic" is one of the most ambitious and the least attractive. It takes over an hour in the performance, and its gloomy seriousness is unbroken except by the scherzo, of which the themes are melodious and flowing, and the instrumentation delightfully piquant. The development of each movement is carried to such unusual length and with so much of dry profundity that the work is almost depressingly wearisome, and despite its scholarly harmonic treatment and its rich and solid instrumentation it fails to interest as a whole. It lacks the melodiousness, the breadth and the fine contrasts in effect that mark his "Ocean" symphony, and its prevailing sombreness of color and its excess of labored pedagogy repel the hearer and leave him cold and fatigued. It had been played here twice before, but on neither occasion did it make a favorable impression, by reason of its inordinate length, its frequent vagueness and its monotony of sentiment. It was carefully read, and beautifully played, but on the whole was endured rather than enjoyed, except in regard to the scherzo, which drew forth the only hearty manifestation of pleasure that rewarded the performance.

The grace, the tunefulness and the clearness of the familiar Saint-Saens symphonic poem which followed came as a grateful relief after the spun-out gloom of the symphony. It was exquisitely interpreted by Mr. Paur and was played by the orchestra with incomparable delicacy.

The Weber overture is the veriest of lively trifles, of which the gaiety and the tunefulness still charm, despite the aspect of quaintness that has settled on it. It has little except the spirit and fire of the violin passages toward the close, that recall the composer of the overtures to "Oberon," "Preciosa," Der Freyschutz" and "Euryanthe," but then it was written only to usher in a one-act comic operetta, and sprightliness and humor were all that was demanded. These it has in all necessary fulness. It was brilliantly played and was well worth the hearing.

The Brahms dances were scored for orchestra by Dvorak, and were heard in this version for the first time at these concerts. The instrumentation is characteristic and colors and accents the dances with impressive effect. Mr. Paur read them in a manner that brought out all that was in them. Not a point was lost that could emphasize and bring out clearly the varying moods of the music.

There will be no rehearsal or concert this week. The next rehearsal will take place on Thursday afternoon, April 2, the change from Friday being made to provide the opportunity for the arrangement of the stage for the Handel and Haydn concert on the evening of that day. The programme will be: Overture, "L'Hotellerie Portugaise," Cherubini; symphony in C minor, by Gustav Strub, a member of the Symphony orchestra, and Overture "Genoveva," Schumann. Mrs. Georg Henschel will be the soloist, and will sing two arias not yet announced.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.
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SYMPHONY CONCERT ATTRACTIONS.

The nineteenth symphony last night presented four composers, opening with Rubinstein's fourth symphony ("Dramatic"), the playing of which occupied over an hour.

It presents a number of figures skilfully arranged, interwoven and developed, though in many cases very frequently repeated. As a piece of musical construction it shows a master hand, but its extreme length and general heaviness make it rather dreary. It was read, however, intelligently, and was liberally applauded.

Following it came "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," by Saint-Saens, a dainty thing, full of pleasing melodies and light enough to contrast strongly with what preceded, and the fact that it was exquisitely played added much to its enjoyment.

Von Weber's overture to "Abu Hassan" was also a bright, lively and light composition. It is in one movement and occupies but a few minutes in playing.

Three of Brahms's Hungarian dances closed the programme. They were the more familiar ones, Nos. 15, 17 and 21, and ended in a breezy and light manner a programme drearily enough begun.

There was no soloist, which may account for the comparatively small attendance.

There will be no concert next week, but at that of the following week Mrs. Georg Henschel will sing and the C minor symphony by Gustav Strube will be heard for the first time.

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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, MAR. 23, 1896.

Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" as Heard in Boston.

With Methuselah as auditor, and an eternity to play it in, Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" might be effective, but it is a trifle long for the ordinary threescore-and-ten individual. It might rather be called the "Spasmodic Symphony" for it is built up of a whole host of fragmentary thoughts which are not fused into homogeneity. Its bold chief theme makes a good impression at the outset, and the tender second theme gives just that pairing of the Gentle with the Strong, which seems to be the aesthetic union demanded in every true art-work. It is also a commendable fact that the composer has not called every unusual instrument to his aid but expresses his thought within the limits of classical scoring, only the usual Beethoven forces being required in this work. But here praise must stop, or at least pause to take breath, for the elaboration of the themes is carried to an inordinate length, the first movement alone being nearly 25 minutes long. There are many bold and semi-barbaric touches; one does not need to cratch the Russian to find the Tartar here, and the final cadence pushes the violins to a high position above even the highest orchestral peaks of Beethoven.

The Scherzo is original and very bizarre, and become a splendid study of skilful scoring. Its spasmodic character gives the impression of an epileptic fit set to music, but there are some striking touches in its measures, notably the march-like theme which again struck the keynote of barbaric effect. A better test of the ensemble of an orchestra could scarcely be found, and the fact that this Scherzo was performed without a flaw speaks forcibly for the standard which our orchestra has attained under the leadership of Mr. Paur.

The Adagio is far less effective and seems very conventional, although leading up to a good climax just before the coda, but this same coda closes with some remarkably weak flute sequences, and the whole movement shows that Rubinstein requires bizarrerie to make his effects; the reader may recall Thackeray's picture of Louis XIV. without his robes and great wig—that is the spmyhonic Rubinstein when shorn of his musical surprises and eccentricities, and that was the Rubinstein of this Adagio.

The Finale dealt in syncopations at wholesale, as the first movement had done, and it also gave much reiteration of quaint and original figures. The development was an exhibition rather of the strainings than the strains of music, although there was much knowledge displayed. One bit of canonic work, a species of Fugato, began furiously upon the bassoon and was carried through the woodwind with fine effect; the bassoon deserves especial mention for excellent work in this. The horns also deserve praise in connection with this finale. There was an endless use of sequence in this movement, as indeed throughout the symphony, but the coda was inspiring, triumphant and majestic.

It is just possible that we have judged the symphony too harshly, for it has certainly gained by repeated hearing and a study of the score; that a symphony taking an hour in the performance should not leave the impression of dulness is in itself much, and it was one of the finest exhibitions of technique and ensemble that our orchestra has ever given. But woe be to this work if it ever is attempted by any lesser organization!

Possibly as a recognition of the beginning of the bicycling season "The Wheel of Omphale" was now given, although the make of the wheel was not mentioned on the programme; it ran most smoothly and came to its end without a punctured tire. The audience seemed heartily to appreciate the beauty of a direct and intelligible melody, and the cellos groaned with Hercules and the oboes chattered with Omphale right interestingly. The work was shaded to perfection and the constant reiteration of the spinning figure was pretty enough to make one exclaim with Ophelia,—"Oh, how the wheel becomes it!"

The work was a good buffer between the fierceness of the Rubinstein symphony and the jollity of Weber's "Abu Hassan" overture. The latter stood like Saul among the prophets in a gathering of ultra-modern works, but its brightness proved that spontaneity cannot lose its charm even in a complex age. It was delightfully interpreted.

Less effective was the reading of the Brahms-Dvorak Hungarian dances which sounded formal and square-cut. Of course they presented the formulae with which we are now somewhat familiar. To make a Hungarian dance it is necessary to begin with a degree of agony as if too much Tokay had left a period of deepest depression; when the gloom is at its deepest there comes a musical hiccough and — presto the work ends with delirium tremens! Quick changes and utter abandon to the caprice of the moment must characterize the work, and we doubt whether any Teuton in the world can give this music just as the Hungarians enjoy it. The present writer recalls strolling orchestras of gypsies, heard near Buda-Pesth, which could give such compositions in a manner beyond that of any symphony orchestra of the world. Not a scrap of printed or written music was amongst the musicians; the leader, who directed solely by his performance upon the violin, arose and began the sorrowful Lassa nalone; tender and brooding harmonies were improvised by the rest of the band and the ensemble was as if one great instrument were playing; gradually they dropped out again and the tearful violin was alone once more; then came the little whip-snap of an upward progression, a slight pause, and suddenly all were off like a set of racers. The end was generally a perfect whirlwind, a species of dancing dervish intoxication, but never did there seem to be any scrambling or any disturbance of the unity of the performance. And at the end of it when the little saucer was passed around for contributions it was chiefly copper that filled it and the dropping in of a silver coin was evidently a rare enough occurrence to cause comment.

The last of the three Hungarian dances of this concert was the most dashing and the shortest of all; it seemed to be a Friska movement (the rapid movement above described) and was the most satisfactory of the three. These dances made a light dessert to what might otherwise have been rather an indigestible banquet.

Louis C. Elson.

[106]

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1896.

The nineteenth symphony programme began with Rubinstein's hour-long fourth symphony, in D minor, opus 95. It is called "Dramatic;" but why, it would not be easy to determine, unless that be because of the continuous activity and the pervading energy which prevail in it and give it the general effect of an intense effort on the part of the composer to infuse influentially into the minds of his hearers a sense of vitality, progress, and accomplishment. In a certain way whatever has this essential suggestion—that it might illustrate, accompany or encourage a deed done—is dramatic, even if it does not undertake to indicate or portray a precise action or even define a kind of action. In such a manner this rarely heard symphony is indeed dramatic, for it is pervaded by a spirit of earnestness which never relaxes and it is ever seeking some new fashion of expression or emphasis. It is absolutely affluent in melodic ideas; it is not content with the themes and counter themes which are generously provided for each movement, but is constantly dropping brief new phrases into the current and leaving them there to float on! beautification of the strong, swift, ever changing stream. One might easily fancy that there is no figure of speech, no variety of rhythm, no unexpectedness of emphasis which these movements do not include in the many surprises, contrasts and devices which follow one another too fast for enumeration. The general effect of the symphony is of beauty rather than of force, although there are vehement moments to redeem it from any suspicion of weakness or effeminacy. Rubinstein, it would seem, must have written these many pages at some epoch when his mind overflowed with fancy, his mood was buoyant, his temper equable and averse to rough insistence, his hand light and his pen facile. One finds in each movement some things which do not seem to belong in it by any formal classification—such as the soothing horn obbligato in the opening allegro, the delicious little dainty dance for a quintette of strings in the middle of the presto, or the gentle episode for the wooden wind in the final allegro con fuoco; yet each when it comes seems just what the ear and the feeling wanted at that particular instant, even though academic judgment should say that some principle of formal development had been ignored or set at nought. And when the windy sweeps, the great, grave chords and the heavy syncopations are used, they give vigor and solidity enough to balance and steady all the possible excess of grace and geniality.

After so long a symphony and one which really takes hold so firmly on attention and sensitiveness, Mr. Paur wisely put a half an hour of light music, dependent chiefly upon elasticity of touch, facility of execution and vivaciousness of style. His selections were: Saint Saens's "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," Weber's "Abu Hassan" overture, and three of Brahms's shortest Hungarian dances in the vivid orchestration of Dvorak, the last of which he took up with tremendous velocity.

The playing was altogether good. The odd changes of rhythm, figure and accent in the symphony were met and mastered dexterously and squarely, and the lighter music was treated gayly, lucidly and cheerily.

No concert next week; but when the next week comes round, Mrs. Henschel will sing two arias, and the orchestra will play a MS. symphony by Mr. Strube, together with Schumann's "Genoveva" and Cherubini's "Portuguese Inn" overture.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The symphony concert Saturday night was a most satisfactory one, both as to selections and interpretation. Rubenstein's 4th (dramatic) symphony, despite its great and perhaps unnecessary length, was rendered so perfectly as to relieve what might, in less able hands, have proved a tedious performance. But in the treatment it received from our matchless orchestra there was no sentiment of weariness engendered. The "Spinning Wheel," one of the pleasantest of all the musical concertos with which Saint-Saens has enriched contemporary music, made a most charming contrast, adding a new delight to both. The Von Weber "Abu Hasson" overture was another of this same order, and the Suite of Brahm Hungarian Dances (numbers 15, 17 and 21) closed the program most happily. Paur was in unusual force, and earned all the plaudits given.

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT.

Of the Boston Symphony Society's final concert at the Metropolitan Opera House one can only speak in terms of the very warmest admiration.

The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by Richard Wagner—an experiment that has often been made here before, but never so artistically as last evening. Mr. Emil Paur had for the most chosen only such music as lends itself quite as effectively to the concert room as it does to the operatic stage. The "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried" Idyll, "Eine Faust Ouverture," the Waldweben from "Siegfried," the prelude to the "Meistersinger" and the prize song from that opera and the Liebesllied from the "Walkuere"—all these are quite as beautiful when listened to as absolute music as they are with stage accessories.

It was simply the perfection of orchestral playing that one heard last evening. Such tonal beauty—"Klangschoenheit," as the Germans have it—has not been listened to in a long while. The strings sounded simply inexcatting, and the brass and wood winds were hardly less fine. This orchestra, thank Heaven, is not given to playing mezzo forte, but knows something of the value of dynamic shading.

Mr. Ben Davies, I regret to say, did not sing the original text. For the rest he sang as the great big artist that he is. And Mr. [illegible] with tremendous fervor.

[illegible] Boston Symphonists! You will [illegible] forgotten, for last night you [illegible] musicsingers, all of you!

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1896.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony concert was:

Dramatic Symphony (No. 4, D minor).....Rubinstein
Omphale's Spinning Wheel.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, Abu Hassan.....Weber
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21.....Brahms

You know Rubinstein showed an unaccountable partiality toward his dramatic symphony. If you look over the score, you say "This page must be very effective; notice the use of the woodwind; what singular passages." Yes, but at the concert you do not hear them, for they are buried by the strings. The scherzo is undeniably a masterpiece—a long masterpiece. The first movement and the finale are long—terribly long—and they are not masterpieces. There is ingenious detail, but the tiresome repetitions, the interminable spinning out, the pages of dull padding—music for a Russian night. Rubinstein himself at Berlin, in '83, called the slow movement "poor stuff"; I shall not contradict him. Yet the cheap sentimentalism pleased the audience last night, for the movement was the only one that was followed by hearty applause. Would this symphony sound better if it were rescored? I doubt it, for the thematic material of the first movement and the finale is for the most part neither strong nor beautiful, and the slow movement is beyond remedy.

The symphony was, with the exception of a few slips in attack, finely played, and Saint-Saëns' fantastic orchestral wit was keenly relished, so admirable was the performance. The introduction of Weber's overture, with its 1811 idea of Oriental color, was an instance of misdirected piety, and the dances of Brahms chosen are not among his best.

PHILIP HALE.

1,388.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra plays to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will be the fifth and last concert of this season, the forty-seventh performance of the band in this city and the 1,388th performance since the orchestra was organized.

1,388 concerts! Just consider what that figure means and the numerous rehearsals, myriad of rehearsals, that cluster about this figure.

Conductor Paur announces a Wagner program selected for the exploiting of such music of the master as best scunds in the ooncert room. Here is the scheme:

Rienzi, overture.
Lohengrin, preludes to Acts I. and III.
Siegfried, idyll, in E major.
A Faust overture in D minor.
Siegfried, Waldweben.
Die Meistersinger, Walther's Prize Song.
Die Meistersinger, prelude.
Die Walküre, spring song.
Die Walküre, Ride of the Valkyries.
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

The 1,389th concert is to be given in Brooklyn next Friday, and the March itinerary of the orchestra ends in Philadelphia next Saturday with the 1,390th concert.

What a record!

And what a lesson!

The moral is rehearse, rehearse, and again rehearse!

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

For the sake of variety there was an orchestral concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night—the fifth in six days, including Sunday, when a whole day was vouchsafed concert-goers for rest and refreshment, undisturbed by the scrapers of strings and the blowers of brass. The concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, and if anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with out visitors from the West. Fortunately, the conviction that comparisions are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of The Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (inthe separate choirs and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their Western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. The temptation is strong, but "this is what we never do," as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum remark.

It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New-York has enjoyed this season. There were passages in which Mr. Kneisel and his contingent in the band seemed to have been transformed each into a Volker—the famous fiddler of the Nibelungen Lay, the reverse of whose bow was a shining sword. How the phrases did cut and flash through the superb body of sound given out by the other choirs! Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number, and half a dozen for Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, after he had sung the love song from "Die Walküre." It was a Wagner concert with nine numbers and the enthusiasm broke out with the first number—the "Rienzi" overture—and was continued in each brief intermission, rolling now high, now lower, like the huge waves of the sea. The orchestra played superbly, Mr. Paur conducted finely, and Mr. Davies sang the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" even better than the love song.

[illegible]

MONDAY, [illegible]

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Rubinstein: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," opus 95.
Saint-Saens: Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," opus 31.
Weber: Overture to "Abu Hassan."
Brahms: Three Hungarian Dances (Nos. 15, 17 and 21).
(Scored for orchestra by Albert Parlow and Antonin Dvorak.)

Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony was last given here on Dec. 9, 1893—that is, two seasons ago. To offer this anaconda of a symphony—it takes an hour and four minutes in passing a given point—to a human audience oftener than once in ten years, is a piece of what in Berlin is called "Unverfrorenheit," and in Boston-on-the-Charles, "cheek." What sin has our public committed, that it should thus be asked to do penance in endless Rubinstein? Last season, there was some sense in giving even the whole of the "Ocean;" Rubinstein had just died, and an "In Memoriam" programme has other objects in view than pure enjoyment. But, when the "Ocean" was at last over, most of us felt that we had done the handsome thing by Rubinstein once for all, and need not trouble ourselves about him any more. But no; four months later came the "Russian" symphony (another boa-constrictor), and now the "Dramatic" turns up again! Probably someone will say that we really must have something by Rubinstein every year. But we cannot see why we should; the man is dead and buried, and would not notice it if we left him out for a year or so. There is no reason for continually visiting his tediousness upon his survivors.

Last Saturday evening not all the lollipops of Saint-Saens and Weber could take the bitter of that terrible symphony out of our mouths. It was only with the Brahms dances that we began to find our musical palate in working order again. Of the Weber overture we will say that it is a bright, sparkling draught of—aerated water; warranted not to produce headache. We do not remember hearing the Brahms dances before; that is, these particular ones. They are infinitely bright and taking, although neither Parlow nor Dvorak has especially distinguished himself in his instrumentation of them. The No. 15 brings back to us a tune which has long been familiar in one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, and one which is ever inspiring and delightful. Brahms's treatment of it seems to us, if anything, rather better, more coherent and enjoyable, than Liszt's.

The next programme (for Thursday afternoon, April 2, and Saturday evening, April 4), is: Cherubini, overture to "L'Hotellerie Portuguaise;" Massenet, aria from "Esclarmonde;" Gustav Strube, symphony in C minor, opu 11, (MS., first time); Henschel, song with orchestra, "Spring;" Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," opus 81. Mrs. Georg Henschel will be the singer. There will be no rehearsal nor concert this week.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Last Concert of Its Season Given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's tenth season in New-York took place last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. In ordinary times this city would hardly be able to endure such an outpour of orchestral music as that which has been descending upon it since the Thomas Orchestra arrived a few days ago. But last night the Opera House held a large audience, which was filled with enthusiasm. There is nothing uncommon in these days in a visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so it must have been the Wagner programme which excited public interest. The once hated composer of diminished sevenths and chromatic chords which refused to resolve in perfect cadences has become "lord of the ascendant." Wagner actually pays, even in the concert room.

We have to thank Mr. Paur for arranging a most delightful programme of Wagnerian works, which fairly bear separation from dramatic surroundings. Two numbers of his list are concert pieces pure and simple, and a third is a display overture, though it belongs to an opera. The list last night consisted of the "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," a "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyll," the "Waldweben," Walter's prize song, and the vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger," Siegmund's love song, and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be. It is beyond question that the Boston Orchestra has lost some of that machinelike precision which characterized its playing under the rigorous rule of Wilhelm Gericke. Yet even in precision it is almost beyond criticism. An attentive ear could catch last night a trifling lack of unity in the strings in the "Lohengrin" vorspiel, but that was atoned for by the luscious yet transparent quality of the tone. How those strings soared and floated in those ethereal upper harmonies! What an atmosphere they created! And how triumphant was the brilliancy of their declamatory utterance in the introduction to the third act and in the "Faust" overture!

It would be easy to write many lines about the breadth and solidity of the strings of this orchestra, the mellow, fluent singing of the wood, and the forceful purity of the brass; but it is not necessary to particularize in speaking of an orchestra of virtuosi. What is better to remember is the admirable balance of tone which makes the orchestra so rich in its total quality, and, above that, the splendid fire of its sweeping style, its glorious flexibility, its variety of delicate nuancing, and its admirable suggestion of reserve power. Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most blasé concert goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic.

The soloist of the entertainment was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang his two songs in English with a lovely quality of tone and with abundance of enthusiasm. The audience vainly tried to get repetitions of these numbers and of the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

[illegible] Full almost to the point of surfeit has been the present musical season in New York, it was not with feelings of genuine regret that all true lovers of orchestral music last night bade farewell for a season to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This splendid organization fails to find in our city a support that is in any way commensurate with its manifest and unrivalled merit. Opinions may differ as to the relative merits of Mr. Gericke, Mr. Nikisch, or Mr. Paur, but the Boston orchestra is ever the same, from conductor unto conductor, and under whatever conditions of leadership still remains the standard by which all other like musical bodies must be measured in this country. By years of association these Boston men have attained not only a precision and unanimity of purpose not surpassed in the world perhaps, but there shines through all this work the light of individual enthusiasm and pure devotion to high ideals, so that they compel invariably admiration and respect.

For the last concert of the present season Mr. Paur chose to present a programme consisting entirely of excerpts from the works of Wagner, and that the choice was wise was attested by the size of the audience, which was very large. The opening selection was the overture to "Rienzi," which, heard beside the later works of the composer, seems quite bald in its simplicity. Then followed the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," familiar in our ears as household words, and in the former of which to a man closing his eyes the music of the strings seemed to float on air, so delicate the touch of the bows and so free the tone from the faintest suspicion of a scrape. Next the "Siegfried Idyll" took us deep into the forest and in the "Waldweben" we heard the manifold voices of the woods, the birds, the brooks, the rustling leaves, and all the sweet sounds that nature loves and which Wagner has painted in music so true that it seems nature herself who speaks to us. All this beauty was illustrated by the orchestra with marvellous technical skill and poetic feeling. The two Siegfried bits were separated by the "Faust" overture, that vivid piece of dramatic writing, and then came Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening, who sang Walther's prize song with beautiful sympathetic quality of voice and a fine simplicity of style—after which the "Meistersinger" prelude was rendered in a truly noble manner, with dignity, breadth, and beautiful expression.

Succeeding to this Mr. Davies gave the "Spring Song" from "Die Walküre" even better than he had previously done the Prize Song. His pure tenor voice and sound manly method gave the liveliest pleasure to the audience, who recalled him again and again. So truly admirable a voice and method as Mr. Davies possesses are rarities, and are by the same token so much the more enjoyable.

The concert was brought to a brilliant termination by the "Ride of the Valkyries." In this, as in all that the Boston Orchestra undertakes, its virtues stand out in high relief, overshadowing any minor defects almost to the point of complete obliteration.

Boston Transcript.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is meeting with extraordinary success during its present tour of the Eastern cities. On Thursday evening its final concert in New York was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, the programme including the Overture to Rienzi, preludes to first and third acts of Lohengrin, the Siegfried Idyll, the overture to "Die Meistersinger" and the "Ride of the Valkyries." Mr. Krehbiel, of the Tribune, writes enthusiastically in praise of the performance:

"The concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, and if anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with our visitors from the West. Fortunately, the convction that comparisons are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of the Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (in the separate choirs and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their Western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. The temptation is strong, but 'this is what we never do,' as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum remark. It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New York has enjoyed this season. There were passages in which Mr. Kneisel and his contingent in the band seemed to have been transformed each into a Volker—the famous fiddler of the Nibelungen Lay, the reverse of whose bow was a shining sword. How the phrases did cut and flash through the superb body of sound given out by the other choirs! Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number, and half a dozen for Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, after he had sung the love song from 'Die Walküre.'"

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Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1896.

The nineteenth symphony programme began with Rubinstein's hour-long fourth symphony, in D minor, opus 95. It is called "Dramatic;" but why, it would not be easy to determine, unless that be because of the continuous activity and the pervading energy which prevail in it and give it the general effect of an intense effort on the part of the composer to infuse influentially into the minds of his hearers a sense of vitality, progress, and accomplishment. In a certain way whatever has this essential suggestion—that it might illustrate, accompany or encourage a deed done—is dramatic, even if it does not undertake to indicate or portray a precise action or even define a kind of action. In such a manner this rarely heard symphony is indeed dramatic, for it is pervaded by a spirit of earnestness which never relaxes and it is ever seek ing some new fashion of expression or emphasis. It is absolutely affluent in melodic ideas; it is not content with the themes and counter themes which are generonsly provided for each movement, but is constantly dropping brief new phrases into the current and leaving them there to float on i beautification of the strong, swift, ever changir g stream. One might easily fancy that there is no figure of speech, no variety of rhythm, no unexpectedness of emphasis which these movements do not include in the many surprises, contrasts and devices which follow one another too fast for enumeration. The general effect of the symphony is of beauty rather than of force, although there are vehement moments to redeem it from any suspicion of weakness or effeminacy. Rubinstein, it would seem, must have written these many pages at some epoch when his mind overflowed with fancy, his mood was buoyant, his temper equable and averse to rough insistence, his hand light and his pen facile. One finds in each movement some things which do not seem to belong in it by any formal classification—such as the soothing horn obbligato in the opening allegro, the delicious little dainty dance for a quintette of strings in the middle of the presto, or the gentle episode for the wooden wind in the final allegro con fuoco; yet each when it comes seems just what the ear and the feeling wanted at that particular instant, even though academic judgment should say that some principle of formal development had been ignored or set at no ught. And when the windy sweeps, the great, grave chords and the heavy syncopations are used, they give vigor and solidity enough to balance and steady all the possible excess of grace and geniality.

After so long a symphony and one which really takes hold so firmly on attention and sensitiveness, Mr. Paur wisely put a half an hour of light music, dependent chiefly upon elasticity of touch, facility of execution and vivaciousness of style. His selections were: Saint Saens's "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," Weber's "Abu Hassan" overture, and three of Brahms's shortest Hungarian dances in the vivid orchestration of Dvorak, the last of which he took up with tremendous velocity.

The playing was altogether good. The odd changes of rhythm, figure and accent in the symphony were met and mastered dexterously and squarely, and the lighter music was treated gayly, lucidly and cheerily.

No concert next week; but when the next week comes round, Mrs. Henschel will sing two arias, and the orchestra will play a MS. symphony by Mr. Strube, together with Schumann's "Genoveva" and Cherubini's "Portuguese Inn" overture.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

The symphony concert Saturday night was a most satisfactory one, both as to selections and interpretation. Rubenstein's 4th (dramatic) symphony, despite its great and perhaps unnecessary length, was rendered so perfectly as to relieve what might, in less able hands, have proved a tedious performance. But in the treatment it received from our matchless orchestra there was no sentiment of weariness engendered. The "Spinning Wheel," one of the pleasantest of all the musical concertos with which Saint-Saens has enriched contemporary music, made a most charming contrast, adding a new delight to both. The Von Weber "Abu Hasson" overture was another of this same order, and the Suite of Brahm Hungarian Dances (numbers 15, 17 and 21) closed the program most happily. Paur was in unusual force, and earned all the plaudits given.

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT.

Of the Boston Symphony Society's final concert at the Metropolitan Opera House one can only speak in terms of the very warmest admiration.

The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by Richard Wagner—an experiment that has often been made here before, but never so artistically as last evening. Mr. Emil Paur had for the most chosen only such music as lends itself quite as effectively to the concert room as it does to the operatic stage. The "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried" Idyll, "Eine Faust Ouverture," the Waldweben from "Siegfried," the prelude to the "Meistersinger" and the prize song from that opera and the Liebeslied from the "Walkuere"—all these are quite as beautiful when listened to as absolute music as they are with stage accessories.

It was simply the perfection of orchestral playing that one heard last evening. Such tonal beauty—"Klangschoenheit," as the Germans have it—has not been listened to in a long while. The strings sounded simply intoxicating, and the brass and wood winds were hardly less fine. This orchestra, thank Heaven, is not given to playing mezzo forte, but knows something of the value of dynamic shading.

Mr. Ben Davies, I regret to say, did not use the original text. For the rest he sang like the great big artist that he is. And Mr. Paur conducted with tremendous fervor.

A bientot, ye Boston Symphonists! You will not be readily forgotten, for last night you played like mastersingers, all of you!

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1896.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony concert was:

Dramatic Symphony (No. 4, D minor).....Rubinstein
Omphale's Spinning Wheel.....Saint-Saëns
Overture, Abu Hassan.....Weber
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21.....Brahms

You know Rubinstein showed an unaccountable partiality toward his dramatic symphony. If you look over the score, you say "This page must be very effective; notice the use of the woodwind; what singular passages." Yes, but at the concert you do not hear them, for they are buried by the strings. The scherzo is undeniably a masterpiece—a long masterpiece. The first movement and the finale are long—terribly long—and they are not masterpieces. There is ingenious detail, but the tiresome repetitions, the interminable spinning out, the pages of dull padding—music for a Russian night. Rubinstein himself at Berlin, in '83, called the slow movement "poor stuff"; I shall not contradict him. Yet the cheap sentimentalism pleased the audience last night, for the movement was the only one that was followed by hearty applause. Would this symphony sound better if it were rescored? I doubt it, for the thematic material of the first movement and the finale is for the most part neither strong nor beautiful, and the slow movement is beyond remedy.

The symphony was, with the exception of a few slips in attack, finely played, and Saint-Saëns' fantastic orchestral wit was keenly relished, so admirable was the performance. The introduction of Weber's overture, with its 1811 idea of Oriental color. was an instance of misdirected piety, and the dances of Brahms chosen are not among his best.

PHILIP HALE.

1,388.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra plays to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will be the fifth and last concert of this season, the forty-seventh performance of the band in this city and the 1,388th performance since the orchestra was organized.

1,388 concerts! Just consider what that figure means and the numerous rehearsals, myriad of rehearsals, that cluster about this figure.

Conductor Paur announces a Wagner program selected for the exploiting of such music of the master as best scunds in the ooncert room. Here is the scheme:

Rienzi, overture.
Lohengrin, preludes to Acts I. and III.
Siegfried, idyll, in E major.
A Faust overture in D minor.
Siegfried, Waldweben.
Die Meistersinger, Walther's Prize Song.
Die Meistersinger, prelude.
Die Walküre, spring song.
Die Walküre, Ride of the Valkyries.
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

The 1,389th concert is to be given in Brooklyn next Friday, and the March itinerary of the orchestra ends in Philadelphia next Saturday with the 1,390th concert.

What a record!

And what a lesson!

The moral is rehearse, rehearse, and again rehearse!

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

For the sake of variety there was an orchestral concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night—the fifth in six days, including Sunday, when a whole day was vouchsafed concert-goers for rest and refreshment, undisturbed by the scrapers of strings and the blowers of brass. The concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, and if anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with out visitors from the West. Fortunately, the conviction that comparisions are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of The Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (inthe separate choirs and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their Western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. The temptation is strong, but "this is what we never do," as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum remark. It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New-York has enjoyed this season. There were passages in which Mr. Kneisel and his contingent in the band seemed to have been transformed each into a Volker—the famous fiddler of the Nibelungen Lay, the reverse of whose bow was a shining sword. How the phrases did cut and flash through the superb body of sound given out by the other choirs! Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number, and half a dozen for Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, after he had sung the love song from "Die Walküre." It was a Wagner concert with nine numbers and the enthusiasm broke out with the first number—the "Rienzi" overture—and was continued in each brief intermission, rolling now high, now lower, like the huge waves of the sea. The orchestra played superbly, Mr. Paur conducted finely, and Mr. Davies sang the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" even better than the love song.

Boston Transcript.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Rubinstein: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," opus 95.
Saint-Saens: Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," opus 31.
Weber: Overture to "Abu Hassan."
Brahms: Three Hungarian Dances (Nos. 15, 17 and 21).
(Scored for orchestra by Albert Parlow and Antonin Dvorak.)

Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony was last given here on Dec. 9, 1893—that is, two seasons ago. To offer this anaconda of a symphony—it takes an hour and four minutes in passing a given point—to a human audience oftener than once in ten years, is a piece of what in Berlin is called "Unverfrorenheit," and in Boston-on-the-Charles, "cheek." What sin has our public committed, that it should thus be asked to do penance in endless Rubinstein? Last season, there was some sense in giving even the whole of the "Ocean;" Rubinstein had just died, and an "In Memoriam" programme has other objects in view than pure enjoyment. But, when the "Ocean" was at last over, most of us felt that we had done the handsome thing by Rubinstein once for all, and need not trouble ourselves about him any more. But no; four months later came the "Russian" symphony (another boa-constrictor), and now the "Dramatic" turns up again! Probably someone will say that we really must have something by Rubinstein every year. But we cannot see why we should; the man is dead and buried, and would not notice it if we left him out for a year or so. There is no reason for continually visiting his tediousness upon his survivors.

Last Saturday evening not all the lollipops of Saint-Saens and Weber could take the bitter of that terrible symphony out of our mouths. It was only with the Brahms dances that we began to find our musical palate in working order again. Of the Weber overture we will say that it is a bright, sparkling draught of—aerated water; warranted not to produce headache. We do not remember hearing the Brahms dances before; that is, these particular ones. They are infinitely bright and taking, although neither Parlow nor Dvorak has especially distinguished himself in his instrumentation of them. The No. 15 brings back to us a tune which has long been familiar in one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, and one which is ever inspiring and delightful. Brahms's treatment of it seems to us, if anything, rather better, more coherent and enjoyable, than Liszt's.

The next programme (for Thursday afternoon, April 2, and Saturday evening, April 4), is: Cherubini, overture to "L'Hotellerie Portuguaise;" Massenet, aria from "Esclarmonde;" Gustav Strube, symphony in C minor, opu 11, (MS., first time); Henschel, song with orchestra, "Spring;" Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," opus 81. Mrs. Georg Henschel will be the singer. There will be no rehearsal nor concert this week.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Last Concert of Its Season Given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's tenth season in New-York took place last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. In ordinary times this city would hardly be able to endure such an outpour of orchestral music as that which has been descending upon it since the Thomas Orchestra arrived a few days ago. But last night the Opera House held a large audience, which was filled with enthusiasm. There is nothing uncommon in these days in a visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so it must have been the Wagner programme which excited public interest. The once hated composer of diminished sevenths and chromatic chords which refused to resolve in perfect cadences has become "lord of the ascendant." Wagner actually pays, even in the concert room.

We have to thank Mr. Paur for arranging a most delightful programme of Wagnerian works, which fairly bear separation from dramatic surroundings. Two numbers of his list are concert pieces pure and simple, and a third is a display overture, though it belongs to an opera. The list last night consisted of the "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," a "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyll," the "Waldweben," Walter's prize song, and the vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger," Siegmund's love song, and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be. It is beyond question that the Boston Orchestra has lost some of that machinelike precision which characterized its playing under the rigorous rule of Wilhelm Gericke. Yet even in precision it is almost beyond criticism. An attentive ear could catch last night a trifling lack of unity in the strings in the "Lohengrin" vorspiel, but that was atoned for by the luscious yet transparent quality of the tone. How those strings soared and floated in those ethereal upper harmonies! What an atmosphere they created! And how triumphant was the brilliancy of their declamatory utterance in the introduction to the third act and in the "Faust" overture!

It would be easy to write many lines about the breadth and solidity of the strings of this orchestra, the mellow, fluent singing of the wood, and the forceful purity of the brass; but it is not necessary to particularize in speaking of an orchestra of virtuosi. What is better to remember is the admirable balance of tone which makes the orchestra so rich in its total quality, and, above that, the splendid fire of its sweeping style, its glorious flexibility, its variety of delicate nuancing, and its admirable suggestion of reserve power. Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most blasé concert goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic.

The soloist of the entertainment was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang his two songs in English with a lovely quality of tone and with abundance of enthusiasm. The audience vainly tried to get repetitions of these numbers and of the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Full almost to the point of surfeit as has been the present musical season in New York, it was yet with feelings of genuine regret that all true lovers of orchestral music last night bade farewell for a season to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This splendid organization fails to find in our city a support that is in any way commensurate with its manifest and unrivalled merit. Opinions may differ as to the relative merits of Mr. Gericke, Mr. Nikisch, or Mr. Paur, but the Boston orchestra is ever the same, from conductor unto conductor, and under whatever conditions of leadership still remains the standard by which all other like musical bodies must be measured in this country. By years of association these Boston men have attained not only a precision and unanimity of purpose not surpassed in the world perhaps, but there shines through all this work the light of individual enthusiasm and pure devotion to high ideals, so that they compel invariably admiration and respect.

For the last concert of the present season Mr. Paur chose to present a programme consisting entirely of excerpts from the works of Wagner, and that the choice was wise was attested by the size of the audience, which was very large. The opening selection was the overture to "Rienzi," which, heard beside the later works of the composer, seems quite bald in its simplicity. Then followed the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," familiar in our ears as household words, and in the former of which to a man closing his eyes the music of the strings seemed to float on air, so delicate the touch of the bows and so free the tone from the faintest suspicion of a scrape. Next the "Siegfried Idyll" took us deep into the forest and in the "Waldweben" we heard the manifold voices of the woods, the birds, the brooks, the rustling leaves, and all the sweet sounds that nature loves and which Wagner has painted in music so true that it seems nature herself who speaks to us. All this beauty was illustrated by the orchestra with marvellous technical skill and poetic feeling. The two Siegfried bits were separated by the "Faust" overture, that vivid piece of dramatic writing, and then came Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening, who sang Walther's prize song with beautiful sympathetic quality of voice and a fine simplicity of style—after which the "Meistersinger" prelude was rendered in a truly noble manner, with dignity, breadth, and beautiful expression.

Succeeding to this Mr. Davies gave the "Spring Song" from "Die Walküre" even better than he had previously done the Prize Song. His pure tenor voice and sound manly method gave the liveliest pleasure to the audience, who recalled him again and again. So truly admirable a voice and method as Mr. Davies possesses are rarities, and are by the same token so much the more enjoyable.

The concert was brought to a brilliant termination by the "Ride of the Valkyries." In this, as in all that the Boston Orchestra undertakes, its virtues stand out in high relief, overshadowing any minor defects almost to the point of complete obliteration.

Boston Transcript.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is meeting with extraordinary success during its present tour of the Eastern cities. On Thursday evening its final concert in New York was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, the programme including the Overture to Rienzi, preludes to first and third acts of Lohengrin, the Siegfried Idyll, the overture to "Die Meistersinger" and the "Ride of the Valkyries." Mr. Krehbiel, of the Tribune, writes enthusiastically in praise of the performance:

"The concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, and if anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with our visitors from the West. Fortunately, the convction that comparisons are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of the Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (in the separate choirs and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their Western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. The temptation is strong, but 'this is what we never do,' as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum remark. It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New York has enjoyed this season. There were passages in which Mr. Kneisel and his contingent in the band seemed to have been transformed each into a Volker—the famous fiddler of the Nibelungen Lay, the reverse of whose bow was a shining sword. How the phrases did cut and flash through the superb body of sound given out by the other choirs! Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number, and half a dozen for Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, after he had sung the love song from 'Die Walküre.'"

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SUNDAY HERALD.
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VOL. XCIX., NO. 89.
SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1896.

MR. PAUR AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Generously Praised by the Critics of New York.

Last Concert in Gotham a Brilliant Affair—"Lucia di Lammermoor" at

On Thursday evening last the Boston Symphony orchestra gave the last of its New York concerts for this season in the Metropolitan Opera House before an audience that went wild with enthusiasm. Mr. Paur presented a programme devoted wholly to Wagner, as follows: The "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyll," the "Waldweben," Walter's prize song, and the vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger," Siegmund's love song, and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure." The critics, next morning, were remarkably generous in the quality and the quantity of the praise they bestowed on both Mr. Paur and the orchestra. M. Krehbiel, in the Tribune, drew a comparison between the Boston orchestra and that of Theodore Thomas, which had been giving concerts in New York. He said: "If anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with our visitors from the West. Fortunately, the conviction that comparisons are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of the Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (in the separate chors and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New York has enjoyed this season. Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number. It was a Wagner concert with nine numbers, and the enthusiasm broke out with the first number—the "Rienzi" overture—and was continued in each brief intermission, rolling now high, now lower, like the huge waves of the sea. The orchestra played superbly, Mr. Paur conducted finely."

Mr. Henderson said in the Times: "We have to thank Mr. Paur for arranging a most delightful programme of Wagnerian works, which fairly bear separation from dramatic surroundings. The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be. It would be easy to write many lines about the breadth and solidity of the strings of this orchestra, the mellow, fluent singing of the wood, and the forceful purity of the brass; but it is not necessary to particularize in speaking of an orchestra of virtuosi. What is better to remember is the admirable balance of tone which makes the orchestra so rich in its total quality, and, above that, the splendid fire of its sweeping style, its glorious flexibility, its variety of delicate nuancing, and its admirable suggestion of reserve power. Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most blase concert goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic."

The Sun said: "The Boston Symphony orchestra still remains the standard by which all other like musical bodies must be measured in this country. By years of association these men have attained not only a precision and unanimity of purpose not surpassed in the world, perhaps, but there shines through all this work the light of individual enthusiasm and pure devotion to high ideals, so that they compel invariably admiration and respect. In all that the Boston orchestra undertakes its virtues stand out in high relief, overshadowing any minor defects almost to the point of complete obliteration."

The other papers commented on the concert in the same vein of enthusiastic admiration. There was a jarring note here and there, as when one critic wrote: "Of course one could not but regret that such a programme given with such an orchestra could not have been conducted by a Seidl," while now and then there was a tendency to bestow all the praise on the orchestra, forgetful of the fact that whatever there was of worth in the interpretations of the music must be passed to the credit of the conductor. An orchestra may consist of the most intelligent and most gifted of players, but they compose as a whole an instrument on which their conductor plays; and such an orchestra, led by an inefficient conductor, will, as has been sufficiently and convincingly emphasized in Boston, have little opportunity afforded it to show its mettle.

The Philadelphia Press.
TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1896.

A NIGHT WITH WAGNER.

Boston Symphony Orchestra's Final Concert at the Academy.

The nearest the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to a symphony last evening was through its rendition of "A Faust Overture," which is a transmogrified first movement of a Faust Symphony once projected by the great Richard of Bayreuth, and, thank heaven, never finished. However, the symphony was not missed, as the night with Wagner, which Mr. Paur gave us, made up a striking programme, some features of which were superb. The programme was well balanced, had a variety in its Wagnerian unity which was poles apart from any monotonousness, and the general impression, due largely to the stirring reading of the finale, the "Ride of the Valkyries," was stunning.

There was noticeable about certain of Mr. Paur's readings, however, particularly in the "Tannhauser" overture and somewhat, but less so in the "Siegfried Idyll," a rather too great sweetness of tone. Too much nicety, in fact. One felt there were certain effects in the overture, for instance, that needed to be roughened up to be fully impressive. In other words, Mr. Paur's rendering was smoothly correct, instrumentally perfect, but without the vital touch of spontaneity. In the "Meistersinger" prelude, and the "Ride of the Valkyries," however, the readings were finely effective. As a contrast, doubtless, "The Faust overture," which is odd, but not convincingly suggestive of its title, was sandwiched in between the "Siegfried Idyll," so-called, and that other idyllic composition from "Siegfried," the lovely forest music. In the "Waldweben" Mr. Paur's smooth methods had their chance, and the dreamy rustlings were well rendered and quite poetically. Another poetic enjoyment of the evening was Mr. Ben Davies' interpretation of the "Prize Song" in the "Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" in "Die Walkure." Mr. Davies is a delightful singer and he handles his fine tenor voice splendidly. He proved once more, as Jean De Reszke proved two weeks ago, that the musical declamation of Wagner can be sung in tune and time and with impressive lyric effect. Of course, as the "Prize Song" is thoroughly lyrical and of a cantabile character, that is, cantabile for Wagner, Mr. Davies did not have much to do but accentuate its effects, but in the "Spring Song," which is a typical Wagnerian composition, and in the mouths of many singers rather monotonous, Mr. Davies was triumphant, and the result was a vocal treat.

While last night's concert was the finale of the Monday night concerts, on Saturday afternoon will be held the last of the popular concerts, and Mr. Paur has arranged an unusually popular programme, which contains much charming music, music which to hear rendered by this great orchestra should be considered a privilege. The programme follows: Overture, "Der Freischutz," Weber; Sylvia ballet music, Delibes; waltz, "Wine, Women and Song," Strauss; polka, "Singer's Joy," Strauss; overture, "Fra Diavolo," Tuber; Rondo Cappriccio, for the violin, "Saint Saens;" Timothy Adamowski, soloist; songs by Lillian Blauvelt.

BOSTON HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 87.
FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

WARMEST ADMIRATION

Greets the Work of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, March 26, 1896. Of the Boston Symphony orchestra's final concert in the Metropolitan Opera House one can only speak in the terms of the very warmest admiration. The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by Richard Wagner—an experiment that has often been made here before, but never so artistically successful as this evening. Mr. Emil Paur had for the most chosen only such music as lends itself quite as effectively to the concert rooms as it does to the operatic stage.

The "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Siegfrild" Idyll, "Eine Faust Overture," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," the prelude to the "Meistersinger" and the prize song from that opera, and the Lieberslied from the "Walkure"—all these are quite as beautiful when listened to as absolute music as they are with stage accessories—"Klangschoenheit" as the Germans have it. The strings sounded superbly, and the brass and woodwinds were hardly less fine.

This orchestra is not given to playing mezzoforte, but knows something of the value of dynamic shading.

Mr. Ben Davies did not use the original text. For the rest he sang like the great artist that he is, and Mr. Paur conducted with tremendous fervor.

LEDGER AND TRANSCRIPT
Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 24, 1896.

Academy of Music—The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the first blush, if it be appropriate to speak of a blush in connection with the rugged, unfeminine Wagner, one might suppose that a symphony concert programme made up entirely of his works would be too ponderous and monotonous to suit the exigencies of a whole evening's entertainment. Certainly such a scheme—not exploited for the first time, by the way—seems a trifle farfetched, the advisability of devoting the whole performance to any one composer, excepting at a celebration in his honor, not being very apparent unless, possibly, to his most slavish and unreasonable admirers. However, seeing that last night's offering of the Boston Orchestra was essentially Wagnerian, it must be admitted that the results, owing to judicious selection, proved interesting and even attractive. In this instance Mr. Paur showed himself in a more favorable light than he has sometimes done as a programme builder, provided, of course, that we waive the question as to the wisdom of banishing all masters but one by this process of exclusion. For instead of showing us the great German iconoclast in his more formidable moods, as he might very readily have decreed, the conductor had sufficient tact and comparative lightness of spirit to put before the audience the following list:

"Tannhäuser," Overture.
"Siegfried," Idyll.
A "Faust" Overture, (D Minor).
"Siegfried," "Forest Sounds."
"Die Meistersinger," *Walther's* Prize Song.
"Die Meistersinger," Prelude.
"Die Walküre," Spring Song.
"Die Walküre," "Ride of the Walkyries."

For this diplomatic arrangement a thousand thanks, Herr Paur. You have not always been so skillful in your choice of numbers, but that is neither here nor there. Rather let it be said that this concert—the final one of the season—passed off artistically and successfully, although there were times when Mr. Paur failed to give his men all necessary freedom, and thus produced a sense of over-refinement and a want of vigor. This was more particularly notable in the "Tannhäuser" overture, which had an exquisite presentation as to some passages, but which lacked in others breadth of effect and real sonority. One could not but contrast this rather subdued treatment (suggesting the old régime of Nikisch, that apostle of *pianissimo*) with the more forcible ideals of a Thomas, a Seidl or a Damrosch. Yet, when all is said, the overture was played in a fashion that revealed not a few of its beauties, and any disappointment as to the execution must have been soon forgotten. The second number, the "Siegfried" idyll, was, of course, much better suited to the orchestra's *metier* (or perhaps it would be more correct to say the conductor's *metier*), and nothing could have surpassed, in its own dreamy way, the finish and poetic insight with which it was invested—an insight showing us how, on rare occasions, Wagner could unbend sufficiently to deck his oftimes formidable muse in a wealth of melodic, almost sensuous, raiment. To the ultra Wagnerian, indeed, the idyll may seem a trifle, but who shall dare predict that it will not be played when "Tristan and Isolde" is forgotten and the "Gotterdämmerung" means but a dream?

Perhaps of the remaining orchestral excerpts the lovely "Forest Sounds" (*Waldweben*) from "Siegfried" had the most delightful exposition, for herein the wonderful *finesse* and delicacy of the Boston organization found just the illustration to bring out these matchless qualities. What a wondrous piece of descriptive writing the *Waldweben* is, to be sure, taking an imaginative listener, as it were, many a league back into the woods and picturing up a myriad of sylvan ideas which can for the nonce transform even your prosaic concert-goer (and there are several such) into a poet. Thus the orchestra proved very happy in this little dash of musical Elysium, and did nothing during the close of the evening to efface so charming an impression, the examples from the "Meistersinger" and "Die Walkure" being adequate rather than remarkable.

Ben Davies, as the soloist, was heard in *Walter's* prize song from the "Meistersinger" (by-the-way, why did the prelude from the opera follow this number rather than precede it?), and also gave the Spring Song from the "Walkure." He has a voice which falls melodiously on the ear, and it is a voice, too, which he used last evening with much art, notably in his second contribution. As a result, Mr. Davies was warmly applauded. The audience was a large one, and the house would probably have been crowded had the weather been of a more symphonic character.

The orchestra will give its last Philadelphia concert for the season at the Academy next Saturday afternoon, when Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. T. Adamowski will be the soloists. The programme will include the overture to "Der Freischutz" and "Fra Diavalo," three "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms, Strauss's "Wine, Woman and Song" waltz and "Singers' Joy" polka and Delibes's lovely "Sylvia" ballet music. Mr. Adamowski will play a "Rondo Capreccioso," by Saint-Sæns, and Mme. Blauvelt will sing songs by Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rubinstien and Delibes, with pianoforte accompaniments. This will be recognized as a very attrative scheme.

The Times
TWELVE PAGES
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 24, 1896.

Academy of Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's closing concert of its eleventh Philadelphia season was devoted entirely to Wagner. The programme included the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and the "Faust" overture; the idyll and the Waldweben from "Siegfried;" the prelude and the prize song of "Die Meistersinger" and the spring song and the great "ride" from "Die Walkuere." Mr. Paur does all of this music notably well, though the first and the last we have heard played with warmer color and stronger accentuation. The delicacy of the orchestra was charmingly displayed in the lovely forest sounds, and the poetic prelude of the "Meistersinger" was exquisitely played. Ben Davies was the tenor soloist. The orchestra will be heard once more in a popular concert at the Academy on Saturday afternoon.

The Philadelphia Inquirer
TUESDAY - - - - - - MARCH 24, 1896

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A Wagner Program at the Academy of Music Last Night.

The fifth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paur conductor, was given last night at the Academy of Music. It was a Wagner night, and the following was the program:

"Tannhauser." Overture.
"Siegfried." Idyll.
A Faust Overture.
"Siegfried." "Forest Sounds."
"Die Meistersinger." "Walther's Prize Song."
"Die Meistersinger." Prelude.
"Die Walkure." Spring Song.
"Die Walkure." "Ride of the Walkyries."

Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

It was the romantic and, if it may not be treason to say so, the really musical side of Wagner which the orchestra presented last night. For, even in the warcries of the Walkyries there is a note of human passion which sounds above the shrieking storm, while the Siegfried "Idyll" and the "Forest Sounds," from the same opera, are full of exquisite tenderness and joy, the rich wine of poetry bubbling through the measures, and the sunshine of midsummer piercing the shade of the whispering pines. The "Tannhauser" overture was played with wonderful variety of color. The strings were brilliant, the trombones and trumpets never overbearing and the wood winds and reeds firm in touch, and yet expressive and delicate. The passionate figures which are woven all through the overture were both suggestive and inspiring, and the various parts were completely homogeneous in point of effect. That, in fact, may be said to have been the dominant characteristic of the orchestra in all of its work last night. It was tempered in its energy, it created that atmosphere of repose which must surround most all great works, its nuances were delicate, and everything was, in fact, emotional and tender. In "Forest Sounds" the long sustained notes with which the music begins, the rustling of the strings and the blithe bird-song motive were each given a most exquisite rendering. The "Miestersinger" prelude was played with great buoyancy and enthusiasm, and it was noticeable for the clearness and individuality that were given to each separate theme or phrase. Without trying to listen too keenly it was possible to hear four or five distinct motives traveling along independently and free of the other voices, and yet the whole was blended together in a rich and brilliant mass of musical mosaic. Mr. Ben Davies sang the "Prize Song" and the "Spring Song" with much expression and tender shading. The "Spring Song," especially in its opening measures, sounds more like a composition by Purcell than by Wagner, and it admirably suited the pure and vibrant quality of Mr. Davies' voice.

Herald 3/25

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

To Be Given by the Boston Orchestra Tonight.

Tonight the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the last concert of the season at the Music Hall. For the occasion a Wagner programme has been arranged by Director Paur, which includes many of the famous gems from the pen of the German master, and principal among the selections to be given is "A Faust Overture in D Minor," which will probably be heard for the first time in this city.

The soloist is Mr. Ben Davies, an English tenor of renown, who has become famous as an interpreter of oratorio as well as operatic characters. He will sing "Walther's Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger," and the "Spring Song," from "Die Walkure." The concert opens with the "Tannhauser" overture, and concludes with the "Ride of the Valkyries."

The management of the orchestra feels very much encouraged because of the continued success of the concerts in this city. This year an additional concert was added to the series for Baltimore, and it may be that this number will even be increased next season.

RECORD, TUESDAY
ENING, MARCH 24

A Wagnerian Contretemps.

A peculiarly interesting Wagner programme was rendered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening to signalize the farewell concert of the eleventh Philadelphia season. Seldom, it is safe to say, has such a queer selection of the "Art Work of the Future" been placed together in a concert patchwork. The general character was by no means typical in the broad sense, although oddly representative of some of the most fantastic phases of the great German maestro's genius. This is not to say that the programme did not include some of Wagner's most effective music; it opened, on the contrary, with the famous "Tannhauser" overture, included the delightfully picturesque "Forest sounds" (Waldweben) from "Siegfried," and concluded with the stormy and wild "Ride of the Walkyries." But plainly no adequate representation of the distinctively great Wagnerian "concert-stuecke" (programme music) had been contemplated by Herr Paur; indeed, the ordinary concert exigencies would perhaps have prevented any such plan. As it was, this uniquely temperamental conductor had evidently sought to present Wagner in certain of his most conspicuously popular moods, and in this he must be acknowledged to have succeeded to a musically amusing and suggestive degree. The "Tannhaeuser" overture, with its sublime wrestling of the pilgrim's chorus and the Venusberg siren choir, was counterbalanced by the "Meistersinger" prelude, with its Beckmesser drollery culminating in what has been fittingly styled "cat music;" the "Meistersinger" contest being truly a burlesque upon the Wartburg minstrelsy. In sharp contrast to these two sides of a characteristic Wagnerian medallion and in equally distinct spirit to each other were the highly descriptive "Forest Sounds," with its echoing bird song, and the fierce storm gallop of the warrior maids of Walhalla. Compared to these large architectures, the musical framework of the little "Siegfried" idyll, written for a childlike orchestra, and even the "Faust" overture with its sombre harmonies seemed to be of a diminutive sort. These rather unfamiliar works were composed—the one, of Nibelung themes as a birthday gift to his wife in celebration of their young son, Siegfried, and the other, of two main themes to characterize the drifting Faust, a melancholy strain mingled with a tenderly yearning strain. The two songs selected for the evening and sung in an impressively sweet tenor by the soloist, Mr. Ben Davies, added emphatically to the peculiar tone of the programme. They were Walther's prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and Siegmund's love song from "Die Walkure," which is so nearly an old-style Italian aria as to have made one not over-Wagnerian listener of its performance once regret that Siegmund could not come forward to the footlights and sing it in the regulation Italian style. Both songs were by Mr. Davies sung in English, furthermore. And to cap the climax of this remarkable Wagner evening the concert was over at 9.40 P. M.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1896.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

Last Concert for the Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fifth and last evening concert for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Academy of Music last night. Although the storm naturally had some effect upon the attendance, there was a large audience present, and the rendering of the programme, which consisted exclusively of Wagner's music, was greatly enjoyed. As a Wagnerian conductor, Mr. Paur is at his best, and no interpretation could have been more sympathetic, illuminative, lucid, brilliant and poetic than his interpretation last evening of the various numbers in the interesting arrangement presented. The delivery of the "Siegfried" idyll and of the "Waldwaben" was exquisitely delicate and clear, while the power and brilliancy which distinguished the playing of the "Tannhauser" and "Meistersinger" overtures and the "Ride of the Valkyries" were remarkable. Mr. Ben Davies, a good tenor and a singer of distinction, was the soloist. He has a clear, true, resonant voice, and an excellent method, and his singing of the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure," though too much in the English oratorio manner to be Wagnerian, was pleasantly effective, and elicited much applause. The orchestra will give its closing concert next Saturday afternoon, when the following attractive programme will be performed:

Weber.....Overture, "Freischuetz"

Songs with pianoforte.

Schumann.....
a. .....
b. .....
c. Mendelssohn.....Fruhlingslied, Op. 47, No. 8
Brahms.....Three Hungarian Dances, Nos 15, 17, 19
Saint-Saens.....Rondo Capriccioso for Violin
Auber.....Overture, "Fra Diavolo"
Delibes.....Ballet Music, "Sylvia"

Songs with Pianoforte.

a. Rubinstein.....
b. Delibes.....
Strauss.....a. Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"
b. Polka, "Singer's Joy"

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. T. Adamowski will be the soloists.

...Orchestra.

Mr. Ben Davis, the well-known English tenor, will be the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall Wednesday night. The concert will be the last which the orchestra will give here this season. The programme will be Wagnerian and the two selections by Mr. Davis, the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure," will be the gems of the evening. An interesting and useful list of the works that have been performed this season will be found in the analytical programmes, which have grown to be a feature of these concerts.

Music Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15.

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries." from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | Davies

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, at 8:15.
WAGNER PROGRAMME

Tannhauser Overture. Lohengrin. Preludes Acts I and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried. Walweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger. Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring-Song. Die Walkure. Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street. mh21-d&S

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Wagnerian Concert by the Bostonese—Sousa's Band.

The fifth and last concert announced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Music Hall next Wednesday evening, will be made up entirely of Wagner selections. It is safe to say that the "Tannhauser" and "Faust" overtures, the preludes to acts one and three of "Lohengrin" and the "Siegfried Idyll" lose none of their charm or effectiveness when presented in a concert, while no more beautiful illustrations of descriptive music can be found than the "Ride of the Walkyries" and the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried." The soloist will be Mr. Ben Davies, the famous English tenor, whose selection will be the ever beautiful "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger," and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure."

Sousa will bring his military band to the Music Hall tomorrow night. Mr. Sousa is assisted on his tour by two charming young artists—the one, Miss Myrta French, a soprano of unquestionable superiority, and the other the brilliant daughter of General Basil Duke, without doubt one of the finest solo violinists her sex has yet produced. She is a pupil of the celebrated Joachim.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8:15.
PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street. mh20-d&Stf

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Boston Symphony Concert.

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on Wednesday night at the Music Hall. Mr. Ben Davies, the noted English tenor will be the soloist.

...MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | DAVIES.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, AT 8.15.

WAGNER PROGRAMME:

Tannhauser, Overture. Lohengrin, Preludes Acts I. and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried, Waldweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger, Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring Song. Die Walkure, Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Symphony's Last Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert in Baltimore for this season at Music Hall next Wednesday night. The soloists will be the noted English tenor, Ben Davies. The programme will be Wagnerian. The two selections to be given by the soloist will be from "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Walkure." The programme in full will be as follows:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

The Orchestra is expected to arrive in Baltimore Tuesday. The usual Kneisel concert will be given at Music Hall Tuesday afternoon by the Kneisel Quartette and Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore. Tuesday evening the orchestra will go over to Washington for its regular concert there, returning to Baltimore at midnight.

—MUSIC HALL—

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA | DAVIES.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15.
WAGNER PROGRAMME:

Tannhauser, Overture. Lohengrin, Preludes Acts I. and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried, Waldweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger, Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring-Song. Die Walkure, Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Last Symphony Concert.

The fifth and last concert of this season's series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is announced for next Wednesday evening, March 25, at the Music Hall.

Ordinarily, the announcement of a programme devoted entirely to the works of Wagner is attended with the selection of one or more numbers unfitted for the concert stage, because of the compulsory lack of stage accessories; but in this case Conductor Paur seems to have avoided this error. The programme will include the "Tannhauser" and "A Faust" overtures; the preludes to acts one and three of "Lohengrin," and to "Die Meistersinger;" the "Idyll" and "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the "Ride of the Walkyries."

The soloist will be Mr. Ben Davies, the well-known English tenor, who will sing the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure."

The above programme is one which every lover of the best in music, whether or not a Wagner enthusiast, will be sure to enjoy, and the concert will no doubt be a fitting close to the musical season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city.

To Celebrate Pilgrims' Day.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15.
PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Act 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Herald 19

SYMPHONY TO COME AGAIN.

Assistant Manager Comee Arranging Dates for Next Season.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was attended by a large audience last night, which expressed frequent approval of the Wagner programme. The soloist, Mr. Ben Davies, the English tenor, was well received and gave two numbers with power and expression. On the whole the orchestra has reason to feel complimented with its Baltimore season. That it does feel pleased with the appreciation of its efforts is proved by the fact that Assistant Manager Comee is already engaging dates for next season at Music Hall. The orchestra will come back essentially the same. Conductor Paur will be retained and the personnel of the organization will hardly be changed at all.

Joseffy to Play Here.

Wednesday evening, January 22, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its third performance of this season, the 1,354th performance, and its 36th in this city. Of unusual interest to the patrons of these concerts will be the announcement that Mr. Rafael Joseffy, after five years of retirement from the concert field, will make his reappearance. Mr. Joseffy will be remembered as the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and, as he has not allowed his great talent to lie idle, it is safe to assume that he will at once resume his old position as one of the greatest favorites among all our soloists.

Mr. Joseffy was born in Miskolcz, Hungary, in 1853. He had for his first teacher in Leipzic the famous Moscheles, and for his second the equally great Tausig. Joseffy's great genius enabled him to accomplish in a brief time what talent can acquire only with years of hardest study, and he became famous after but a single trip through Holland and Germany.

Mr. Joseffy, some months ago, appeared with the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, and scored a most remarkable triumph. Two weeks ago, in the regular series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Providence, R. I., which was Mr. Joseffy's initial performance with this orchestra since his re-entering the concert field, another brilliant success was recorded.

The Music Thieves.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
Wednesday Evening, March 25th, at 8.15.

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIS.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall.

The fifth and last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place at Music Hall on next Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, conductor. It will be essentially a Wagner program, and the soloist for the occasion will be Mr. Ben Davies, the famous English tenor, who will be heard in Baltimore for the first time. Mr. Davies has been the craze in London for the past two seasons and his voice is said to be of exquisite purity and volume. The superb organization will give the following program: Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries" from "Die Walkure." Tickets at Albert's.

MUSIC HALL—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—This thoroughly brilliant organization will give its fifth and last concert this season at the Music Hall, Wednesday, March 25, beginning 8.15 P. M., under the direction of its leader, Mr. Emil Paur. A carefully selected program has been arranged embracing the following: Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure." Soloist, Mr. Ben Davis. All lovers of music will scarcely let this opportunity pass to once more hear this aggregation of talent e'er their season closes as far as this city is concerned. Procure tickets at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
Wednesday Evening, Mar. 25, at 8.15

PROGRAMME—"Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Mus 22nd

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy, the Pianist, to Appear As the Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's third concert for this season in Baltimore, at Music Hall tonight, will be an occasion of unusual interest on account of the reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, pianist, after several years' retirement from the platform.

Joseffy is preferred by many to Paderewski as having more warmth of expression. Joseffy was born in Miskolcz, Hungary, in 1853. Moscheles, in Leipzic, was his first teacher, and the equally well-known Tausig, his second. He became celebrated with but a single trip through Holland and Germany. On the occasion of his appearance in Vienna, a well-known critic said: "With equal force he produces the peculiar effects of the classic Bach, the tender Chopin, the sentimental Mendelssohn and the impetuous Liszt."

When Joseffy came to America it was with an already established reputation as one of the greatest pianists in the world. He made his first appearance this season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its regular series of concerts at Providence, R. I., two weeks ago. The applause was prolonged, Mr. Joseffy being recalled five times.

Tonight's concert will be the Orchestra's 1354th. The programme will be as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Brahms, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2; Berlioz, a, Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b, Waltz of Sylphs; from "The Damnation of Faust;" Beethoven, Overture, "Egmont."

Prof. Richard Burmeister of the Peabody will give a dinner to Rafael Joseffy, the Kneisel Quartette and Mr. Emil Paur tonight after the concert. The dinner will be given at his home, 918 North ... street.

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E PHILADELPHIA
RECORD, TUESDAY
ORNING, MARCH 24

A Wagnerian Contretemps.

A peculiarly interesting Wagner programme was rendered by the Bostor Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening to signalize the farewell concert of the eleventh Philadelphia season. Seldom, it is safe to say, has such a queer selection of the "Art Work of the Future" been placed together in a concert patchwork. The general character was by no means typical in the broad sense, although oddly representative of some of the most fantastic phases of the great German maestro's genius. This is not to say that the programme did not include some of Wagner's most effective music; it opened, on the contrary, with the famous "Tannhaeuser" overture, included the delightfully picturesque "Forest sounds" (Waldweben) from "Siegfried," and concluded with the stormy and wild "Ride of the Walkyries." But plainly no adequate representation of the distinctively great Wagnerian "concert-stuecke" (programme music) had been contemplated by Herr Paur; indeed, the ordinary concert exigencies would perhaps have prevented any such plan. As it was, this uniquely temperamental conductor had evidently sought to present Wagner in certain of his most conspicuously popular moods, and in this he must be acknowledged to have succeeded to a musically amusing and suggestive degree. The "Tannhaeuser" overture, with its sublime wrestling of the pilgrim's chorus and the Venusberg siren choir, was counterbalanced by the "Meistersinger" prelude, with its Beckmesser drollery culminating in what has been fittingly styled "cat music;" the "Meistersinger" contest being truly a burlesque upon the Wartburg minstrelsy. In sharp contrast to these two sides of a characteristic Wagnerian medallion and in equally distinct spirit to each other were the highly descriptive "Forest Sounds," with its echoing bird song, and the fierce storm galop of the warrior maids of Walhalla. Compared to these large architectures, the musical framework of the little "Siegfried" idyll, written for a childlike orchestra, and even the "Faust" overture with its sombre harmonies seemed to be of a diminutive sort. These rather unfamiliar works were composed—the one, of Nibelung themes as a birthday gift to his wife in celebration of their young son, Siegfried, and the other, of two main themes to characterize the drifting Faust, a melancholy strain mingled with a tenderly yearning strain. The two songs selected for the evening and sung in an impressively sweet tenor by the soloist, Mr. Ben Davies, added emphatically to the peculiar tone of the programme. They were Walther's prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and Siegmund's love song from "Die Walkure," which is so nearly an old-style Italian aria as to have made one not over-Wagnerian listener of its performance once regret that Siegmund could not come forward to the footlights and sing it in the regulation Italian style. Both songs were by Mr. Davies sung in English, furthermore. And to cap the climax of this remakable Wagner evening the concert was over at 9.40 P. M.

The North American

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1896.

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY.

Last Concert for the Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fifth and last evening concert for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Academy of Music last night. Although the storm naturally had some effect upon the attendance, there was a large audience present, and the rendering of the programme, which consisted exclusively of Wagner's music, was greatly enjoyed. As a Wagnerian conductor, Mr. Paur is at his best, and no interpretation could have been more sympathetic, illuminative, lucid, brilliant and poetic than his interpretation last evening of the various numbers in the interesting arrangement presented. The delivery of the "Siegfried" idyll and of the "Waldwaben" was exquisitely delicate and clear, while the power and brilliancy which distinguished the playing of the "Tannhauser" and "Meistersinger" overtures and the "Ride of the Valkyries" were remarkable. Mr. Ben Davies, a good tenor and a singer of distinction, was the soloist. He has a clear, true, resonant voice, and an excellent method, and his singing of the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure," though too much in the English oratorio manner to be Wagnerian, was pleasantly effective, and elicited much applause. The orchestra will give its closing concert next Saturday afternoon, when the following attractive programme will be performed:

Weber.....Overture, "Freischuetz"
Songs with pianoforte.
a. Schumann.....
b. Liszt.....
c. Mendelssohn.....
Brahms..Three Hungarian Dances, Nos 15, 17, 19
Saint-Saens.....Rondo Capriccioso for Violin
Auber.....Overture, "Fra Diavolo"
Delibes.....Ballet Music, "Sylvia"
Songs with Pianoforte.
a. Rubinstein.....
b. Delibes.....
Strauss... { a. Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"
b. Polka, "Singer's Joy"

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt and Mr. T. Adamowski will be the soloists.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Ben Davis, the noted English tenor, will be the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall Wednesday night. The concert will be the last which the orchestra will give here this season. The programme will be Wagnerian and the two selections by Mr. Davis, the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure," will be the gems of the evening. An interesting and useful list of the works that have been performed this season will be found in the analytical programmes, which have grown to be a feature of these concerts.

Music Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15.

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebstod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street. ‡

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | Davies

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, at 8:15.
WAGNER PROGRAMME

Tannhauser Overture. Lohengrin. Preludes Acts I and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried, Walweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger. Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring-Song. Die Walkure. Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 N. Charles street. mh21-4t&S

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Wagnerian Concert by the Bostonese—Sousa's Band.

The fifth and last concert announced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Music Hall next Wednesday evening, will be made up entirely of Wagner selections. It is safe to say that the "Tannhauser" and "Faust" overtures, the preludes to acts one and three of "Lohengrin" and the "Siegfried Idyll" lose none of their charm or effectiveness when presented in a concert, while no more beautiful illustrations of descriptive music can be found than the "Ride of the Walkyries" and the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried." The soloist will be Mr. Ben Davies, the famous English tenor, whose selection will be the ever beautiful "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger," and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure."

Sousa will bring his military band to the Music Hall tomorrow night. Mr. Sousa is assisted on his tour by two charming young artists—the one, Miss Myrta French, a soprano of unquestionable superiority, and the other the brilliant daughter of General Basil Duke, without doubt one of the finest solo violinists her sex has yet produced. She is a pupil of the celebrated Joachim.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8:15.
PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin"; "A Faust Overture"; "Idyll," from "Siegfried"; "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger"; "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde"; "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street. mh20-d&Stf

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Boston Symphony Concert.

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on Wednesday night at the Music Hall. Mr. Ben Davies, the noted English tenor will be the soloist.

Mus SYMPHONY TO COME AGAIN. 3/24

Assistant Manager Comee Arranging Dates for Next Season.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was attended by a large audience last night, which expressed frequent approval of the Wagner programme. The soloist, Mr. Ben Davies, the English tenor, was well received and gave two numbers with power and expression. On the whole the orchestra has reason to feel complimented with its Baltimore season. That it does feel pleased with the appreciation of its efforts is proved by the fact that Assistant Manager Comee is already engaging dates for next season at Music Hall. The orchestra will come back essentially the same. Conductor Paur will be retained and the personnel of the organization will hardly be changed at all.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA | DAVIES.

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, AT 8.15.
WAGNER PROGRAMME:

Tannhauser, Overture. Lohengrin, Preludes Acts I. and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried, Waldweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger, Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring Song. Die Walkure, Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets now on sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Symphony's Last Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert in Baltimore for this season at Music Hall next Wednesday night. The soloists will be the noted English tenor, Ben Davies. The programme will be Wagnerian. The two selections to be given by the soloist will be from "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Walkure." The programme in full will be as follows:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

The Orchestra is expected to arrive in Baltimore Tuesday. The usual Kneisel concert will be given at Music Hall Tuesday afternoon by the Kneisel Quartette and Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore. Tuesday evening the orchestra will go over to Washington for its regular concert there, returning to Baltimore at midnight.

—MUSIC HALL—

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESRTA | DAVIES.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15.
WAGNER PROGRAMME:

Tannhauser, Overture. Lohengrin, Preludes Acts I. and III. Siegfried, Idyll. A Faust Overture. Siegfried, Waldweben. Die Meistersinger, Prize-Song. Die Meistersinger, Prelude. Die Walkure, Spring-Song. Die Walkure. Ride of Valkyries.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Last Symphony Concert.

The fifth and last concert of this season's series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is announced for next Wednesday evening, March 25, at the Music Hall.

Ordinarily, the announcement of a programme devoted entirely to the works of Wagner is attended with the selection of one or more numbers unfitted for the concert stage, because of the compulsory lack of stage accessories; but in this case Conductor Paur seems to have avoided this error. The programme will include the "Tannhauser" and "A Faust" overtures; the preludes to acts one and three of "Lohengrin," and to "Die Meistersinger;" the "Idyll" and "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the "Ride of the Walkyries."

The soloist will be Mr. Ben Davies, the well-known English tenor, who will sing the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure."

The above programme is one which every lover of the best in music, whether or not a Wagner enthusiast, will be sure to enjoy, and the concert will no doubt be a fitting close to the musical season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city.

To Celebrate Pilgrims' Day.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT.
WEDNESDAY EVE., MARCH 25, AT 8.15
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SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIES.

Tickets Now on Sale at Albert's, 13 North Charles street.

Herald 14

Joseffy to Play Here.

Wednesday evening, January 22, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its third performance of this season, the 1,354th performance, and its 36th in this city. Of unusual interest to the patrons of these concerts will be the announcement that Mr. Rafael Joseffy, after five years of retirement from the concert field, will make his reappearance. Mr. Joseffy will be remembered as the leading pianist in this country at the time of his withdrawal, and, as he has not allowed his great talent to lie idle, it is safe to assume that he will at once resume his old position as one of the greatest favorites among all our soloists.

Mr. Joseffy was born in Miskolcz, Hungary, in 1853. He had for his first teacher in Leipzic the famous Moscheles, and for his second the equally great Tausig. Joseffy's great genius enabled him to accomplish in a brief time what talent can acquire only with years of hardest study, and he became famous after but a single trip through Holland and Germany.

Mr. Joseffy, some months ago, appeared with the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, and scored a most remarkable triumph. Two weeks ago, in the regular series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Providence, R. I., which was Mr. Joseffy's initial performance with this orchestra since his re-entering the concert field, another brilliant success was recorded.

The Music Thieves.

MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
Wednesday Evening, March 25th, at 8.15.

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin"; "A Faust Overture"; "Idyll," from "Siegfried"; "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger"; "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde"; "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

SOLOIST, MR. BEN DAVIS.

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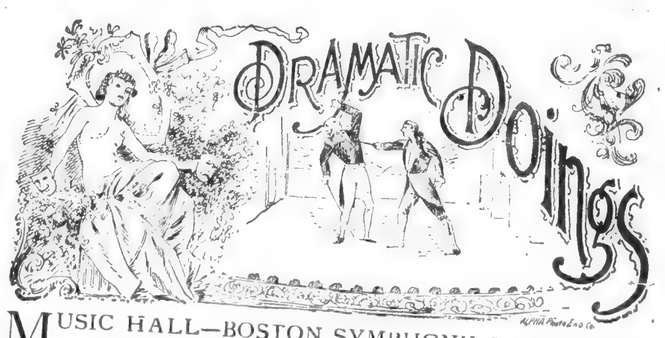

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MUSIC HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. | WAGNER PROGRAMME.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR
FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT,
Wednesday Evening, Mar. 25, at 8 15

PROGRAMME—"Tannhauser," "Preludes to Acts 1 and 3," and "Lohengrin's Legend," from Act 3, from "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" "Idyll," from "Siegfried;" "Overture" and "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger;" "Vorspiel and Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde;" "Spring Song" and "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure."

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Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Brahms, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2; Berlioz, a, Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b, Waltz of Sylphs; from "The Damnation of Faust;" Beethoven, Overture, "Egmont."

Prof. Richard Burmeister of the Peabody will give a dinner to Rafael Joseffy, the Kneisel Quartette and Mr. Emil Pauer tonight after the concert. The dinner will be given at his home, 918 North Calvert street.

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Mar 3 '25

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Ben Davies the Soloist—Review of the Season's Work.

Mr. Ben Davies will be the soloist of the last concert for this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall tonight. The orchestra arrived in town yesterday as usual and went over to Washington last night to give its regular concert there. It returned last night after the concert and is staying at the Carrollton Hotel. The programme of Wagner numbers selected for tonight is as follows:

"Tannhauser," overture; "Lohengrin," preludes to Acts I. and III.; "Siegfried," idyl, in E major; a Faust overture, in D minor; "Siegfried," "Waldweben;" "Die Meistersinger," Walther's prize-song; "Die Meistersinger," prelude; "Die Walkure," spring-song; "Die Walkure," "Ride of the Valkyries."

Mr. F. R. Comee, assistant manager, said this morning:

"The concert tonight will be the 38th given by the orchestra in Baltimore. It will be the 1387th given by the orchestra since its organization, 15 years ago. At the opening of the present season the orchestra had given a total of 1305 concerts. With the few remaining, to be given in Boston, the total at the end of the season will be 1404. Of the 99 concerts this season, 48 were given in Boston, the home of the Symphony, in two separate series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday-night concerts. Ten concerts have been given under the auspices of Harvard College in the Sanders Theatre, which is a part of the Harvard Memorial Hall. Six have been given in Providence, R. I., two series of five each in Philadelphia, five each in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Metzerott Hall, Washington, and Music Hall, Baltimore.

"Fall River and Springfield, Mass., Portland, Me., have each had one concert, and two special concerts have been given in Boston, one with Paderewski and one for the benefit of the family of a member of the orchestra, who was stricken and became unable to earn a living.

"The attendance has been better than ever this season and the large and uniform receipts are the best indications of the appreciation of good music manifested by Baltimoreans. The fact that this orchestra was organized by Mr. Henry L. Higginson of Boston and has always been a private enterprise, precludes the publishing of exact figures as to the financial receipts of the season. An average of nearly 100 concerts a year since its organization given in a number of the larger cities of the country, will give some idea of the enormous amount of money necessary to sustain so large an organization of first-class musical artists.

"The soloists of the season have been Jndricek, violin; Joseffy, piano; Campanari, baritone; Ternina, soprano, and tonight, Davies, tenor. The list of works played has included those of the following composers:

"Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, Bruch, Handel, Haydn, Liszt, Leoncavallo, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Richard Strauss, Tschaikowsky, Verdi, Wagner, Weber."

The series of concerts by the Kneisel Quartette concluded at Music Hall yesterday afternoon with a programme which was one of the best of the season. Three additional members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Messrs. W. F. Kraft and G. Strube, violins, and F. Keller, double bass, lent their assistance in the rendition of an arrangement by S. Bachrich of one of Handel's concerti grossi.

American 3/26

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Last of the Boston Symphony Concerts This Season.

The eleventh season of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was closed last night at Music Hall by a remarkably fine performance. The evening was devoted entirely to Wagner's music. The selections were: Overture to Tannhauser; preludes to the first and third acts of Lohengrin; the "Siegfried Idyll;" the Faust overture; "Waldweben," from Siegfried; prelude to The Meister-Singers Ride of the Valkyries, for the orchestra, and Walter's Prize Song from the Meistersingers, and the Spring Song from "Die Walkuere," sung by Mr. Ben Davies. The work of the orchestra throughout was on the highest plane. One becomes more and more aware of the grandeur, depth and beauty of Wagner's works when they are performed by such a matchless body of players under Mr. Paur's guidance. Where there was so much excellence it is not proper to specialize. One may be excused, however, for referring to the beautiful rendition of the prelude to the first act of Lohengrin. It is doubtful if anybody of strings in the world could produce a finer effect. Throughout the playing of it the house was so quiet that it seemed one could have, in fact, almost heard the sound of a pin if one had been dropped. The words of the poet came to mind instinctively:

"The beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard."

That is all, except that of the orchestra. Mr. Davies, who is well-known as an accomplished singer, gave his songs with fine taste and expression. His voice is strong, clear and sweet and excellently developed in the lower register. He was recalled again and again, and Mr. Paur was applauded to the echo. The concerts of this orchestra have now become one of the greatest enjoyments of the winter. It is to be hoped that the managers next season will give Baltimore at least double the number. Last night's concert was the thirty-eighth given in this city, and the 1,387th performance of the orchestra since its organization.

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The last of the season's concerts under direction of the Brooklyn Institute and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Academy of Music last evening. The attendance was gratifying, albeit a couple of hundred seats might have been filled to the general advantage. Mr. Paur had arranged for the occasion a rather formal and conservative programme, embracing the "Pastoral" symphony, a couple of Handel songs, part of the Mendelssohn violin concerto, the "Freischuetz" overture and the prize song from "The Master Singers;" the Wagner number being after these years of use worthy to pass among the accepted perfections. The only thing that savored of novelty was a set of three Hungarian dances, the paraphrases of Dvorak upon themes by the terrible Brahms, who in this instance really has something to say and expresses it in action and music instead of mathematics and metaphysics. At first the orchestra was sluggish and the first two numbers of the symphony were played in a rather mechanical fashion; yet it is hard to invest these realisms of Beethoven with high beauty. They verge on imitation, which is never art. He gives us the fact where we listen for the spirit. This is not characteristic of the man, for it occurs only in this symphony, and in but a little of that. If one would hear how natural beauty may be told in music, let him listen to the waldweben of "Siegfried" or to the storm in this same symphony, which is, both as a picture and a performance, beyond the scene by the brook. Without grossness or fury, indeed, with such a temperance as we would find in no composer of the last half century, the circumstance of the tempest is related and in a way that is impressive. The passage of wind and rain, the coming and recession of the thunders, the startling flash of lightning, are suggested instead of copied, and the imagination is not restrained by obvious disparities between the real and the semblant. There is nothing finer, in its way, in music, than the clearing of the storm, the rumbling off of the thunder, the clear, peaceful song that follows. It is always as if a veritable air of heaven had passed through the hot room, taking its foulness and bringing scents of fields and a distant warble from the woods. In playing this storm the orchestra regained the spirit that was expected of it, and through the rest of the evening kept the performance at its usual standard. The Brahms dances, strange to say, have lost a little of their strength and wildness under the doctoring of Dr. Dvorak, but perhaps they have gained in acceptance to the popular ear by an increased fluency and smoothness. Usually it is as well to let a man speak for himself, if he has anything to say, and while it is legitimate to make orchestral pieces from piano literature, and vice versa, there is a certain peril in transcriptions, albeit, Brahms has made himself subject to them by doing some transcribing of his own, as in the case of Haydn's "Chorale St. Anthoni." The overture to "Der Freischuetz" was begun in a dragging manner as to tempo, but this is a not infrequent habit with Mr. Paur, as it enables him to heighten contrasts when he enters the dramatic part of a work. The Mendelssohn concerto, at least the andante and finale—the allegro is better worth while than the finale—was played by Mr. Timotheus Adamonski, who sits just behind kappelmeister Kneisel, looks like a good American and is one of three members of the violin corps that play solos. This artist has a smooth style, not very strong, but highly agreeable, and he plays with feeling, but without excess of sentiment. It was good to hear the sweet and tender music of this number so capably interpreted. He might have spared time to play the whole concerto. Ben Davies, the tenor from the other side, who made his first appearance here in grand concert on this occasion, was received with enthusiasm. He is a solid and satisfactory singer, a stalwart fellow with a manly voice, in spite of its high range, and the bearing of an army officer. The stiffness of his spine makes him bow perky, but that would have been a small matter if he had not been compelled to come out and bow so often. He sings with a pure chest tone that is nearly even in all its range and that is clear and far carrying in spite of the fact that his voice is not one phenomenal for mere volume. His singing is a lesson in voice management. He gave the "Deeper and Deeper, Still" with its addendum of "Waft Her, Angels,"—good, honest old Handel,—every line of it, sturdy, musical, free from gimcracks, and afterward sang the prize song with a fine smoothness and expression. He ought to be heard in opera, if he can act. At the end of the concert Mr. Paur was recalled twice and acknowledged the applause. It is a satisfaction to know that he has been re-engaged for next season and will play here under the auspices of the Brooklyn institute. During the season just closed, he has offered the following pieces:

Arditi, waltz song—"Se saran Rose," Mme. Melba
Auber ..... Overture, "Carlo Broschi"
Beethoven
Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica."
Symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral."
Berlioz
Minuet of "Will-o'-the-Wisps."
"Waltz of Sylphs."
From "The Damnation of Faust."
Brahms
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.
Concerto for pianoforte No. 2 ..Mr. Josefy
Brahms-Dvorak .....Three Hungarian Dances
Donizetti—Mad scene from "Lucia," Mme. Melba
Dvorak—"Waldesruhe" .....Mr. Schroeder
Gluck, aria, "Che faro" "Orpheus," Mme. Scalchi
Godard ..Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1
Gounod.....Aria from "La Reine de Saba," Mr. D'Aubigne.
Handel—Largo.
Recitative and aria, "Deeper and Deeper," and "Waft Her, Angels".....Mr. Davies
Aria—"With Verdure Clad".....Mme. Blauvelt
Klengel.....Capriccio, Op. 8, Mr. Schroeder
Leoncavallo.....Prologue, "I Pagliacci," Mr. Campanari.
Liszt.....Hungarian rhapsody No. 2.
Mendelssohn
Andante and Finale from concerto for violin, Mr. Adamowski.
Mozart—"Turkish March."
Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from "Marriage of Figaro" .....Mme. Blauvelt
Richard Strauss—Preludes to Acts I and II of "Guntram."
A. Thomas—Ophelie's mad scene (Act IV., scene 2) from "Hamlet".....Mme. De Vere-Sapio
Tschaikowsky....Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique."
Tschaikowsky .....Overture "1812"
Verdi —Quartet from "Rigoletto,"
Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, Mr. D'Aubigne, Mr. Campanari.
Monologue from "Falstaff".....Mr. Campanari
Viotti....Concerto for Violin, No. 22 in A minor, Mr. Kneisel.
Wagner
Overture, "Rienzi."
Prelude, "Tannhaeuser," Act III.
Prelude, "Lohengrin," Act III.
Walther's "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" .....Mr. Davies
Weber ..... Overture, "Freischuetz"

THE STANDARD UNION

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1896

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

It was fortunate for the Chicago Orchestra that it came before rather than after that from Boston. Last night the latter marched into the Academy, nearly one hundred strong, and easily carried all before it. It is not a matter of conductors—certainly Thomas is as good as Paur—it is that superb, that magnificent band. Where is there another like it, in promptness, in decision, in finish, in abundance of resource, in glorious tone effects? Certainly not in this country, and as a perfect instrument to be played upon at will by whomsoever happens to be its master; we doubt if it is surpassed by any similar organization in the world. Conductors may come and conductors may go, but that orchestra goes on forever, a living example of the value of incessant labor, the power of constant drill. To be sure there are, in its ranks, superior artists, who make themselves felt individually, as well as add immensely to the general effect. But with all this, and above all this, there is a vital force, a wonderful unity, which moves the most difficult harmonies as the wind does its waves. When this orchestra from Boston has the floor, that of Chicago is simply forgotten.

Yet it must be remembered that the one is a veteran in the musical world, the other but little more than a lusty babe, Then the impression of last night was accentuated by a well-balanced programme, neither long, heavy nor redundant. Mr. Paur is improving as a maker of programmes, while Mr. Thomas seems to have gone the other way. The Pastoral Symphony is not so great as the immortal seventh, and Paur is not such a Beethoven authority as Thomas, but that idyl of country life went gladly and well, and few had ever heard it, done better. Mr. Paur seemed in fine feather, and his men played with that spirit which is apt to mark a farewell, since this is the last we shall have of this organization till another season. Besides the Pastoral Symphony there were three Brahms—Dvorak Hungarian dances, given with great regard for their terpsichorean rhythm, the last taking on a flavor of Lisztian wildness; and the overture to "Der Freischuetz," one of those compositions which the Boston Orchestra, under Paur, interpret extremely well, with its brilliant climaxes and strong contrasts of light and shade. The spirited performance thawed even a Brooklyn Institute audience, which is ever noticeable for its coldness and decorum, and made Mr. Paur's reappearance a thing more desirable than a swift arrival home. Indeed, the concert was so well arranged as to be over in less than two hours, leaving all in the frame of mind to linger and do honor to the host, rather than rush for the door.

The Academy was jammed, and the applause was like thunder, and it is probable that everybody longed for a bit more. A great art to create that impression at the close of an evening.

The soloists were Mr. Adamowski, of the Orchestra, and Ben Davies. Mr. Adamowski gave the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Concerto for the violin with that finish which the composition demands. His touch is somewhat superficial, but delicate and refined, and in full accord with the character of Mendelssohn's music. The Finale displayed the artist's finger facility, which is considerable, while the Andante was rendered with flowing sweetness. In Mendelssohn there is always charm, but he never stirs us, and the same might be said of Mr. Adamowski himself, as contrasted with his famous colleague among the first violins.

The distinguished English tenor, Ben Davies, appeared to best advantage in the Recitative and Aria from Handel. His voice is of the robust type, he uses it with confidence and skill, and in the Handel music he made a favorable impression. The enthusiasm which marked his presentation of this old concert war-horse is only another proof of the vitality which obtains with the Handel and Haydn compositions in England to this day. But the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" was taken at altogether too rapid a tempo, and every particle of expression eliminated from it entirely. The orchestra had difficulty in keeping up with the soloist, and flew through that beautiful accompaniment at breakneck speed. It seemed a pity to thus spoil what ought to have proved one of the gems of the evening.

It is announced—so great has been the success of the Boston Orchestra under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute and Philharmonic Society—that there will be a similar series of five concerts next winter. It is interesting to note that this is the fifteenth season of the Orchestra, the eighth in Brooklyn, and that last night's was the 1,389th performance. A great record this, and it is safe to say that none is more proud of this splendid band than the people of Greater New York, and that they regret sadly that they cannot have it for their very own.

IN HARMONY'S REALM.

Items of Interest to the Local Lyric World.

Herald 3/29

LAST BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Auspicious Close of a Successful Season in Baltimore—Some Facts Regarding the Work of Thomas' Chicago Orchestra in New York—A Bit of Comparison—Other Matters Musical.

No doubt the musical people of Baltimore are sorry that the Boston Symphony Orchestra season is over. The fifth and last performance was Wednesday evening and closed with a halo of glory for this splendid organization.

The visit of this orchestra to Baltimore, prefaced as it were by the Kneisel Quartette concerts, is the only rift in the cloud that hangs over the instrumental doings of this vicinity. But for the Boston people good orchestral performances here would be as rare as snow in August. And it is to be hoped that manager Comee will increase the number of concerts next year, although he hardly took kindly to the idea when approached upon this subject on Wednesday night. He expressed some doubt as to whether it would prove a paying venture.

While Director Paur is hardly looked upon by local musicians as an ideal man for the place, the orchestra nevertheless is all there, and people are only too glad to avail themselves of the rare opportunity offered to hear good music well given, as they have evidenced this and other seasons. There has been some complaint that the programmes have not exactly been up to the Boston Symphony Orchestra standard, and this is said to have affected the sale of season tickets this year. This, perhaps, is true to a certain extent, but it must be remembered that Paur is neither a Gericke nor a Nikisch, and too much must not be expected of the man.

The Kneisel Quartette concerts are worthy of a better attendance than has been noticed at the performances given this year. Such chamber music is a revelation to the natives, who could hardly rake up a quartette from among the local musicians with a fine tooth comb capable of playing properly a simple sonatine arranged for four instruments.

The greatest objection to be found with the concerts is the late hour announced for them to begin. Baltimoreans are practical people and the majority of those who attend the concerts take lunch at noon and dinner at 6. The concerts should begin at 3 o'clock instead of 4 P. M., which is an unseemly hour, and as many of the patrons are ladies who come without escorts, they object to remaining out after dark. This defect remedied, the concerts will probably be better attended.

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Herald 3/29

RAFAEL JOSEFFY

At Music Hall Tonight with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Rafael Joseffy, the piano soloist, will come to Baltimore today with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and will play here for the first time in five years. His part in tonight's concert will be Johannes Brahms's concerto No. 2 for the pianoforte, which he played in Boston Saturday night, his first appearance in that city in the last six years.

Mr. Joseffy was heartily welcomed back to Boston and his playing of the concerto was warmly applauded. In speaking of it the Boston Herald said: "Its performance by Mr. Joseffy was masterly in every sense of the word. His style has gained suprisingly in virility, maturity and dignity, and in all that relates to what is best, most satisfying and most admirable in pianoforte-playing his performance was the most noteworthy that has been heard in Music Hall this season."

Tonight's programme will also include Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, in E flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55; Berlioz's "Minuet of Will o' the Wisps" and the "Waltz of Sylphs," from the "Damnation of Faust," and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," Op. 84.

Herald 3/29

Boehdeel, cello.

Third Symphony Concert.

Tonight the third concert of the series will be given in the Music Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme arranged is no doubt the best given here by the organization this season, and the appearance here once more of Joseffy, the famous pianist, lends additional interest to the event. He is to present the Brahms Concerto No. 2 in B flat major, with which he has been winning new laurels wherever the master work has been played by him. The concert will begin with Beethoven's Heroic Symphony and conclude with the Egmont Overture by the same composer.

A NIGHT OF WAGNER.

Last Concert of the Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra Evokes Enthusiasm in the Music Hall.

Probably at no other time during the season were the patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts so enthusiastic as they appeared last night. The applause that greeted each number was not of the desultory kind, as has been characteristic upon occasions this year, when the programmes were not up to the standard, but the attestations of pleasure came from all parts of the Music Hall, and spontaneously.

It was a Wagner night, and the people were even more familiar with the selections given, because of the recent productions in this city by the Damrosch Opera Company of almost every one of the operas represented upon the programme. There was also given a Wagner novelty in the shape of a Faust overture in D minor, one of the master's earlier works, and intended as the first movement of a Faust symphony. It is a rather broad work, and purely a Faust tone picture in every respect. The orchestration is elaborate, full of the motifs peculiar to Wagner, and worked out in a succession of vivid musically picturesque themes. The overture was enthusiastically received, and will bear frequent repetition in Baltimore.

While Mr. Paur can hardly be termed an ideal conductor of Wagner, lacking both aggressiveness in control of the concerted movemtns, as well as lack of depth in reading the sentiments, he, nevertheless, interpreted the selections with spirit, and was enthusiastically applauded again and again. He was particularly successful in conducting the "Tannhauser" overture, and "Siegfried," termed an idyll, in E major, which proved another novel feature of the programme.

In keeping with the splendid orchestral presentations was the work of Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening. Much was expected of him, and no one was disappointed. It is rare that we hear a tenor voice so full of pathos, of such a range, and musical in every register. It is a voice of such flexible timber that in high or low tones the vibrations fall pleasantly upon the ear. Mr. Davies has his voice under splendid control, singing with good taste, and plenty of self-assurance. His selections were "Walther's Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger," and the "Spring Song," from "Die Walkure." The former gave the singer ample opportunity for a display of scholarly vocalization, and he was tendered an ovation.

The concert was the last of a most successful season, and these monthly musical treats will be sadly missed until they begin again next year.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra's Third Concert—The Program.

The third concert this season of this eminent organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Emil Paur, will take place next Wednesday, January 22, at the Music Hall. A very interesting feature at this concert will be the reappearance of the famous pianist Mr. Rafael Joseffy who for the past five years remained in retirement, and who only at the requests of many influential musicians has decided to appear in a few public concerts again. The program is a very interesting one and is as follows:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 3, "Eroica."
Brahms.....Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2.
Berlioz.....a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisp.
b. Waltz of Sylphs.
From "The Damnation of Faust."
Beethoven.....Overture, "Egmont."
Soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Rafael Joseffy to Appear As the Piano Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its third concert of this season at Music Hall next Wednesday evening. Mr. Emil Paur will conduct and Rafael Joseffy will be the soloist. This noted pianist has not been playing in public for a number of years. His reappearance will make the coming symphony concert one of the most notable of the season. The programme will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" Brahms, Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2; Berlioz, a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b. Waltz of Sylphs, from "The Damnation of Faust;" Beethoven, Overture, "Egmont."

Rafael Joseffy's Reappearance.

The third concert this season, Wednesday evening, January 22, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be the one thousand three hundred and fifty-fourth performance by this now famous organization and its thirty-sixth performance in this city, will be memorable chiefly for the reappearance of the eminent piano virtuoso, Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

Sun 3/26

N, BALTIMORE, THURSI

A WAGNER CONCERT.

End of a Notable Series Given Here This Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last concert of the season here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was given last night at Music Hall, was devoted entirely to Wagner.

During the season nothing by this composer had been played by the orchestra until last night, and the unqualified success of the concert shows in a convincing manner the wisdom of the choice.

The arrangement of a Wagnerian orchestral concert is a matter that calls for judgment of a high order because of the fact that, with two or three exceptions, Wagner never intended that his works should be performed except in connection with his music dramas. The interest in a concert of this sort is, therefore, largely the result of the associations with the operas themselves, which the numbers recall, and such a programme would not be fully appreciated if it were not listened to with the larger works in mind.

The programme given last night was as follows:

Overture to "Tannhauser," preludes to acts one and two of "Lohengrin," "Siegfried Idyll," a Faust overture, the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," Walther's prize song from "Die Meistersinger," the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the spring song from "Die Walkuere" and "The Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walkuere."

The whole concert went off with spirit and enthusiasm. The Tannhauser and the Meistersinger overtures received a performance such as has probably never been equaled before in this city. The Faust overture seemed at times to drag somewhat, and was the least interesting part of the programme, but this was doubtless due to the fact that it is but a fragment.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, who has made an enviable reputation in England and more recently in this country. He sang the same numbers as were given by Herr Anton Schott at one of the concerts last year, Walther's prize song and Siegmund's spring song, and created a favorable, although not especially striking impression.

An examination of the programme of the five concerts given here by the orchestra this year shows a remarkable variety as to composers. From the nature of the case it has been necessary to present works differing widely in style and treatment, but this has in many respects been advantageous rather than injurious. Several novelties have been introduced, some successful, others unworthy of a place on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In all cases, however, the director has shown a commendable desire to keep abreast of the times. An effort has been made to suit the varied tastes of all lovers of the concerts, by playing, besides the strictly classical selections, a number of lighter pieces, to which the audiences have, as a rule, taken very kindly.

Many would have liked to have heard more of Beethoven, some had hoped to hear something of Schumann, but it is hard to see how it would have been possible to please a larger body of people than has been done this season. The relatively large proportion of vocal soloists has also been much appreciated by the concert-goers.

The work of the orchestra has been, on the whole, considerably in advance of what was done last year—in fact, nothing can be said of the orchestra except that its work has been uniformly admirable and has shown the results of Director Paur's more complete acquaintance with the performers and with their requirements than formerly.

BROOKLYN TIMES

MARCH 28. 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra closed its eighth season in Brooklyn last night with a concert of a bright and joyous character. Hearing this orchestra immediately following the Chicago (Thomas) orchestra on Thursday night brings one face to face with the natural and inevitable tendency to comparison, but this theme will better serve as a subject for special treatment rather than that there should be any incidental discussion of it here.

Mr. Paur had chosen for an opening number Beethoven's sixth symphony, known as the "Pastoral," always so grateful in its appeal. The reading of Mr. Paur seems to give more emphasis to the sparkling joyousness of the work than to the rural sentiment—the subdued poetic suggestion. The orchestra responded with the superb quality of tone and volume that gives such character and vitality to their efforts. Dvorak's arrangement of Brahm's three Hungarian dances, Nos. 19, 15 and 21 also were finely given and the audience was much taken with them. The concert closed with Weber's "Freischuetz" overture, to the interpretation of which was given rather more than ordinary force and character.

Solo features of the concert were the singing of Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor and the violin playing of Timothee Adamowski, a member of the orchestra. Mr. Davies' selections were Handel's recitative and aria, "Deeper and Deeper," and "Waft Her, Angels," and the prize song from Wagner's "Mastersingers." He made a favorable impression here two years ago in the presentation of the "Stabat Mater" by the Oratorio club, but gave last night a more profound intimation of the high value of his artistic attainments. His voice is full, even and mellow and he has obviously been trained in a school that produces the most desirable results for concert purposes. He was recalled several times after each solo, but politely and firmly declined an encore. Mr. Adamowski's skill as a violinist was made clear to the audience through the medium of the andante and finale from the well-known Mendelssohn concerts. His tone was not very large, but was clear and true, and his playing was marked by a most agreeable display of musical appreciation and refinement.

The concert was very largely attended, and there was a freer show of enthusiasm than has generally been seen at these concerts, Mr. Paur being twice recalled from behind the scenes after the final number. The joint management of these concerts by the Brooklyn institute and the Philharmonic society has proved so satisfactory that arrangements have already been made for a series of five concerts next season under the same auspices.

Following is a list of the orchestral selections performed by the orchestra in Brooklyn this season:

Overture, "Carlo Broschi,".....Auber
Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica," opus 55; symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," opus 68. Beethoven.
(a) "Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps;" (b) "Waltz of Sylphs;" from "The Damnation of Faust," opus 24.....Berlioz
Symphony No. 4, in E minor, opus 98. Brahms.
"Three Hungarian Dances, Nos. 19, 15, and 21. .....Brahms-Dvorak
Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn," No. 1. Godard.
(First time.)
Largo .....Handel
"Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2,".....Liszt
(Scored by Karl Muller-Berghaus.)
"Turkish March,".....Mozart
Preludes to acts I. and II. of "Guntram," opus 25 .....Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," opus 74. .....Tschaikowsky
(First time.)
Overture, "1812."".....Tchaikowsky
(First time.)
Overture, "Rienzi;" prelude, "Tannhaeuser," act III; prelude "Lohengrin," act III.....Wagner
Overture, "Freischutz,".....Weber

The Sun.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Full almost to the point of surfeit as has been the present musical season in New York, it was yet with feelings of genuine regret that all true lovers of orchestral music last night bade farewell for a season to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This splendid organization fails to find in our city a support that is in any way commensurate with its manifest and unrivalled merit. Opinions may differ as to the relative merits of Mr. Gericke, Mr. Nikisch, or Mr. Paur, but the Boston orchestra is ever the same, from conductor unto conductor, and under whatever conditions of leadership still remains the standard by which all other like musical bodies must be measured in this country. By years of association these Boston men have attained not only a precision and unanimity of purpose not surpassed in the world perhaps, but there shines through all this work the light of individual enthusiasm and pure devotion to high ideals, so that they compel invariably admiration and respect.

For the last concert of the present season Mr. Paur chose to present a programme consisting entirely of excerpts from the works of Wagner, and that the choice was wise was attested by the size of the audience, which was very large. The opening selection was the overture to "Rienzi," which, heard beside the later works of the composer, seems quite bald in its simplicity. Then followed the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," familiar in our ears as household words, and in the former of which to a man closing his eyes the music of the strings seemed to float on air, so delicate the touch of the bows and so free the tone from the faintest suspicion of a scrape. Next the "Siegfried Idyll" took us deep into the forest and in the "Waldweben" we heard the manifold voices of the woods, the birds, the brooks, the rustling leaves, and all the sweet sounds that nature loves and which Wagner has painted in music so true that it seems nature herself who speaks to us. All this beauty was illustrated by the orchestra with marvellous technical skill and poetic feeling. The two Siegfried bits were separated by the "Faust" overture, that vivid piece of dramatic writing, and then came Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening, who sang Walther's prize song with beautiful sympathetic quality of voice and a fine simplicity of style—after which the "Meistersinger" prelude was rendered in a truly noble manner, with dignity, breadth, and beautiful expression.

Succeeding to this Mr. Davies gave the "Spring Song" from "Die Walküre" even better than he had previously done the Prize Song. His pure tenor voice and sound manly method gave the liveliest pleasure to the audience, who recalled him again and again. So truly admirable a voice and method as Mr. Davies possesses are rarities, and are by the same token so much the more enjoyable.

The concert was brought to a brilliant termination by the "Ride of the Valkyries." In this, as in all that the Boston Orchestra undertakes, its virtues stand out in high relief, overshadowing any minor defects almost to the point of complete obliteration.

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS,
[illegible], New York.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1896.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Last Concert of the Season.

The final Boston Symphony concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was one of the best concerts New Yorkers have had the privilege of hearing this season from any of the four orchestras that have played here. Mr. Paur was on his mettle and, though his movements were far from graceful, the results he obtains are so admirable that one can hardly quarrel with his methods of directing. He led with enthusiasm and energy last night and his men responded with an esprit du corps that could not have been more unanimous.

The programme was drawn entirely from the works of Wagner, and began properly enough with the "Rienzi" overture, which was played with the pomposity that much of it demands. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was performed with an exquisite delicacy and refinement, though with sufficient vigor and force, and the climax was reached after a gradual ascent whose gradient was kept smooth and even. The strings, with their beauty and precision, were thoroughly satisfactory, and the brasses were clear and crisp in tone.

The highest plane of achievement was achieved in the "Siegfried Idyl," in which the musicians fairly outdid themselves. The "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," and the "Ride of the Valkyries" were finely rendered, while the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was not far behind them in merit of reproduction. The prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin" was buoyantly and effectively played, and "Eine Faust Ouverture," while less impressive than some of the other numbers, was yet given with marked individuality and character.

The soloist was Mr. Ben Davies, the English tenor, who has just returned here from London, where he sang less than two weeks ago. He sang the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" and the Spring Song from "Die Walkure," both in English. The Prize Song was not suited to his voice or style. Mr. Davies sang it in too matter-of-fact and uninspired a manner, as though it might have been a jolly hunting ditty or a declaramtory after-dinner effort. The high notes were not easy to him and the result was not very satisfactory. In the Spring Song Mr. Davies was far better. The prevailing tones are lower and the spirit of the music was more adapted to his temperament.

The accompaniments to the songs were played with proper restraint by the orchestra. In quality of tone, in unanimity and precision, and in delicacy of effect and fineness of shading the Boston Orchestra easily leads here. The contrast was even more forcibly presented last night after the playing of Mr. Thomas's Chicago Orchestra, which, it must be confessed, often seems crude by comparison.

[111]

The New-York Daily Tribune.
FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

3.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

For the sake of variety there was an orchestral concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night—the fifth in six days, including Sunday, when a whole day was vouchsafed concert-goers for rest and refreshment, undisturbed by the scrapers of strings and the blowers of brass. The concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur, and if anybody were to say that there may have been a special purpose in the obvious efforts made by the conductor to exploit his organization, we would not be so ungracious as to contradict him. It looked very much that way, and also as if our visitors from the East were quite willing to court comparison with out visitors from the West. Fortunately, the conviction that comparisions are odious is so deeply set as to have become a rule of action here, else it might be the duty of The Tribune to say that Mr. Paur and his men routed Mr. Thomas and his men, horse, foot and dragoons, in such short order that there did not even seem to be an engagement. In richness and homogeneity of tone (inthe separate choirs and between them), in vitality, elasticity and variety of utterance, in everything that goes to make up good playing, the Bostonians are so much the superiors of their Western rivals that if we were to indulge in such a reprehensible thing as comparison—which we eschew in obedience to the wise saw already quoted. The temptation is strong, but "this is what we never do," as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum remark.

It is pleasanter, and perhaps quite as profitable for instruction, if not reproof, to say that last night's concert was far and away the most brilliant orchestral affair that New-York has enjoyed this season. There were passages in which Mr. Kneisel and his contingent in the band seemed to have been transformed each into a Volker—the famous fiddler of the Nibelungen Lay, the reverse of whose bow was a shining sword. How the phrases did cut and flash through the superb body of sound given out by the other choirs! Small wonder that the audience was kept in a state of gladsome excitement from beginning to end; that there were recalls for Mr. Paur after every number, and half a dozen for Mr. Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, after he had sung the love song from "Die Walküre." It was a Wagner concert with nine numbers and the enthusiasm broke out with the first number—the "Rienzi" overture—and was continued in each brief intermission, rolling now high, now lower, like the huge waves of the sea. The orchestra played superbly, Mr. Paur conducted finely, and Mr. Davies sang the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" even better than the love song.

The New-York Recorder.
BY GEORGE W. TURNER.
FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

5.

ITS FINALE.

Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a Triumph.

The fifth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Perhaps the number of other concerts this week may have acted as a deterrent, but those who missed the one of last night are, indeed, to be pitied.

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The orchestra is still the finest body of its kind on this side of the water, and last evening it fully justified its reputation. Despite a slip in the horn in the "Rienzi Overture" and one of the clarinet in the forest scene of "Siegfried," the various selections were rendered in a manner entirely beyond cavil. Of course, one could not but regret that such a programme given with such an orchestra, could not have been conducted by a Seidl. Still, Mr. Paur's readings, although affording no decided originality of conception, were essentially correct, even if they did not suggest the spirit of the compositions.

The orchestra did its best work in the "Siegfried Idyll," which it played just as Wagner intended it should be interpreted—that is, as a berceuse, having been arranged for his wife's birthday, shortly after the birth of his son. The "Lohengrin" prelude and the "Meistersinger" overtures were also especially well executed.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, was the soloist. It was his first appearance here this season. He contributed the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and the spring song from "Die Walkure." Mr. Davies is a finished artist, and uses his rather slender voice with discretion and skill. In the first piece he was decidedly overweighted, but his splendid phrasing and the clever use of his organ helped to cover the vocal deficiencies. His rendition was inclined to be robustious rather than poetical. He was heard to better advantage in the second selection, which lay more within the range of his voice. Mr. Davies excels as a ballad singer, and it would be better if he remained in that field. He was repeatedly recalled, but, as is the rule at these concerts, no encores were granted.

The New-York Press.
NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

GENIUS OF WAGNER.

Boston Symphony Audience Spellbound by Its Power.

Wagner's genius kept the large audience at the last concert of the Boston Symphony this season in the Metropolitan Opera House spellbound last evening, except when the different pieces came to an end, and then a storm of applause swept over the big auditorium.

The entire programme was devoted to the works of the great master.

It is an indisputable fact that Wagner is almost the only composer who is ever so honored, for there are few makers of music, living or dead, to whom we can listen for a whole evening without becoming weary.

The fine audience last night and its absorbed attention were a splendid tribute to the great genius, who comparatively a few years ago was laughed at, and dubbed in derision the "musician of the future."

Ben Davies, the well-known English tenor, was the soloist, and while he discovered no new effects in the exquisite "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger," and in the equally lovely "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure," brought out much of their ravishing beauty, and was applauded with enthusiasm.

Too often it is the case that in a Wagner programme some numbers are given which are not fitted for the concert stage, but Emil Paur, the conductor, made his selections for last night with admirable taste, and the evening was one of pure enjoyment.

The "Rienzi Overture" began the concert. Then came the preludes to the first and second acts of "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried Idyll" in E major, which, while having little connection with that great music-drama, is based largely on motives taken from it; "A Faust Overture" in D minor, which at first was intended by the composer to be the first movement of a "Faust" symphony; the delicious "Waldweben," or "forest sounds," from "Siegfried"; "Walther's Prize Song," the "Spring Song," and last, the thrilling "Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walkure."

The band, under Mr. Paur's leadership, seemed to feel that as it would not be heard again here until next winter it was necessary to play with especial care, and fairly outdid itself, which, considering its splendid reputation, is saying a good deal. Mr. Paur is a painstaking and most earnest conductor, but his reading of Wagner we cannot always approve. On the whole, however, the performance was a fit ending to an extremely successful season, and we promise a hearty welcome next fall to this fine band of players and trust that they will fiddle and blow harmoniously for many years to come.

The Press.
DAILY EDITION.
NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

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New York, Friday, March 27, 1896.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was given at the Metropolitan Opera-house last evening, served as an instructive object lesson as to the relative importance of conductor and orchestra. The Boston orchestra is admitted by all experts to be one of the best in the world, and in this country it has no equal in the string department (though the same cannot be said of its wood-wind and brass); yet last evening's concert was one of the least interesting and inspiring entertainments given in New York this winter; and why? Simply because the programme, which was devoted entirely to Wagner, was interpreted by a conductor who lacks inspiration, dramatic sense, and poetic spirit. Mr. Paur is a good, honest, solid German *Kapellmeister;* he is a schoolmaster who teaches music in the concert-hall as most professors teach Greek and Latin in our colleges—impressing on their victims the letter and grammar, but allowing the spirit to escape. Mechanically he has drilled his players to perfection, but what is mechanism without expression? A body without a soul. The Boston orchestra, with its present conductor, is like a beautiful rose that has no fragrance, like a Japanese melon that has no flavor.

The mechanical precision and mere sensuous beauty of tone of this orchestra have been dwelt on by local writers *ad nauseam*, and yet the musical public neglects its concerts while it crowds to suffocation those of our Philharmonic Society, which, in respect to the strings at any rate, is somewhat inferior to the Boston orchestra. Why this preference on the part of the most intelligent musical people in the city? Because they know that at the Philharmonic concerts they hear not only a first-class and carefully rehearsed orchestra playing mechanically well, but an orchestra which, thanks to Mr. Seidl, reveals the heart pulse and the very soul of the great classical and romantic composers. Expression is what attracts audiences to music, not machine-like precision. If Paderewski played on a second-rate piano, amateurs would still flock to hear him, knowing that under his fingers a second-rate piano sounds better and more soulful than a first-class instrument under most other fingers. On the other hand, do not second-rate artists often play here on the best instruments, and does not the public neglect them cruelly? Are any more words needed to show that the public cares infinitely more to know that it will have a Paderewski to play, or a Seidl, a Theodore Thomas, or a Nikisch to conduct, than to read critical disquisitions as to whether there is a hornist or a clarinetist who plays 5 per cent. better in one band than in another? Instead of quarrelling and splitting hairs we ought to be glad to see that so many good orchestras come to play to us; but we ought to insist that they should be conducted by men who care at least as much for the spirit of music as for its letter.

A few words in detail about yesterday's programme will enforce the moral of our æsthetic sermon. The "Rienzi" overture was too coarse and noisy; it should be toned down in the concert-hall. The introduction to act i. of "Lohengrin" was played most exquisitely by the violins, which produced a perfect halo of sound. But the climax was unskilfully approached; there was no *Spannung*, and the soul fled from the piece. The applause consequently was weak. How different from last year's performance of this piece by the Philharmonic Society, when the most refined and sedate musical audience in the city by its frantic enthusiasm simply compelled Mr. Seidl to repeat it! The introduction to act iii. of the same opera, on the other hand, as it calls for no special expression except joyous excitement, was so well done by Mr. Paur that the audience seemed eager for an encore.

Take again the exquisite "Siegfried Idyll." This was played so mechanically, so smoothly and coldly, so rigidly in tempo, that it fell perfectly flat, and there was but little applause. Yet who does not remember what storms of applause Mr. Seidl used to arouse with this piece when he played it at the memorable Lenox Lyceum concerts with an orchestra of only forty? What ravishing tone-colors he revealed, in a bewildering variety which the Boston orchestra did not even suggest! How admirably Mr. Seidl balanced the themes and placed them in proper perspective! How poetically he varied the tempo, the dynamics! How he lingered on that lovely horn solo which last evening passed almost unnoticed! Does any one who has had a chance to compare the Seidl and Paur performances of this piece doubt for a moment that for the enjoyment of Wagner's music it is infinitely more important to have the best Wagner conductor than the best orchestra?

Similar remarks might be made about other pieces on the programme, but enough has been said to establish the point at issue, and it will suffice to add the names of the other selections: "A Faust overture," Waldweben from "Siegfried," Prelude and Prize Song from "Meistersinger," Spring Song and Ride of the Valkyries from "Walküre." The two vocal numbers were excellently sung by Mr. Ben Davies, whose clear and pure tenor tones were as enjoyable as the smoothness and ease of his phrasing, and who was cordially applauded. Encores, luckily, are forbidden at these concerts, which have the further merit of never being too long. Yesterday's audience was the largest of the season.

The New York Recorder.
BY GEORGE W. TURNER.
FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

ITS FINALE.

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The orchestra is still the finest body of its kind on this side of the water, and last evening it fully justified its reputation. Despite a slip in the horn in the "Rienzi Overture" and one of the clarinet in the forest scene of "Siegfried," the various selections were rendered in a manner entirely beyond cavil. Of course, one could not but regret that such a programme given with such an orchestra, could not have been conducted by a Seidl. Still, Mr. Paur's readings, although affording no decided originality of conception, were essentially correct, even if they did not suggest the spirit of the compositions.

The orchestra did its best work in the "Siegfried Idyll," which it played just as Wagner intended it should be interpreted—that is, as a berceuse, having been arranged for his wife's birthday, shortly after the birth of his son. The "Lohengrin" prelude and the "Meistersinger" overtures were also especially well executed.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, was the soloist. It was his first appearance here this season. He contributed the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and the spring song from "Die Walkure." Mr. Davies is a finished artist, and uses his rather slender voice with discretion and skill. In the first piece he was decidedly overweighted, but his splendid phrasing and the clever use of his organ helped to cover the vocal deficiencies. His rendition was inclined to be robustious rather than poetical. He was heard to better advantage in the second selection, which lay more within the range of his voice. Mr. Davies excels as a ballad singer, and it would be better if he remained in that field. He was repeatedly recalled, but, as is the rule at these concerts, no encores were granted.

The New-York Herald.
NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT.

Of the Boston Symphony Society's final concert at the Metropolitan Opera House one can only speak in terms of the very warmest admiration.

The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by Richard Wagner—an experiment that has often been made here before, but never so artistically as last evening. Mr. Emil Paur had for the most chosen only such music as lends itself quite as effectively to the concert room as it does to the operatic stage. The "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried" Idyll, "Eine Faust Ouverture," the Waldweben from "Siegfried," the prelude to the "Meistersinger" and the prize song from that opera and the Liebeslied from the "Walkuere"—all these are quite as beautiful when listened to as absolute music as they are with stage accessories.

It was simply the perfection of orchestral playing that one heard last evening. Such tonal beauty—"Klangschoenheit," as the Germans have it—has not been listened to in a long while. The strings sounded simply intoxicating, and the brass and wood winds were hardly less fine. This orchestra, thank Heaven, is not given to playing mezzo forte, but knows something of the value of dynamic shading.

Mr. Ben Davies, I regret to say, did not use the original text. For the rest he sang like the great big artist that he is. And Mr. Paur conducted with tremendous fervor.

A bientot, ye Boston Symphonists! You will not be readily forgotten, for last night you played like mastersingers, all of you!

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The New York Times.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Last Concert of Its Season Given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's tenth season in New-York took place last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. In ordinary times this city would hardly be able to endure such an outpour of orchestral music as that which has been descending upon it since the Thomas Orchestra arrived a few days ago. But last night the Opera House held a large audience, which was filled with enthusiasm. There is nothing uncommon in these days in a visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so it must have been the Wagner programme which excited public interest. The once hated composer of diminished sevenths and chromatic chords which refused to resolve in perfect cadences has become "lord of the ascendant." Wagner actually pays, even in the concert room.

We have to thank Mr. Paur for arranging a most delightful programme of Wagnerian works, which fairly bear separation from dramatic surroundings. Two numbers of his list are concert pieces pure and simple, and a third is a display overture, though it belongs to an opera. The list last night consisted of the "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," a "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyll," the "Waldweben," Walter's prize song, and the vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger," Siegmund's love song, and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be. It is beyond question that the Boston Orchestra has lost some of that machinelike precision which characterized its playing under the rigorous rule of Wilhelm Gericke. Yet even in precision it is almost beyond criticism. An attentive ear could catch last night a trifling lack of unity in the strings in the "Lohengrin" vorspiel, but that was atoned for by the luscious yet transparent quality of the tone. How those strings soared and floated in those ethereal upper harmonies! What an atmosphere they created! And how triumphant was the brilliancy of their declamatory utterance in the introduction to the third act and in the "Faust" overture!

It would be easy to write many lines about the breadth and solidity of the strings of this orchestra, the mellow, fluent singing of the wood, and the forceful purity of the brass; but it is not necessary to particularize in speaking of an orchestra of virtuosi. What is better to remember is the admirable balance of tone which makes the orchestra so rich in its total quality, and, above that, the splendid fire of its sweeping style, its glorious flexibility, its variety of delicate nuancing, and its admirable suggestion of reserve power. Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most blasé concert goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic.

The soloist of the entertainment was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang his two songs in English with a lovely quality of tone and with abundance of enthusiasm. The audience vainly tried to get repetitions of these numbers and of the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1896.

Boston Symphony Concert.

THE fifth and last concert in New York this season of the Boston Symphony Ochestra took place last Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was an exclusively Wagner evening, embracing the principal numbers from the music drama available for the concert platform, and a more enthusiastically received program has not been presented this season.

It included the Rienzi overture and a Faust overture in D minor, the preludes to Acts I. and III. of Lohengrin, the Siegfried Idyll and the Waldweben, the Meistersinger Prelude, and the Ride of the Valkyries for orchestra. Ben Davies sang *Walther's* prize song and the spring song from the Walküre.

The unsurpassable homogeneity of tone and technical finish of this Boston band have become so common an admission that repetition is monotonous. But on this last occasion there was an obvious comparison incurred by reason of the recent eminent Wagner influx. It did seem, too, that in stepping on the Metropolitan platform the Boston band master and men were strung to a particularly sharp tension. The results were a performance from beginning to end not alone unexcelled but absolutely unapproachable in America to-day for purity, vigor, color and sweep. The orchestra has not given a concert of such unbroken excellence and brilliancy before this season.

The Rienzi overture, in sonority and climax, was a key to the performance. The Siegfried Idyll and Waldweben were most exquisitely and dolicately colored, but the piled up tonal masses in their imposing grandeur and absolute proportion seemed to find the band most proudly at home and dazzled and excited the house to the highest point of enthusiasm. In a word, the Boston Symphony seemed in a mood mostly aggressive, and bombarded the house with such gorgeous tone color and such shivering climaxes that there was no escape from the decision that, after hearing the organization play, other bands sound flat, dull and ill-balanced by comparison.

Mr. Paur's rhythmic effects were capital, and the building of climax was admirable. After the familiar, almost conventionalized Vienna overture and the prelude to Act III. of Lohengrin, handled so as to present novel beauties, the Boston band's work might well prove the despair of other bodies. The beauty of phrase, the glowing variety in the color scheme of the Rienzi overture, the tremendous impact of the tone, with its infallible beauty of quality unrolled a new canvas, and the same may be said of the Lohengrin prelude. The Faust overture was dramatically read. Throughout the entire program the mellowness of both wind choirs was never tarnished for a moment, the 'cellos pealed organwise and the violins sang through the whole with delightful clarity. We have had the Valkyrie Ride more than once of late, but it halted and rode mildly. The Boston performance was superb, a sweep through a storm of overwhelming intensity, a breathless progress which hurried the breath of the audience in sympathetic intensity to match.

Mr. Paur steadily refused encores, but was recalled again and again. He conducted with rare energy and enthusiasm.

A warm reception was accorded Mr. Ben Davies, who sang well, but emphasized more than ever the fact that he is no high C tenor. He reached A with enough effort, but makes up in volume and musical quality what he lacks in range. The audience was large.

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 10, 1896.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a rather unsymphonic concert, and, with the exception of Goldmark's cheerful and melodic Rustic Wedding, the orchestral numbers were of but little interest.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.

STRUBE'S SYMPHONY

Produced with Success in Music Hall.

The program of the 20th concert given last evening in Music Hall, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Ouverture-Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky
Song, with orchestra, "Mignon," .....Liszt
Symphony in C minor, op. 11 (MS.) Gustav Strube
I. Grave e molto moderato—Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio ma non troppo.
III. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Un poco piu moderato.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace. (First time.)
Song, with orchestra, "Spring".....Henschel
Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann

A sketch of Mr. Strube's career and an account of the circumstances attending the composition of his symphony appeared in the Journal last Sunday. It is not necessary therefore to speak now of the personality of the composer, except to remind the reader that Mr. Strube is 29 years old, and is one of the first violins of the Symphony orchestra.

While it is true that at a first hearing neither all the beauties nor the imperfections of a work are revealed to a hearer, it is also true that a fair idea of the imagination and the technique of the composer follows such a hearing. This idea may be modified slightly after more intimate acquaintance with the music, but the presence or the absence of individuality is felt at once. When it is present you feel it, though you may not like it. If it is absent, there is nothing to be said, except the customary and perfunctory courteous praise for industry and perseverance, which are qualities useful in carpentry, brick-laying, and other trades.

The impressions made by Mr. Strube's symphony are these: He is not an echo; he has a voice of his own. He has musical imagination. He has a well-developed technique in composition. There is the delightful exuberance of youth exulting in creation, and, although this fervor is at times a little boisterous, suggesting high animal spirits, it is, after all, refreshing, and a favorable omen for the future. Perhaps Mr. Strube at times forgets himself, and then talks too loud and too continuously, but he has something to say, and much of it is worth the hearing. At any rate, he does not stammer, he does not repeat solemnly respectable commonplaces. He is not choked by tradition, even though he is in the evening dress of approved symphonic form. He may go so far as to say things that create a flutter, as when eyeglasses are leveled at an audacious young man who contradicts the fogyism of smug authority. But when the evening is over you remember what the young man said.

I do not claim that the movements are of equal worth, or that the composer's flight is equally maintained. Thus the second and the third movements are to me superior to the first and the finale. They show a firmer grasp on superior material. Not that the first movement and the finale are poor in melodic charm or ingenious development; but the Adagio and the Scherzo seem to be more firmly knit; the strokes are more certain, more direct. In the Adagio Mr. Strube does not stop after he has achieved a charming and flowing theme, and then ramble about, watch in hand, until it is the proper time for him to return to his first love; he presents fresh matter, strongly developed; he keeps the interest from flagging; and when he does return to the original subject he is not so enamored with it that he feels obliged to cling to it until the hearer is tired of the iteration and endless modifications. As for the Scherzo, it is sparkling, ingenious, delightfully scored.

The symphony as a whole is distinguished by its melodic freshness, rhythmic variety, thoughtfulness in development and digressions, and courage in the instrumentation. Mr. Strube does not always hit the nail on the head. There are passages which suggest repeated endeavors to gain effects that do not reward fully the labor. There is occasionally too long continued dynamic intensity without contrast. But there is rich, healthy blood in the symphony; there are evidences in plenty of sane imagination; and there is contemplation without the pessimism that enters so freely in these days into the work of young and ambitious composers. No wonder that the audience recognized the present merits and the promise for the future, so that the modest man was obliged several times to bow his thanks from the stage.

* * *

The profoundly dramatic fantasie of Tschaikowsky is no stranger at these concerts, and yet it never seemed so nobly mournful and so grandly sensuous as last night. Under Mr. Nikisch, the effect was great; under Mr. Paur it was overwhelming. The "weird, superearthly" harmonies that follow immediately the opening chant were played marvelously well. And what shall be said of the love-theme that recalls the passion and the pain of all lovers mocked by death,—from the time that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.

The "Genoveva" overture, although it was played with fiery understanding, seemed old and tame and dry.

* * *

Mrs. Henschel sang with beauty of tone, ease in technique, and winning personal bearing. "Mignon's Song" is one of the best of Liszt's vocal rhapsodies; nor is Mr. Henchel's "Spring" without musical, as well as ornithological and climatic charm. But the quaint words of Thomas Nash were last night a hollow mockery, although they were warranted by the calendar.

PHILIP HALE.

March 27

The New York Times.

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We have to thank Mr. Paur for arranging a most delightful programme of Wagnerian works, which fairly bear separation from dramatic surroundings. Two numbers of his list are concert pieces pure and simple, and a third is a display overture, though it belongs to an opera. The list last night consisted of the "Rienzi" overture, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," a "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyll," the "Waldweben," Walter's prize song, and the vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger," Siegmund's love song, and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

The entire performance of the orchestral part of this comprehensive programme was as near perfection as it is reasonable to expect human work to be. It is beyond question that the Boston Orchestra has lost some of that machinelike precision which characterized its playing under the rigorous rule of Wilhelm Gericke. Yet even in precision it is almost beyond criticism. An attentive ear could catch last night a trifling lack of unity in the strings in the "Lohengrin" vorspiel, but that was atoned for by the luscious yet transparent quality of the tone. How those strings soared and floated in those ethereal upper harmonies! What an atmosphere they created! And how triumphant was the brilliancy of their declamatory utterance in the introduction to the third act and in the "Faust" overture!

It would be easy to write many lines about the breadth and solidity of the strings of this orchestra, the mellow, fluent singing of the wood, and the forceful purity of the brass; but it is not necessary to particularize in speaking of an orchestra of virtuosi. What is better to remember is the admirable balance of tone which makes the orchestra so rich in its total quality, and, above that, the splendid fire of its sweeping style, its glorious flexibility, its variety of delicate nuancing, and its admirable suggestion of reserve power. Such a concert as that of last night must give a thrill of genuine enjoyment to the most blasé concert goer, and leave to the commentator nothing but a fruitless search after adjectives that will not sound rhapsodic.

The soloist of the entertainment was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang his two songs in English with a lovely quality of tone and with abundance of enthusiasm. The audience vainly tried to get repetitions of these numbers and of the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1896.

Boston Symphony Concert.

THE fifth and last concert in New York this season of the Boston Symphony Ochestra took place last Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was an exclusively Wagner evening, embracing the principal numbers from the music drama available for the concert platform, and a more enthusiastically received program has not been presented this season.

It included the Rienzi overture and a Faust overture in D minor, the preludes to Acts I. and III. of Lohengrin, the Siegfried Idyll and the Waldweben, the Meistersinger Prelude, and the Ride of the Valkyries for orchestra. Ben Davies sang *Walther's* prize song and the spring song from the Walküre.

The unsurpassable homogeneity of tone and technical finish of this Boston band have become so common an admission that repetition is monotonous. But on this last occasion there was an obvious comparison incurred by reason of the recent eminent Wagner influx. It did seem, too, that in stepping on the Metropolitan platform the Boston band master and men were strung to a particularly sharp tension. The results were a performance from beginning to end not alone unexcelled but absolutely unapproachable in America to-day for purity, vigor, color and sweep. The orchestra has not given a concert of such unbroken excellence and brilliancy before this season.

The Rienzi overture, in sonority and climax, was a key to the performance. The Siegfried Idyll and Waldweben were most exquisitely and dolicately colored, but the piled up tonal masses in their imposing grandeur and absolute proportion seemed to find the band most proudly at home and dazzled and excited the house to the highest point of enthusiasm. In a word, the Boston Symphony seemed in a mood mostly aggressive, and bombarded the house with such gorgeous tone color and such shivering climaxes that there was no escape from the decision that, after hearing the organization play, other bands sound flat, dull and ill-balanced by comparison.

Mr. Paur's rhythmic effects were capital, and the building of climax was admirable. After the familiar, almost conventionalized Vienna overture and the prelude to Act III. of Lohengrin, handled so as to present novel beauties, the Boston band's work might well prove the despair of other bodies. The beauty of phrase, the glowing variety in the color scheme of the Rienzi overture, the tremendous impact of the tone, with its infallible beauty of quality unrolled a new canvas, and the same may be said of the Lohengrin prelude. The Faust overture was dramatically read. Throughout the entire program the mellowness of both wind choirs was never tarnished for a moment, the 'cellos pealed organwise and the violins sang through the whole with delightful clarity. We have had the Valkyrie Ride more than once of late, but it halted and rode mildly. The Boston performance was superb, a sweep through a storm of overwhelming intensity, a breathless progress which hurried the breath of the audience in sympathetic intensity to match.

Mr. Paur steadily refused encores, but was recalled again and again. He conducted with rare energy and enthusiasm.

A warm reception was accorded Mr. Ben Davies, who sang well, but emphasized more than ever the fact that he is no high C tenor. He reached A with enough effort, but makes up in volume and musical quality what he lacks in range. The audience was large.

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 10, 1896.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a rather unsymphonic concert, and, with the exception of Goldmark's cheerful and melodic Rustic Wedding, the orchestral numbers were of but little interest.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.

STRUBE'S SYMPHONY

Produced with Success in Music Hall.

The program of the 20th concert given last evening in Music Hall, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Ouverture-Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky

Song, with orchestra, "Mignon,".....Liszt

Symphony in C minor, op. 11 (MS.) Gustav Strube

I. Grave e molto moderato—Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio ma non troppo.
III. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Un poco piu moderato.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace. (First time.)

Song, with orchestra, "Spring".....Henschel

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann

A sketch of Mr. Strube's career and an account of the circumstances attending the composition of his symphony appeared in the Journal last Sunday. It is not necessary therefore to speak now of the personality of the composer, except to remind the reader that Mr. Strube is 29 years old, and is one of the first violins of the Symphony orchestra.

While it is true that at a first hearing neither all the beauties nor the imperfections of a work are revealed to a hearer, it is also true that a fair idea of the imagination and the technique of the composer follows such a hearing. This idea may be modified slightly after more intimate acquaintance with the music, but the presence or the absence of individuality is felt at once. When it is present you feel it, though you may not like it. If it is absent, there is nothing to be said, except the customary and perfunctory courteous praise for industry and perseverance, which are qualities useful in carpentry, brick-laying, and other trades.

The impressions made by Mr. Strube's symphony are these: He is not an echo; he has a voice of his own. He has musical imagination. He has a well-developed technique in composition. There is the delightful exuberance of youth exulting in creation, and, although this fervor is at times a little boisterous, suggesting high animal spirits, it is, after all, refreshing, and a favorable omen for the future. Perhaps Mr. Strube at times forgets himself, and then talks too loud and too continuously, but he has something to say, and much of it is worth the hearing. At any rate, he does not stammer, he does not repeat solemnly respectable commonplaces. He is not choked by tradition, even though he is in the evening dress of approved symphonic form. He may go so far as to say things that create a flutter, as when eyeglasses are leveled at an audacious young man who contradicts the fogyism of smug authority. But when the evening is over you remember what the young man said.

I do not claim that the movements are of equal worth, or that the composer's flight is equally maintained. Thus the second and the third movements are to me superior to the first and the finale. They show a firmer grasp on superior material. Not that the first movement and the finale are poor in melodic charm or ingenious development; but the Adagio and the Scherzo seem to be more firmly knit; the strokes are more certain, more direct. In the Adagio Mr. Strube does not stop after he has achieved a charming and flowing theme, and then ramble about, watch in hand, until it is the proper time for him to return to his first love; he presents fresh matter, strongly developed; he keeps the interest from flagging; and when he does return to the original subject he is not so enamored with it that he feels obliged to cling to it until the hearer is tired of the iteration and endless modifications. As for the Scherzo, it is sparkling, ingenious, delightfully scored.

The symphony as a whole is distinguished by its melodic freshness, rhythmic variety, thoughtfulness in development and digressions, and mastery in the instrumentation. Mr. Strube does not always hit the nail on the head. There are passages which suggest repeated endeavors to gain effects that do not reward fully the labor. There is occasionally too long continued dynamic intensity without contrast. But there is rich, healthy blood in the symphony; there are evidences in plenty of sane imagination; and there is contemplation without the pessimism that enters so freely in these days into the work of young and ambitious composers. No wonder that the audience recognized the present merits and the promise for the future, so that the modest man was obliged several times to bow his thanks from the stage.

* * *

The profoundly dramatic fantasie of Tschaikowsky is no stranger at these concerts, and yet it never seemed so nobly mournful and so grandly sensuous as last night. Under Mr. Nikisch, the effect was great; under Mr. Paur it was overwhelming. The "weird, superearthly" harmonies that follow immediately the opening chant were played marvelously well. And what shall be said of the love-theme that recalls the passion and the pain of all lovers mocked by death,—from the time that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.

The "Genoveva" overture, although it was played with fiery understanding, seemed old and tame and dry.

* * *

Mrs. Henschel sang with beauty of tone, ease in technique, and winning personal bearing. "Mignon's Song" is one of the best of Liszt's vocal rhapsodies; nor is Mr. Henchel's "Spring" without musical, as well as ornithological and climatic charm. But the quaint words of Thomas Nash were last night a hollow mockery, although they were warranted by the calendar.

PHILIP HALE.

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BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Tschaikowsky overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," was the opening number at the twentieth symphony last night. It is a freely written composition of a highly descriptive nature and full of surprises. A pretty love theme runs through the overture, occasionally interrupted by a stormy passage representing the strife between the Capulets and Montagues. Mr. Paur gave a most careful reading and the orchestra a well balanced, even performance.

Mrs. Georg Henschel was the soloist, coming next on the programme, with Liszt's song, "Know'st Thou the Land?" Although Mrs. Henschel has been heard here several times in the past week, it was a positive delight to hear her with such a support as Mr. Paur's band can give. Her rendering of the above song was a charming piece of work, and brought her several recalls and some flowers, but pleasing as was her performance she gave even greater delight later in the evening by her singing of "Spring," by Mr. Henschel.

The song is a little gem in its way. It is simply written and is such a piece as could be given with even more charming effect as a chamber music. It breathes the very atmosphere of the season which it concerns, and the instrumental refrain to the cuckoo's call is a dainty bit of orchestration. The song was received most enthusiastically, Mrs. Henschel being again recalled several times.

The symphony was Gustav Strube's (a member of the orchestra), in C minor, and was played from manuscript. The symphony is in four movements, and introduces the usual instruments, although there is a too frequent use of the kettle-drums throughout every movement. Considered in its entire, the composition is one of much character and solidity, and there are many places in which much originality is shown. Portions of it are of massive construction, and very elaborate, and there are but few places where definiteness of purpose is lost sight of.

The first movement is perhaps the least interesting; but the audience showed its appreciation of the second and following movements in no uncertain manner. The third movement, scherzo, is especially pleasing. Written freely and simply, it is by no means frivolous, and there is marked continuity of theme throughout. The fourth movement is a little reminiscent, but for the happy results attained this can be excused. In the working out, several quaint themes are introduced, which greatly heightens the general effect.

Mr. Strube was obliged to acknowledge the applause after the second and third movements, and at the conclusion Mr. Paur generously insisted on his coming forward three times and receiving by himself the ovation.

The concert concluded with Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," a rather dry and uninteresting number.

At the next concert the quartet in C sharp by Beethoven will be played for the first time and Ben Davies will sing.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5.

The Symphony Concert.

Last night, the twentieth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall. The programme was:

Overture, fantaisie, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky
Song, "Kennst der das Land;".....Liszt
Symphony, C minor, op 11.....Gustav Strube
Song, "Spring,".....Henschel
Overture to "Genovera,".....Schumann
Soloist, Mrs. Georg Henschel.

Of the Tschaikowsky orchestra there is little to be said at this day; time robs it of none of its brilliancy and beauty, both of which were strikingly apparent in the masterly interpretation it received. Of Mrs. Henschel little can be added to what has been written under another heading in this column. The Liszt song is not attractive, but it was sung with the high, artistic taste, and fine intelligence and feeling that are characteristic of Mrs. Henschel. It is always a rare pleasure to hear this artist, who was most heartily welcomed by a large audience.

The symphony is an almost needless proof that Mr. Mr. Strube is a man of talent; a thinker who dares be original, without rushing into the wild eccentricities that often supply the place of the original. The work is solid, filled with ideas that can be followed with pleasure in their development; the subjects are always treated symphonically, and there is no lack of fluent melody. It deserves to be mentioned that the symphony is an organic whole, and not a patchwork of disconnected ideas. The scoring is most effective; it is the work of a thinker, as well as that of a patient student, and what is lacking in closeness and fineness, time will supply. The style is free, large and dignified, even if it is not always sustained at one high level; there is a most praiseworthy absence of over-elaboration and of exuberance, and taken altogether, this symphony is the strongest and most original work produced by the younger order of our musicians. It is honest, earnest work, and not an ostentatious display of empty learning. The first movement is strong and brilliant. The theme is most attractive and it is developed with unlabored ease and effectiveness. The second movement—the adagio—is dignified in subject, and its development shows learning, fine taste, and the true artistic feeling for unexaggerated effect. The scherzo is dainty and brilliant, while the finale is the least original and effective movement in the symphony. High praise is due to the symphony itself, and still higher praise is forthcoming in that the work was composed by a modest young man, labored at and finished without any of the preliminary cackling with which our art bantams usually announce the progress of their labors to an astonished world. Mr. Strube is to be heartily congratulated for his opus eleven, and it is to be hoped that the tide of success may not sweep him over to the sterile fog-land, in which bantams congregate and delight to crow.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.

NEW SYMPHONY BY STRUBE.

Played for the First Time at Last Night's Concert.

Work of Remarkable Power Finely Read by Mr. Paur and Brilliantly Played by the Orchestra—Composer Given an Ovation—Mrs. Henschel Sings with Her Usual Charm.

The 20th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last night, Mrs. Georg Henschel assisting. The selections were:

Overture, fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"....Tschaikowsky
"Kennet du das Land?".....Liszt
Symphony, C minor, op. 11 (MS. first time) Gustav Strube
"Spring".....Georg Henschel
Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann

The symphony was the chief point of interest in the programme, the composer being a member—one of the first violins—of the orchestra. The work is one of remarkable power. It is modern in character, but it avoids the vagueness of the extreme contemporary school, is strict in form, wholly clear on a first hearing, and its themes are gracefully melodious. Mr. Strube shows a complete mastery of orchestral resources, and his score is admirably made from beginning to end. Occasionally it is somewhat over full, but even in its most exuberant instrumentation it is never thick or cloudy, and the effects are always thoughtfully considered and skilfully contrasted. The music flows freely and smoothly, and is affluent in ideas.

The opening movement is characterized by a fine dignity, and in its more impassioned moments moves with an imposing sweep and a splendid vigor. The slow movement is of rare beauty in its themes and their treatment, and the orchestration is delightful in the variety and refinement of its tone color, especially in the use of the wood wind. The scherzo is strikingly original and piquant, and here again the scoring is charming. The finale, that stumbling block to young composers, who generally exhaust themselves by the time they reach that point, shows no falling off, and is stirring in its brilliancy and the fire with which it is worked up to its climax. Toward the close there is a crescendo culminating in a tremendously massive outburst, which is sustained with masterly skill and power to the close of the work.

The second and third movements point most clearly, perhaps, to a strongly marked and characteristic individuality in the composer, and stamp him as a man of original ideas with the instinct to develop them in a true artistic direction. They are also convincing of Mr. Strube's right to the hearing that was accorded his work, which has fairly established for him a claim to frank and earnest consideration as a musician of innate and high gifts, and of great promise. The symphony, which was evidently read by Mr. Paur, and played by the orchestra, con amore, was listened to attentively, and at the close of the second movement the applause was so enthusiastic that the composer was obliged to rise from his place in the orchestra to bow his acknowledgement, and when the last movement was over he was furiously recalled to the front several times. His success was both complete and merited.

The grand Tschaikowsky overture was nobly interpreted by Mr. Paur. It is worthy the composer of the "Pathetic" symphony in its dignity of sentiment, its dramatic intensity of sentiment and its splendor of tone color. A brilliant and effective performance of the Schumann overture brought to a close a concert in which conductor and orchestra were at their best throughout.

Mrs. Henschel sang the Liszt air with all of the charm, exquisite finish and purity of style that have been so delightfully prominent in her every effort since her return hither. Nothing could have been more artistic than her shading of the air nor than the grace and warmth of the feeling she imparted to it. Three recalls and a handsome gift of flowers rewarded her performance. The sympathetic and perfect accompaniment Mr. Paur obtained from the orchestra must not be passed without a word of cordial praise. Mr. Henschel's dainty song, "Spring" gains greatly by the pretty and delicate instrumentation with which it was heard on this occasion. Mrs. Henschel sang it with captivating vivacity and daintiness, and again received three recalls.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr; recitative and air from "Jephthah," Handel; quartet in C-sharp minor, by Beethoven, scored for orchestra by Muller-Berghaus; prize song from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; academic overture, Brahms. The soloist is to be Mr. Ben Davies.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

A very interesting program was provided by conductor Paur for last evening's Symphony concert, the 20th of the year and the 743d performance by the orchestra in Boston. The selections were:

Overture, fantasie, "Romeo und Julie," Tschaikowsky.
Song, with orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?" Liszt.
Symphony, in C minor, op 11 (MS), Gustav Strube. (First time.)
Song, with orchestra, "Spring," Henschel.
Overture, to "Genoveva," in C minor, op 81, Schumann.
Soloist, Mrs Georg Henschel.

As is customary at Easter time, the rehearsal was given Thursday instead of Friday afternoon.

The chief feature of the concert was, of course, the performance of Mr Straube's symphony. It is to be said at once, and most emphatically, that the symphony is a work of great merit. Bostonians may justly be proud of the fact that it is the product of a resident musician.

Mr Straube has for a number of years been a member of the Symphony orchestra, playing one of the first violins.

He was born in Ballenstadt, a small town in Germany, and received his early musical education from his father. At the age of 16 he entered the Leipsic conservatory, studying the violin under Adolf Brodsky and Frederick Hermann, and composition under Solomon Yadassohn and Karl Reinecke. An accident to his hand interfered for several years with his violin playing, and during this time he devoted his efforts to conducting. When his hand regained its cunning he again took up the violin, and six years ago came to America under engagement to Mr Nikisch.

Mr Straube has written several compositions. The most pretentious, previous to his symphony, was an overture, which was played at the symphonw concerts last year, being received with much favor. In Straube is one of the very few members of the symphony orchestra who have enjoyed the honor of having a composition played by this organization.

The symphony is in four movements, and while all are written in the old sonata form, the treatment is thoroughly modern. It is a substantial and scholarly work, not possessed of an abundance of melody, but rich in impressive harmonies and brilliant effects. In certain passages the instrumentation seems rather too elaborate and so persistently sonorous as to at times become almost monotonous. But it never does actually reach that point.

The whole work is interesting, but perhaps the most pleasing movement is the adagio. This is notable for the graceful treatment of several delightfully melodious themes.

The scherzo is forceful and brilliant and, as played by the orchestra, moved the audience to enthusiastic applause. The final movement, allegro vivace, is full of variety, and from a strictly artistic point of view, probably the best feature of the composition. There are several delicious passages for the wood wind, with unique accompaniment by the strings, and the movement in its entirety is heartily enjoyable.

The audience rewarded the performance with demonstrative applause, and the composer was made to leave his seat and bow his acknowledgments a dozen times or more.

The other orchestral numbers, Tschaikowsky's overture, "Romeo and Juliet," and Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," were superbly played by the orchestra under Mr Paur's direction, and both were heartily enjoyed.

Mrs Georg Henschel was the soloist and, as is almost needless to state, was received with great cordiality by the audience. She sang Liszt's "Kennst du das Land," and her husband's settting to Nash's delightful old poem "Spring, Sweet Spring." Both were interpreted with exquisite expression and dainty refinement. It has been very gratifying to Bostonians to have been afforded so many opportunities during the last week of hearing this charming singer.

Mr Ben Davies, tenor, will be the soloist at this week's symphony concert, and the program will be:

Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr.
Recitative and aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah," Handel.
Quartet in C sharp minor, Beethoven.
"Walther's Preislied." from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner.
Academic overture, Brahms.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

Mr. Paur's twentieth Symphony programme presented as its central number a manuscript symphony composed by Mr. Gustav Strube, a grave, modest, spectacled, blond gentleman who sits in one of the rows of fours among the first violins. He had already been known as the author of some good things of minor importance, but nothing of such consequence had been expected from his pen as this. It bears the opus number eleven, but it indicates a greater grasp of means, a wider range of thought and a maturer feeling than that would naturally indicate. For after a single hearing the impression left is that of reflection, temperance, honesty, sympathy and self-command. In the sense that it does not startle, thrill or sway as does even an early work of what folk are wont to call genius, it might be called by contrast kapellmeister or academic composition. Yet it would be unjust to speak of it so, because it has qualities better than the best formalism—elastic spirit, enthusiasm, insistence, warmth and light play of fancy. It is unquestionably modern music in its gathering together of forces for a climax; its unexpected bursts of emphasis, ending as it were with an exclamation point, and followed by something of so thoroughly different a nature that one does not easily perceive the relevance of it; in its confident departures from the strict ruies of development and its disposition to let feeling occasionally overrule intellect.

The first bars command attention, for they are strong, solid and grave, and their short, firm melody rests upon a basis of broad, deep chords. The allegro then opens with a pleasant melody which has an appealing droop at its close, and thence the movement develops freely and generously in device and enthusiasm. The adagio derives from a sweet but not mawkish melody, and the secondary figures well enhance the value of the beginning, adding strength as well as beauty to the movement. The scherzo is rather romantic than gay, its principal themes having a swaying pulse to them and a fancifulness of phrase which can hardly be called less than dainty. The final allegro, while no less melodious and agreeable than the other movements, shows a stronger will and a stronger hand. It rises almost to imperiousness of manner at times and it is bold with some fierce, clangorous discords. Yet it has its gentler moments also, and its second phase is bright, buoyant and song-like, making however no forced contrast with the main character of the movement. The conclusion is drawn from the antithesis of these ideas, each in turn claiming the mastery until, after a softened episode, the end comes in a few emphatic and incisive chords.

Mr. Strube holds the orchestra well together in his score, showing perhaps some predilection for the middle strings and the clarinet, but doing injustice to no element and permitting no instrumental extravagance or eccentricity. Indeed, among the characteristics which struck us most were the apparent ease wherewith the orchestra is used, the melodic fulness, the enthusiasm and the sureness of the writing and the interest generally aroused and maintained in the hearer. For there was much ready applause during the performance, and the author had to rise or come forward several times in answer. It should be said, too, that Mr. Paur and the orchestra could not have bestowed more care upon the playing of the work of any man, though he were most famous.

Mrs. Henschel sang in her most delightful and artistic way Liszt's "Kennst du das Land" and a pretty and piquant "Spring" by Mr. Henschel, each having the accompaniment of an orchestra slightly diminished in its heavier voicings.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy began the concert with its varying moods of turbulence, contention, romance, gentleness and grief, and Schumann's familiar "Genoveva" overture ended it. The orchestra always played as if mindful of the high encomiums they have just compelled from New York for their superiority at all points to the Theodore Thomas organization.

For the next concert are announced these things: Spohr, Overture, "Jessonda"; Haendel, Recitative and Aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft her, Angels," from "Jephthah"; Beethoven, Quartet in C-sharp minor, orchestrated by Muller-Berghaus, first time; Wagner, "Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger"; Brahms, Academic Overture. Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

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BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Mrs. Georg Henschel was the soloist, coming next on the programme, with Liszt's song, "Know'st Thou the Land?" Although Mrs. Henschel has been heard here several times in the past week, it was a positive delight to hear her with such a support as Mr. Paur's band can give. Her rendering of the above song was a charming piece of work, and brought her several recalls and some flowers, but pleasing as was her performance she gave even greater delight later in the evening by her singing of "Spring," by Mr. Henschel.

The song is a little gem in its way. It is simply written and is such a piece as could be given with even more charming effect as a chamber music. It breathes the very atmosphere of the season which it concerns, and the instrumental refrain to the cuckoo's call is a dainty bit of orchestration. The song was received most enthusiastically, Mrs. Henschel being again recalled several times.

The symphony was Gustav Strube's (a member of the orchestra), in C minor, and was played from manuscript. The symphony is in four movements, and introduces the usual instruments, although there is a too frequent use of the kettle-drums throughout every movement. Considered in its entire, the composition is one of much character and solidity, and there are many places in which much originality is shown. Portions of it are of massive construction, and very elaborate, and there are but few places where definiteness of purpose is lost sight of.

The first movement is perhaps the least interesting; but the audience showed its appreciation of the second and following movements in no uncertain manner. The third movement, scherzo, is especially pleasing. Written freely and simply, it is by no means frivolous, and there is marked continuity of theme throughout. The fourth movement is a little reminiscent, but for the happy results attained this can be excused. In the working out, several quaint themes are introduced, which greatly heightens the general effect.

Mr. Strube was obliged to acknowledge the applause after the second and third movements, and at the conclusion Mr. Paur generously insisted on his coming forward three times and receiving by himself the ovation.

The concert concluded with Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," a rather dry and uninteresting number.

At the next concert the quartet in C sharp by Beethoven will be played for the first time and Ben Davies will sing.

Gazette
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Overture, fantaisie, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky
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Symphony, C minor, op 11.....Gustav Strube
Song, "Spring,".....Henschel
Overture to "Genovera,".....Schumann
Soloist, Mrs. Georg Henschel.

Of the Tschaikowsky orchestra there is little to be said at this day; time robs it of none of its brilliancy and beauty, both of which were strikingly apparent in the masterly interpretation it received. Of Mrs. Henschel little can be added to what has been written under another heading in this column. The Liszt song is not attractive, but it was sung with the high, artistic taste, and fine intelligence and feeling that are characteristic of Mrs. Henschel. It is always a rare pleasure to hear this artist, who was most heartily welcomed by a large audience.

The symphony is an almost needless proof that Mr. Mr. Strube is a man of talent; a thinker who dares be original, without rushing into the wild eccentricities that often supply the place of the original. The work is solid, filled with ideas that can be followed with pleasure in their development; the subjects are always treated symphonically, and there is no lack of fluent melody. It deserves to be mentioned that the symphony is an organic whole, and not a patchwork of disconnected ideas. The scoring is most effective; it is the work of a thinker, as well as that of a patient student, and what is lacking in closeness and fineness, time will supply. The style is free, large and dignified, even if it is not always sustained at one high level; there is a most praiseworthy absence of over-elaboration and of exuberance, and taken altogether, this symphony is the strongest and most original work produced by the younger order of our musicians. It is honest, earnest work, and not an ostentatious display of empty learning. The first movement is strong and brilliant. The theme is most attractive and it is developed with unlabored ease and effectiveness. The second movement—the adagio—is dignified in subject, and its development shows learning, fine taste, and the true artistic feeling for unexaggerated effect. The scherzo is dainty and brilliant, while the finale is the least original and effective movement in the symphony. High praise is due to the symphony itself, and still higher praise is forthcoming in that the work was composed by a modest young man, labored at and finished without any of the preliminary cackling with which our art bantams usually announce the progress of their labors to an astonished world. Mr. Strube is to be heartily congratulated for his opus eleven, and it is to be hoped that the tide of success may not sweep him over to the sterile fog-land, in which bantams congregate and delight to crow.

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NEW SYMPHONY BY STRUBE.

Played for the First Time at Last Night's Concert.

Work of Remarkable Power Finely Read by Mr. Paur and Brilliantly Played by the Orchestra—Composer Given an Ovation—Mrs. Henschel Sings with Her Usual Charm.

The 20th of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last night, Mrs. Georg Henschel assisting. The selections were:

Overture, fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"....
Tschaikowsky
"Kennet du das Land?".....Liszt
Symphony, C minor, op. 11 (MS. first time)
Gustav Strube
"Spring".....Georg Henschel
Overture, "Genovera".....Schumann

The symphony was the chief point of interest in the programme, the composer being a member—one of the first violins—of the orchestra. The work is one of remarkable power. It is modern in character, but it avoids the vagueness of the extreme contemporary school, is strict in form, wholly clear on a first hearing, and its themes are gracefully melodious. Mr. Strube shows a complete mastery of orchestral resources, and his score is admirably made from beginning to end. Occasionally it is somewhat over full, but even in its most exuberant instrumentation it is never thick or cloudy, and the effects are always thoughtfully considered and skilfully contrasted. The music flows freely and smoothly, and is affluent in ideas.

The opening movement is characterized by a fine dignity, and in its more impassioned moments moves with an imposing sweep and a splendid vigor. The slow movement is of rare beauty in its themes and their treatment, and the orchestration is delightful in the variety and refinement of its tone color, especially in the use of the wood wind. The scherzo is strikingly original and piquant, and here again the scoring is charming. The finale, that stumbling block to young composers, who generally exhaust themselves by the time they reach that point, shows no falling off, and is stirring in its brilliancy and the fire with which it is worked up to its climax. Toward the close there is a crescendo culminating in a tremendously massive outburst, which is sustained with masterly skill and power to the close of the work.

The second and third movements point most clearly, perhaps, to a strongly marked and characteristic individuality in the composer, and stamp him as a man of original ideas with the instinct to develop them in a true artistic direction. They are also convincing of Mr. Strube's right to the hearing that was accorded his work, which has fairly established for him a claim to frank and earnest consideration as a musician of innate and high gifts, and of great promise. The symphony, which was evidently read by Mr. Paur, and played by the orchestra, con amore, was listened to attentively, and at the close of the second movement the applause was so enthusiastic that the composer was obliged to rise from his place in the orchestra to bow his acknowledgement, and when the last movement was over he was furiously recalled to the front several times. His success was both complete and merited.

The grand Tschaikowsky overture was nobly interpreted by Mr. Paur. It is worthy the composer of the "Pathetic" symphony in its dignity of sentiment, its dramatic intensity of sentiment and its splendor of tone color. A brilliant and effective performance of the Schumann overture brought to a close a concert in which conductor and orchestra were at their best throughout.

Mrs. Henschel sang the Liszt air with all of the charm, exquisite finish and purity of style that have been so delightfully prominent in her every effort since her return hither. Nothing could have been more artistic than her shading of the air nor than the grace and warmth of the feeling she imparted to it. Three recalls and a handsome gift of flowers rewarded her performance. The sympathetic and perfect accompaniment Mr. Paur obtained from the orchestra must not be passed without a word of cordial praise. Mr. Henschel's dainty song, "Spring" gains greatly by the pretty and delicate instrumentation with which it was heard on this occasion. Mrs. Henschel sang it with captivating vivacity and daintiness, and again received three recalls.

The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr; recitative and air from "Jephthah," Handel; quartet in C-sharp minor, by Beethoven, scored for orchestra by Muller-Berghaus; prize song from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; academic overture, Brahms. The soloist is to be Mr. Ben Davies.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.

The Symphony Concert.

A very interesting program was provided by conductor Paur for last evening's Symphony concert, the 20th of the year and the 743d performance by the orchestra in Boston. The selections were:

Overture, fantasie, "Romeo und Julie," Tschaikowsky.
Song, with orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?" Liszt.
Symphony, in C minor, op 11 (MS), Gustav Strube. (First time.)
Song, with orchestra, "Spring," Henschel.
Overture, to "Genoveva," in C minor, op 81, Schumann.
Soloist, Mrs Georg Henschel.

As is customary at Easter time, the rehearsal was given Thursday instead of Friday afternoon.

The chief feature of the concert was, of course, the performance of Mr Straube's symphony. It is to be said at once, and most emphatically, that the symphony is a work of great merit. Bostonians may justly be proud of the fact that it is the product of a resident musician.

Mr Straube has for a number of years been a member of the Symphony orchestra, playing one of the first violins.

He was born in Ballenstadt, a small town in Germany, and received his early musical education from his father. At the age of 16 he entered the Leipsic conservatory, studying the violin under Adolf Brodsky and Frederick Hermann, and composition under Solomon Yadassohn and Karl Reinecke. An accident to his hand interfered for several years with his violin playing, and during this time he devoted his efforts to conducting. When his hand regained its cunning he again took up the violin, and six years ago came to America under engagement to Mr Nikisch.

Mr Straube has written several compositions. The most pretentious, previous to his symphony, was an overture, which was played at the symphonw concerts last year, being received with much favor. In Straube is one of the very few members of the symphony orchestra who have enjoyed the honor of having a composition played by this organization.

The symphony is in four movements, and while all are written in the old sonata form, the treatment is thoroughly modern. It is a substantial and scholarly work, not possessed of an abundance of melody, but rich in impressive harmonies and brilliant effects. In certain passages the instrumentation seems rather too elaborate and so persistently sonorous as to at times become almost monotonous. But it never does actually reach that point.

The whole work is interesting, but perhaps the most pleasing movement is the adagio. This is notable for the graceful treatment of several delightfully melodious themes.

The scherzo is forceful and brilliant and, as played by the orchestra, moved the audience to enthusiastic applause. The final movement, allegro vivace, is full of variety, and from a strictly artistic point of view, probably the best feature of the composition. There are several delicious passages for the wood wind, with unique accompaniment by the strings, and the movement in its entirety is heartily enjoyable.

The audience rewarded the performance with demonstrative applause, and the composer was made to leave his seat and bow his acknowledgments a dozen times or more.

The other orchestral numbers, Tschaikowsky's overture, "Romeo and Juliet," and Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," were superbly played by the orchestra under Mr Paur's direction, and both were heartily enjoyed.

Mrs Georg Henschel was the soloist and, as is almost needless to state, was received with great cordiality by the audience. She sang Liszt's "Kennst du das Land," and her husband's settting to Nash's delightful old poem "Spring, Sweet Spring." Both were interpreted with exquisite expression and dainty refinement. It has been very gratifying to Bostonians to have been afforded so many opportunities during the last week of hearing this charming singer.

Mr Ben Davies, tenor, will be the soloist at this week's symphony concert, and the program will be:

Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr.
Recitative and aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah," Handel.
Quartet in C sharp minor, Beethoven.
"Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner.
Academic overture, Brahms.

Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

Mr. Paur's twentieth Symphony programme presented as its central number a manuscript symphony composed by Mr. Gustav Strube, a grave, modest, spectacled, blond gentleman who sits in one of the rows of fours among the first violins. He had already been known as the author of some good things of minor importance, but nothing of such consequence had been expected from his pen as this. It bears the opus number eleven, but it indicates a greater grasp of means, a wider range of thought and a maturer feeling than that would naturally indicate. For after a single hearing the impression left is that of reflection, temperance, honesty, sympathy and self-command. In the sense that it does not startle, thrill or sway as does even an early work of what folk are wont to call genius, it might be called by contrast kapellmeister or academic composition. Yet it would be unjust to speak of it so, because it has qualities better than the best formalism—elastic spirit, enthusiasm, insistence, warmth and light play of fancy. It is unquestionably modern music in its gathering together of forces for a climax; its unexpected bursts of emphasis, ending as it were with an exclamation point, and followed by something of so thoroughly different a nature that one does not easily perceive the relevance of it; in its confident departures from the strict ruies of development and its disposition to let feeling occasionally overrule intellect.

The first bars command attention, for they are strong, solid and grave, and their short, firm melody rests upon a basis of broad, deep chords. The allegro then opens with a pleasant melody which has an appealing droop at its close, and thence the movement develops freely and generously in device and enthusiasm. The adagio derives from a sweet but not mawkish melody, and the secondary figures well enhance the value of the beginning, adding strength as well as beauty to the movement. The scherzo is rather romantic than gay, its principal themes having a swaying pulse to them and a fancifulness of phrase which can hardly be called less than dainty. The final allegro, while no less melodious and agreeable than the other movements, shows a stronger will and a stronger hand. It rises almost to imperiousness of manner at times and it is bold with some fierce, clangorous discords. Yet it has its gentler moments also, and its second phase is bright, buoyant and song-like, making however no forced contrast with the main character of the movement. The conclusion is drawn from the antithesis of these ideas, each in turn claiming the mastery until, after a softened episode, the end comes in a few emphatic and incisive chords.

Mr. Strube holds the orchestra well together in his score, showing perhaps some predilection for the middle strings and the clarinet, but doing injustice to no element and permitting no instrumental extravagance or eccentricity. Indeed, among the characteristics which struck us most were the apparent ease wherewith the orchestra is used, the melodic fulness, the enthusiasm and the sureness of the writing and the interest generally aroused and maintained in the hearer. For there was much ready applause during the performance, and the author had to rise or come forward several times in answer. It should be said, too, that Mr. Paur and the orchestra could not have bestowed more care upon the playing of the work of any man, though he were most famous.

Mrs. Henschel sang in her most delightful and artistic way Liszt's "Kennst du das Land" and a pretty and piquant "Spring" by Mr. Henschel, each having the accompaniment of an orchestra slightly diminished in its heavier voicings.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy began the concert with its varying moods of turbulence, contention, romance, gentleness and grief, and Schumann's familiar "Genoveva" overture ended it. The orchestra always played as if mindful of the high encomiums they have just compelled from New York for their superiority at all points to the Theodore Thomas organization.

For the next concert are announced these things: Spohr, Overture, "Jessonda"; Haendel, Recitative and Aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft her, Angels," frem "Jephthah"; Beethoven, Quartet in C-sharp minor, orchestrated by Muller-Berghaus, first time; Wagner, "Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger"; Brahms, Academic Overture. Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

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Boston Daily Advertiser.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1896.

The Symphony Concert—Strube's New Symphony.

Handel and Haydn Concert, "The Creation"—Paderewski's Last.

Our musical wanderers have returned crowned with laurels. The reviews of the concerts given on this tour have been so delightfully enthusiastic that the Boston reviewer may be pardoned if he indulges in a little glow of pride on this account. Never before have the orchestra received such encomiums in New York, and it is just possible that it is because never before have they been in such perfect discipline, never before have they played quite as well, and while constantly remembering that Mr. Gericke was the real founder of the musical excellence that now obtains, one must give cordial gratitude to Mr. Paur for tightening lines that had become relaxed, for turning retrogression into a renewed advance. One might as well praise the piano at a Paderewski recital without awarding praise to the pianist as speak of the splendid technique of our orchestra without giving the credit of the performance to the man who directs it.

The concert of Saturday began with that passionate Fantasie-Overture to "Romeo and Juliet" which presents Tschaikowsky in one of his noblest moods. It is a bit singular that the best musical inspirations which have arisen from the great tragedy should be instrumental rather than vocal works; the ideal opera upon the subject yet remains to be written, while Berlioz's balcony-scene between two instruments, and this overture of Tschaikowsky with an English horn Romeo, outweigh in intrinsic merit the warblings of a Melba and a De Reszke in the same subject. There is considerable majesty in this work and considerable of fighting, too. The reviewer liked Mr. Paur's reading better in the "alarums, excursions" side of the topic than in the sad plaints of the two unfortunates. Tschaikowsky seemed to revel in the contentions of the Montagues and Capulets, and the riots were almost continuous. A belligerent bassoon would inquire, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir," and the clarinette would shriek back "I do bite my thumb, sir," and instantly the kettle-drums and cymbals would break loose and there would ensue dissonance and trouble for a considerable period. It was a kettledrum night altogether; never did that instrument so royally earn its salary! The player of it was a soloist in almost every number of the programme, with the orchestra as a dim back-ground playing harmonies to his knock-turnes! Never was a more striking success! Nevertheless the tender love-theme was expressively played, and the overture was generally successful even if played in too loonine a mood.

Mrs. Henschel was an entire success in this concert. Her first number was Liszt's "Kennst du das Land?" in which the sweet tenderness and simplicity suited her perfectly, and even the broad climax beginning at the words "Dahin, dahin," seemed not to be beyond her force. The tone-color of this great art-song is continuously interesting, and the treatment of the questioning figure of four notes is very effective, even if the melody is not as charming as the better-known one of Ambroise Thomas. Mrs. Henschel was most cordially applauded in this number, and still more so in the charming Spring-song by her husband, which was scored with becoming delicacy and prettiness. In this song the artist was entirely in her own domain, a field in which few singers may hope to rival her, the realm of daintiness, delicacy and archness.

And now to the chief work of the concert. A new symphony by a resident composer is an event of importance enough to arouse the most blase of concertgoers. It is a little over a year ago that we had an overture, "The Maid of Orleans," by Gustav Strube, performed at these concerts. That work already showed that the composer was a man of originality, not entirely free from the modern dissonance-fever but not allowing this malady to draw him away from the paths of musical form and coherency. The first symphony of this composer, performed at this concert, bears out the impression which the overture made. We possess half-a-dozen classical composers within the ranks of our orchestra, but believe that not one of them, and not any symphonic composer in our country, has shown as much originality as Mr. Strube has put in evidence in this work. The first movement is in good and clear sonata-allegro form. It possesses a rather barbaric chief theme, but a charming second theme of excellent contrast to the first, and both have the merit of being real "symphonic" themes, capable of being thematically treated and developed. Another true symphonic point is that the themes are not given in perfectly plain melodic guise as in the Haydn or Mozart symphonies, but are developed in some degree even in the exposition, before the true development, a la Beethoven. The old fault crops out in this movement, however, there is too much elaboration, too little of dignity and repose, and the short "durchfuehrungssatz" and the very decisive coda give to this movement rather the character of a

The second movement has some glorious points, notably a noble chief theme which is allotted to the violoncello. The movement, however, is not, cannot be sustained at the power of its beginning, and again the inevitable tumult rushes in with the first episode. The movement unexpectedly ends with the most absolute simplicity, perhaps too sudden a contrast. The applause at the end of this movement was very abundant, and the composer was obliged to bow his thanks.

The Scherzo was wholly commendable in its clear construction and original themes. There was an odd tricksiness of phrasing in the first part, in which some quaint six-barred phrases at once awakened attention. The Trio was in fine contrast and was framed upon a still quainter set of phrases which were, we believe, of five measures each, certainly of odd and striking flavor and ingenious construction. At a first hearing this movement seemed the most effective and sustainedly interesting of the work. Its coda was effectively eerie and brusque.

The finale, of rather more free a form than the other movements, had a march-like chief theme and some strong contrasts. It employed some very dissonant sequences in its development, and was rather too emphatic and bizarre. It was the loudest, and possibly the weakest movement of the composition, and again the kettledrummer kettledrummed to his heart's content. The audience called for the composer at the end with much enthusiasm and he was repeatedly forced to bow his acknowledgments.

Is the new work a great symphony? One would hesitate to affirm that. The symphonic form demands a versatility of power and a sustained grasp that even a Rubinstein could not achieve, and Mr. Strube's work has its thin spots, but it has also a wealth of ideas, a good degree of originality, a commendable mastery of scoring, an abundant promise of good, possibly great, things from a composer who is yet young. The work causes us to believe that Mr. Strube is to take a permanent rank among prominent composers sometime, and he is at present a figure of no slight importance in the list of resident workers in the higher forms of musical art.

The concert closed with a brilliant but overloud performance of Schumann's Genoveva overture.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert was—

Tschaikowsky: Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt: Song with Orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?"
Gustav Strube: Symphony in C minor (MS.), opus 11, (First Time.)
Henschel: Song with Orchestra, "Spring."
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81.
Mrs. Georg Henschel was the singer.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" grows upon one, the more one hears it. There are, to be sure, moments of barbarism in the work; and the barbaric in art is not particularly to our taste. But the truth and force of the composer's inspiration compel admiration from the first measure to the last. The composition was excellently played and made its usual strong impression upon the audience.

The memory of Mr. Strube's "Jungfrau von Orleans" overture last year was enough to make one look forward to his new symphony with pleasant expectancy. And the new work is in no wise a disappointment. For a young and little-tried composer to combine the most unreserved romantic strenuousness of expression with such fine clarity of form as Mr. Strube has done is exceedingly uncommon. Perhaps the character of the thematic material is in general a little "homely"—in the good English sense of the word—for such large development, and so imposing a medium as the modern orchestra; but the sureness with which the composer shows that he always knows whither he is going, and the security with which he handles his material, impress one at once and lastingly. The scherzo is in particularly a gem in its way. The symphony was very warmly received, and few new works have better deserved such a reception.

Schumann's ever-beautiful and inspiring "Genoveva" overture was grandly played and brought the concert to a splendid close.

Mrs. Henschel sang wonderfully as ever. "Kennst du das Land?" is certainly one of the best of Liszt's songs, and its orchestral dress fits it to perfection; it shows less melodic invention than the "Loreley," perhaps, and what of melodic invention there is in it is not of the most ingratiating sort. But it is a decidedly finer musical expression of the text than the "Loreley," and in it Liszt evinces less of his too common tendency to make a musical mountain out of a poetic mole-hill. Mr. Henschel's "Spring" is the same fascinating little thing Mrs. Henschel sang, with pianoforte accompaniment at their last recital. It is infinitely charming. To hear Mrs. Henschel sing these two songs was a pure delight.

The next programme is: Spohr, overture to "Jessonda;" Handel, recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and aria, "Waft her, angels," from "Jephtha;" Beethoven, quartet in C-sharp minor, opus 131 (scored for full orchestra by Müller-Berghaus); Wagner, Walther's Preislied from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg;" Brahms, "Academic" overture. Mr. Ben Davies will be the singer.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1896.
BOSTON STANDARD.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The rehearsal for the 21st concert of the present season at Music Hall yesterday afternoon called out one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences, even of this most artistically successful season. The program was as follows: Spohr, overture to "Jessonda," op. 63; Haendel, recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah"; Raff, symphony No. 5, in E. major, "Lenore," op. 117; part 1, "Liebesgluck," Allegro, Andante quasi Larghetto; part 2, "Trennung," Marsch-Tempo, Agitato; part 3, "Wiedervereinigung im Tode," introduction and ballade (after G. Burger's "Lenore"), Allegro. Wagner, "Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger von urnburg." Brahms, Akademische fest-ouverture, op. 80. The "Jessonda" overture, a graceful, delicate and most welcome entree to the more substantial banquet which followed, was rendered with a perfection of dynamical expression seldom equalled, even by this, our own, peerless orchestra. It was a treat, and though by no move of the pretentious order of the Raff symphony, or the Wagner and Brahms selections, it was, if not so profoundly intuitive, fully as generally satisfying. Of course, the symphony was the leading feature of the afternoon and was interpreted as only such a grand aggregation as ours could hope to render such a work.

Mr. Ben Davies was the popular member on the program, his rendering of Handel's dramatic recitation, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and the beautiful aria "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah," was far more satisfactory than was his work in "The Creation" last Sunday evening. If there were a fault in his method, it might be said the tempo of the recitative was somewhat too slow, but the exceeding excellence of the aria fully made up for that. He was rewarded by five of the most hearty recalls from audience and musicians alike that critical Boston has given an artist. No doubt his triumph will be repeated tonight.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1896.

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The program of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, fantasy, Romeo and Juliet.....Tschaikowsky
Song, with orchestra, Kennst du das Land?.....Liszt
Mrs. Henschel.
Symphony in C minor (MS.), op. 11 (first time).....Gustav Strube
Song, with orchestra, Spring.....Henschel
Mrs. Henschel.
Overture to Genoveva.....Schumann

Mr. Strube was born March 3, 1867, at Ballenstadt. His father was his first teacher. When the boy was ten years old he was a member of the Stadt Orchester. At the age of sixteen he entered the Leipsic Conservatory; studied the violin under Brodsky and Hermann, and composition under Jadassohn and Reinecke. An accident to his hand soon after he had played at the graduation concert incapacitated him for a year, and he took to conducting. He went back to Leipsic, studied, took prizes for composition, was a member of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. He went to Mannheim, where he taught violin at the Conservatory. Six years ago Mr. Brodsky recommended him to Mr. Nikisch, and so Mr. Strube became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The symphony played last night was composed last summer.

Mr. Strube has shown by this symphony that he has a voice of his own. He is not merely an echo. He is not merely a painstaking imitator of approved models. He has musical imagination and a well developed technic. And then he has that most enviable thing, the exuberance of youth, with its optimism, its joy, that is at times boisterous, its healthy courage, that occasionally disquiets elderly and jaded persons. He knows the symphonic form and respects it as much as it deserves, but he is not in awe of it, nor is it a throttler of his fancy.

Perhaps Mr. Strube forgets himself once in a while, and talks then too continuously in a high-pitched voice, but he has something to say and much of it is worth hearing. At any rate he does not stammer, he does not repeat solemnly respectable commonplaces. He may go so far as to say things that create a flutter, as when eyeglasses are leveled at a bold young man who contradicts the fogyism of smug authority. The second and the third movements are superior to the first and the finale. The material is richer, the grasp is stronger. The strokes are surer, more direct.

In the adagio Mr. Strube does not stop after he has finished a charming, flowing theme, and then stroll, watch in hand, until it is the proper time to return to his theme; he presents fresh and interesting matter, and he develops it in a masterly manner. The scherzo is sparkling, ingenious, exceedingly well scored. The symphony as a whole is distinguished by melodic freshness, rhythmic variety, thoughtfulness that never totters on the brink of stupidity, strong feeling for shades and nuances of color. Its faults, and they are comparatively few, are those of imaginative youth, and I think they outweigh the merits of perseverance and industry, qualities that characterize chiefly the labor of uninspired, commonplace makers of music, and are also useful in the exercise of carpentry, bricklaying and other commendable trades.

The noble fantasie of Tschaikowsky and the overture of Schumann were finely played. Mrs. Henschel sang with beauty of tone and rare intelligence.

Philip Hale.

The Sunday Telegram
PORTLAND, MAINE.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, announces its only concert this season in Portland at City Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 15. The concert will be the 23d given in this city and the 1,396th performance since the founding of this orchestra 15 years ago.

Th programme, although containing only four numbers, is a most satisfactory one. No work performed this season by any musical organization in this country has made so deep and lasting impresion as the symphony No. 6 of Tschaikowsky, better known as the "Pathetic." This symphony made such a deep impression upon its first performance in the Boston concerts early this winter that, by very general request, it was repeated two weeks later, a compliment paid to only half a dozen compositions in the 15 years' existence of the organization. Speaking of the second performance, a leading Boston critic said: "Every successive performance of the work discovers new beauties and intensifies the belief that it is the largest and most impressive symphony of modern date; not only for its splendid flowing melody, and the lofty dignity that pervades it, but also for the nobility of its inspiration and purity of its sentiment."

The soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska, who has already scored several brilliant successes with the orchestra in Boston and elsewhere. Miss Szumowska has chosen the concerto No. 2 for piano-forte by Saint-Saens, a most beautiful composition, notably the second and last movements, which are sure to awaken great enthusiasm. Miss Szumowska is known as the favorite pupil of Paderewski, and the patrons of this concert who have listened to the greatest pianist of the present age will easily recall his mehods in the playing of his pupil.

In deference to the very general demand in modern programmes for one or more selections by Wagner Mr. Paur has placed upon the programme the "Waldweben" or "Forest Sounds," from the opera of "Siegfried," a most beautiful illustration of Wagner's great leaning toward the descriptive in music and, as a fitting close to such a programme the well-known and ever-popular overture to "Rienzi" will be given.

The recent appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York called out the most remarkable series of favorable criticisms ever earned by any organization in this country, and the music-loving public of Portland and vicinity should manifest its appreciation of such a programme by such an organization at the ordinary prices, by filling City Hall to its utmost capacity.

Gazette
BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-first concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening. The programme was:

Overture, "Jessonda".....Spohr
Recitative and Aria.....Handel
Symphony, No. 5.....Raff
Walters' Prize Song.....Wagner
Academic Overture.....Brahms
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

There is little that calls for comment in this programme. The Raff Symphony is always a favorite, probably, in part, on account of the story it is supposed to tell, but certainly for the fine music it contains. The work was played with rare spirit and brilliancy, with admirable finish and effect in its coloring, and with fine feeling for tone contrasts. The third movement, when it reached its climax, was irresistible, and even one who has no belief in programme music, felt the effects of the weird, wild ride in his blood and in his nerves. It was a triumph of fine artistic conducting and playing. In other directions we have recently had so much painful evidence of what conducting should not be, that it is a pleasure to turn to Mr. Paur where masterful skill and knowledge are equally combined, and where artistic instinct and feeling come to the support of wise experience and cultivated taste. One listens in full content and dreams of the Utopia wherein poor, misused oratorios will stand as an equal beside her younger sister, symphony.

Mr. Ben Davies again delighted a Boston audience with his broad, large, dignified and dramatic singing. In style, phrasing, artistic feeling and enunciation, nothing more could be desired. It was masterly work, that roused an usually apathetic audience into wild enthusiasm.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1896.

The Symphony Concert—Strube's New Symphony.

Handel and Haydn Concert, "The Creation"—Paderewski's Last.

Our musical wanderers have returned crowned with laurels. The reviews of the concerts given on this tour have been so delightfully enthusiastic that the Boston reviewer may be pardoned if he indulges in a little glow of pride on this account. Never before have the orchestra received such encomiums in New York, and it is just possible that it is because never before have they been in such perfect discipline, never before have they played quite as well, and while constantly remembering that Mr. Gericke was the real founder of the musical excellence that now obtains, one must give cordial gratitude to Mr. Paur for tightening lines that had become relaxed, for turning retrogression into a renewed advance. One might as well praise the piano at a Paderewski recital without awarding praise to the pianist as speak of the splendid technique of our orchestra without giving the credit of the performance to the man who directs it.

The concert of Saturday began with that passionate Fantasie-Overture to "Romeo and Juliet" which presents Tschaikowsky in one of his noblest moods. It is a bit singular that the best musical inspirations which have arisen from the great tragedy should be instrumental rather than vocal works; the ideal opera upon the subject yet remains to be written, while Berlioz's balcony-scene between two instruments, and this overture of Tschaikowsky with an English horn Romeo, outweigh in intrinsic merit the warblings of a Melba and a De Reszke in the same subject. There is considerable majesty in this work and considerable of fighting, too. The reviewer liked Mr. Paur's reading better in the "Alarums, excursions" side of the topic than in the sad plaints of the two unfortunates. Tschaikowsky seemed to revel in the contentions of the Montagues and Capulets, and the riots were almost continuous. A belligerent bassoon would inquire, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir," and the clarinette would shriek back "I do bite my thumb, sir," and instantly the kettle-drums and cymbals would break loose and there would ensue dissonance and trouble for a considerable period. It was a kettledrum night altogether; never did that instrument so royally earn its salary! The player of it was a soloist in almost every number of the programme, with the orchestra as a dim back-ground playing harmonies to his knock-turnes! Never was a more striking success! Nevertheless the tender love-theme was expressively played, and the overture was generally successful even if played in too leonine a mood.

Mrs. Henschel was an entire success in this concert. Her first number was Liszt's "Kennst du das Land?" in which the sweet tenderness and simplicity suited her perfectly, and even the broad climax beginning at the words "Dahin, dahin," seemed not to be beyond her force. The tone-color of this great art-song is continuously interesting, and the treatment of the questioning figure of four notes is very effective, even if the melody is not as charming as the better-known one of Ambroise Thomas. Mrs. Henschel was most cordially applauded in this number, and still more so in the charming Spring-song by her husband, which was scored with becoming delicacy and prettiness. In this song the artist was entirely in her own domain, a field in which few singers may hope to rival her, the realm of daintiness, delicacy and archness.

And now to the chief work of the concert. A new symphony by a resident composer is an event of importance enough to arouse the most blase of concertgoers. It is a little over a year ago that we had an overture, "The Maid of Orleans," by Gustav Strube, performed at these concerts. That work already showed that the composer was a man of originality, not entirely free from the modern dissonance-fever but not allowing this malady to draw him away from the paths of musical form and coherency. The first symphony of this composer, performed at this concert, bears out the impression which the overture made. We possess half-a-dozen classical composers within the ranks of our orchestra, but we believe that not one of them, and not any symphonic composer in our country, has shown as much originality as Mr. Strube has put in evidence in this work. The first movement is in good and clear sonata-allegro form. It possesses a rather barbaric chief theme, but a charming second theme of excellent contrast to the first, and both have the merit of being real "symphonic" themes, capable of being thematically treated and developed. Another true symphonic point is that the themes are not given in perfectly plain melodic guise as in the Haydn or Mozart symphonies, but are developed in some degree even in the exposition, before the true development, a la Beethoven. The old fault crops out in the movement, however, there is too much of agitation, too little of dignity and repose, and the short "durchfuehrungssatz" and the very decisive coda give to this first movement rather the character of a

The second movement has some glorious points, notably a noble chief theme which is allotted to the violoncello. The movement, however, is not, cannot be sustained at the power of its beginning, and again the inevitable tumult rushes in with the first episode. The movement unexpectedly ends with the most absolute simplicity, perhaps too sudden a contrast. The applause at the end of this movement was very abundant, and the composer was obliged to bow his thanks.

The Scherzo was wholly commendable in its clear construction and original themes. There was an odd tricksiness of phrasing in the first part, in which some quaint six-barred phrases at once awakened attention. The Trio was in fine contrast and was framed upon a still quainter set of phrases which were, we believe, of five measures each, certainly of odd and striking flavor and ingenious construction. At a first hearing this movement seemed the most effective and sustainedly interesting of the work. Its coda was effectively eerie and brusque.

The finale, of rather more free a form than the other movements, had a march-like chief theme and some strong contrasts. It employed some very dissonant sequences in its development, and was rather too emphatic and bizarre. It was the loudest, and possibly the weakest movement of the composition, and again the kettledrummer kettledrummed to his heart's content. The audience called for the composer at the end with much enthusiasm and he was repeatedly forced to bow his acknowledgments.

Is the new work a great symphony? One would hesitate to affirm that. The symphonic form demands a versatility of power and a sustained grasp that even a Rubinstein could not achieve, and Mr. Strube's work has its thin spots, but it has also a wealth of ideas, a good degree of originality, a commendable mastery of scoring, an abundant promise of good, possibly great, things from a composer who is yet young. The work causes us to believe that Mr. Strube is to take a permanent rank among prominent composers sometime, and he is at present a figure of no slight importance in the list of resident workers in the higher forms of musical art.

The concert closed with a brilliant but overloud performance of Schumann's Genoveva overture.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert was—

Tschaikowsky: Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt: Song with Orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?"
Gustav Strube: Symphony in C minor (MS.), opus 11. (First Time.)
Henschel: Song with Orchestra, "Spring."
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81.
Mrs. Georg Henschel was the singer.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" grows upon one, the more one hears it. There are, to be sure, moments of barbarism in the work; and the barbaric in art is not particularly to our taste. But the truth and force of the composer's inspiration compel admiration from the first measure to the last. The composition was excellently played and made its usual strong impression upon the audience.

The memory of Mr. Strube's "Jungfrau von Orleans" overture last year was enough to make one look forward to his new symphony with pleasant expectancy. And the new work is in no wise a disappointment. For a young and little-tried composer to combine the most unreserved romantic strenuousness of expression with such fine clarity of form as Mr. Strube has done is exceedingly uncommon. Perhaps the character of the thematic material is in general a little "homely"—in the good English sense of the word—for such large development, and so imposing a medium as the modern orchestra; but the sureness with which the composer shows that he always knows whither he is going, and the security with which he handles his material, impress one at once and lastingly. The scherzo is in particularly a gem in its way. The symphony was very warmly received, and few new works have better deserved such a reception.

Schumann's ever-beautiful and inspiring "Genoveva" overture was grandly played and brought the concert to a splendid close.

Mrs. Henschel sang wonderfully as ever. "Kennst du das Land?" is certainly one of the best of Liszt's songs, and its orchestral dress fits it to perfection; it shows less melodic invention than the "Loreley," perhaps, and what of melodic invention there is in it is not of the most ingratiating sort. But it is a decidedly finer musical expression of the text than the "Loreley," and in it Liszt evinces less of his too common tendency to make a musical mountain out of a poetic mole-hill. Mr. Henschel's "Spring" is the same fascinating little thing Mrs. Henschel sang, with pianoforte accompaniment at their last recital. It is infinitely charming. To hear Mrs. Henschel sing these two songs was a pure delight.

The next programme is: Spohr, overture to "Jessonda;" Handel, recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and aria, "Waft her, angels," from "Jephtha;" Beethoven, quartet in C-sharp minor, opus 131 (scored for full orchestra by Müller-Berghaus); Wagner, Walther's Preislied from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg;" Brahms, "Academic" overture. Mr. Ben Davies will be the singer.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1896.

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The program of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, fantasy, Romeo and Juliet.....Tschaikowsky
Song, with orchestra, Kennst du das Land?.....Liszt
Mrs. Henschel.
Symphony in C minor (MS.), op. 11 (first time).....Gustav Strube
Song, with orchestra, Spring.....Henschel
Mrs. Henschel.
Overture to Genoveva.....Schumann

Mr. Strube was born March 3, 1867, at Ballenstadt. His father was his first teacher. When the boy was ten years old he was a member of the Stadt Orchester. At the age of sixteen he entered the Leipsic Conservatory; studied the violin under Brodsky and Hermann, and composition under Jadassohn and Reinecke. An accident to his hand soon after he had played at the graduation concert incapacitated him for a year, and he took to conducting. He went back to Leipsic, studied, took prizes for composition, was a member of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. He went to Mannheim, where he taught violin at the Conservatory. Six years ago Mr. Brodsky recommended him to Mr. Nikisch, and so Mr. Strube became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The symphony played last night was composed last summer.

Mr. Strube has shown by this symphony that he has a voice of his own. He is not merely an echo. He is not merely a painstaking imitator of approved models. He has musical imagination and a well developed technic. And then he has that most enviable thing, the exuberance of youth, with its optimism, its joy, that is at times boisterous, its healthy courage, that occasionally disquiets elderly and jaded persons. He knows the symphonic form and respects it as much as it deserves, but he is not in awe of it, nor is it a throttler of his fancy.

Perhaps Mr. Strube forgets himself once in a while, and talks then too continuously in a high-pitched voice, but he has something to say and much of it is worth hearing. At any rate he does not stammer, he does not repeat solemnly respectable commonplaces. He may go so far as to say things that create a flutter, as when eyeglasses are leveled at a bold young man who contradicts the fogyism of smug authority. The second and the third movements are superior to the first and the finale. The material is richer, the grasp is stronger. The strokes are surer, more direct.

In the adagio Mr. Strube does not stop after he has finished a charming, flowing theme, and then stroll, watch in hand, until it is the proper time to return to his theme; he presents fresh and interesting matter, and he develops it in a masterly manner. The scherzo is sparkling, ingenious, exceedingly well scored. The symphony as a whole is distinguished by melodic freshness, rhythmic variety, thoughtfulness that never totters on the brink of stupidity, strong feeling for shades and nuances of color. Its faults, and they are comparatively few, are those of imaginative youth, and I think they outweigh the merits of perseverance and industry, qualities that characterize chiefly the labor of uninspired, commonplace makers of music, and are also useful in the exercise of carpentry, bricklaying and other commendable trades.

The noble fantasie of Tschaikowsky and the overture of Schumann were finely played. Mrs. Henschel sang with beauty of tone and rare intelligence.

PHILIP HALE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1896.

BOSTON STANDARD.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The rehearsal for the 21st concert of the present season at Music Hall yesterday afternoon called out one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences, even of this most artistically successful season. The program was as follows: Spohr, overture to "Jessonda," op. 63; Haendel, recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah"; Raff, symphony No. 5, in E. major, "Lenore," op. 117; part 1, "Liebesgluck," Allegro, Andante quasi Larghetto; part 2, "Trennung," Marsch-Tempo, Agitato; part 3, "Wiedervereinigung im Tode," introduction and ballade (after G. Burger's "Lenore"), Allegro. Wagner, "Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger von urnburg." Brahms, Akademische fest-ouverture, op. 80. The "Jessonda" overture, a graceful, delicate and most welcome entree to the more substantial banquet which followed, was rendered with a perfection of dynamical expression seldom equalled, even by this, our own, peerless orchestra. It was a treat, and though by no move of the pretentious order of the Raff symphony, or the Wagner and Brahms selections, it was, if not so profoundly intuitive, fully as generally satisfying. Of course, the symphony was the leading feature of the afternoon and was interpreted as only such a grand aggregation as ours could hope to render such a work.

Mr. Ben Davies was the popular member on the program, his rendering of Handel's dramatic recitation, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and the beautiful aria "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah," was far more satisfactory than was his work in "The Creation" last Sunday evening. If there were a fault in his method, it might be said the tempo of the recitative was somewhat too slow, but the exceeding excellence of the aria fully made up for that. He was rewarded by five of the most hearty recalls from audience and musicians alike that critical Boston has given an artist. No doubt his triumph will be repeated tonight.

The Sunday Telegram
PORTLAND, MAINE.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1896.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, announces its only concert this season in Portland at City Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 15. The concert will be the 23d given in this city and the 1,396th performance since the founding of this orchestra 15 years ago.

Th programme, although containing only four numbers, is a most satisfactory one. No work performed this season by any musical organization in this country has made so deep and lasting impresion as the symphony No. 6 of Tschaikowsky, better known as the "Pathetic." This symphony made such a deep impression upon its first performance in the Boston concerts early this winter that, by very general request, it was repeated two weeks later, a compliment paid to only half a dozen compositions in the 15 years' existence of the organization. Speaking of the second performance, a leading Boston critic said: "Every successive performance of the work discovers new beauties and intensifies the belief that it is the largest and most impressive symphony of modern date; not only for its splendid flowing melody, and the lofty dignity that pervades it, but also for the nobility of its inspiration and purity of its sentiment."

The soloist will be Miss Antoinette Szumowska, who has already scored several brilliant successes with the orchestra in Boston and elsewhere. Miss Szumowska has chosen the concerto No. 2 for piano-forte by Saint-Saens, a most beautiful composition, notably the second and last movements, which are sure to awaken great enthusiasm. Miss Szumowska is known as the favorite pupil of Paderewski, and the patrons of this concert who have listened to the greatest pianist of the present age will easily recall his mehods in the playing of his pupil.

In deference to the very general demand in modern programmes for one or more selections by Wagner Mr. Paur has placed upon the programme the "Waldweben" or "Forest Sounds," from the opera of "Siegfried," a most beautiful illustration of Wagner's great leaning toward the descriptive in music and, as a fitting close to such a programme the well-known and ever-popular overture to "Rienzi" will be given.

The recent appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York called out the most remarkable series of favorable criticisms ever earned by any organization in this country, and the music-loving public of Portland and vicinity should manifest its appreciation of such a programme by such an organization at the ordinary prices, by filling City Hall to its utmost capacity.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-first concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening. The programme was:

Overture, "Jessonda".....Spohr
Recitative and Aria.....Handel
Symphony, No. 5.....Raff
Walters' Prize Song.....Wagner
Academic Overture.....Brahms
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

There is little that calls for comment in this programme. The Raff Symphony is always a favorite, probably, in part, on account of the story it is supposed to tell, but certainly for the fine music it contains. The work was played with rare spirit and brilliancy, with admirable finish and effect in its coloring, and with fine feeling for tone contrasts. The third movement, when it reached its climax, was irresistible, and even one who has no belief in programme music, felt the effects of the weird, wild ride in his blood and in his nerves. It was a triumph of fine artistic conducting and playing. In other directions we have recently had so much painful evidence of what conducting should not be, that it is a pleasure to turn to Mr. Paur where masterful skill and knowledge are equally combined, and where artistic instinct and feeling come to the support of wise experience and cultivated taste. One listens in full content and dreams of the Utopia wherein poor, misused oratorios will stand as an equal beside her younger sister, symphony.

Mr. Ben Davies again delighted a Boston audience with his broad, large, dignified and dramatic singing. In style, phrasing, artistic feeling and enunciation, nothing more could be desired. It was masterly work, that roused an usually apathetic audience into wild enthusiasm.

SUNDAY HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 103.
SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Ben Davies One of the Best Singers of the Season.

Handel, as Sung by Him and Played by the Orchestra, Not so Very Old-Fashioned—The Still Delightful Overture "Jessonda"—The Raff Symphony Finely Rendered.

The programme for the 21st concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall last night, was:

Overture, "Jessonda".....Spohr
Aria, "Waft Her Angels".....Handel
Symphony No. 5, "Lenore".....Raff
Prize song, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Academic overture.....Brahms

Mr. Ben Davies was the soloist.

The still delightful "Jessonda" overture, written in the height of the composer's powers nearly three-quarters of a century ago, was given a beautiful reading, wholly in sympathy with the refined elegance and the graceful brilliancy of the work.

The Raff symphony begins to show the traces of decay in its earlier interest and effectiveness, and to seem overlong for what it has to say, but the andante, with its lovely themes, its exquisite orchestration and its warm and delicately sensuous color, holds its own, and the wonderfully sustained impetuosity and dramatic fire of the finale continue to appeal to the imagination; but, on the whole, it is doubtful if the symphony will survive as long as the composer's "Im Walde." Of the performance there is nothing to say, except in superlatives, especially in regard to the slow movement, the prominent first horn part of which was played with exquisite purity of tone and tenderness of style. The rendering of the march was so charming in regard to light shade and accent as almost to make one forget how closely it borders on the commonplace and how unsymphonic it is in character.

The Brahms overture never had a more spirited and effective interpretation here than was given it by Mr. Paur on this occasion.

Mr. Davies' performance of the recitative "Deeper and Deeper Still" and the aria "Waft Her Angels," from Handel's "Jephtha," may be placed foremost in the best singing that has been heard at these concerts this season. The recitative is in the composer's broadest style. How perfectly the music echoes the meaning of the words; how chastely dramatic it is, and withal, how simple, and what surprisingly powerful effect is produced with the unassisted accompaniment of the strings! Mr. Davies declaimed it in a large and noble manner, and with unsurpassable justness of feeling, every change of sentiment finding its exact expression. And no purer and more searching singing can be easily imagined than that of Mr. Davies in the pathetic and lovely aria, to say nothing of the smoothness of his style, the beauty of his phrasing and his perfect method. The whole effort was delightful in its manliness and was the perfection of Handel singing. That it should have stirred the audience into recalling him again and again was not surprising. The accompaniments were worthy the singing, notably in the recitative, which was splendidly accented by Mr. Paur. Handel thus sung, and thus accompanied is not so very old-fashioned, after all. It would be an edifying experience to hear "The Messiah," interpreted by singers, conductor and orchestra in this manner. In the "Prize Song" Mr. Davies was not so successful. The general range of the music is not well within the best and most sympathetic part of his voice, but he sang it with a thorough appreciation of its underlying character and with a passionate and flexible fervor that carried his hearers with him and stirred them to recall him some two or three times.

By the way, cannot the orchestra be induced to refrain from the noisy tuning of their instruments and the equally noisy preluding in which they indulge after they have taken their places previous to the beginning of the concert? It is not pleasing in the hearing, and, although there is a story that a certain Sultan of Turkey preferred such tuning and preluding to the music that was performed by a European orchestra that once visited Constantinople, it can scarcely be taken as evidence that cacophony should be equally welcome to more cultivated ears.

The programme for the next concert, the last but two of the season, is: Overture, "King Stephen," Beethoven; scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream," Dr. C. Hubert Parry; three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony; ballad, "Jung Dietrich," Henschel; march, Schubert; and Wagner's "Huldigung's" march. The soloist will be Mr. Georg Henschel.

Boston Journal.
SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

Twenty-First Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Ben Davies the Soloist.

The program of the 21st Symphony Concert, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and Aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah".....Handel
Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore".....Raff
"Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Akademische Fest-Ouverture, Op. 80.Brahms

No work was produced last evening for the first time, and yet the "Jessorda" overture was undoubtedly new to many in the audience. The opera itself is seldom heard in Germany; in 1894 it was given only six times in that country:—in Cassel, Danzig and Hanover. The age is too nervous to enjoy the calm and the mellifluence of an opera by Spohr; but the "Jessonda" overture last night was not a bit hopelessly 1823 in the introduction; on the contrary, it was fresh and modern. Only the main body of the overture showed old-fashioned treatment, which, after all, was by no means disagreeable.

The dead ride fast, and so do symphonies. Today Raff is the composer of one beautiful symphony, the "Im Walde." Truly are there charming passages in the second movement, and the start of the first movement is impressive; but there is too much of Raff at his worst in this symphony and not enough of Raff at his best. Take the ending of the slow movement: it seems cheap and interminable. The sentiment, too, is inclined toward sentimentalism. Yes, it often falls into it. Pupils of Raff claim that he wished the march to be taken as a Scherzo and at about double the tempo generally observed. They are not to be shaken in this statement. Why should not the experiment be tried? The march would the sooner be over. As for the spectral ride in the finale, it no longer excites wonder or consternation. The neighing of the horses may please lovers of imitative music—and this suggests the happy thought of Mr. Paur in paying tribute to the horse show. But it would have been better if he had given us "The Ride of the Valkyries," or Saint-Saëns's "Phaëton," or even Auber's overture to "The Bronze Horse."

A stirring performance of Brahms's pot-pourri on German student songs brought to a close a concert that gave much pleasure, largely on account of the superb performance of the orchestra.

Then, too, Mr. Davies sang the music by Handel most delightfully. The recitative was declaimed in noble fashion; with breadth, authority, dramatic feeling, and, above all, with heroic tenderness. The air that followed displayed this admirable singer in his full glory. Here was true Handelian singing, as we imagine Handel himself wished it. For though this German composer was in the aria thoroughly Italianized, yet in his later works is there the expression, or at least the suggestion of English blood. Handel, indeed, seems in some of his music to represent the Englishman in his highest development: courageous, determined, inspired by belief in a Power that is always ready to help England, tender in simple, manly fashion. In the air from "Jephtha" Handel strikes a still higher note; yet even here is this queer dash of English feeling. Nor is there anything to be said of Mr. Davies's singing of the air except to thank him most heartily for the generous exhibition of his natural gifts and acquired skill. In the air from "Die Meistersinger" he was not as successful, although he made a brave attempt. The trouble was that the song does not lie easily in his voice. The effort to make effect on the upper tones was too apparent. So it is pleasanter to remember his singing of the Handel music. I remember no finer singing of Handel in this city for several years. Admirable as were the voice and the art of Mr. Lloyd, he was apt to be phlegmatic when he should have been most emotional.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Courier.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1896.

Mr. Paur placed nothing new upon his twenty-first Symphony programme; but he chose things not too frequently heard—Spohr's gay and genial "Jessonda" overture, the sturdy and stirring with student-song "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms, and the picturesque and poetic "Lenore" symphony of Raff. These were played as became them and the virtuoso orchestra itself. As the season nears its close one can estimate what progress these men have made in intense volume of tone, in absolutely certain celerity and in easy elegance of phrase and finish.

Mr. Ben Davies sang the usually united recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the air, "Waft her, angels," from Jephthah," and also (in the English translation) the "Prize Song" from "The Mastersingers," creating great enthusiasm and being repeatedly recalled. For he displayed anew those sterling traits of the first-class English vocalists—unwavering intonation; a tone penetrative when soft and resonant when full; reserve power which gives confidence and pleasure; perfect enunciation; intelligent elocution and authoritative earnestness.

The next programme is thus arranged: Beethoven, overture, "King Stephen;" Dr. C. Hubert Parry, scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from symphony, "Romeo and Juliet;" Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich," with pianoforte accompaniment; Schubert, March; Wagner, Huldigung's March. Soloist, Mr. George Henschel.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Sunday Globe.
SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

Symphony Concert.

Mr Ben Davies was the soloist at the last symphony, and the hearty reception he received attested his popularity with the concert-going public. His work here has been of such a high artistic nature that he has established himself as a great favorite in the oratorio and concert fields. He is not now considered as a stranger with a continental reputation, but as a singer who has proved worthy of his fame abroad by the excellence of his performances in this country. Mr Davis sang the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the aria, "Waft her, angels," from Handel's oratorio "Jephthah," and Walter's "Prize song," from "Die Meistersinger."

The somber recitative was given with magnificent effect. The voice was full and resonant and the deep emotional nature of the text was presented most vividly. It was dramatic singing of an exceptional quality, every phrase being given with exquisite finish and true devotional spirit. The baritone quality of Mr Davies' voice enables him to impress his auditors with the spirit of the lines, which a tenor of lighter timbre is unable to do. The contrast of sentiment in the aria, "Waft her, angels," was beautifully expressed. The pæan of hope was sung gloriously, illustrating the full meaning of the words, yet not over-emphasizing them for effect. Mr Davies was in excellent voice and sang without much effort, excepting in the very highest notes.

The prize song from "Die Meistersinger" was, perhaps, less satisfactory than the first selection. Although no fault should be found with the style of the interpretation the tones of the upper register were somewhat lacking in sweetness and flexibility. Take Mr Davies' interpretations, though, as a whole and it would be difficult to surpass them in general excellence. The cordiality of his reception was more than duplicated by the applause at the close of each number, which recalled him to the platform many, many times.

Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," the opening orchestral number, was noticeable for the beauty of the phrasing by the horns at the beginning of the number. The cantilena by the horns, with the lighter accompanying themes on the strings, and the closing coda also deserve special mention. The "Academic Festival" overture, by Brahms, was admirably played, the trumpet work being conspicuously good. The coda was given with great brilliancy.

Raff's "Lenore" symphony, No. 5, was the feature of the orchestral work. The peculiar melodic effects in the first movement, in which the trombones interrupt the full orchestra, were played with perfect smoothness; the clarinets introduced their themes in perfect harmony, and the elaborate closing was grandly presented. In the second movement the long continued passages given to the strings showed the wonderful ensemble work of this portion of the orchestra. It was played as if by one instrument from each section. The march and the spectral suggestions of the last movement were given with the requisite effect.

The program for this week's concert is as follows: Beethoven, overture, "King Stephen;" Dr C. Hubert Parry, scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from symphony, "Romeo and Juliet;" Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich;" Schubert, march; Wagner, Huldigung's march. Mr Georg Henschel will be the soloist.

Boston Transcript
MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Spohr: Overture to "Jessonda," opus 63.
Handel: Recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and air, "Waft her, angels," from "Jephtha."
Raff: Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 117.
Wagner: Walther's Preislied, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."
Brahms: Akademische Fest-Ouverture, opus 80.
Mr. Ben Davies was the singer.

Spohr's overture still holds its own well; there are some surprisingly modern points in it. The whole slow introduction, with its alternation of lively Oriental dance-tune, with thoughtful counterpoint, might have been written yesterday. The genial freedom of form in the principal allegro, too, is noteworthy as the work of a man who was often merely academic in an academic age. The work was admirably played.

Raff's "Lenore" had not been heard here, we think, for nine years; this longish beauty-sleep did not seem to have refreshed it much last Saturday evening. The first part and the coda of the first movement and the whole of the finale still impress one as fine and full of life; the rest sounds very old and weary. That so expert a technician as Raff should have written so poor a free fantasia in the first movement is surprising; the beginning of the working-out is weak enough for Rubinstein. The andante, and still more so the march, have plainly had their day; one listens to them now as if under protest. The performance was a particularly brilliant one, and reflected great credit upon conductor and orchestra.

Brahms's ever welcome "Academic Overture" was splendidly played, and produced its unfailing brilliant effect.

Mr. Davies sang Handel's favorite recitative and air with admirable beauty of expression. It seemed to us that the orchestra played the accompaniment to the air a thought too heavily—not too loud, but with too little appreciation of its poetic suggestiveness; the thing is full of the flapping of angel's wings. The song from the "Meistersinger" demands a rather larger and more heroic voice than Mr. Davies's; but he sang it excellently well, notwithstanding. It is always a pleasure to listen to this artist; he sings both with feeling and brains.

The next programme is: Beethoven, overture to "König Stephan;" Parry, scene and air, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony; Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich;" Wagner, "Huldigungsmarsch." Mr. Georg Henschel will be the singer.

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SUNDAY HERALD.
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SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Ben Davies One of the Best Singers of the Season.

Handel, as Sung by Him and Played by the Orchestra, Not so Very Old-Fashioned—The Still Delightful Overture "Jessonda"—The Raff Symphony Finely Rendered.

The programme for the 21st concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, in Music Hall last night, was:

Overture, "Jessonda".....Spohr
Aria, "Waft Her Angels".....Handel
Symphony No. 5, "Lenore".....Raff
Prize song, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Academic overture.....Brahms

Mr. Ben Davies was the soloist.

The still delightful "Jessonda" overture, written in the height of the composer's powers nearly three-quarters of a century ago, was given a beautiful reading, wholly in sympathy with the refined elegance and the graceful brilliancy of the work.

The Raff symphony begins to show the traces of decay in its earlier interest and effectiveness, and to seem overlong for what it has to say, but the andante, with its lovely themes, its exquisite orchestration and its warm and delicately sensuous color, holds its own, and the wonderfully sustained impetuosity and dramatic fire of the finale continue to appeal to the imagination; but, on the whole, it is doubtful if the symphony will survive as long as the composer's "Im Walde." Of the performance there is nothing to say, except in superlatives, especially in regard to the slow movement, the prominent first horn part of which was played with exquisite purity of tone and tenderness of style. The rendering of the march was so charming in regard to light shade and accent as almost to make one forget how closely it borders on the commonplace and how unsymphonic it is in character.

The Brahms overture never had a more spirited and effective interpretation here than was given it by Mr. Paur on this occasion.

Mr. Davies' performance of the recitative "Deeper and Deeper Still" and the aria "Waft Her Angels," from Handel's "Jephtha," may be placed foremost in the best singing that has been heard at these concerts this season. The recitative is in the composer's broadest style. How perfectly the music echoes the meaning of the words; how chastely dramatic it is, and withal, how simple, and what surprisingly powerful effect is produced with the unassisted accompaniment of the strings! Mr. Davies declaimed it in a large and noble manner, and with unsurpassable justness of feeling, every change of sentiment finding its exact expression. And no purer and more searching singing can be easily imagined than that of Mr. Davies in the pathetic and lovely aria, to say nothing of the smoothness of his style, the beauty of his phrasing and his perfect method. The whole effort was delightful in its manliness and was the perfection of Handel singing. That it should have stirred the audience into recalling him again and again was not surprising. The accompaniments were worthy the singing, notably in the recitative, which was splendidly accented by Mr. Paur. Handel thus sung, and thus accompanied is not so very old-fashioned, after all. It would be an edifying experience to hear "The Messiah," interpreted by singers, conductor and orchestra in this manner. In the "Prize Song" Mr. Davies was not so successful. The general range of the music is not well within the best and most sympathetic part of his voice, but he sang it with a thorough appreciation of its underlying character and with a passionate and flexible fervor that carried his hearers with him and stirred them to recall him some two or three times.

By the way, cannot the orchestra be induced to refrain from the noisy tuning of their instruments and the equally noisy preluding in which they indulge after they have taken their places previous to the beginning of the concert? It is not pleasing in the hearing, and, although there is a story that a certain Sultan of Turkey preferred such tuning and preluding to the music that was performed by a European orchestra that once visited Constantinople, it can scarcely be taken as evidence that cacophony should be equally welcome to more cultivated ears.

The programme for the next concert, the last but two of the season, is: Overture, "King Stephen," Beethoven; scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream," Dr. C. Hubert Parry; three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony; ballad, "Jung Dietrich," Henschel; march, Schubert; and Wagner's "Huldigung's" march. The soloist will be Mr. Georg Henschel.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

Twenty-First Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Ben Davies the Soloist.

The program of the 21st Symphony Concert, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and Aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah".....Handel
Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore".....Raff
"Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Akademische Fest-Ouverture, Op. 80.Brahms

No work was produced last evening for the first time, and yet the "Jessorda" overture was undoubtedly new to many in the audience. The opera itself is seldom heard in Germany; in 1894 it was given only six times in that country:—in Cassel, Danzig and Hanover. The age is too nervous to enjoy the calm and the mellifluence of an opera by Spohr; but the "Jessonda" overture last night was not a bit hopelessly 1823 in the introduction; on the contrary, it was fresh and modern. Only the main body of the overture showed old-fashioned treatment, which, after all, was by no means disagreeable.

The dead ride fast, and so do symphonies. Today Raff is the composer of one beautiful symphony, the "Im Walde." Truly are there charming passages in the second movement, and the start of the first movement is impressive; but there is too much of Raff at his worst in this symphony and not enough of Raff at his best. Take the ending of the slow movement: it seems cheap and interminable. The sentiment, too, is inclined toward sentimentalism. Yes, it often falls into it. Pupils of Raff claim that he wished the march to be taken as a Scherzo and at about double the tempo generally observed. They are not to be shaken in this statement. Why should not the experiment be tried? The march would the sooner be over. As for the spectral ride in the finale, it no longer excites wonder or consternation. The neighing of the horses may please lovers of imitative music—and this suggests the happy thought of Mr. Paur in paying tribute to the horse show. But it would have been better if he had given us "The Ride of the Valkyries," or Saint-Saëns's "Phaëton," or even Auber's overture to "The Bronze Horse."

A stirring performance of Brahms's pot-pourri on German student songs brought to a close a concert that gave much pleasure, largely on account of the superb performance of the orchestra.

Then, too, Mr. Davies sang the music by Handel most delightfully. The recitative was declaimed in noble fashion; with breadth, authority, dramatic feeling, and, above all, with heroic tenderness. The air that followed displayed this admirable singer in his full glory. Here was true Handelian singing, as we imagine Handel himself wished it. For though this German composer was in the aria thoroughly Italianized, yet in his later works is there the expression, or at least the suggestion of English blood. Handel, indeed, seems in some of his music to represent the Englishman in his highest development: courageous, determined, inspired by belief in a Power that is always ready to help England, tender in simple, manly fashion. In the air from "Jephtha" Handel strikes a still higher note; yet even here is this queer dash of English feeling. Nor is there anything to be said of Mr. Davies's singing of the air except to thank him most heartily for the generous exhibition of his natural gifts and acquired skill. In the air from "Die Meistersinger" he was not as successful, although he made a brave attempt. The trouble was that the song does not lie easily in his voice. The effort to make effect on the upper tones was too apparent. So it is pleasanter to remember his singing of the Handel music. I remember no finer singing of Handel in this city for several years. Admirable as were the voice and the art of Mr. Lloyd, he was apt to be phlegmatic when he should have been most emotional.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1896.

Mr. Paur placed nothing new upon his twenty-first Symphony programme; but he chose things not too frequently heard—Spohr's gay and genial "Jessonda" overture, the sturdy and stirring with student-song "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms, and the picturesque and poetic "Lenore" symphony of Raff. These were played as became them and the virtuoso orchestra itself. As the season nears its close one can estimate what progress these men have made in intense volume of tone, in absolutely certain celerity and in easy elegance of phrase and finish.

Mr. Ben Davies sang the usually united recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the air, "Waft her, angels," from Jephthah," and also (in the English translation) the "Prize Song" from "The Mastersingers," creating great enthusiasm and being repeatedly recalled. For he displayed anew those sterling traits of the first-class English vocalists—unwavering intonation; a tone penetrative when soft and resonant when full; reserve power which gives confidence and pleasure; perfect enunciation; intelligent elocution and authoritative earnestness.

The next programme is thus arranged: Beethoven, overture, "King Stephen;" Dr. C. Hubert Parry, scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from symphony, "Romeo and Juliet;" Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich," with pianoforte accompaniment; Schubert, March; Wagner, Huldigung's March. Soloist, Mr. George Henschel.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1896.

Symphony Concert.

Mr Ben Davies was the soloist at the last symphony, and the hearty reception he received attested his popularity with the concert-going public. His work here has been of such a high artistic nature that he has established himself as a great favorite in the oratorio and concert fields. He is not now considered as a stranger with a continental reputation, but as a singer who has proved worthy of his fame abroad by the excellence of his performances in this country. Mr Davis sang the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the aria, "Waft her, angels," from Handel's oratorio "Jephthah," and Walter's "Prize song," from "Die Meistersinger."

The somber recitative was given with magnificent effect. The voice was full and resonant and the deep emotional nature of the text was presented most vividly. It was dramatic singing of an exceptional quality, every phrase being given with exquisite finish and true devotional spirit. The baritone quality of Mr Davies' voice enables him to impress his auditors with the spirit of the lines which a tenor of ligter timbre is unable to do. The contrast of sentiment in the aria, "Waft her, angels," was beautifully expressed. The pæan of hope was sung gloriously, illustrating the full meaning of the words, yet not over-emphasizing them for effect. Mr Davies was in excellent voice and sang without much effort, excepting in the very highest notes.

The prize song from "Die Meistersinger" was, perhaps, less satisfactory than the first selection. Although no fault should be found with the style of the interpretation the tones of the upper register were somewhat lacking in sweetness and flexibility. Take Mr Davies' interpretations, though, as a whole and it would be difficult to surpass them in general excellence. The cordiality of his reception was more than duplicated by the applause at the close of each number, which recalled him to the platform many, many times.

Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," the opening orchestral number, was noticeable for the beauty of the phrasing by the horns at the beginning of the number. The cantilena by the horns, with the lighter accompanying themes on the strings, and the closing coda also deserve special mention. The "Academic Festival" overture, by Brahms, was admirably played, the trumpet work being conspicuously good. The coda was given with great brilliancy.

Raff's "Lenora" symphony, No. 5, was the feature of the orchestral work. The peculiar melodic effects in the first movement, in which the trombones interrupt the full orchestra, were played with perfect smoothness; the clarinets introduced their themes in perfect harmony, and the elaborate closing was grandly presented. In the second movement the long continued passages given to the strings showed the wonderful ensemble work of this portion of the orchestra. It was played as if by one instrument from each section. The march and the spectral suggestions of the last movement were given with the requisite effect.

The program for this week's concert is as follows: Beethoven, overture, "King Stephen;" Dr C. Hubert Parry, scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from symphony, "Romeo and Juliet;" Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich;" Schubert, march; Wagner, Huldigung's march. Mr Georg Henschel will be the soloist.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Spohr: Overture to "Jessonda," opus 63.
Handel: Recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and air, "Waft her, angels," from "Jephtha."
Raff: Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 117.
Wagner: Walther's Preislied, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."
Brahms: Akademische Fest-Ouvertüre, opus 80.

Mr. Ben Davies was the singer.

Spohr's overture still holds its own well; there are some surprisingly modern points in it. The whole slow introduction, with its alternation of lively Oriental dance-tune, with thoughtful counterpoint, might have been written yesterday. The genial freedom of form in the principal allegro, too, is noteworthy as the work of a man who was often merely academic in an academic age. The work was admirably played.

Raff's "Lenore" had not been heard here, we think, for nine years; this longish beauty-sleep did not seem to have refreshed it much last Saturday evening. The first part and the coda of the first movement and the whole of the finale still impress one as fine and full of life; the rest sounds very old and weary. That so expert a technician as Raff should have written so poor a free fantasia in the first movement is surprising; the beginning of the working-out is weak enough for Rubinstein. The andante, and still more so the march, have plainly had their day; one listens to them now as if under protest. The performance was a particularly brilliant one, and reflected great credit upon conductor and orchestra.

Brahms's ever welcome "Academic Overture" was splendidly played, and produced its unfailing brilliant effect.

Mr. Davies sang Handel's favorite recitative and air with admirable beauty of expression. It seemed to us that the orchestra played the accompaniment to the air a thought too heavily—not too loud, but with too little appreciation of its poetic suggestiveness; the thing is full of the flapping of angel's wings. The song from the "Meistersinger" demands a rather larger and more heroic voice than Mr. Davies's; but he sang it excellently well, notwithstanding. It is always a pleasure to listen to this artist; he sings both with feeling and brains.

The next programme is: Beethoven, overture to "König Stephan;" Parry, scene and air, "King Saul's Dream;" Berlioz, three movements from the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony; Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich;" Wagner, "Huldigungsmarsch." Mr. Georg Henschel will be the marsch." Mr. Georg Henscel will be the singer.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1896.

SYMPHONY

Concert—Mr. Davies in Two Widely Differing Selections.

The concert of Saturday began quietly enough with Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," crystal clear in its form and treatment, but formal even in its most portentous moments. It was read in a sedate manner as befitted its style, and if it presented nothing to grow excited over it was none the less enjoyable and was admirably played. A little of such music now and then may be valuable as an antidote against the modern dissonance-fever.

Mr. Ben Davies appeared in two selections of the most widely differing style. First he gave Handel's "Waft her, Angels," with a preceding recitative. He sang this magnificently, although occasionally he inclined towards exaggeration of shading; but his enunciation, his constant purity of intonation, his dramatic fervor, were things to grow enthusiastic over, and the audience did grow very demonstrative at the end of the number,—more so than at any previous concert, and far beyond the limit of the two recalls which seem to be the established courtesy at these concerts. The brilliant quality of Mr. Davies' high notes was never displayed to better advantage than upon this occasion. One must also give great credit to Mr. Paur and the orchestra for the accompaniment to the recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," for it is a most difficult task for a large orchestra to keep in time with a singer in such a free delivery as was given to this part of the number; the ensemble was admirable.

Mr. Davies' other number was Wagner's "Preis-lied," from "The Mastersingers." This did not seem so entirely effective as the Handelian number; in the first place it was sung in English, and any translation interferes with the close union of words and music which Wagner achieved. The end of this number was somewhat hurried, and the perfection of ensemble which marked the first selection was not attained, yet one must give due credit to the sincerity and dramatic fervor of Mr. Davies' interpretation, and hasten to add that the recalls were almost as numerous as after the aria from "Jephthah."

The symphony was Raff's "Lenore," and it is not too much to say that often as it has been heard in Boston it has never been heard to such advantage as at this performance. It was one of those great successes through which the orchestral season of 1895-6 will be remembered as phenomenal. The present writer cannot rank the work quite as high as Raff's "Im Walde" symphony, yet readily concedes that it is the most popular of modern symphonies, containing enough of development to satisfy the musician and sufficient dramatic effect to excite anybody in spite of some parts which are not of symphonic dignity.

The first movement, which does not go unwarrantably far into the domain of tone-picturing, was finely worked up to its climax; and the oboe-playing here was especially excellent. The second movement, in which Raff sometimes gives the impression of being a close relative of Goldmark, was wonderfully shaded, the first horn deserving separate mention for artistic work, although the violins played like a set of Teutonic angels, and the flute, at the final appearance of the chief theme, did some excellent work. The coda, with its very extended organ-point and its constant monotony of kettle-drum, was very effectively performed. Of course, the march is always the popular point of the work, and it was excitingly given with all its piccolo flourishes, its rolls of drums, and its approaching crescendo and departing diminuendo, but the episode, the touching portion of the movement which portrays the unhappy heroine running from rank to rank of the returning regiment in a fruitless search for her soldier-lover, was the most notable part of this movement, and here the violins and 'cellos covered themselves with credit. The finale no longer makes one's flesh creep as it ought to, for the modern auditor has become accustomed to spectral horse shows and recalls the span handled by Mephistopheles in the "Damnation of Faust" sweepstakes, the black mare entered by Frau Holle in the Forest Symphony, the splendid exhibit from the Walkuere stables, and does not scare at any ghostly whimmeyings or sepulchral trottings. But the reminiscences of the preceding movements, introduced into this finale, are full of poetic charm, and the brilliancy of Mr. Paur's rending was sufficient to carry a much weaker work to success.

The concert ended with a superb performance of the "Academic Overture," one of the most genial works that Brahms ever achieved.

When Brahms received the honorary title of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Breslau (we believe it was Breslau, although Deiters gives it as Bremen) he composed a grand Festival Overture upon three student-songs which are as familiar to every German graduate as "Fidlee" would be to any Harvard man; he did not make a mere potpourri, a medley overture, but he elaborated and interwove the themes with a contrapuntal art that no other composer of the present could ever hope to rival; in the blending of the diverse elements there is not a moment of dulness or dry formality, everything is as smuethlich as if it were a humble foundation Brahms has but followed the lead of great German composers from ancient days. The composers of Germany, much more than those of any other nation, cherished the folksong and built great classical works upon the melodies of the people. Bach used a Hassler love-song as the theme of the greatest chorales in the Passion Music. Luther took "Soldiers', Sailors' and Miners', and other Streetsongs," (Gassenhauer) for the foundation of some of the great works of the reformation. Weber built his opera of "Der Freischuetz" upon the same popular idea, and some of the simplest of the old folk-songs have come down to us, preserved as a fly might be preserved in amber, because of the rich counterpoint in which they have been enveloped. Besides the three great themes, "Wir hatten gebaut ein stattliches Haus," "Was kommt dort von der Hoeh," and "Gaudeamus Igitur," there are traces of another very dignified semi-national song, beginning

Hoert, ich sing das Lied der Lieder!
Hoert es, meine Deutschen Brueder.

which is only sung at the German students' Commers once a year, and then only with impressive ceremonies. With characteristic good taste, Brahms reserves the fiery "Gaudeamus Igitur," which Hanslick has called the "student's 'Marseillaise,'" for the climax, but what an amount of fun precedes it! How comically the bassoons (the clowns of the orchestra) intone "Was kommt dort von der Hoeh!" and how gloriously the trumpets ring out "Wir hatten gebaut!" Then there is a touch of muted horn (the ugliest tone-color of the orchestra), which hints that occasionally students' rejoicings are followed by Katzenjammer, but even "das graue Elend" is evanescent and the joyous memories are permanent.

Only the German can fully appreciate and love this work as it should be appreciated and loved, but every one must recognize the great skill which underlies its mirth and the lofty climax which it reaches, and every one present must have apppreciated the clearness with which it was performed and must have been grateful for such a splendid representation of a side of Brahms' genius which is far too little understood among us.

Louis C. Elson.

Portland Advertiser
April 14

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Are These Great Concerts to Continue in Portland?

Judging from the advance sale for the concert announced by the Boston symphony orchestra next Wednesday evening, the music-loving public of Portland and vicinity either do not realize the nature of the entertainment which is to be given them, or else they do not care for it. The Boston Symphony orchestra will give as complete a concert in every detail in Portland as it would give in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, or in fact any of the cities it visits. The management does not lay great stress upon abnormal receipts, but it does expect an audience worthy of the standing of the orchestra. If such an audience cannot be obtained, the inference is obvious and further concerts will be abandoned. This is in no way meant as a threat, but is a simple statement of fact which every true music lover in this vicinity will both understand and appreciate.

The programme, with no exaggeration, is a superb one. The opening number, though unknown to the audience that will attend the concert next Wednesday evening, has the reputation of having made the most profound impression of any selection rendered by the orchestra this season, and has received the very marked compliment of a repetition within a few weeks of its first performance in the Boston, Cambridge and Providence series by the orchestra. Such a repetition has not been given more than half a dozen times in the entire fifteen years history of the orchestra. The selection thus honored is the Symphony No. 6 by the late Russian composer, Tschaikowsky, and is better known as the "Pathetic Symphony." It is almost impossible to describe in words the singular beauty of this work, and lack of space forbids repeating the flattering comment made by the press of other cities.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, the soloist, is a most finished artist who has achieved marked success in several appearances with the orchestra this season. She is well known as the favorite pupil of the great pianist, Paderewski, and her playing will readily show to any who have listened to the great Polish virtuoso, the result of his teaching.

The last two selections on the programme are by Wagner, without whose name no modern concert programme is complete. Ordinarily Wagner selections are at a disadvantage on a concert programme because of the absence of stage accessories which are usually most essential to their proper presentatation; but the "Waldweben" or "Forest Sounds" from "Siegfried," one of the most wonderful illustrations of descriptive music ever written, loses none of its effectiveness when presented in concert form, and the same is true of the overture to "Rienzi" which will be a fitting close to as fine a concert as the orchestra has ever given.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1896.

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to Jessonda.....Spohr
Recitative, Deeper and Deeper Still, and aria, Waft Her, Angels, from Jephthah.....Händel
Symphony No. 5, in E major, Lenore.....Raff
Walther's Preislied, from Die Meistersinger.....Wagner
Akademische Fest-Ouverture, op. 80.....Brahms

No work was produced last evening for the first time, and yet the Jessonda overture was undoubtedly new to many of the audience. The opera itself is seldom heard in Germany; in 1894 it was given only six times in that country—in Cassel, Danzig and Hanover. The age is too nervous to enjoy the calm and the mellifluence of an opera by Spohr, but the Jessonda overture last night was not a bit hopelessly 1823 in the introduction; on the contrary, it was fresh and modern. Only the main body of the overture showed old-fashioned treatment, which, after all, was by no means disagreeable.

The dead ride fast, and so do symphonies. To-day Raff is the composer of one beautiful symphony, the Im Walde. Truly are there charming passages in the second movement, and the start of the first movement is impressive; but there is too much of Raff at his worst in this symphony and not enough of Raff at his best. Take the ending of the slow movement; it seems cheap and interminable. The sentiment, too, is inclined toward sentimentalism. Yes, it often falls into it. Pupils of Raff claim that he wished the march to be taken as a scherzo and at about double the tempo generally observed. They are not to be shaken in this statement. Why should not the experiment be tried? The march would the sooner be over. As for the spectral in the finale, it no longer excites wonder or consternation. The neighing of the horses may please lovers of imitative music—and this suggests the happy thought of Mr. Paur in paying tribute to the horse show. But it would have been better if he had given us the Ride of the Valkyries, or Saint-Saëns' Phaëton, or even Auber's overture to the Bronze Horse.

A stirring performance of Brahms' overture brought to close a concert that gave much pleasure, largely on account of the superb performance of the orchestra.

Mr. Davies sang the music by Händel most effectively. The recitative was declaimed in noble fashion, with breadth, authority, dramatic feeling, and, above all, with heroic tenderness. The air that followed displayed this admirable singer in his full glory. Here was true Händelian singing, as we imagine Händel himself wished it. For though this German composer was in the aria thoroughly Italianized, yet in his later works is there the expression, or at least the suggestion, of English blood. Händel, indeed, seems in some of his music to represent the Englishman in his highest development—courageous, determined, inspired by a belief in a power that is always ready to help England, tender in simple, manly fashion. In the air from Jephthah Händel strikes a still higher note; yet even here is this queer dash of English feeling. Nor is there anything to be said of Mr. Davies' singing of the air except to thank him most heartily for the generous exhibition of his natural gifts and acquired skill. In the air from Die Meistersinger he was not as successful, although he made a brave attempt. The trouble was that the song does not lie easily in his voice. The effort to make effect on the upper tones was too apparent. So it is pleasanter to remember his singing of the Händel music. I remember no finer singing of Händel in this city for several years. Admirable as were the voice and the art of Mr. Lloyd, he was apt to be phlegmatic when he should have been most emotional.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1896.
(Copyright 1896, Post Publishing Company.)

THE SYMPHONY.

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Ben Davies, whose singing gave such delight at the oratorio last Sunday, was next on the programme, giving the recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and the air, "Waft Her, Angels," from Handel's "Jephthah." The recitative is of much dramatic strength, and Mr. Davies gave it in a broad, robust style.

Later in the evening he gave Walter's prize song from Wagner's "Meistersinger" in manly and tuneful style, and received therefor several recalls.

The symphony was Raff's No. 5, "Lenore," and throughout its four movements it was read grandly. The third movement, the march, was played really brilliantly and provoked much applause. The concert finished with Brahms's Academic Festival overture.

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BATH, ME., APRIL 13, 1896

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In deference to the very general request in modern programmes for selections by Wagner. Mr. Paur has placed upon this programme the famous "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and the ever popular Overture to "Rienzi."

Such a programme as this, by such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at prices that prevail at all first class entertainments, should suffice to fill City Hall, Portland to the doors.

Portland Advertiser
EVENING, APRIL 14, 1896.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1896.

SYMPHONY

Concert—Mr. Davies in Two Widely Differing Selections.

The concert of Saturday began quietly enough with Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," crystal clear in its form and treatment, but formal even in its most portentous moments. It was read in a sedate manner as befitted its style, and if it presented nothing to grow excited over it was none the less enjoyable and was admirably played. A little of such music now and then may be valuable as an antidote against the modern dissonance-fever.

Mr. Ben Davies appeared in two selections of the most widely differing style. First he gave Handel's "Waft her, Angels," with a preceding recitative. He sang this magnificently, although occasionally he inclined towards exaggeration of shading; but his enunciation, his constant purity of intonation, his dramatic fervor, were things to grow enthusiastic over, and the audience did grow very demonstrative at the end of the number,—more so than at any previous concert, and far beyond the limit of the two recalls which seem to be the established courtesy at these concerts. The brilliant quality of Mr. Davies' high notes was never displayed to better advantage than upon this occasion. One must also give great credit to Mr. Paur and the orchestra for the accompaniment to the recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," for it is a most difficult task for a large orchestra to keep in time with a singer in such a free delivery as was given to this part of the number; the ensemble was admirable.

Mr. Davies' other number was Wagner's "Preis-lied," from "The Mastersingers." This did not seem so entirely effective as the Handelian number; in the first place it was sung in English, and any translation interferes with the close union of words and music which Wagner achieved. The end of this number was somewhat hurried, and the perfection of ensemble which marked the first selection was not attained, yet one must give due credit to the sincerity and dramatic fervor of Mr. Davies' interpretation, and hasten to add that the recalls were almost as numerous as after the aria from "Jephthah."

The symphony was Raff's "Lenore," and it is not too much to say that often as it has been heard in Boston it has never been heard to such advantage as at this performance. It was one of those great successes through which the orchestral season of 1895-6 will be remembered as phenomenal. The present writer cannot rank the work quite as high as Raff's "Im Walde" symphony, yet readily concedes that it is the most popular of modern symphonies, containing enough of development to satisfy the musician and sufficient dramatic effect to excite anybody in spite of some parts which are not of symphonic dignity.

The first movement, which does not go unwarrantably far into the domain of tone-picturing, was finely worked up to its climax, and the oboe-playing here was especially excellent. The second movement, in which Raff sometimes gives the impression of being a close relative of Goldmark, was wonderfully shaded, the first horn deserving separate mention for artistic work, although the violins played like a set of Teutonic angels, and the flute, at the final appearance of the chief theme, did some excellent work. The coda, with its very extended organ-point and its constant monotony of kettle-drum, was very effectively performed. Of course, the march is always the popular point of the work, and it was excitingly given with all its piccolo flourishes, its rolls of drums, and its approaching crescendo and departing diminuendo, but the episode, the touching portion of the movement which portrays the unhappy heroine running from rank to rank of the returning regiment in a fruitless search for her soldier-lover, was the most notable part of this movement, and here the violins and 'cellos covered themselves with credit. The finale no longer makes one's flesh creep as it ought to, for the modern auditor has become accustomed to spectral horse shows and recalls the span handled by Mephistopheles in the "Damnation of Faust" sweepstakes, the black mare entered by Frau Holle in the Forest Symphony, the splendid exhibit from the Walkuere stables, and does not scare at any ghostly whinneyings or sepulchral trettings. But the reminiscences of the preceding movements, introduced into this finale, are full of poetic charm, and the brilliancy of Mr. Paur's reading was sufficient to carry a much weaker work to success.

The concert ended with a superb performance of the "Academic Overture," one of the most genial works that Brahms ever achieved.

When Brahms received the honorary title of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Breslau (we believe it was Breslau, although Deiters gives it as Bremen) he composed a grand Festival Overture upon three student-songs which are as familiar to every German graduate as "Upidee" would be to any Harvard man; he did not make a mere potpourri, a medley overture, but he elaborated and interwove the themes with a contrapuntal grace that no other composer of the present could ever hope to rival; in the blending of the diverse elements there is not a moment of dulness or dry formality, everything is as gemuethlich as if it were a

In building a classical work on such an humble foundation Brahms has but followed the lead of great German composers from ancient days. The composers of Germany, much more than those of any other nation, cherished the folksong and built great classical works upon the melodies of the people. Bach used a Hassler lovesong as the theme of the greatest chorales in the Passion Music. Luther took "Soldiers', Sailors' and Miners', and other Streetsongs," (Gassenhauer) for the foundation of some of the great works of the reformation, Weber built his opera of "Der Freischuetz" upon the same popular idea, and some of the simplest of the old folksongs have come down to us, preserved as a fly might be preserved in amber, because of the rich counterpoint in which they have been enveloped. Besides the three great themes, "Wir hatten gebaut ein stattliches Haus," "Was kommt dort von der Hoeh," and "Gaudeamus Igitur," there are traces of another very dignified semi-national song, beginning

Hoert, ich sing 'das Lied der Lieder!
Hoert es, meine Deutschen Brueder.

which is only sung at the German students' Commers once a year, and then only with impressive ceremonies. With characteristic good taste, Brahms reserves the fiery "Gaudeamus Igitur," which Hanslick has called the "student's 'Marseillaise,'" for the climax, but what an amount of fun precedes it! How comically the bassoons (the clowns of the orchestra) intone "Was kommt dort von der Hoeh!" and how gloriously the trumpets ring out "Wir hatten gebaut!" Then there is a touch of muted horn (the ugliest tone-color of the orchestra), which hints that occasionally students' rejoicings are followed by Katzenjammer, but even "das graue Elend" is evanescent and the joyous memories are permanent.

Only the German can fully appreciate and love this work as it should be appreciated and loved, but every one must recognize the great skill which underlies its mirth and the lofty climax which it reaches, and every one present must have apppreciated the clearness with which it was performed and must have been grateful for such a splendid representation of a side of Brahms' genius which is far too little understood among us.

Louis C. Elson.

Portland Advertiser
April 14

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The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1896.

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to Jessonda.....Spohr
Recitative, Deeper and Deeper Still, and aria, Waft Her, Angels, from Jephthah .....Händel
Symphony No. 5, in E major, Lenore.....Raff
Walther's Preislied, from Die Meistersinger.....Wagner
Akademische Fest-Ouverture, op. 80.....Brahms

No work was produced last evening for the first time, and yet the Jessonda overture was undoubtedly new to many of the audience. The opera itself is seldom heard in Germany; in 1894 it was given only six times in that country—in Cassel, Danzig and Hanover. The age is too nervous to enjoy the calm and the mellifluence of an opera by Spohr, but the Jessonda overture last night was not a bit hopelessly 1823 in the introduction; on the contrary, it was fresh and modern. Only the main body of the overture showed old-fashioned treatment, which, after all, was by no means disagreeable.

The dead ride fast, and so do symphonies. To-day Raff is the composer of one beautiful symphony, the Im Walde. Truly are there charming passages in the second movement, and the start of the first movement is impressive; but there is too much of Raff at his worst in this symphony and not enough of Raff at his best. Take the ending of the slow movement; it seems cheap and interminable. The sentiment, too, is inclined toward sentimentalism. Yes, it often falls into it. Pupils of Raff claim that he wished the march to be taken as a scherzo and at about double the tempo generally observed. They are not to be shaken in this statement. Why should not the experiment be tried? The march would the sooner be over. As for the spectral in the finale, it no longer excites wonder or consternation. The neighing of the horses may please lovers of imitative music—and this suggests the happy thought of Mr. Paur in paying tribute to the horse show. But it would have been better if he had given us the Ride of the Valkyries, or Saint-Saëns' Phaëton, or even Auber's overture to the Bronze Horse.

A stirring performance of Brahms' overture brought to close a concert that gave much pleasure, largely on account of the superb performance of the orchestra.

Mr. Davies sang the music by Händel most effectively. The recitative was declaimed in noble fashion, with breadth, authority, dramatic feeling, and, above all, with heroic tenderness. The air that followed displayed this admirable singer in his full glory. Here was true Händelian singing, as we imagine Händel himself wished it. For though this German composer was in the aria thoroughly Italianized, yet in his later works is there the expression, or at least the suggestion, of English blood. Händel, indeed, seems in some of his music to represent the Englishman in his highest development—courageous, determined, inspired by a belief in a power that is always ready to help England, tender in simple, manly fashion. In the air from Jephthah Händel strikes a still higher note; yet even here is this queer dash of English feeling. Nor is there anything to be said of Mr. Davies' singing of the air except to thank him most heartily for the generous exhibition of his natural gifts and acquired skill. In the air from Die Meistersinger he was not as successful, although he made a brave attempt. The trouble was that the song does not lie easily in his voice. The effort to make effect on the upper tones was too apparent. So it is pleasanter to remember his singing of the Händel music. I remember no finer singing of Händel in this city for several years. Admirable as were the voice and the art of Mr. Lloyd, he was apt to be phlegmatic when he should have been most emotional.

Philip Hale.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.
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APRIL 15, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Whig and Courier.

BY BOUTELLE BROTHERS.

All business letters should be addressed to Boutelle Brothers, and communications intended for publication should be addressed: "Editor of Whig and Courier."

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19.

The Symphony Concert.

The one novelty at the symphony concert last evening, was Dr. H. C. Parry's scene and aria "King Saul Dream" sung by Mr. Georg Henchel. The work was sung with dramatic fervor but it was hardly worth the singing, for it is a work as gruesome as a nightmare and as empty as an exhausted jar of the air pump. A dull foolish wearisome work even duller than Mr. Henschel's ballad of "Jung Dietrich." The orchestra under Mr. Paur played with rare sprit and brilliancy.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR. VOL. XCIX., NO. 110.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1896.

MR. HENSCHEL IN FINE VOICE.

Symphony Soloist Received a Cordial Reception.

His Phrasing of Parry's Music Evidenced Artistic Judgment—Concert, However, Was the Least Interesting of the Series—Work of Orchestra Especially Praiseworthy.

Last evening's selections for the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Overture, "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Scene and aria, "King Stephen's Dream"
Dr. C. H. Parry
Three movements from symphony, "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
Funeral march.....Schubert
Ballad, "Jung Dietrich".....Henschel
Huldigung's march.....Wagner

Mr. Georg Henschel was the soloist.

The programme was dispiriting. It would have proved so even on a bracing winter night, and it was warm to the point of enervation last evening. The selections were, on the whole, lugubrious in character. The first incentive to gloom was W. Parry's well written and declamatorily dramatic, but uninteresting, scene and aria, which was followed by Berlioz's elaborate tone picture of Romeo's sadness, "andante malincolico." The ball music that came after broke the mournful spell for a time, and then came the long drawn out balcony scene adagio. There was another break of subshine through the clouds with the ethereal "Queen Mab" scherzo, after which depression was again restored by Liszt's orchestral version of Schubert's funeral march in E flat minor, succeeded in turn by successful incentive to "the blues" in Mr. Henschel's solemn ballad.

There was too much of the sombre and of the spirit-wearying to be listened to with wholly cheering emotion in one concert. Mr. Henschel declaimed Parry's music with all the effectiveness that was possible, phrasing it finely and emphasizing its varying expressions with his unerring artistic judgment, but though it is a musicianly piece of workmanship, large in style and admirably scored, and even marked by a certain vein of strong individuality, it is unimpressive and ineffective. His own ballad cannot be justly ranked among his most successful and most attractive compositions, and is moreover monotonous in effect.

One listens patiently through three stanzas waiting for a powerful culmination in the fourth and last of them, but is disappointed, for when the flying Hun reveals that the secret hidden under his mantle is the son of his slaughtered monarch and now the King of the Goths, it is in a tame anti-climax. In this song the composer accompanied himself on the piano. Mr. Henschel's reception was one of very great cordiality, and after his first contribution to the concert he had three recalls and after the second two.

The three movements of the Berlioz symphony were "Romeo's Sadness and the Ball at Capulet's House," "The Balcony Scene" and "Queen Mab." Of their performance, it is possible to write in superlatives only. The strings were at their very best throughout, especially in the warmer cantabile of the garden scene, and in the delicacy, precision and grace of their work in the scherzo, which still remains the most wonderful bit of orchestral fairy music that has ever been written. The "King Stephen" overture, perhaps the weakest of all Beethoven's works in its class, was given an interpretation that brought out all that the music had to say, and the coda was given with brilliant impetuosity. But the concert was a dull one, and the least interesting of the season's series.

The programme for next Saturday is: Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," Smetana (first time); concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, Liszt, "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz. Mr. Carl Baermann is to be the soloist.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1896.

Twenty-second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Georg Henschel an Uninteresting Soloist.

The program of the 22d symphony concert, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream"..Parry (First time.)
Three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.....Berlioz
Romeo alone; grand fete at the house of Capulet.
Balcony scene.
Queen Mab, scherzo.
Funeral march, in E flat minor....Schubert (Scored for orchestra by Liszt.)
Ballad, "Jung Dietrich".....Henschel (With piano accompaniment.)
March of Homage.....Wagner

For no good reason whatever, this dull, and hopelessly old-fashioned overture of Beethoven reminds me of the song in "Othello." To be sure there were King Stephens in Hungary just as there was a King Stephen in England, but there is no musical association between the monarchs; nevertheless the loud calls to attention and the presto that is the main body of the overture suggest grotesquely, incongruously, flippantly;

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown."

This overture is worthy, no doubt, for was it not written by Beethoven? Yes, oh fetishist, but Beethoven, as other great men, had dreary moments; and the dreary moments of great men are unutterably dreary. The dullness of a hum-drum citizen does not vex you; you are prepared for it; you expect nothing better. When a genius sinks not only to earth, but well into the earth, then is there a sense of personal disappointment that irritates. Do you say the overture is well made? So in all probability were the breeches worn by the august monarch.

* * *

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PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1896.

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Barnet's New Burlesque—Varied Harmonic Happenings.

The program for the Symphony concert in Music hall last night was:

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Dr Charles Hubert Parry, scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream" (first time).
Berlioz, first three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.
Schubert, Funeral March, in E flat minor.
Georg Henschel, ballad, "Jung Dietrich." (with pianoforte accompaniment.)
Wagner, ...March of Homage
Soloist, Mr Georg Henschel.

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The orchestra did some things very well, but in others the playing was not as smooth as some we have heard in other days. It would be well to train the violins in time. Yesterday both the firsts and seconds lost the beat several times.

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The familiar Schubert funeral march was given a good performance, and the Wagner selection, too, although by the time the latter was reached most people were too tired to listen with much attention.

Boston Courier.

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The performance of these things was in all respects fine and adapted to the character of each, particular virtuosity and discrimination being shown in the Berlioz music, while great power was obtained without harshness for the Wagner. The Beethoven had due freedom and simplicity and the Schubert was smooth and calm, taking even its few strong climaxes gravely.

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At the next concert the audience will have the advantage of hearing Mr. Carl Baermann play Liszt's second pianoforte concerto. The other pieces will be Beethoven's seventh symphony, Berlioz's orchestration of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," to be played for the first time here.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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LEWISTON DAILY SUN.
APRIL 15, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Great Treat to be Given Music-Loving People This Evening.

Judging from the advance sale for the concert announced by the Boston Symphony orchestra next Wednesday evening, the music-loving public of Portland and vicinity either do not realize the nature of the entertainment which is to be given them, or else they do not care for it. The Boston Symphony orchestra will give as complete a concert in every detail in Portland as it would give in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, or in fact any of the cities it visits. The management does not lay great stress upon abnormal receipts bnt it does expect an audience worthy of the standing of the orchestra. If such an audience cannot be obtained the inference is obvious and further concerts will be abandoned. This is in no way meant as a threat, but is a simple statement of facts which every true music lover in this vicinity will both understand and appreciate.

The programme, with no exaggeration, is a superb one. The opening number, though unknown to the audience that will attend the concert next Wednesday evening, has received the very marked compliment of a repetition within a few weeks of its first performance in the Boston, Cambridge and Providence series by the orchestra. The selection thus honored is the Symphony No. 6 by the late Russian composer, Tschaikowski, and is known as the "Pathetic Symphony."

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, the soloist is a most finished artist who has achieved marked success in several appearances with the orchestra this season. She is well known as the favorite pdpil of the great pianist, Paderewski, and her playing will readily show to any who have listened to the great Polish virtuoso, the result of his teaching.

Whig and Courier.

BY BOUTELLE BROTHERS.

All business letters should be addressed to Boutelle Brothers, and communications intended for publication should be addressed: "Editor of Whig and Courier."

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Gazette.

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19.

The Symphony Concert.

The one novelty at the symphony concert last evening, was Dr. H. C. Parry's scene and aria "King Saul Dream" sung by Mr. Georg Henchel. The work was sung with dramatic fervor but it was hardly worth the singing, for it is a work as gruesome as a nightmare and as empty as an exhausted jar of the air pump. A dull foolish wearisome work even duller than Mr. Henschel's ballad of "Jung Dietrich." The orchestra under Mr. Paur played with rare sprit and brilliancy.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.
VOL. XCIX., NO. 110.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1896.

MR. HENSCHEL IN FINE VOICE.

Symphony Soloist Received a Cordial Reception.

His Phrasing of Parry's Music Evidenced Artistic Judgment—Concert, However, Was the Least Interesting of the Series—Work of Orchestra Especially Praiseworthy.

Last evening's selections for the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall were:

Overture, "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Scene and aria, "King Stephen's Dream"
Dr. C. H. Parry
Three movements from Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
Funeral march.....Schubert
Ballad, "Jung Dietrich".....Henschel
Huldigung's march.....Wagner

Mr. Georg Henschel was the soloist.

The programme was dispiriting. It would have proved so even on a bracing winter night, and it was warm to the point of enervation last evening. The selections were, on the whole, lugubrious in character. The first incentive to gloom was W. Parry's well written and declamatorily dramatic, but uninteresting, scene and aria, which was followed by Berlioz's elaborate tone picture of Romeo's sadness, "andante malincolico." The ball music that came after broke the mournful spell for a time,and then came the long drawn out balcony scene adagio. There was another break of sunshine through the clouds with the ethereal "Queen Mab" scherzo, after which depression was again restored by Liszt's orchestral version of Schubert's funeral march in E flat minor, succeeded in turn by successful incentive to "the blues" in Mr. Henschel's solemn ballad.

There was too much of the sombre and of the spirit-wearying to be listened to with wholly cheering emotion in one concert. Mr. Henschel declaimed Parry's music with all the effectiveness that was possible, phrasing it finely and emphasizing its varying expressions with his unerring artistic judgment, but though it is a musicianly piece of workmanship, large in style and admirably scored, and even marked by a certain vein of strong individuality, it is unimpressive and ineffective. His own ballad cannot be justly ranked among his most successful and most attractive compositions, and is moreover monotonous in effect.

One listens patiently through three stanzas waiting for a powerful culmination in the fourth and last of them, but is disappointed, for when the flying Hun reveals that the secret hidden under his mantle is the son of his slaughtered monarch and now the King of the Goths, it is in a tame anti-climax. In this song the composer accompanied himself on the piano. Mr. Henschel's reception was one of very great cordiality, and after his first contribution to the concert he had three recalls and after the second two.

The three movements of the Berlioz symphony were "Romeo's Sadness and the Ball at Capulet's House," "The Balcony Scene" and "Queen Mab." Of their performance, it is possible to write in superlatives only. The strings were at their very best throughout, especially in the warmer cantabile of the garden scene, and in the delicacy, precision and grace of their work in the scherzo, which still remains the most wonderful bit of orchestral fairy music that has ever been written. The "King Stephen" overture, perhaps the weakest of all Beethoven's works in its class, was given an interpretation that brought out all that the music had to say, and the coda was given with brilliant impetuosity. But the concert was a dull one, and the least interesting of the season's series.

The programme for next Saturday is: Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," Smetana (first time); concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, Liszt, "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz. Mr. Carl Baermann is to be the soloist.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1896.

Twenty-second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Georg Henschel an Uninteresting Soloist.

The program of the 22d symphony concert, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Scene and aria, "King Saul's Dream"..Parry (First time.)
Three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.....Berlioz
Romeo alone; grand fete at the house of Capulet.
Balcony scene.
Queen Mab, scherzo.
Funeral march, in E flat minor....Schubert (Scored for orchestra by Liszt.)
Ballad, "Jung Dietrich".....Henschel (With piano accompaniment.)
March of Homage.....Wagner

For no good reason whatever, this dull, and hopelessly old-fashioned overture of Beethoven reminds me of the song in "Othello." To be sure there were King Stephens in Hungary just as there was a King Stephen in England, but there is no musical association between the monarchs; nevertheless the loud calls to attention and the presto that is the main body of the overture suggest grotesquely, incongruously, flippantly,

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown."

This overture is worthy, no doubt, for was it not written by Beethoven? Yes, oh fetishist, but Beethoven, as other great men, had dreary moments; and the dreary momehts of great men are unutterably dreary. The dullness of a hum-drum citizen does not vex you; you are prepared for it; you expect nothing better. When a genius sinks not only to earth, but well into the earth, then is there a sense of personal disappointment that irritates. Do you say the overture is well made? So in all probability were the breeches worn by the august monarch.

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HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Transcript

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second symphony concert, given last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "König Stephan," opus 117.
Dr. C. Hubert Parry: Scene and Aria, "King Saul's Dream."
(First time).
Berlioz: Three movements from the "Roméo et Juliette" Symphony, opus 17.
Schubert: Funeral March in E-flat minor.
(Scored for Orchestra by Franz Liszt.)
Henschel: Ballad with Pianoforte, "Jung Dietrich," opus 45.
Wagner: Huldigungsmarsch.
Mr. Georg Henschel was the singer.

Time was when we thought Beethoven's "König Stephan" overture cheap, trivial and a bore; now it seems to us exceedingly bright, brilliant and full of life. The presto portions, with that little second theme from the ninth symphony, are carried through with infinite dash, and the instrumentation, especially in the coda, is of quite modern lustre. The piece was capitally played and produced a striking effect.

The three movements—Romeo's melancholy, and fete at the house of Capulet; balcony scene; and Queen Mab—from the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony were especial favorites with the composer. Berlioz once wrote to a friend: "If you ask me now which one of my things I prefer, I will answer: I agree with most artists, I prefer the adagio (the love scene) in 'Roméo et Juliette.'" Perhaps these three movements show forth at once the splendor and the limitations of Berlioz's genius more convincingly than anything else he ever wrote; they also show the curious contrast between these limitations and that splendor. As pure music, we prefer the adagio (scene in the fields) of the "Fantastic" symphony to this balcony scene in "Roméo et Juliette;" from the same point of view the fete at the house of Capulet seems to us inferior to the "Carnaval Romain" overture. The "Queen Mab," to be sure, is unique and can be compared to nothing else in the whole range of orchestral composition. But, as vivid, resplendent, and poetic musical pictures, these three movements from the "Roméo et Juliette" far surpass all else that Berlioz has given to the world. The dance music of the "fete" is a little vulgar, perhaps, from one point of view—call it æsthetically vulgar; but, in another sense, how unspeakably elegant it is! What gallant, cavalierly music, fit for the noblest of knights and the finest of fine ladies to dance to! And how gallantly the fiery Tybalt rages through the coda! It is a complete picture, drawn and painted by an incomparable master. Points of specifically musical beauty are by no means wanting, either; but it is the vividness, dash and coruscating brilliancy of the thing that most compels your admiration; there is not a poor nor mean measure in it! In the same way, the adagio may be called one of the most perfect tone-poems in existence; more musically pregnant melodies may be found elsewhere, but in purity of poetic conception and poignant beauty of expression the movement is fully up to the level of Shakspeare's scene. All three movements are infinitely difficult to play well; difficult technically—although modern orchestras have even harder tasks to face nowadays—but thrice difficult in the higher artistic sense; a single false step in the rendering may cause a whole page to totter. The performance last Saturday was decidedly inferior to that given by Mr. Paur two years ago. Up to the coda of the "fete" all went superbly; but those wonderful ascending triplets in the strings went with less impetuousness than formerly, and the close was a little tame compared to the beginning. The adagio seemed not well held together; the musical thread kept snapping. The "Queen Mab" went too slow and heavily; one could not say of it, as Berlioz once said after a performance under his own direction in Brunswick: "The orchestra identified itself completely with Shakspeare's ravishing fancy, and made itself so small, so agile, so cunning and soft, that never, I think, did the invisible queen flit more gayly through more silent harmonies."

We think it a mistake to have given the Schubert-Liszt funeral march. One wonders why Liszt took it into his head to score it for orchestra, unless indeed he went prowling round at the time like a roaring lion, seeking what he might transcribe. There is no little beauty in the work; in its original pianforte shape it is delightful; but its portentous orchestral dress dwarfs it. To us it was thoroughly tedious. Then think of it: "König Stephan" in E-flat major; this march in E-flat minor; the Huldigungsmarsch in E-flat major! Something too much of one tonality!

We found the same fault with the playing of Wagner's Huldigungsmarsch that we have found with the playing of all of Wagner's marches under Mr. Paur: it was played, not grandly and powerfully, but loudly and stridently. The quality of tone was coarse and vulgar. To be sure, in this instance, the scoring was not Wagner's but Raff's; but Raff did his work quite according to the Wagner model, and Wagner gave it his approval. The fault was in the playing.

Dr. Parry's scene from his oratorio of "Saul" is a composition one is glad to have heard—and have done with. Why it is called "Scene and Aria" is hard to discover; for surely nothing in the music tells you where the scene stops and the aria begins. The writing somehow gives you an impression of consummate mastery—which is not to be held cheap nowadays—but of inspiration, either musical, dramatic or poetic, we could find none in it. Mr. Henschel sang admirably, wonderfully; with incomparable power and variety of expression. What a surprising power he has, by the way, of giving a percussive accent to his voice without the slightest apparent effort! The vividness of suggestion he gave to the word "smote"—in "And yet he spared and smote not"—recalled the terrific significance he gave to the phrase "One blow, and he is dead!" when he sang Pizarro in Beethoven's "Fidelio" here years ago. We have not forgotten it, you see, and shall probably remember [illegible] quite as long.

His own ballad, "Jung Dietrich," leaves us with rather mixed feelings. In it he seems only partially to have caught the ballad tone; perhaps quite as well as Schumann ever did—in "Die Löwenbraut," "Der arme Peter," and other similar things—but still not completely. Here Carl Loewe was the unsurpassed master. That peculiar, and apparently contradictory, combination of purely lyrical form and dramatic expression—or, to put it more accurately, that simple, homely lyrical form to which it is possible for the singer to give the most poignant and picturesque dramatic expression—is found in such perfection in the ballads of no other writer. Take Loewe's "Erlkönig;" as a musical composition, it has neither the luminous inspiration nor the scope of Schubert's to the same words; but it is far more in the ballad style, and works with simpler, more homely means. Schumann never really caught the ballad tone; he came nearest it in "Die beiden Grenadiere," but his miss was as good as a mile. And we feel the same thing even more strongly in Mr. Henschel's "Jung Dietrich;" the conscious effort to be dramatically expressive is too prominent. His singing of it was not up to his best; he seemed tired and sang with less than his usual force. His accepting an encore after it cannot be called in good taste; Mr. Henschel's three years' apprenticeship must have taught him the rules of the Symphony Orchestra, and he, as an ex-conductor of the organization, should have been the last man to break them.

The next programme is: Beethoven, symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Vysebrad" (first time); Liszt, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in A major; Weber-Berlioz, "Invitation a la Valse." Mr. Carl Baermann will be the pianist.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1896.
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Apart from the fact that Mr. Georg Henschel was the soloist at last evening's symphony, the occasion was not one of special interest, the programme not being of such a diversified character as usual, there being too much heaviness and monotony.

The overture to "King Stephen," by Beethoven, was the first number on the programme. It is a charming work, with many light, dainty touches, and introduces several solo instruments in fragments of melody, notably the flute.

Mr. Henschel was heard next in an aria from Dr. Charles Hubert Parry's "King Saul's Dream," heard here for the first time. The aria cannot be called interesting, for it lacks anything like variation. It is not a good concert number, although Mr. Henschel made all that was possible out of it, singing it with much dramatic strength and with clear enunciation. Naturally he was given a most cordial reception on his first appearance, and at the close of the aria, although in the latter case it was more of a compliment to the popular singer than to the number. On Mr. Henschel's reappearance later in the evening, he sang one of his own ballads, "Jung Dietrich," in German, playing his own accompaniment. In this he scored a much greater success, largely because his strong baritone voice is better suited to this style of work. The audience recalled him several times, and he finally returned to the piano and sang a well-known Italian song, "Vittoria fittoria," by Carissimi. To those of the audience who remember the days when Mr. Henschel conducted the symphonies this was quite a concession, so far as the choice of encore was concerned, since he was seldom known to include any Italian composition on his programme. Cherubini, being, perhaps, more often heard by an overture than any other composer of that nationality.

Three movements for the Berlioz symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," did not prove especially interesting. The first movement is very brassy toward the close, while the second, though delicate in sentiment, is rather monotonous. The third is the most interesting, because of the quaint, galloping theme which runs through it, the whole movement being a sort of scherzo. Schubert's "Funeral March," scored for orchestra by Liszt, and Wagner's "March of Homage," were the two remaining numbers on the programme.

At next week's concert a symphonic poem "Vysehrad," by Smetana, will be heard for the first time, and Mr. Carl Baermann will be the soloist, playing the Liszt concerto No. 2.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1896.

A Peculiar Programme at the Symphony Concert, Saturday.

It was a peculiar programme, that of Saturday, for when it was not extremely heroic it was lugubrious. It began with a broad performance of Beethoven's "King Stephan" overture, a work which is not in Beethoven's greatest style and which betrays something of the "made to order," pot-boiling style of manufacture. At the opening of the Stadt-theatre in Pesth, this overture began, and the "Ruins of Athens" ended, the festivities, Von Kotzebue having set words to both subjects. Naturally therefore, one finds something of lofty festivity, akin to bombast, in the "King Stephan" overture, a quality to which the Buda-Pesth spectators were keyed up, while the Music Hall audience was not; such works, heard apart from their festivities, too frequently have the flavor of stale champagne, and it is difficult to enter into sympathy with their heroics. The opening call of trumpets and horns was not as steady as might have been demanded, but the rest of the work received a very good performance. The march-theme, with its eleventh-century quaintness, was given in excellent contrast to the heavier parts of the score. When one bears in mind that this music led directly to a very striking tableau, a scene in the open fields near Pestsh, with the hero-king seated upon his throne of shields and surrounded by his nobles and warriors, one can recognize the fitness of the music to its subject, shorn of its surroundings, however, the piece d'occasion is not especially thrilling, although the resolute and manly reading deserves recognition.

Next followed Mr. Georg Henschel with "King Saul's Dream" by Dr. Chas. H. Parry, a species of mad-scene in which King Saul was the maniac; Lucia, Ophelia, Linda, Dinorah and other inmates of the operatic lunatic asylum go crazy in a decorous and highly embellished manner to flute accompaniment, but this scriptural madman, being a male and of oratorio proclivities, took his insanity upon the deep wind instruments and the viola. The work was of a declamatory style, never dropping into melody but giving a continuous recitativo stromentato, full of dramatic intensity yet not pleasing in any degree. The tone-coloring was the most interesting part of the work, the viola, the instrument of orchestral brooding, being much used, and all the scoring being done with a practised hand. There was also a certain degree of figure development in the accompaniment which made its due effect upon the auditor of classical tastes, but as a whole, this new Tom o' Bedlam seemed too rambling and disjointed for musical treatment, although the spasmodic and denunciatory character may have been true to nature. Mr. Henschel, who was received with an enthusiasm of which he may be proud, was more Henschelian than ever in his vocalism; all the traits which made his voice and method marked in the old days seem accentuated now; the dark timbre, the explosive character of the accents, the peculiarities of pronunciation, are more marked than ever; his great intelligence, his artistic fervor and his high musicianship however, also are as prominent as of yore.

His own composition, "Jung Dietrich," which he gave later in the concert, was far more attractive than the Saul scene. The dark and mournful character of the subject suited his voice perfectly, and there was a certain breadth of treatment in the number that reminded of Loewe's "Heinrich von Volger," although Loewe would have made more of the gallop of the defeated warriors which should have formed the background of the first two stanzas. The climax seemed powerful enough, yet was not very strongly contrasted with what had gone before. Mr. Henschel accompanied himself, and the composition and its interpretation so moved the audience that continuous applause followed until the rule of the concert was again broken and an encore given—"Vittoria mio Core," by Carissimi, one of the old classic gems which is not the best suited to Mr. Henschel's voice.

To resume the orchestral thread of events—the chief number of the concert was an excerpt from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, the larger part of three movements being given. The first violins gave the recitative-like phrases of the longing Romeo, in the movement entitled "Romeo Seul—Tristesse—Grande Fete chez Capulet," in most perfect manner, and the tender oboe passages suggestive of Juliet were also of exquisite tenderness. The reunion of the two themes of the Larghetto and Allegro was skilfully played, but the dance-theme was rather rigid and square cut. The tremndous noise of it was rather the fault of Berlioz than of Mr. Paur, for the Frenchman has here made as much racket as if the Capulets had given the ball in Verona. The balcony given the ball in Hoboken instead of Verona. The balcony scene, which came next, is certainly the best musical expression that has been evoked by this tragedy, although Tschaikowsky has not fallen far behind Berlioz in drawing instrumental thoughts from the play; yet the former composer has been much the more powerful in the interpretation of the love episodes. It is only an amorous violoncello that sighs for a tender violin (combined with flute), yet the picture is as graphically presented to the ear as ever painting was presented to the eye. The interpretation, however, did not seem to give all the possible that there was in the scene, there was a lack of ardor and abandon, a certain respectability of performance that suggested a church wedding with all the 400 of Veronese society present as guests. "Queen Mab" is a movement that has been dragged in by the ears, and we are glad of it, for Berlioz was never quite so much at home as when depicting elves, unless it were in painting demons, and the dainty prestissimo was splendidly played from its opening chord upon the woodwind to its brusque final cadence by the full orchestra. The great difficulties were surmounted as if they did not exist, and the delicate harp harmonics, the high harmonics upon the violins, the dainty trills upon the strings in high positions with flute and English horn in the lower register, all these were splendidly effective, and presented the only light moments of the heavy programme. The tiny bell (glockenspiel) that tinkled the end of Queen Mab's cortege, soon changed into funeral tollings as the fairy procession was succeeded by a Trauer-Marsch, that by Schubert (in E flat), with its sorrows magnified by sombre scoring by Liszt. The cello work in the trio of this was of excellent character, and the returning passage after the trio, leading into the march, was nobly played. The kettle drummer had a fine time of it during this march. If ever this artist should turn policeman, it would be dangerous to trust him with a billy. His motto is evidently

> Strike! for your altars and your fires,
> Strike! till the last armed foe expires,

and strike as violently as you possibly can.

The concert ended with Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch" a composition, like the one which began the programme, which has its excuse (or rather its raison d'etre) in the ceremonial for which it was written, the coronation of Louis II, of Bavaria, but it is not so successful when taken in cold blood in the concert room. Even a German might think that such concert Huldigung requires Entschuldigung. It was played loudly enough to please every aurist present; it would form a suitable opening number for the day of judgment, but it is a littl too heavy for Music Hall. But even amidst the tonal cyclones the kettle-drummer aforesaid rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm, aided now by an energetic snare-drummer. After this forcible number all those who had escaped concussion of the brain went home satisfied.

Louis C. Elson.

The Sunday Telegram

PORTLAND, MAINE.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1896.

A Grand Symphony Concert.

The concert given in City Hall last Wednesday evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was one of the best concerts ever given in this city. It was too bad that there was not a larger audience present, but it is woefully true that some of the best things that come to Portland, in the entertainment line are very poorly patronized.

The first number was the beautiful Symphony No. 6, in B minor, entitled "Pathetique" by Tschaikowsky. The four movements of the symphony were exquisitely rendered, but the fourth movement, adagio lamentoso, in B minor, was the most striking part of the number. It has a pathetic character, being of a funereal type, now solemn, now majestic, rising at times to a grand fortissimo, then diminishing to a sad, hushed pianissimo.

The second number was a concerto for the pianoforte (No. 2) by Saint-Saens. Miss Antoinette Szumowska, the only pupil of the great Paderewski, was the soloist and made a lasting impression on those who were fortunate enough to hear her. Her wonderful technique and her wonderful phrasing technique and her brilliant phrasing of the difficult composition caused the audience to nearly go wild with ecstacy and she was liberally applauded. Her playing is decidely after the style of her gifted master and should she visit our city again, in the future, City Hall would be crowded.

The last two numbers on the programme were selections from Wagner's celebrated operas. One listening to the beautiful, seductive strains of "Forest Sounds," from "Siegfried," could almost imagine he was in the midst of a beautiful forest, listening to the sweet singing of various birds. The overture to "Rienzi" was a superb finale to the performance. It is hard to describe this number, as it was a masterly rendition of a masterly work. At its close the orchestra was given a tremendous ovation.

Mr. Emil Paur, the talented conductor of the orchestra, is a composer of decided ability. His work on this occasion was of the highest order.

When the "music-loving people" of Portland can attend grand opera, the Bostonians, the Symphony and other Standard attractions in the Stockbridge course at a cost of about 23 cents, City Hall is crowded, but when such attractions come here singly and on their own merits at a price of admission commensurate with their excellence, and no higher than is charged for the same thing elsewhere our "music-loving public" stay religiously at home and camp at high prices.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1896.

The program of the twenty-second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, König Stephan.....Beethoven
Scene and aria, King Saul's Dream.....Parry
(First time.)
Three movements from the Roméo and Juliette Symphony, op. 17.....Berlioz
Roméo alone, grand fête at the house of Capulet.
Balcony scene, adagio.
Scherzo, Queen Mab.
Funeral March, in E flat major.....Schubert
(Scored for orchestra by Franz Liszt.)
Ballad with piano, Jung Dietrich.....Henschel
Huldigungsmarsch.....Wagner

This program was long, too long, and in the main it was dismally dull.

Does Mr. Henschel, who usually shows great taste in his selections, believe in the secret recesses of his mind that Saul's Dream is tolerable and to be endured? He sang it, I understand, when Dr. Charles Hubert Hastings Parry's oratorio in four acts was first produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1894; proper pride, then, may be the cause of this imprudent obstinacy.

Ah, this Dr. Parry! He spins counterpoint with the skill and the facility of a spider constructing a web. He is learned and profound and skillful and everything that an English doctor of music should be; but in this scene and aria there is not one spark of imagination, not one sure dramatic touch. The dreary waste of notes! And there stood Mr. Henschel declaiming as though he were intoxicated by the perfume of madding, gorgeous flowers.

And then Mr. Henschel insisted on singing his own ballad Jung Dietrich. Would that some composer of fine frenzy might put Dahn's verses to thrilling music; for the subject is a brave one. I can imagine Mr. H. W. Parker triumphing gloriously. But Mr. Henschel failed completely. There is neither moving iteration nor impressive contrast. And when the climax should carry everything before it, there is complete flattening out. Nevertheless, and although Mr. Henschel was not vocally at his best, there was tumultuous applause.

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And what did Mr. Paur mean by compelling the audience to listen to Beethoven's King Stephen overture? The old song is better:

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown."

Never mind, if it is not the same King Stephen. The song is still the more musical. Is Mr. Paur, too, among the fetishists? Must we bow the knee to the complete works of any great composer?

And then there was that arrangement of Schubert's funeral march! Here the emotions of the hearer are too deep for speech.

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The noble music of Berlioz was the sole solace, for I will not make affidavit that the march by Wagner was played. When I left Mr. Henschel appeared to own the hall.

Are there many greater works of high imagination than the Balcony Scene of Berlioz! I know of few that at once so thoroughly and intimately suggest an atmosphere. The night is tender, caressing, conniving, and *Romeo* is in the arms of the pride of the Capulets. The night herself, the "huge and thoughtful night," does not disdain to give poor earthly lovers an hour of rapture.

When you hear the ball music of Gounod, the daughter of M. Prudhomme makes her début, and the invited guests exclaim "Tiens!" But the strains of revelry that are born to the ears of Berlioz's Romeo are worthy of a great feast in a mansion of Verona.

As for Queen Mab—all other fairy music is plantigrade and galumphing.

PHILIP HALE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston Orchestra Makes Its Last Appearance of the Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's last concert for this season was given at Infantry Hall last evening. Mention has been made before of the marked increase in attendance at these concerts, but the audience of last night was the banner one of the series in point of numbers. There was a considerable display of enthusiasm and an unusual warmth in the applause bestowed on Mr. Paur and the accomplished tenor, Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening. The programme, like the closing one of last year, was drawn from the inexhaustable mine of Richard Wagner's works, with the single exception of Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathetique," played at the previous concert and repeated in deference to a request by a large number of hearers. The order was as follows:

Symphony No 6, in B-minor, "Pathetic," op. 74.....Peter Hyitch Tschaikowsky.
I. Adagio (B-minor).
Allegro non troppo (B-minor).
II. Allegro con grazia (D-major).
III. Allegro molto vivace (G-major).
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso (B-minor).
"Spring Song," from "Die Walkure," Wagner.
"Waldweben," from Siegfried," .....Wagner.
"Prize Song," from Die Meistersinger," .....Wagner.
Preludes to acts I. and III., "Lohengrin"....Wagner.
Overture, "Tannhauser," .....Wagner.

Any work so far out of the common rut as this symphony of Tschaikowsky's must of necessity lose something of its impressiveness upon a second hearing. For, though a clearer view may be had of its general structure, and a more intelligent appreciation of its detail and meaning, the element of surprise is wanting. The symphony remains an undeniably great work, but it does not seem to hit you as hard the second time as it did the first. Its outlines are rugged and massive—Tschaikowsy paints with a large brush and a prodigality of color unusual even among the moderns. There is in this one work a wealth of invention, an ingenuity of combination and a command of musical resources sufficient to proclaim its author a genius and a great composer. But there are points where one instinctively wonders whether he is really in earnest, or whether—like Dickens's fat boy—he only "wants to make your flesh creep." Any one who has heard this symphony will have no difficulty in locating the places referred to. The form of the work is exceedingly free; there are the traditional four movements, to be sure, but even these transposed from their usual order, and the slow movement placed at the end; as to structural detail, it bears no more resemblance to the old style of symphony than Wagner's "Parsifal" or "Die Walkure" does to one of Donizetti's operas. There are impressive melodies skillfully developed and contrasted, there is counterpoint of the most modern and intricate sort, there is keen instinct and profound knowledge of the possibilities of instrumentation, but of adherence to scholastic forms not a whit. The work is sui generis, and must be judged by itself. It was magnificently played, and listened to with very evident attention and interest.

The five selections from Wagner's works which made up the balance of the programme are all more or less familiar to concert-goers. It is superfluous to add that they were played with all the exquisite finish that has made the Boston orchestra famous throughout the land. Mr. Ben Davies was given a royal welcome, which he justified by his splendid singing of the love song of Siegmund and the prize song of Walther. It is a genuine pleasure to listen to Mr. Davies, so manly and unaffected in style, so full of genuine artistic impulse, and so skillful in the use of his clear, telling, musical voice.

A look backward at this season's concerts reveals the fact that we have never had a more satisfactory series. The programmes have given us a wide range of the best and most modern music; the soloists have been without exception of eminent rank and thoroughly satisfactory; as for the orchestra itself, fine as it has always been, its work this season has been beyond its best previous endeavor, and has called out the most flattering comment everywhere. Mr. Emil Paur has lived down his critics and proved himself to be what these columns have always given him credit for being—a most sound musician and able conductor. It is of interest to note the fact, as showing what a factor this grand organization has been in the musical growth of this country, that last night's performance was the 1399th concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For 15 years they have been preaching the gospel of musical righteousness, nor have their converts been few or lukewarm. A series of concerts has been given in Providence every season except the first since the orchestra was organized. Last night's concert was the 51st in this city. During these years the audiences here have about trebled in size, and the influence of these repeated hearings of the best music has been both wide and deep.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

The best audience that has yet gathered at a concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra was seen in Infantry hall last evening when the last performance in the series for this season was given under the direction of Conductor Paur. The assemblage was not only the largest of the course, but it was the largest ever present at a Symphony event, and the fact was a fresh demonstration of the great popularity the orchestra and its leaders have gained in this city. The program was one of the most brilliant of the year, and it was embellished by the appearance of a singer whose name is always synonymous with pleasure and high reaching ability, Mr. Ben Davies. The numbers were received enthusiastically from the outset, and at the close the delighted hearers went away fully resolved to an individual to give hearty support to the entertainments of next season.

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Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Rather of a novelty in a Boston Symphony orchestra list of compositions was a succession of five works by Richard Wagner. In fact it is unusual to find in one of these programs so many productions of the same writer. The innovation was one that satisfied. The opening composition has been played here before. Then it was a genuine treat in the matter of being something out of the common in musical construction. Heard again it did not seem so effective, though the manner in which it was interpretad was consummate art and the acme of intelligence. The Wagner features were offered with a view to showing, perhaps, what the orchestra was capable of doing in that line as a contrast to the performances of the Damrosch orchestra. At any rate, the execution of each one of them was splendidly perfect in every detail. Mr. Paur's reading was careful and close, and his musicians were in the most sympathetic and responsive mood. Indeed it would seem impossible that the Boston Symphony players could be improved upon in any of their achievements.

Mr. Davies was heard with renewed gratification. His voice is a solace and an inspiration, his method is the cream of accuracy and the results he obtains are superb from the musical standpoint. The reception that he got was a fine one, and it impelled him to a display of his powersthat threw the audience into paroxisms of appreciation.

The final departure of the orchestra is something which Providence keenly regrets. It is a balm for sorrowing minds, however, that the grand force is to return to the city another season, to begin anew a series of its unsurpassed diversions, and its patrons will be only too glad to welcome it when the night of its reappearance next fall arrives.

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PHILIP HALE.

THE EVENING BULLETIN

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"Spring Song," from "Die Walkure," Wagner.
"Waldweben," from Siegfried."....Wagner.
"Prize Song," from Die Meistersinger,".....Wagner.
Preludes to acts I. and III., "Lohengrin"....Wagner.
Overture, "Tannhauser,".....Wagner.

Any work so far out of the common rut as this symphony of Tschaikowsky's must of necessity lose something of its impressiveness upon a second hearing. For, though a clearer view may be had of its general structure, and a more intelligent appreciation of its detail and meaning, the element of surprise is wanting. The symphony remains an undeniably great work, but it does not seem to hit you as hard the second time as it did the first. Its outlines are rugged and massive—Tschaikowsy paints with a large brush and a prodigality of color unusual even among the moderns. There is in this one work a wealth of invention, an ingenuity of combination and a command of musical resources sufficient to proclaim its author a genius and a great composer. But there are points where one instinctively wonders whether he is really in earnest, or whether—like Dickens's fat boy—he only "wants to make your flesh creep." Any one who has heard this symphony will have no difficulty in locating the places referred to. The form of the work is exceedingly free; there are the traditional four movements, to be sure, but even these transposed from their usual order, and the slow movement placed at the end; as to structural detail, it bears no more resemblance to the old style of symphony than Wagner's "Parsifal" or "Die Walkure" does to one of Donizetti's operas. There are impressive melodies skillfully developed and contrasted, there is counterpoint of the most modern and intricate sort, there is keen instinct and profound knowledge of the possibilities of instrumentation, but of adherence to scholastic forms not a whit. The work is sui generis, and must be judged by itself. It was magnificently played, and listened to with very evident attention and interest.

The five selections from Wagner's works which made up the balance of the programme are all more or less familiar to concert-goers. It is superfluous to add that they were played with all the exquisite finish that has made the Boston orchestra famous throughout the land. Mr. Ben Davies was given a royal welcome, which he justified by his splendid singing of the love song of Siegmund and the prize song of Walther. It is a genuine pleasure to listen to Mr. Davies, so manly and unaffected in style, so full of genuine artistic impulse, and so skillful in the use of his clear, telling, musical voice.

A look backward at this season's concerts reveals the fact that we have never had a more satisfactory series. The programmes have given us a wide range of the best and most modern music; the soloists have been without exception of eminent rank and thoroughly satisfactory; as for the orchestra itself, fine as it has always been, its work this season has been beyond its best previous endeavor, and has called out the most flattering comment everywhere. Mr. Emil Paur has lived down his critics and proved himself to be what these columns have always given him credit for being—a most sound musician and able conductor. It is of interest to note the fact, as showing what a factor this grand organization has been in the musical growth of this country, that last night's performance was the 1399th concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For 15 years they have been preaching the gospel of musical righteousness, nor have their converts been few or lukewarm. A series of concerts has been given in Providence every season except the first since the orchestra was organized. Last night's concert was the 51st in this city. During these years the audiences here have about trebled in size, and the influence of these repeated hearings of the best music has been both wide and deep.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston Orchestra Makes Its Last Appearance of the Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's last concert for this season was given at Infantry Hall last evening. Mention has been made before of the marked increase in attendance at these concerts, but the audience of last night was the banner one of the series in point of numbers. There was a considerable display of enthusiasm and an unusual warmth in the applause bestowed on Mr. Paur and the accomplished tenor, Mr. Ben Davies, the soloist of the evening. The programme, like the closing one of last year, was drawn from the inexhaustable mine of Richard Wagner's works, with the single exception of Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathetique," played at the previous concert and repeated in deference to a request by a large number of hearers. The order was as follows:

Symphony No 6, in B-minor, "Pathetic," op. 74.....Peter Hyitch Tschaikowsky.
I. Adagio (B-minor).
Allegro non troppo (B-minor).
II. Allegro con grazia (D-major).
III. Allegro molto vivace (G-major).
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso (B-minor).
"Spring Song," from "Die Walkure," Wagner.
"Waldweben," from Siegfried,".....Wagner.
"Prize Song," from Die Meistersinger,".....Wagner.
Preludes to acts I. and III., "Lohengrin"....Wagner.
Overture, "Tannhauser,".....Wagner.

Any work so far out of the common rut as this symphony of Tschaikowsky's must of necessity lose something of its impressiveness upon a second hearing. For, though a clearer view may be had of its general structure, and a more intelligent appreciation of its detail and meaning, the element of surprise is wanting. The symphony remains an undeniably great work, but it does not seem to hit you as hard the second time as it did the first. Its outlines are rugged and massive—Tschaikowsy paints with a large brush and a prodigality of color unusual even among the moderns. There is in this one work a wealth of invention, an ingenuity of combination and a command of musical resources sufficient to proclaim its author a genius and a great composer. But there are points where one instinctively wonders whether he is really in earnest, or whether—like Dickens's fat boy—he only "wants to make your flesh creep." Any one who has heard this symphony will have no difficulty in locating the places referred to. The form of the work is exceedingly free; there are the traditional four movements, to be sure, but even these transposed from their usual order, and the slow movement placed at the end; as to structural detail, it bears no more resemblance to the old style of symphony than Wagner's "Parsifal" or "Die Walkure" does to one of Donizetti's operas. There are impressive melodies skillfully developed and contrasted, there is counterpoint of the most modern and intricate sort, there is keen instinct and profound knowledge of the possibilities of instrumentation, but of adherence to scholastic forms not a whit. The work is sui generis, and must be judged by itself. It was magnificently played, and listened to with very evident attention and interest.

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The Telegram

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

The best audience that has yet gathered at a concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra was seen in Infantry hall last evening when the last performance in the series for this season was given, under the direction of Conductor Paur. The assemblage was not only the largest of the course, but it was the largest ever present at a Symphony event, and the fact was a fresh demonstration of the great popularity the orchestra and its leaders have gained in this city. The program was one of the most brilliant of the year, and it was embellished by the appearance of a singer whose name is always synonymous with pleasure and high reaching ability, Mr. Ben Davies. The numbers were received enthusiastically from the outset, and at the close the delighted hearers went away fully resolved to an individual to give hearty support to the entertainments of next season.

The following selections were on the program:

Symphony No. 6, in B-minor, "Pathetic," op 74.....Peter Hyitch Tschaikowsky
I. Adagio (B-minor).
Allegro non troppo (B-minor).
II. Allegro con grazia (D-major).
III. Allegro molto vivace (G-major).
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso (B-minor).
"Spring Song," from "Die Walkure".....Wagner
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner
"Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger"....Wagner
Preludes to acts I. and III., "Lohengrin"....Wagner
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Rather of a novelty in a Boston Symphony orchestra list of compositions was a succession of five works by Richard Wagner. In fact it is unusual to find in one of these programs so many productions of the same writer. The innovation was one that satisfied. The opening composition has been played here before. Then it was a genuine treat in the matter of being something out of the common in musical construction. Heard again it did not seem so effective, though the manner in which it was interpreted was consummate art and the acme of intelligence. The Wagner features were offered with a view to showing, perhaps, what the orchestra was capable of doing in that line as a contrast to the performances of the Damrosch orchestra. At any rate, the execution of each one of them was splendidly perfect in every detail. Mr. Paur's reading was careful and close, and his musicians were in the most sympathetic and responsive mood. Indeed it would seem impossible that the Boston Symphony players could be improved upon in any of their achievements.

Mr. Davies was heard with renewed gratification. His voice is a solace and an inspiration, his method is the cream of accuracy and the results he obtains are superb from the musical standpoint. The reception that he got was a fine one, and it impelled him to a display of his powersthat threw the audience into paroxisms of appreciation.

The final departure of the orchestra is something which Providence keenly regrets. It is a balm for sorrowing minds, however, that the grand force is to return to the city another season, to begin anew a series of its unsurpassed diversions, and its patrons will be only too glad to welcome it when the night of its reappearance next fall arrives.

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
VOL. XCIX., NO. 117.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

MR. CARL BAERMANN, THE SOLOIST

Twenty-Third Concert of the Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The 23d concert of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last evening, with the following programme:

Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony, A-major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Berlioz
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky

Mr. Carl Baermann was to have played Liszt's pianoforte concerto No. 2, but he was unable to appear, on account of illness, and there was no soloist. The Smetana symphonic poem was the novelty among the selections. It is the first of seven compositions in kind, entitled collectively, "My Country." "Vysehrad" is the name of a famous fortress whose pride in its day of strength, whose downfall amid wild scenes of carnage, and whose solitariness in its ruined state the composer essays to paint in music. Smetana thought it necessary to prefix a description of the meaning of the work to his score, but it does little to enlighten the hearer. "Lumir's varyto," "the edifices of the Premslide kings," and "the echo of the long silent song of the singer prince" remain as much a mystery after the last note of the tone poem has sounded as they were before the first note was heard.

It was hard to become interested in "Vysehrad," whether it trembled "with splendid hymns of praise," or with "wild scenes of carnage"; whether it "rises before Lumir's eyes in its former glory," or is become "a dumb, deserted monument." It is programme music, pure and simple, and without the description the composer has given it would puzzle the cleverest solver of musical riddles to discover what it is all about, and even with the guide thus considerately set down, there is nothing for the listener to do but to take it all on trust, for the music says little that is clear and less that makes any very strong appeal to the understanding. It is brilliantly scored, and at times with massive effect, and there is a bit of graceful melody that breaks like a welcome gleam of sunshine through the general cloudiness; but as a whole the work is unimpressive, dull, and almost tedious. Was it by accident or by design that the concert began and ended with compositions inspired by patriotism? The Bohemian was less felicitous than was the Russian. The Tschaikowsky overture is sensational and ear-splitting in its noisiness, and perhaps vulgar in its blatant uproar, but it is at least clear in meaning and exciting in its fire and its steady and massive tread toward its tremendous climax, with its bell ringing, its drum thundering and its hoarse and stormy blare of brass.

The work was read and played with immense vigor, especially in its whirlwind of a coda. The symphony was interpreted by Mr. Paur along traditional lines, perhaps a little rigidly in the first allegro, and yet with an exceptionally careful observance of the nuances. The perennially fresh and beautiful allegretto was charmingly rendered throughout, and the finale was for once taken at a just pace, and not as a means for illustrating how rapidly an orchestra can be driven into playing it without falling into disaster. Berlioz's orchestral version of the Weber waltz was never read with a finer and more intelligent appreciation of its possibilities in regard to color and effect, and more brilliantly and inspiritingly played here than it was last night. The rendering of the poetic Mendelssohn overture was gracefully sympathetic in the reading and perfect in the precision and finish of its performance.

The concert may be ranked among the marked successes of the season. The last concert of the 15th year of the organization will take place next Saturday evening, when the programme will be devoted wholly to Wagner. It includes the "Rienzi" overture, the "Siegfried" idyl, the "Faust" overture, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried"; the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Meistersinger" overture. There will be no soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-third concert of the Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening with the following programme:

"Symphonic Poem".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelsshon
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber
(scored by Berlioz).
Overture "1812".....Tschaikowsky

The Smetana work belongs to the programme order or music, and assisted by the descriptive test, one easily understands the intention of the composer and sympathizes with him. He suggests Macpherson's Ossian; there are in both spasmodic outbursts that suggest enthusiasm and cunningly arranged phrases hinting at sentiment. The following brief extracts from the descriptive programme will describe the music: "Warlike fame" in castle courts "brave knights assemble to the sound of cymbals and trumpets" then; "unchained passion overthrows the grand towers," "wild scenes of carnage," "ruins," and a "long-silent song" resounding "through the sad stillness." The music, despite its descriptive character, is most effective in scoring, and it received a fine interpretation from Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Mr. Baermann, who was to have been the soloist at this concert, was taken suddenly ill at so late an hour that it was impossible to supply his place. The concert, however, was most enjoyable, the Beethoven symphony receiving a masterly interpretation, and the readings and playing throughout being of the highest quality.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, ETC.

Deep, sincere regret fell upon the Music Hall audience to learn that illness would prevent Mr. Carl Baermann from playing, as had been expected, the second pianoforte concerto of Liszt in the course of the twenty-third Symphony programme. For apart from the interest of the composition itself, that artists' penetrant mentality, his approved taste, his sympathetic nature, nervous energy and noble technique especially qualify him for the playing of an author whose composition is often no less puzzling intellectually than it is mechanically exacting.

The programme was necessarily changed, and it began with its one novelty, which Smetana's patriotic poem about the old historic castle of Vysehrad, whose name it bears. It is a sort of "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in little, depicting symbolically the pristine glories of the place, the disaster and desolation which had swept over it, and the sad but still stately memories which cling about it yet. Smetana's music has a stamp and a spirit of its own, and this piece is fervid, romantic, grandiose, agitated and pathetic by turns. It opens with a swelling, free prelude for the harp, out of which develop harmonies in the wooden wind and horns which are half chant and half processional. Then with the entrance of the full orchestra, the movement increases and the passions arise contestingly until the nobility of the past is torn away, and nothing is left to brood upon what once was so high and proud.

Following this came Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, whose cavern soundings and sea storms are always fresh in spirit; Beethoven's seventh symphony; Berlioz's fascinating arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and Tschaikowsky's high wrought, high-colored, clangorous, turbulent and vehemently noisy "1812" overture, from before which many who had heard it before arose and fled.

The orchestral work was all of the highest order. In the Smetana were grace, breadth, dignity, depth and sentiment; in the Beethoven delicacy, softness and reserve for the andante, vivacity for the scherzo and immense energy for the finale; in the Berlioz a splendid dash and sparkle; in the Mendelssohn the dreamy and the earnest found expression; and in the Tschaikowsky harmonious uproar voluminously prevailed.

For the last concert Mr. Paur announces that Wagner programme which recently brought New York criticism to its senses in regard to this orchestra and its triumphs. The programme stands thus: 'Rienzi," overture; "Siegfried," Idyll; A "Faust" overture; "Lohengrin," prelude to Act III.; "Siegfried," Waldweben; "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love death; "Die Meistersinger," prelude.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

Enjoyable Program at Symphony Concert.

An unusually varied and thoroughly enjoyable program was provided by conductor Paur for last evening's symphony concert. The offerings were:

Symphonic poem, Vyschrad (My Country, No. 1,) first time.....Bedrich Smetana
Overture to Fingal's Cave, in B minor, op 26.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Symphony No. 7, in A major, op 92
Ludwig van Beethoven
Invitation to the dance.....Karl Maria Von Weber
(Scored for orchestra by Hector Berlios.)
Overture, 1812, in E-flat major, op 49
Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky

Mr Carl Baermann was announced as soloist, but owing to a sudden illness he was unable to appear.

Rarely has the orchestra played more brilliantly, every number was given with splendid spirit, expression and artistic finish. The ahdience was cordially appreciative and bestowed more applause upon the orchestra than is often granted at these concerts.

The "Vysehrad" is the first of a series of seven symphonic poems written by Smetana and entitled "My Country." It is descriptive music in the strict meaning of the term and is written in modern style. The score is very elaborate, its interpretation requiring the full resources of the symphony orchestra. Drums, cymbals and trumpets are very prominent and the composition is, for the most part, of a patriotic and pulse-moving character. Its performance was heartily applauded.

The overture, "Fingal's Cave," was also heard with great pleasure. It is a wonderfully beautiful composition, rich in weirdly suggestive melody and remarkable for effective contrasts of tonal color. The delicate shading of the score was exquisitely portrayed by the orchestra.

Beethoven's magnificent seventh symphony has never been given a more thoroughly satisfying performance. It even excelled former interpretations by Mr Paur, and it has been generally conceded that he is entitled to highest praise for scholarly reading of Beethoven's works. The many and varied dance rhythms with which the symphony abounds were played with charming grace, and the grand harmonies were given with impressive effect. It was an intelligent and faithful interpretation, representative of the individuality of the composer. There was no attempt to "embellish" the work with original ideas; it was simply an honest reading of the score by the able conductor of the best orchestra in the country.

Berlioz' brilliant arrangement of Weber's delightful "Invitation to the Dance" was rarely enjoyable as played last evening, and the audience was stirred to great enthusiasm by the fine performance of Tschaikowsky's showy "1812" overture.

The last symphony concert of the season will be given this week. It will be a Wagner program, and consist of the following selections:

"Rienzi," overture; "Siegfried," idyll; a "Faust" overture; "Lohengrin," prelude to act III; "Siegfried," Waldweben; "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love-death; "Die Meistersinger," prelude.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

Twenty-Third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur Conductor, Last Evening in Music Hall.

The program was as follows:

Symphonic Poem, "Wyschehrad" ("My Country," No. 1).....Smetana
(First time.)
Overture to "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7, in A major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber
(Scored for orchestra by Berlioz.)
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky

Smetana's "Wyschehrad" is the first of a cyclus of six—not seven, as the program book states—symphonic poems, entitled "My Country." The second of these, "The Moldau," was played here Dec. 2, 1893; the third, "Scharka," was played here Jan. 26, 1895.

The cyclus is the patriotic tribute of the talented Bohemian to his dearly beloved land. "Wyschehrad" is a far-famed fortress, and the sight of it suggested to the composer the glory and the downfall of Princes and Kings who once inhabited it. "Wyschehrad is become a dumb, deserted monument of past glory; from its ruins resounds the echo of the long silent song of the singer Prince, Lumir, through the sad stillness!"

Here is program music of exotic flavor. Yet there is no slavish attempt at panoramic music. There is the reminder of old-time glory with a dash of semi-barbaric pomp. The harper is for the moment Lumir with his "varyto." There are knights wearing the favors of fair women. A mighty descending scale announces the end of strength and rejoicing, love-lays and pride of battle. It is true that you must read the program to know the exact story; but surely this music has much to say, in the absence of any text, to an imaginative hearer. The originality of the composer is without eccentricity; you know that the occasional quaintness is inherent, not affected; there is an authority in technical treatment, and there is a skill in orchestration that in each case commands respect and admiration. The music is more than interesting; it is poetic. The piece was finely played, as was the beautiful overture by Mendelssohn, which is, perhaps, all in all, the most thoroughly artistic of all his orchestral works.

* * *

I confess that I did not like Mr. Paur's reading of the first movement of the symphony. His announcement of the first theme of the vivace was too conscious and finical. And throughout this movement there was dallying and there were attempts at little effects that made this frank, jolly, impetuous piece of music insincere and tedious. His choice of tempo in the allegretto was happy; but on account of his liberties in the first movement, there was not sufficient contrast between the vivace and the allegretto, and the latter suffered thereby. The scherzo was played with dash, and the association that Chorley refers to as always existing in his mind when he heard the trio did not seem utterly fantastical; for he associated it with the passage of the Egyptian Queen down the Cyndus as described by Shakspeare with the assistance of Sir Thomas North's brave Englishing of Plutarch:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold."

Paur was seen to best advantage in the finale, for it was given with amazing spirit.

* * *

The orchestral arrangement by Berlioz of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is familiar to all concert-goers. Why did not Mr. Paur give us an opportunity of hearing Felix Weingartner's arrangement, which was produced in Berlin Jan. 31 of this year? It is said to be a remarkable composition, not so much as a literal transcription as a free paraphrase. Melodically Weingartner's version is said to be faithful to the original, but he has played all manner of contrapuntal tricks with the material. At the end four different themes are woven together. Aesthetically this is, no doubt, all wrong, but the ingenuity displayed and the splendor of instrumentation have been loudly praised.

Still, the orchestration of Berlioz is probably a richer treat than that of Weingartner, because from what we know of the two men the Frenchman's touch is the more discreetly brilliant. Sensuousness and brilliancy are demanded in such an arrangement, and not a profundity that is incongruous.

Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, with its church-hymn, its Marsellaise, its Cossack tune, its flame and smoke and fury, its overwhelming popular rejoicing with chiming of bells and throwing hats skyward and irresistible suggestion of free vodka, brought the tumultuous end.

* * *

Mr. Baermann had been announced as the pianist, and his piece was to have been Liszt's second concerto. Siskness prevented his appearance.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST,

The Representative Democratic Paper OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1896.
(Copyright 1896, Post Publishing Company.)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the twenty-third Symphony last night a potpourri of popular composers was served up for the delectation of the audience. Among the list fine, however, was one whose works are seldom heard here, Smetana, whose symphonic poem, "Vysehrad" (My Country), was heard here for the first time. The number is the first of a cyclus of seven symphonic poems, and considered as a whole the composition is of a dignified, stately character, rather free in form and shows much originality in the general development of its single principal theme. In the opening measures the harp is introduced with charming effect, this instrument being gradually swallowed up in a volume of strings; but the harp reappears several times later on, greatly enhancing the beauty of the number, which is gracefully and smoothly written.

Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave" was the second number. It has frequently been heard in past seasons, and as an original, poetic composition it is always welcome. Beethoven's No. 7 symphony followed and was played in a masterly manner. This is one of the most familiar and perhaps the most popular of this composer's symphonies, with the possible exception of his Scotch symphony. Each of the four movements was liberally applauded, though it is always the third, the scherzo, in which an audience always seems to take especial delight.

Mr. Carl Baermann, who was to have been the soloist, was unable to be present through illness, and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" was substituted in place of his number. This composition, scored for orchestra by Berlioz, is always a favorite in whatever form it is played. On this occasion it was magnificently played, Mr. Paur bringing out all the subtle beauties of the score. That strange, noisy Tschaikowsky overture, "1812," ended the programme, its grand orchestral maelstrom at the close being quite sufficient to suit the lover of noise. It was wildly applauded, which was perhaps an evidence that this wild, furious kind of music is occasionally demanded after all.

The next concert, the last one of the season, will be given over wholly to Wagner, seven of his compositions being down on the programme.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1896.

Mr. Baermann Did Not Play, But the Concert Was an Excellent One.

Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony, A-major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Berlios
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky

Mr. Baermann had been expected to play the No. 2 concerto of Liszt, but illness prevented, and there was no soloist. Yet the concert was an extremely good and inspiring one, and everything was played with that lately regained precision and elegance on the part of the orchestra. The Smetana symphonic poem was new to us. His "Vltara," belonging to the My Country" series, is a deserved favorite in Boston, from the poetry of its concepts and the beauty of its scoring. "Vysehrad" is not quite so captivating, and it is programme music that needs the elucidation of Mr. Apthorp's book at every point, which "Vltara" did not. It has very rich and effective scoring, and at times its melodic development is graceful and interesting.

The ever-beautiful "Fingal's Cave" was played with delightful swing and sentiment. Here is tone painting that has never been surpassed. Mendelssohn's waves rise and fall in long, swelling billows, the poetry of motion. The Beethoven symphony was excellently read, and it created a marked impression of renewed freshness and vitality. Nor did Mr. Paur make the mistake of dashing through the finale as if in a hurry to get out of the thing without taking breath.

After a very lovely rendering of the "Invitation to the Dance," came the fury and tumult of "1812." We have now had Tschaikowsky and his best and worst in the same season. The grand "Pathetique" symphony is unsurpassable among modern works; the overture is cheap, bombastic and sensational. It was played with great vigor.

The last concert of the season takes place this week. The programme will be devoted wholly to Wagner and will include the "Rienzi" overture, the "Siegfried" idyl, the "Faust" overture, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Meistersinger" overture. There will be no soloist.

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SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

MR. CARL BAERMANN, THE SOLOIST

Twenty-Third Concert of the Season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The 23d concert of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall last evening, with the following programme:

Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony, A-major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Berlioz
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky

Mr. Carl Baermann was to have played Liszt's pianoforte concerto No. 2, but he was unable to appear, on account of illness, and there was no soloist. The Smetana symphonic poem was the novelty among the selections. It is the first of seven compositions in kind, entitled collectively, "My Country." "Vysehrad" is the name of a famous fortress whose pride in its day of strength, whose downfall amid wild scenes of carnage, and whose solitariness in its ruined state the composer essays to paint in music. Smetana thought it necessary to prefix a description of the meaning of the work to his score, but it does little to enlighten the hearer. "Lumir's varyto," "the edifices of the Premslide kings," and "the echo of the long silent song of the singer prince" remain as much a mystery after the last note of the tone poem has sounded as they were before the first note was heard.

It was hard to become interested in "Vysehrad," whether it trembled "with splendid hymns of praise," or with "wild scenes of carnage"; whether it "rises before Lumir's eyes in its former glory," or is become "a dumb, deserted monument." It is programme music, pure and simple, and without the description the composer has given it would puzzle the cleverest solver of musical riddles to discover what it is all about, and even with the guide thus considerately set down, there is nothing for the listener to do but to take it all on trust, for the music says little that is clear and less that makes any very strong appeal to the understanding. It is brilliantly scored, and at times with massive effect, and there is a bit of graceful melody that breaks like a welcome gleam of sunshine through the general cloudiness; but as a whole the work is unimpressive, dull, and almost tedious. Was it by accident or by design that the concert began and ended with compositions inspired by patriotism? The Bohemian was less felicitous than was the Russian. The Tschaikowsky overture is sensational and ear-splitting in its noisiness, and perhaps vulgar in its blatant uproar, but it is at least clear in meaning and exciting in its fire and its steady and massive tread toward its tremendous climax, with its bell ringing, its drum thundering and its hoarse and stormy blare of brass.

The work was read and played with immense vigor, especially in its whirlwind of a coda. The symphony was interpreted by Mr. Paur along traditional lines, perhaps a little rigidly in the first allegro, and yet with an exceptionally careful observance of the nuances. The perenially fresh and beautiful allegretto was charmingly rendered throughout, and the finale was for once taken at a just pace, and not as a means for illustrating how rapidly an orchestra can be driven into playing it without falling into disaster. Berlioz's orchestral version of the Weber waltz was never read with a finer and more intelligent appreciation of its possibilities in regard to color and effect, and more brilliantly and inspiritingly played here than it was last night. The rendering of the poetic Mendelssohn overture was gracefully sympathetic in the reading and perfect in the precision and finish of its performance.

The concert may be ranked among the marked successes of the season. The last concert of the 15th year of the organization will take place next Saturday evening, when the programme will be devoted wholly to Wagner. It includes the "Rienzi" overture, the "Siegfried" idyl, the "Faust" overture, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried"; the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Meistersinger" overture. There will be no soloist.

Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-third concert of the Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall, last evening with the following programme:

"Symphonic Poem".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelsshon
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber
(scored by Berlioz).
Overture "1812".....Tschaikowsky

The Smetana work belongs to the programme order or music, and assisted by the descriptive test, one easily understands the intention of the composer and sympathizes with him. He suggests Macpherson's Ossian; there are in both spasmodic outbursts that suggest enthusiasm and cunningly arranged phrases hinting at sentiment. The following brief extracts from the descriptive programme will describe the music: "Warlike fame" in castle courts "brave knights assemble to the sound of cymbals and trumpets" then; "unchained passion overthrows the grand towers," "wild scenes of carnage," "ruins," and a "long-silent song" resounding "through the sad stilness." The music, despite its descriptive character, is most effective in scoring, and it received a fine interpretation from Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Mr. Baermann, who was to have been the soloist at this concert, was taken suddenly ill at so late an hour that it was impossible to supply his place. The concert, however, was most enjoyable, the Beethoven symphony receiving a masterly interpretation, and the readings and playing throughout being of the highest quality.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1896.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, ETC.

Deep, sincere regret fell upon the Music Hall audience to learn that illness would prevent Mr. Carl Baermann from playing, as had been expected, the second pianoforte concerto of Liszt in the course of the twenty-third Symphony programme. For apart from the interest of the composition itself, that artists' penetrant mentality, his approved taste, his sympathetic nature, nervous energy and noble technique especially qualify him for the playing of an author whose composition is often no less puzzling intellectually than it is mechanically exacting.

The programme was necessarily changed, and it began with its one novelty, which Smetana's patriotic poem about the old historic castle of Vysehrad, whose name it bears. It is a sort of "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in little, depicting symbolically the pristine glories of the place, the disaster and desolation which had swept over it, and the sad but still stately memories which cling about it yet. Smetana's music has a stamp and a spirit of its own, and this piece is fervid, romantic, grandiose, agitated and pathetic by turns. It opens with a swelling, free prelude for the harp, out of which develop harmonies in the wooden wind and horns which are half chant and half processional. Then with the entrance of the full orchestra, the movement increases and the passions arise contestingly until the nobility of the past is torn away, and nothing is left to brood upon what once was so high and proud.

Following this came Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, whose cavern soundings and sea storms are always fresh in spirit; Beethoven's seventh symphony; Berlioz's fascinating arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and Tschaikowsky's high wrought, high-colored, clangorous, turbulent and vehemently noisy "1812" overture, from before which many who had heard it before arose and fled.

The orchestral work was all of the highest order. In the Smetana were grace, breadth, dignity, depth and sentiment; in the Beethoven delicacy, softness and reserve for the andante, vivacity for the scherzo and immense energy for the finale; in the Berlioz a splendid dash and sparkle; in the Mendelssohn the dreamy and the earnest found expression; and in the Tschaikowsky harmonious uproar voluminously prevailed.

For the last concert Mr. Paur announces that Wagner programme which recently brought New York criticism to its senses in regard to this orchestra and its triumphs. The programme stands thus: 'Rienzi," overture; "Siegfried," Idyll; A "Faust" overture; "Lohengrin," prelude to Act III.; "Siegfried," Waldweben; "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love death; "Die Meistersinger," prelude.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

Enjoyable Program at Symphony Concert.

An unusually varied and thoroughly enjoyable program was provided by conductor Paur for last evening's symphony concert. The offerings were:

Symphonic poem, Vyschrad (My Country, No. 1,) first time.....Bedrich Smetana
Overture to Fingal's Cave, in B minor, op 26.....Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Symphony No. 7, in A major, op 92
Ludwig van Beethoven
Invitation to the dance.....Karl Maria Von Weber
(Scored for orchestra by Hector Berlioz.)
Overture, 1812, in E-flat major, op 49
Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky

Mr Carl Baermann was announced as soloist, but owing to a sudden illness he was unable to appear.

Rarely has the orchestra played more brilliantly, every number was given with splendid spirit, expression and artistic finish. The ahdience was cordially appreciative and bestowed more applause upon the orchestra than is often granted at these concerts.

The "Vysehrad" is the first of a series of seven symphonic poems written by Smetana and entitled "My Country." It is descriptive music in the strict meaning of the term and is written in modern style. The score is very elaborate, its interpretation requiring the full resources of the symphony orchestra. Drums, cymbals and trumpets are very prominent and the composition is, for the most part, of a patriotic and pulse-moving character. Its performance was heartily applauded.

The overture, "Fingal's Cave," was also heard with great pleasure. It is a wonderfully beautiful composition, rich in weirdly suggestive melody and remarkable for effective contrasts of tonal color. The delicate shading of the score was exquisitely portrayed by the orchestra.

Beethoven's magnificent seventh symphony has never been given a more thoroughly satisfying performance. It even excelled former interpretations by Mr Paur, and it has been generally conceded that he is entitled to highest praise for scholarly reading of Beethoven's works. The many and varied dance rhythms with which the symphony abounds were played with charming grace, and the grand harmonies were given with impressive effect. It was an intelligent and faithful interpretation, representative of the individuality of the composer. There was no attempt to "embellish" the work with original ideas; it was simply an honest reading of the score by the able conductor of the best orchestra in the country.

Berlicz' brilliant arrangement of Weber's delightful "Invitation to the Dance" was rarely enjoyable as played last evening, and the audience was stirred to great enthusiasm by the fine performance of Tschaikowsky's showy "1812" overture.

The last symphony concert of the season will be given this week. It will be a Wagner program, and consist of the following selections:

"Rienzi," overture; "Siegfried," idyll; a "Faust" overture; "Lohengrin," prelude to act III; "Siegfried," Waldweben; "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love-death; "Die Meistersinger," prelude.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1896.

Twenty-Third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur Conductor, Last Evening in Music Hall.

The program was as follows:

Symphonic Poem, "Wyschehrad" ("My Country," No. 1).....Smetana
(First time.)
Overture to "Fingal's Cave"....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7, in A major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber
(Scored for orchestra by Berlioz.)
Overture, "1812" ..... Tschaikowsky

Smetana's "Wyschehrad" is the first of a cyclus of six—not seven, as the program book states—symphonic poems, entitled "My Country." The second of these, "The Moldau," was played here Dec. 2, 1893; the third, "Scharka," was played here Jan. 26, 1895.

The cyclus is the patriotic tribute of the talented Bohemian to his dearly beloved land. "Wyschehrad" is a far-famed fortress, and the sight of it suggested to the composer the glory and the downfall of Princes and Kings who once inhabited it. "Wyschehrad is become a dumb, deserted monument of past glory; from its ruins resounds the echo of the long silent song of the singer Prince, Lumir, through the sad stillness!"

Here is program music of exotic flavor. Yet there is no slavish attempt at panoramic music. There is the reminder of old-time glory with a dash of semi-barbaric pomp. The harper is for the moment Lumir with his "varyto." There are knights wearing the favors of fair women. A mighty descending scale announces the end of strength and rejoicing, love-lays and pride of battle. It is true that you must read the program to know the exact story; but surely this music has much to say, in the absence of any text, to an imaginative hearer. The originality of the composer is without eccentricity; you know that the occasional quaintness is inherent, not affected; there is an authority in technical treatment, and there is a skill in orchestration that in each case commands respect and admiration. The music is more than interesting; it is poetic. The piece was finely played, as was the beautiful overture by Mendelssohn, which is, perhaps, all in all, the most thoroughly artistic of all his orchestral works.

* * *

I confess that I did not like Mr. Paur's reading of the first movement of the symphony. His announcement of the first theme of the vivace was too conscious and finical. And throughout this movement there was dallying and there were attempts at little effects that made this frank, jolly, impetuous piece of music insincere and tedious. His choice of tempo in the allegretto was happy; but on account of his liberties in the first movement, there was not sufficient contrast between the vivace and the allegretto, and the latter suffered thereby. The scherzo was played with dash, and the association that Chorley refers to as always existing in his mind when he heard the trio did not seem utterly fantastical; for he associated it with the passage of the Egyptian Queen down the Cyndus as described by Shakspeare with the assistance of Sir Thomas North's brave Englishing of Plutarch:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold."

Paur was seen to best advantage in the finale, for it was given with amazing spirit.

* * *

The orchestral arrangement by Berlioz of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is familiar to all concert-goers. Why did not Mr. Paur give us an opportunity or hearing Felix Weingartner's arrangement, which was produced in Berlin Jan. 31 of this year? It is said to be a remarkable composition, not so much as a literal transcription as a free paraphrase. Melodically Weingartner's version is said to be faithful to the original, but he has played all manner of contrapuntal tricks with the material. At the end four different themes are woven together. Aesthetically this is, no doubt, all wrong, but the ingenuity displayed and the splendor of instrumentation have been loudly praised.

Still, the orchestration of Berlioz is probably a richer treat than that of Weingartner, because from what we know of the two men the Frenchman's touch is the more discreetly brilliant. Sensuousness and brilliancy are demanded in such an arrangement, and not a profundity that is incongruous.

Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, with its church-hymn, its Marsellaise, its Cossack tune, its flame and smoke and fury, its overwhelming popular rejoicing with chiming of bells and throwing hats skyward and irresistible suggestion of free vodka, brought the tumultuous end.

* * *

Mr. Baermann had been announced as the pianist, and his piece was to have been Liszt's second concerto. Siskness prevented his appearance.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON POST,
The Representative Democratic Paper
OF NEW ENGLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1896.
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the twenty-third Symphony last night a potpourri of popular composers was served up for the delectation of the audience. Among the list fine, however, was one whose works are seldom heard here, Smetana, whose symphonic poem, "Vysehrad" (My Country), was heard here for the first time. The number is the first of a cyclus of seven symphonic poems, and considered as a whole the composition is of a dignified, stately character, rather free in form and shows much originality in the general development of its single principal theme. In the opening measures the harp is introduced with charming effect, this instrument being gradually swallowed up in a volume of strings; but the harp reappears several times later on, greatly enhancing the beauty of the number, which is gracefully and smoothly written.

Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave" was the second number. It has frequently been heard in past seasons, and as an original, poetic composition it is always welcome. Beethoven's No. 7 symphony followed and was played in a masterly manner. This is one of the most familiar and perhaps the most popular of this composer's symphonies, with the possible exception of his Scotch symphony. Each of the four movements was liberally applauded, though it is always the third, the scherzo, in which an audience always seems to take especial delight.

Mr. Carl Baermann, who was to have been the soloist, was unable to be present through illness, and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" was substituted in place of his number. This composition, scored for orchestra by Berlioz, is always a favorite in whatever form it is played. On this occasion it was magnificently played, Mr. Paur bringing out all the subtle beauties of the score. That strange, noisy Tschaikowsky overture, "1812," ended the programme, its grand orchestral maelstrom at the close being quite sufficient to suit the lover of noise. It was wildly applauded, which was perhaps an evidence that this wild, furious kind of music is occasionally demanded after all.

The next concert, the last one of the season, will be given over wholly to Wagner, seven of his compositions being down on the programme.

The Boston Traveler

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1896.

Mr. Baermann Did Not Play, But the Concert Was an Excellent One.

Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony, A-major.....Beethoven
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Berlioz
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky

Mr. Baermann had been expected to play the No. 2 concerto of Liszt, but illness prevented, and there was no soloist. Yet the concert was an extremely good and inspiring one, and everything was played with that lately regained precision and elegance on the part of the orchestra. The Smetana symphonic poem was new to us. His "Vltara," belonging to the My Country" series, is a deserved favorite in Boston, from the poetry of its concepts and the beauty of its scoring. "Vysehrad" is not quite so captivating, and it is programme music that needs the elucidation of Mr. Apthorp's book at every point, which "Vltara" did not. It has very rich and effective scoring, and at times its melodic development is graceful and interesting.

The ever-beautiful "Fingal's Cave" was played with delightful swing and sentiment. Here is tone painting that has never been surpassed. Mendelssohn's waves rise and fall in long, swelling billows, the poetry of motion. The Beethoven symphony was excellently read, and it created a marked impression of renewed freshness and vitality. Nor did Mr. Paur make the mistake of dashing through the finale as if in a hurry to get out of the thing without taking breath.

After a very lovely rendering of the "Invitation to the Dance," came the fury and tumult of "1812." We have now had Tschaikowsky and his best and worst in the same season. The grand "Pathetique" symphony is unsurpassable among modern works; the overture is cheap, bombastic and sensational. It was played with great vigor.

The last concert of the season takes place this week. The programme will be devoted wholly to Wagner and will include the "Rienzi" overture, the "Siegfried" idyl, the "Faust" overture, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Meistersinger" overture. There will be no soloist.

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1896.

Purely Orchestral Programme at the Symphony Concert.

Spite of the disappointment caused by the non-appearance of Mr. Carl Baermann, the purely orchestral programme given on Saturday evening was evidently relished by the large audience in attendance, since there were no departures before the final cadence and the enthusiasm grew steadily more demonstrative from the first number to the last, and both of these numbers happened to be of a very intense national character.

The whole world ought to be interested in the renascence of art which the last half-century has brought forth from Bohemia. The history of that country may be dark enough, its traits often savage and over-intense, but it is a land of poetry nevertheless, and it affords a very short cut to the spirit and style of the middle ages. Not the battle of the White Mountain, not the decree of Maria Theresa aimed at the abolition of the language, was able to crush out altogether the national spirit, and in these present days the poetry and music of the nation are lifting their heads again, like some of the odorous plants, all the more fragrant for the bruises which they have received. What Puchmayer Wocel Czelakowsky and others have done for poetry in the new Bohemia, that Smetana and his pupil Dvorak have done and are doing for music, and when the tonal treasures of Bohemia are fully revealed the whole world will delight in them.

All this as preamble to a very remarkable piece of Czech music celebrating the old Visegrad fortress, composed by Smetana as the first of a set of six national pieces entitled "My Country," this number bearing the name "Vyschrad." It would be impossible for a foreigner to enter into the full meaning of this poetic record of the glories and downfall of the Premysl dynasty in the 13th and 14th centuries, but one cannot but be impressed with the earnestness with which the Bohemian composer tells the story of his fatherland. The bardic beginning upon the harp alone (of course Mr. Schuecker played it nobly) gave just the mediaeval atmosphere necessary to the picture, and from this preluding there was a gradual working up to military fervor, with much trumpeting (also excellently performed) and some crisp and recurring single strokes upon the violins that cut through the music as with a scimetar. But the reminiscence of the former glories, with which the work closed, was of Ossianic melancholy; it pictured a loneliness not unlike that which Mendelssohn used in the finale of the Scotch symphony. The work received a sympathetic reading, but requires more than one hearing in order that its full beauty may be understood.

Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture followed. It was given on the programme by its other title—"Fingal's Cave." About a year ago, this double title led a Berlin critic into a dire mistake: "The Hebrides" had been announced on a certain programme and, in reviewing it, our sapient writer stated that "the 'Fingal's Cave' overture would have made a better effect!!!" Mendelssohn was the father of the concert-overture (the overture unattached to any opera or play and intended purely for concert performance) and of all of his works in this vein, none is more attractive or more spontaneous than this particular overture; it is a splendid example of how much of free expression and dramatic power can be obtained in music, without deserting the strict form of the sonata-allegro.

The chief theme of this overture, with its wonderful wave-figure, is one of the famous instances of spontaneity in composition. Mendelssohn was deeply impressed with the Isle of Staffa, in the Hebrides, and in the impression at once transmuted itself into music. "August 7, 1829. ...e wrote to his dearest chum, his sister Fanny: "In order to show you what a strange sensation has come to me on the Hebrides, I jotted down the following, which came into my mind," and enclosed the chief theme of the overture. One can find confirmation of this (it is always well to confirm musical anecdotes,—there are too many fictitious ones) in Hiller's account of his meeting with Mendelssohn after the Scotch voyage; he says: "Mendelssohn has brought with him also the sketch-score of the 'Hebrides' overture. He told me how the thing came to him in its full form and color on his view of Fingal's cave, and he also informed me how the first measures, containing the leading theme, came into his mind." The idea came to him fully clothed in its orchestral dress, for the theme sent to Fanny Mendelssohn is not a mere sketch but a full score, for violins, viola, celli, contrabasses, trumpets and kettledrums!

The ensemble of the performance of the work was excellent, although not all of the delicacy possible was attained. Especially commendable was the work of the violoncellos in the subordinate theme, and the clear presentation of the interesting development. The interpretation won very much applause from the audience.

Now followed Beethoven's seventh symphony, the most romantic of all the nine. Possibly the fact that the composer had fallen in love with Amalia Seebald had something to do with the passion which glows in this particular symphony and also with its many bright touches. One could have borne with more caprice in the performance, particularly in the transition from the introduction to the chief theme of the first movement. The second movement, the gem of the symphony, was admirably played, the ever pulsating figure and the suggestion of constant brooding being poetically interpreted. The horns gave their long organ point with good effect in the trio of the Scherzo, but this same Scherzo seems to the reviewer the weakest point of the work.

The Scherzo form, when following the Minuet lines, has too much of repetition, and here we have Beethoven repeating the trio besides,—prolonging a form that is too long already! The marked tendency of the present age is to do away with the repeats which were borne with such placidity by our forefathers, and one would not be sorry if some day an iconoclast with a pair of shears came along and cut off the last two fifths of this movement. But this idea of repeating a trio led Schumann to the introduction of a second trio in contrast with the first one; and it is astonishing [illegible] did not think of this so quick in fact that one could not hear all of the notes of the chief figure of the first theme, but its brilliancy was exciting; the end of the work was followed by enthusiastic applause, and it was certainly a pleasure to the critic to have, in this number and the one before it, a couple of instances of logical music, works in which it was not deemed necessary to destroy all musical laws before beginning the utterance of passion.

Next came Berlioz's scintillant scoring of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and it was given with praiseworthy elasticity and daintiness. Violoncello and flute gave their graphic conversation in a flawless manner. Probably these musical conversations are legitimate enough, but they are somewhat overdone; one recalls the cello wooing the violin in the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, the English horn sighing for the oboe in the "Symphonie Fantastique," etc., etc. In this instance the violoncello begins conversation at once. One can imagine it about as follows:—

Cello. "Is your card all full? Or can I beg the next?"

Flute. "The next is engaged, but I can give you part of the waltz after."

Cello. "Oh, thank you. Aw'fly warm isn't it? So kind of you!"

Now follows some conversation about the relative merits of the dog and the horse show, the new bicycle costumes, cathode rays, athletic contests at college, etc., etc. Then follows the waltz, after which the flute is escorted to her seat and the cello bids goodbye. Now the audience begins to applaud, but it is too soon; the tiresome fellow, or cello, come back and says—Aw'fly sorry that you can't give me another dance," and then goes off for good. That bothersome Coda! it has no more right to be there than a peroration after an "Amen" in a prayer. It is merely a musical trap for unwary auditors, and it might be as well to abolish it altogether.

Now followed a sweet little slumber song entitled "1812," by Tschaikowsky. On a second hearing, or rather a second deafening, one finds some really great points in this overture, beauty of themes, skill of development, splendor of contrast; but its coda is festival work pure and simple and must ever remain somewhat grotesque and exaggerated when shorn of its legitimate surroundings. The body of the work is not open to this objection, and it was admirably played. The coda was as loud as the explosion of a powder-mill. While we disliked it we must hasten to add that it was "simply stunning." Although not a barcarolle the roar of the serf was plainly audible in its dynamite explosions. The fight between the "Marseillaise" and a Russian melody came to an end in one round, the former being knocked out completely. Mr. Paur maintained his post on the director's stand in a Casabianca-like manner all through the terrific explosions. The public will be glad to learn that his hearing has not been seriously affected. Altogether one can best sum up this remarkable musical earthquake by altering the old Shakesperian quotation and saying that it is "sound and fury, signifying—something."

Louis C. Elson.

NOTE

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1896.

The program of the twenty-third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphonic poem, Wyschehrad.....Smetana
(First Time.)
Overture, Fingal's Cave.....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture, 1812.....Tschaikowsky

This program differed from the one announced a week ago, which began with the seventh symphony, was followed by the symphonic poem of Smetana, and then announced the appearance of Mr. Carl Baermann with Liszt's second concerto.

Mr. Baermann did not play. It appears that there was a misunderstanding between him and Mr. Paur. Mr. Baermann—the story is known to many musicians here, so I am betraying the confidence of no one—objected at first to his place on the program; then to the tonality of the orchestral works that preceded the concerto. Mr. Paur behaved amiably and generously in the matter; he offered to do everything or anything to make life agreeable to the eminent pianist. But Mr. Baermann, like the policemen in the Pirates of Penzance, was in a highly nervous state, so he took to his bed, and hence the appearance of the overtures by Mendelssohn and Tschaikowsky on the program of last night.

The symphonic poem by Smetana—the first of the cyclus, My Country—is an interesting and impressive example of program music. The fortress Wyschehrad reminds the composer of the glory of the princes and kings that once inhabited it. He remembers the pomp, the tourney, the knights and the noble dames, the clang of battle and the delight in the fight. He, alas! remembers also the downfall, the present melancholy and the horrid stillness.

Now in such panoramic music a program is indispensable to the hearer who wishes to put his finger on each particular spot, the hearer that feels a thrill of pride because he is able to recognize the cuckoo in the pastoral symphony, and is uneasy until the bird utters the irritating notes. And yet the music itself interests without any gloss and commentary. You feel that the exotic flavor of the harmonic progressions is inherent and of the soil; not searched after, not brought in a vial by abstemious camel over prolix plains. The program book says that the composition is "absolutely free in form." Look me in the eye, Mr. Apthorp, now that you have heard the piece, and repeat the statement without a wink!

This symphonic poem was nobly played, as was the Fingal's Cave overture. But Mr. Paur made sad work of the first movement of the symphony. He coquetted like a college widow with the hilarious and healthy first theme of the vivace, and all through the movement he sought after effects. The result was that the music seemed labored, insincere and tedious. The allegretto suffered, for there was not any marked contrast. The most satisfactory of the movements was the finale, for there was a nice appreciation of tempo, and the orchestra played with amazing spirit.

The audience was highly delighted with the Invitation to the Dance, but, if only for gratifying curiosity, Weingartner's arrangement would have been a more welcome number.

Tschaikowsky's overture, with church hymn, Marseillaise, Cossack tune, flame and smoke and fury, overwhelming popular rejoicing, chiming of bells, throwing hats skyward, vodka flowing in the streets, brought a tumultuous end.

PHILIP HALE.

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orches...

The programme of the twenty-third S... phony Concert, given in the Music Hall ... Saturday evening, was as follows:

Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vyschrad" ("Ma Vlast," No. 1).
Mendelssohn: Overture to "Fingal's Cave," opus 26.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
Weber: "Invitation à la Valse."
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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1896.

Purely Orchestral Programme at the Symphony Concert.

Spite of the disappointment caused by the non-appearance of Mr. Carl Baermann, the purely orchestral programme given on Saturday evening was evidently relished by the large audience in attendance, since there were no departures before the final cadence and the enthusiasm grew steadily more demonstrative from the first number to the last, and both of these numbers happened to be of a very intense national character.

The whole world ought to be interested in the renascence of art which the last half-century has brought forth from Bohemia. The history of that country may be dark enough, its traits often savage and over-intense, but it is a land of poetry nevertheless, and it affords a very short cut to the spirit and style of the middle ages. Not the battle of the White Mountain, not the decree of Maria Theresa aimed at the abolition of the language, was able to crush out altogether the national spirit, and in these present days the poetry and music of the nation are lifting their heads again, like some of the odorous plants, all the more fragrant for the bruises which they have received. What Puchmayer Wocel Czelakowsky and others have done for poetry in the new Bohemia, that Smetana and his pupil Dvorak have done and are doing for music, and when the tonal treasures of Bohemia are fully revealed the whole world will delight in them.

All this as preamble to a very remarkable piece of Czech music celebrating the old Visegrad fortress, composed by Smetana as the first of a set of six national pieces entitled "My Country," this number bearing the name "Vysehrad." It would be impossible for a foreigner to enter into the full meaning of this poetic record of the glories and downfall of the Premysl dynasty in the 13th and 14th centuries, but one cannot but be impressed with the earnestness with which the Bohemian composer tells the story of his fatherland. The bardic beginning upon the harp alone (of course Mr. Schuecker played it nobly) gave just the mediaeval atmosphere necessary to the picture, and from this preluding there was a gradual working up to military fervor, with much trumpeting (also excellently performed) and some crisp and recurring single strokes upon the violins that cut through the music as with a scimetar. But the reminiscence of the former glories, with which the work closed, was of Ossianic melancholy; it pictured a loneliness not unlike that which Mendelssohn used in the finale of the Scotch symphony. The work received a sympathetic reading, but requires more than one hearing in order that its full beauty may be understood.

Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture followed. It was given on the programme by its other title—"Fingal's Cave." About a year ago, this double title led a Berlin critic into a dire mistake: "The Hebrides" had been announced on a certain programme and, in reviewing it, our sapient writer stated that "the 'Fingal's Cave' overture would have made a better effect!!!" Mendelssohn was the father of the concert-overture (the overture unattached to any opera or play and intended purely for concert performance) and of all of his works in this vein, none is more attractive or more spontaneous than this particular overture; it is a splendid example of how much of free expression and dramatic power can be obtained in music, without deserting the strict form of the sonata-allegro.

The chief theme of this overture, with its wonderful wave-figure, is one of the famous instances of spontaneity in composition. Mendelssohn was deeply impressed with the Isle of Staffa, in the Hebrides, and in the impression at once transmuted itself into music. "August 7, 1829. ...e wrote to his dearest chum, his sister Fanny: "In order to show you what a strange sensation has come to me on the Hebrides, I jotted down the following, which came into my mind," and enclosed the chief theme of the overture. One can find confirmation of this (it is always well to confirm musical anecdotes,—there are too many fictitious ones) in Hiller's account of his meeting with Mendelssohn after the Scotch voyage: he says: "Mendelssohn has brought with him also the sketch-score of the 'Hebrides' overture. He told me how the thing came to him in its full form and color on his view of Fingal's cave, and he also informed me how the first measures, containing the leading theme, came into his mind." The idea came to him fully clothed in its orchestral dress, for the theme sent to Fanny Mendelssohn is not a mere sketch but a full score, for violins, viola, celli, contrabasses, trumpets and kettledrums!

The ensemble of the performance of the work was excellent, although not all of the delicacy possible was attained. Especially commendable was the work of the violoncellos in the subordinate theme, and the clear presentation of the interesting development. The interpretation won very much applause from the audience.

Now followed Beethoven's seventh symphony, the most romantic of all the nine. Possibly the fact that the composer had fallen in love with Amalia Seebald had something to do with the passion which glows in this particular symphony and also with its many bright touches. One could have borne with more caprice in the performance, particularly in the transition from the introduction to the chief theme of the first movement. The second movement, the gem of the symphony, was admirably played, the ever pulsating figure and the suggestion of constant brooding being poetically interpreted. The horns gave their long organ point with good effect in the trio of the Scherzo, but this same Scherzo seems to the reviewer the weakest point of the work.

The Scherzo form, when following the Minuet lines, has too much of repetition, and here we have Beethoven repeating the trio besides,—prolonging a form that is too long already! The marked tendency of the present age is to do away with the repeats which were borne with such placidity by our forefathers, and one would not be sorry if some day an iconoclast with a pair of shears came along and cut off the last two fifths of this movement. But this idea of repeating a trio led Schumann to the introduction of a second trio in contrast with the first one; and it is astonishing that Beethoven did not think of this

The finale was taken at a rattling pace, so quick in fact that one could not hear all of the notes of the chief figure of the first theme, but its brilliancy was exciting; the end of the work was followed by enthusiastic applause, and it was certainly a pleasure to the critic to have, in this number and the one before it, a couple of instances of logical music, works in which it was not deemed necessary to destroy all musical laws before beginning the utterance of passion.

Next came Berlioz's scintillant scoring of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and it was given with praiseworthy elasticity and daintiness. Violoncello and flute gave their graphic conversation in a flawless manner. Probably these musical conversations are legitimate enough, but they are somewhat overdone; one recalls the cello wooing the violin in the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, the English horn sighing for the oboe in the "Symphonie Fantastique," etc., etc. In this instance the violoncello begins conversation at once. One can imagine it about as follows:—

Cello. "Is your card all full? Or can I beg the next?"

Flute. "The next is engaged, but I can give you part of the waltz after."

Cello. "Oh, thank you. Aw'fly warm isn't it? So kind of you!"

Now follows some conversation about the relative merits of the dog and the horse show, the new bicycle costumes, cathode rays, athletic contests at college, etc., etc. Then follows the waltz, after which the flute is escorted to her seat and the cello bids goodbye. Now the audience begins to applaud, but it is too soon; the tiresome fellow, or cello, come back and says—Aw'fly sorry that you can't give me another dance," and then goes off for good. That bothersome Coda! it has no more right to be there than a peroration after an "Amen" in a prayer. It is merely a musical trap for unwary auditors, and it might be as well to abolish it altogether.

Now followed a sweet little slumber song entitled "1812," by Tschaikowsky. On a second hearing, or rather a second deafening, one finds some really great points in this overture, beauty of themes, skill of development, splendor of contrast; but its coda is festival work pure and simple and must ever remain somewhat grotesque and exaggerated when shorn of its legitimate surroundings. The body of the work is not open to this objection, and it was admirably played. The coda was as loud as the explosion of a powder-mill. While we disliked it we must hasten to add that it was "simply stunning." Although not a barcarolle the roar of the serf was plainly audible in its dynamite explosions. The fight between the "Marseillaise" and a Russian melody came to an end in one round, the former being knocked out completely. Mr. Paur maintained his post on the director's stand in a Casabianca-like manner all through the terrific explosions. The public will be glad to learn that his hearing has not been seriously affected. Altogether one can best sum up this remarkable musical earthquake by altering the old Shakesperian quotation and saying that it is "sound and fury, signifying—something."

Louis C. Elson.

NOTE

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1896.

The program of the twenty-third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphonic poem, Wyschehrad.....Smetana
(First Time.)
Overture, Fingal's Cave.....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture, 1812.....Tschaikowsky

This program differed from the one announced a week ago, which began with the seventh symphony, was followed by the symphonic poem of Smetana, and then announced the appearance of Mr. Carl Baermann with Liszt's second concerto.

Mr. Baermann did not play. It appears that there was a misunderstanding between him and Mr. Paur. Mr. Baermann—the story is known to many musicians here, so I am betraying the confidence of no one—objected at first to his place on the program; then to the tonality of the orchestral works that preceded the concerto. Mr. Paur behaved amiably and generously in the matter; he offered to do everything or anything to make life agreeable to the eminent pianist. But Mr. Baermann, like the policemen in the Pirates of Penzance, was in a highly nervous state, so he took to his bed, and hence the appearance of the overtures by Mendelssohn and Tschaikowsky on the program of last night.

The symphonic poem by Smetana—the first of the cyclus, My Country—is an interesting and impressive example of program music. The fortress Wyschehrad reminds the composer of the glory of the princes and kings that once inhabited it. He remembers the pomp, the tourney, the knights and the noble dames, the clang of battle and the delight in the fight. He, alas! remembers also the downfall, the present melancholy and the horrid stillness.

Now in such panoramic music a program is indispensable to the hearer who wishes to put his finger on each particular spot, the hearer that feels a thrill of pride because he is able to recognize the cuckoo in the pastoral symphony, and is uneasy until the bird utters the irritating notes. And yet the music itself interests without any gloss and commentary. You feel that the exotic flavor of the harmonic progressions is inherent and of the soil; not searched after, not brought in a vial by abstemious camel over prolix plains. The program book says that the composition is "absolutely free in form." Look me in the eye, Mr. Apthorp, now that you have heard the piece, and repeat the statement without a wink!

This symphonic poem was nobly played, as was the Fingal's Cave overture. But Mr. Paur made sad work of the first movement of the symphony. He coquetted like a college widow with the hilarious and healthy first theme of the vivace, and all through the movement he sought after effects. The result was that the music seemed labored, insincere and tedious. The allegretto suffered, for there was not any marked contrast. The most satisfactory of the movements was the finale, for there was a nice appreciation of tempo, and the orchestra played with amazing spirit.

The audience was highly delighted with the Invitation to the Dance, but, if only for gratifying curiosity, Weingartner's arrangement would have been a more welcome number.

Tschaikowsky's overture, with church hymn, Marseillaise, Cossack tune, flame and smoke and fury, overwhelming popular rejoicing, chiming of bells, throwing hats skyward, vodka flowing in the streets, brought a tumultuous end.

Philip Hale.

Boston Transcript

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad" ("Ma Vlast," No. 1).
Mendelssohn: Overture to "Fingal's Cave," opus 26.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
Weber: "Invitation à la Valse."
(Scored for Orchestra by Berlioz).
Tschaikowsky: Overture, "1812," opus 49.

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The next—twenty-fourth and last—concert will bring a Wagner programme: overture to "Rienzi;" Siegfried-Idyll; Eine Fause-Ouvertüre; prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin;" "Waldweben" from "Siegfried;" Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde;" prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

SUNDAY HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR
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SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

CLOSING SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fifteenth Season Ended in a Storm of Applause.

A Wagner Night — Brilliant Programme Brilliantly Interpreted — Conductor Paur and His Orchestra at Their Best — Large Audience Very Enthusiastic in Its Approval.

Last evening the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its closing concert of its 15th season, with the following Wagner programme:

Overture to "Rienzi."
A "Siegfried" Idyl.
A "Faust" overture.
Prelude to act 3 of "Lohengrin."
"Forest Sounds," from "Siegfried," act 2.
Prelude and "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."

There was an immense audience, and the enthusiasm over the performances was very great. The selections had all been heard here many times, but never when they were more splendidly interpreted from beginning to end. Mr. Paur had arranged his programme with exceeding felicity, and in an order that gave every contrast that was possible. In addition, the works given were of a nature that permitted them to be separated from their original surroundings without doing violence to them; in other words, they were purely orchestral.

Listening to Wagner in so large an instalment, however, emphasizes very impressively his limitations, especially in his more sentimental vein. The "Siegfried" Idyl, the "Waldweben" and the "Liebestod" are very much alike in effect, color and treatment. There is a short and sensuous theme which modulates ceaselessly through a wide variety of keys; there is a long crescendo that works up to a powerful climax and stops suddenly when it gets there, and then it begins pianissimo again, and starts afresh in another crescendo with the same aim and result; there is an unexpected fortissimo, followed immediately by an equally unexpected pianissimo; and there comes, invariably, a moment when the horn plays the calm and sugary theme against an agitated accompaniment by the strings. There is also a crescendo whenever the music ceases its chromatic harmonies to modulate into a major triad, and other devices that impart a mannerism to the score that is almost perfunctory in effect, owing to the certainty with which they may be anticipated. Taken by itself, each of these compositions is abundant in beauty, but when heard one after the other, they sound singularly alike, particularly in their instrumentation and its dynamic coloring.

Then, too, it appeared as if Wagner were losing his freshness in his purely orchestral music, and that something resembling a worn out fashion was creeping slowly over him. Familiarity with a style which, not so very long ago was striking in its originality, in its overturning of old methods and in its then unparalleled richness, has made it possible to listen to him with less of wonder at his daring and impressive innovations; the novelty has worn off, and the effects, so persistently repeated, are beginning to grow stale.

However, these considerations in no wise derogate from the magnificently brilliant performances of last night. Mr. Paur's readings were surprisingly flexible and sympathetic, and never has the masterly quality of his skill and intellectuality of his conducting been made more satisfyingly clear than by his efforts at this concert. The "Rienzi" overture, with its noise and the circus-recalling themes of its allegro, was given with exciting dramatic fire and gorgeousness of tone-color, and the crabbed "Faust" overture was interpreted with an intelligence and a force that for once made it not only clear, but interesting. Very beautiful was the reading of the "Waldweben," especially in its discreetly and effectively marked changes of temps, and the "Lohengrin" prelude was given with a dash and a vigor that aroused the audience to a prolonged demand for an encore, which, of course, was not accorded.

In fact, the entire programme was nobly given, and it may be confidently said that Wagner was shown at his very best by the thoughtful and masterly treatment he received at the hands of Mr. Paur, who, more than ever, proved himself to be the right man in the right place.

Of the glorious playing of the orchestra too much cannot be written in the way of admiring tribute. Nothing finer or more perfect has been heard from it. A more brilliant evidence of its capacity and its discipline could not possibly be imagined.

The plaudits were frequent and stormy through the whole evening. Mr. Paur was greeted with prolong applause on his first appearance at the conductor's stand, and at the end of the concert was recalled again and again by way of a hearty and warmly appreciative leave-taking.

SYMPHONY SEASON IN BOSTON

Review of the Work of the Famous Orchestra.

The Music, the Composers and the Soloists — "Robin Hood," "The Huguenots" and Sousa's Band This Week's Musical Attractions — The "Pops" Soon to Begin Again.

With last night's concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, a notice of which will be found in another column, the 15th season of that organization ended. In point of interest it has been fully as strong as any of its predecessors, and the efficiency of the splendid orchestra has never reached a higher point. Mr. Paur has convincingly established himself as a conductor of the first rank, and has increased in favor with his public [illegible] of the

[illegible] concerts have not been invariably well [illegible] but the same may be said of all the conductors who came before him except Mr. Henschel, who seems to have had a special gift in this regard. The trouble seems to lie with the brief space of time within which it has become the rule to limit these concerts. It is not always easy to give the necessary variety in a performance that it has become an unwritten law to confine within an hour and a half. The modern symphony fills out the better part of an hour, and an instrumental solo absorbs the greater portion of the time remaining, and what is left for other music? Very little. Still, now and then the programmes have been unnecessarily monotonous, not to say dull, though this season has been an improvement on the last in this respect. Of the performances, however, it may be justly said that they have been, on the whole, of greater freedom, brilliancy and general perfection than ever before.

A new and strong interest would be imparted to the coming season, of which the opening concert is to take place Saturday evening, Oct. 7, if the programmes included a large choral work now and then. There is no reason why they should not include some of the great oratorios. Four such entertainments might be given, with the assistance of a picked chorus, numbering not more than 150, or at the most 200, singers. The works selected should be those which have not become hackneyed through too frequent performances here. It is scarcely open to doubt that such an innovation would be warmly welcomed by the patrons of these concerts, in the opportunities it would afford them to hear choral masterpieces properly presented, after such careful and thorough rehearsing as that which is the rule for the performances of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It is to be hoped that Mr. Higginson and Mr. Paur may take this suggestion into consideration in their plans for next season.

A list of the works performed this season is here given in the alphabetical order of their composers:

SYMPHONIES.

Beethoven. Symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67. Symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21. Symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastorale," opus 68. Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
Berlioz. Symphony No. 3, "Harold en Italie," opus 16. Three movements from the "Romeo et Juliette" symphony, opus 17.
Brahms. Symphony No. 1, in C minor, opus 68. Symphony No. 4, in E minor, opus 98. Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73.
Dvorak. Symphony No. 2, in D minor, opus 70.
Goetz. Symphony in F major, opus 9.
Goldmark. Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Landliche Hochzeit," opus 26.
Haydn. Symphony in G major, "Surprise."
Mendelssohn. Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," opus 56.
Mozart. Symphony in D major, "Parisian." Symphony in G minor (Kochel, No. 550).
Raff. Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 177.
Rubinstein. Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," opus 95.
Schubert. Unfinished symphony in B minor.
Schumann. Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, opus 38.
Strube, G. Symphony in C minor, MS., opus 11.
Tschaikowsky. Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," opus 74 (twice).

SUITES.

Bach. Suite in D major.
Foote. Suite in D minor, opus 36.
Godard. Suite No. 1, from "Jocelyn."
Lalo. Suite, "Namouna."
MacDowell. Suite in A minor, opus 42. Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," opus 48.

OVERTURES AND SYMPHONIC POEMS.

D'Albert. Prelude to "Der Rubin."
Beethoven. Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72. Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," opus 124. Overture to "Egmont," opus 84. Overture to "Konig Stephan," opus 117.
Berlioz. Overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21.
Bizet. Overture, "Patrie."
Borodin. "Eine Steppen-Skizze aus Mittel-Asien."
Brahms. Tragische Ouverture, opus 81. Akademische Fest-Ouverture, opus 80.
Chadwick. Dramatic overture, "Melpomene."
Dvorak. Overture, "In der Natur," opus 91.
Goldmark. Overture to "Sakuntala," opus 13.
Liszt. Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso."
Mendelssohn. Overture to "Fingal's Cave," opus 26.
Nesnicek. Overture to "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein. Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Saint-Saens. Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," opus 31.
Schumann. Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81.
Smetana. Symphonic Poem, "Vyschrad."
Spohr. Overture to "Jessonda," opus 63.
Strauss, R. Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram."
Tschaikowsky. Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32. Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet." Overture, "1812," opus 49.
Volkmann. Festival Overture in F major, opus 50.
Wagner. Overture to "Der fliegende Hollander." Prelude to "Lohengrin." Overture to "Rienzi." Eine Faust-Overture. Prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin." Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde." Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."
Weber. Overture to "Oberon." Overture to "Abu Hassan."
Zollner, H. "Mittermacht bei Sedan."

CONCERTOS AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.

Beethoven. Concerto for violin, in D major, opus 61 (Franz Ondricek).
Brahms. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 83 (Rafael Joseffy).
Bruch. Fantasia for violin on Scotch Folk-melodies, opus 46 (Timothee Adamowski).
Moszkowski. Concerto for violin, in C major, opus 30 (Emile Sauret).
Raff. Concerto for pianoforte, in C minor, opus 185 (Carl Faelten).
Saint-Saens. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22 (given twice: Martinus Sieveking and Antoinette Szumowska).
Schumann. Concerto for violoncello, in A minor, opus 129 (Leo Schulz).
Vieuxtemps. Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor, opus 31 (Marsick).
Viotti. Concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor (Franz Kneisel).

SCENAS, ARIAS, SONGS.

Bach. Aria, "Mein Glaubiges Herze (Caroline Gardner Clark).
Beethoven. Scena and Aria, "Ah! Perfido," opus 65 (Mme. De Vere-Saplo).
Delibes. "La Legende de la Fille du Paria," from "Lakme" (Mme. Melba).
Gounod. Aria from "La Reine de Saba" (Caroline Gardiner Clarke).
Handel. Recitative, "Deep and Deeper Still," and aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jeptha" (Ben Davies).
Henschel. Song, with orchestra, "Spring" (Mrs. Henschel). Ballad, with pianoforte, "Jung Dietrich," opus 45 (Georg Henschel).
Lang, M. R. Concert aria, "Armida," MS., opus 24 (Gertrude Franklin).
Liszt. Song, with orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?" (Mrs. Henschel).
Meyerbeer. Arioso, "Ah! mon fils," from "Le Prophete" (Rosa Olitzka).
Mozart. Aria, "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Rosa Olitzka).
Parry, Dr. C. H. "King Saul's Dream" (Georg Henschel).
Saint-Saens. Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila" (Kate Rolla).
Thomas, A. Ophelie's mad-scene from "Hamlet" (Mme. De Vere-Saplo).
Wagner. Elizabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhauser" (Mme. Melba); Walther's prieslied, from "Die Meistersinger" (Ben Davies).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brahms. Three Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21 (scored by Dvorak).
Dvorak. Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, opus 66.
Handel. Largo from "Serse" (arranged by Hellmesberber).
Humperdinck. Dream-Pantomime from "Hansel und Gretel."
Liszt. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (scored by Muller-Berghaus).
Mozart. Andante and variations in D minor, from Divertimento No. 3. Turkish march from Sonata in A major (scored by Herbeck).
Schubert. Fantasia in F minor (scored by Mottl). Trauer-Marschin E flat minor (scored by Liszt).
Strauss, R. "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche."
Wagner. Huldigungs-Marsch. Siegfried-Idyll. "Waldweben," from "Siegfried." Isoldens Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde."
Weber. Invitation a la Valse (scored by Berlioz).

Of resident composers, Mr. G. W. Chadwick, Mr. A. Foote, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Miss M. R. Lang, and Mr. G. Strube were represented. The soloists were, in alphabetical order: Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Carl Faelten, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Georg Henschel, Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mr. M. Marsick, Mme. Melba, Miss Rosa Olitzka, Mr. Franz Ondricek, Mme. Kate Rolla, Mr. Emile Sauret, Mr. Leo Schulz, Mr. Martinus Sieveking, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. De Vere-Sapio.

Beethoven was represented by 10 compositions, and Wagner by 12. Brahms comes next with seven works, and Mozart and Tschaikowsky follow with five works each. Schubert and Schumann and Berlioz were each heard in three works. Hayden was heard in one! The total number of compositions given during the season was 105. Of these, omitting vocal solos, 17 were given for the first time, the most important being Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," Mr. Strube's symphony, Mr. MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Mr. Foote's suite and Mozart's andante and variations.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

Last Symphony Concert.

The last of this season's Symphony concerts in Music hall was given yesterday evening. The size of the audience was limited only by the capacity of the hall, and the heartiness of the applause bestowed upon Conductor Paur was pleasing evidence of the high regard which Bostonians have for this admirably equipped leader.

The program last evening was composed exclusively of works by Richard Wagner. The selections were:

Overture to "Rienzi"; A "Siegfried" Idyl; a "Faust" overture; prelude to act III of "Lohengrin"; "Forest Sounds," from "Siegfried," act II; prelude and "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."

Extended comment upon the performance of these works is quite unnecessary. Most of them have been played before by the Symphony orchestra, and the interpretations have been of unvarying excellence. The love music of "Tristan and Isolde" had not before been heard at these concerts, and the performance yesterday revealed more beauties in the score than was made evident by the orchestras of the several opera companies which have given the work here.

Mr Paur deserves to be warmly complimented for the able maner in which he has directed the Boston Symphony orchestra during the three years it has been in his charge. Under his intelligent direction the orchestra has attained a degree of excellence unapproached heretofore. The discipline of the organization has been perfect, and the results attained most gratifying.

During Mr Paur's first season in charge of the orchestra he had to overcome many obstacles, not the least discouraging of which was the non-support, even hindrance of certain influential people, whose devotion to a former conductor was so great that they refused to recognize any merit in his successor.

The real worth of the man as a musician, his conscientious performance of the duties assigned him, and his courteous and unassuming manners have gradually overcome the unreasonable prejudice against him, and he can now count among his most cordial supporters many of those who two years ago looked upon him with slight favor.

That Mr Paur shall continue in charge of the Symphony orchestra is the very evident desire of the majority of its patrons.

In the matter of program arrangement and selections Mr Paur has given general satisfaction, although there has naturally been a difference of opinion on this subject. It is impossible to satisfy the tastes of all.

His selections have been made from works of standard classic character, as a rule, but he has not denied recognition to new composers, neither has he refused to occasionally give his audience the pleasure of hearing a light and tuneful composition. His readings have been faithful to the composers, for Mr Paur is not one of those conceited conductors who endeavor to improve upon the original.

In yesterday's program were printed several interesting tabulations, compiled by Mr F. R. Comee, assistant manager of the Symphony.

In addition to the usual summary of works played during the year, Mr Comee publishes a list of all the soloists who have appeared in these concerts since the founding of the orchestra in 1881.

Piano soloists have been given chief recognition, for they have appeared at 103 of the concerts. Next among the instrumentalists come the violinists, with a record of 71 appearances. Soloists on the cello have been heard 22 times, the flute four times, the harp three times and the oboe, clarinet and horn once each. Among vocal soloists sopranos are far in the lead, having been heard at 79 concerts. The times that other vocalists appeared were: Altos 37, tenors 25 and basses 35. On five occasions readers have appeared instead of singers.

From the record of last year it is learned that 116 compositions were played, representing 46 composers. There were 23 symphonies, six serenades and suites, 37 preludes, overtures and symphonic poems, 10 concertos and instrumental solos, 16 vocal compositions, scenas, arias, etc, and 15 miscellaneous compositions. As in previous years Wagner was heard most frequently, 12 of his works having ben played. Beethoven comes next with 10 selections, then Brahms with seven and Mozart and Tschaikowsky with five each. There were 19 soloists.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 3.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-fourth and final concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last evening. The following is the programme, all the works being by Wagner:

Overture—"Rienzi."
Idyll—"Siegfried."
A "Faust" overture.
"Lohengrin"—Prelude to Act 3.
Waldweben—"Siegfried."
Prelude and Love Potion—"Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude—"Diemeistersinger."

Mr. Paur shows rare skill as an interpreter of Wagner's music, and it is doubtful if equally satisfactory readings by other conductors have been heard here. In the first place, there is an absence of affectation and a suggestion of ownership that mark the conducting of leaders like Mr. Seidl, and the works are approached from the viewpoint of music, and not from that of hero worship. The results are broadness, vigor, brilliancy, spirit, and a feeling that is without a trace of morbid sentimentalism. Wagner is no longer an experiment; the statue is securely niched in the temple of fame, and there is no longer need of making a laborious attempt to hold up the pedestal. It is undeniable that the music loses when separated from its eye-delighting accessories, and that a specimen instrumental brick is unsatisfactory as an illustration of Wagner's wonderful and complex tone palaces; but the specimens were of value and their high meaning was unmistakable. The selection from "Siegfried," the Waldweben, was delightfully interpreted. In variety of tone colors, in fine contrasts, in finish of details it was faultless, and the dervading pastoral sentiment was admirably preserved. Throughout the programme the characteristic spirit of each selection was in full evidence, and the playing of the orchestra was as finished and as artistically satisfying as was the conducting.

The season ended brilliantly, and, casting a brief backward glance at the ground gone over, it is only common justice to congraatulate Mr. Paur and his orchestra on the fine art work they have done. One must always remember, in criticising the programmes, the restraints forced on the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. It is a fashionable tradition here that the limits of a classic concert must not exceed one hour and a half, and even this length of time is irksome to many lovers of instrumental music. Under the circumstances a greatly varied programme is not possible, especially when one of the items on the programme must be a symphony lasting three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Symphonies of value are not written every day, Tschaikowski's swan song being a rarity; and, despite the progress in musical taste, it is still profitable to hear ard rehear what Mozart and Beethoven have bequeathed us in this line. Novelties, however, have not been wanting; with his liberal policy and sympathy with native talent. Mr. Paur produced the Symphony in C-minor, by Mr. Gustav Strube, and among the works marked "first time" there were Humperdinck's Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel and Gretel;" Tschaikowsky's "Francesca di Rimini;" Richard Strauss's preludes to acts I. and II. of "Guntran;" Eugen d'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby;" Dvorak's overture, "Nature;" Bizet's overture, "Patric;" Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don;" Mr. MacDowell's Suite, No. 2, in E minor; Benjamin Godard's Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn"; Zollners orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan"; Richard Strauss's "Till Eulensprigels Merry Pranks"; Mr. Arthur Foote's suite in D minor; Dr. Parry's scene and aria "King Saul's Dream"; and Smetana's Symphonic Poem "Vysehrad." The soloists were Miss Caroline Clark, Mr. Franz Ondricek, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Marrick, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mr. Ben Davies, Mrs. Georg Henchel, Mr. Leo Schulz, Mr. Emil Sauret, Mme. Kate Rolla, Mme. Melba, Miss Rose Olitzka, Mr. M. Sieveking, Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mr. Carl Faelten and Mr. Georg Henschel.

There is variety enough here, and it is difficult to see how the selections could have been bettered. At least it may be safely asserted that during the present season, the Symphony orchestra reached the highest level of artistic excellence it has yet attained, and this is due not only to the skill of the musicians, but to the talents, taste, musicianly knowledge and wide experience of their conductor, Mr. Emil Paur; a conductor whose equal has yet to be seen in our good city of Boston.

The closing concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last evening, suggests the opening night of the Music Hall Promenade concerts, which is fixed for Monday evening, May 11th. It will be the 11th season of these very popular entertainments and the opening concert will be the 568th performance. A brief résume of these concerts, showing their duration and the conductors by seasons may be of interest: 1885, July 11 to Oct. 3, Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 73 performances; 1886, June 5 to Sep. 25, Mr. John C. Mullaly, 97 performances; 1887, June 11 to Sept. 3, Mr. Wilhelm Reitzel and Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 73 performances; 1888, May 23 to Sept. 22, Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 102 performances; 1889, June 1 to July 6, Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 31 performances; 1890, No concerts; 1891, June 1 to July 11, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. E. Gruenberg 36 performances; 1892, May 31 to July 9, Mr. T. Adamowski, 35 performances; 1893, June 3 to July 15, Mr. T. Admowski, 31 performances; 1894, May 12 to July 7, Mr. T. Adamowski, 45 performances; 1895, May 11 to July 6, Mr. A. De Novellis, 44 performances: If one should ask for an explanation of the continued and unquestioned popularity of these summer concerts, the answer would naturally be governed by the individual taste of the person to whom the query was addressed. The safe general assertion is that the admirable orchestra of 50 members selected from the ranks of the Symphony, the attractiveness of the programmes, which are within the reach of all, even those having a moderate knowledge of music and the general air of genteel Bohemia which pervades the whole entertainment, would be the most comprehensive explanation of the success that has attended these concerts ever since their beginning in 1885. The concerts will be conducted upon the same general plan as last season, and evenings will be devoted to special composers, request programmes and other equally attractive features. The conductor will be Mr. Max Zach, who has been for ten years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and who will be pleasantly remembered by patrons as the composer of several very popular waltzes and marches which have been played in the past season under his direction. Mr. Zach was born in 1864, at Lemberg, in Austria. His early musical education was received at home, under the direction of Prof. Czerwinski for the piano, and Prof. [illegible]ckman for the violin. Even while Mr. Zach was [illegible]school he was a member of the local Conservator[illegible]estra, which gave several Symphony concerts.

In 1880, upon determining to become a professional musician, Mr. Zach went to the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied the violin, first under Bachrich and later under Prof. Grun. While studying harmony with Prof. Robert Fuchs and counterpoint with Prof. Krenn, Mr. Zach also did military duty, serving in the band of the regiment, under A. Czibulka, up to the time of his joining the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1886. It is worthy of note that Mr. Zach will be the sixth conductor of the Promenade concerts to be taken from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and there is every reason to believe that the popular approval bestowed upon his predecessors will be extended to him.

In the absence of Manager C. A. Ellis in Europe, the concerts will be under the direction of Assistant Manager F. R. Comee.

— An interesting and instructive list of the soloists of the Symphony Concerts since their organization in 1881 was published last week. It was compiled by Mr. F. R. Comee (assistant manager of the orchestra), and some idea of its extent may be gained from the fact that it includes 387 names, divided as follows: Sopranos, 79; altos, 37; tenors, 25; bassos, [illegible] anists, 103; violinists, 71; cellists, 22; flutists, 4, [illegible]ist 1; clarinetist, 1; horn solist, 1; harpists, 3 and [illegible]ers, 5.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Mears and their family, of Philadelphia, were guests at The Thorndike part of last week, en route to their summer home at Bar Harbor.

SUNDAY HERALD.

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SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

CLOSING SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fifteenth Season Ended in a Storm of Applause.

A Wagner Night — Brilliant Programme Brilliantly Interpreted — Conductor Paur and His Orchestra at Their Best — Large Audience Very Enthusiastic in Its Approval.

Last evening the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its closing concert of its 15th season, with the following Wagner programme:

Overture to "Rienzi."
A "Siegfried" Idyl.
A "Faust" overture.
Prelude to act 3 of "Lohengrin."
"Forest Sounds," from "Siegfried," act 2.
Prelude and "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."

There was an immense audience, and the enthusiasm over the performances was very great. The selections had all been heard here many times, but never when they were more splendidly interpreted from beginning to end. Mr. Paur had arranged his programme with exceeding felicity, and in an order that gave every contrast that was possible. In addition, the works given were of a nature that permitted them to be separated from their original surroundings without doing violence to them; in other words, they were purely orchestral.

Listening to Wagner in so large an instalment, however, emphasizes very impressively his limitations, especially in his more sentimental vein. The "Siegfried" Idyl, the "Waldweben" and the "Liebestod" are very much alike in effect, color and treatment. There is a short and sensuous theme which modulates ceaselessly through a wide variety of keys; there is a long crescendo that works up to a powerful climax and stops suddenly when it gets there, and then it begins pianissimo again, and starts afresh in another crescendo with the same aim and result; there is an unexpected fortissimo, followed immediately by an equally unexpected pianissimo; and there comes, invariably, a moment when the horn plays the calm and sugary theme against an agitated accompaniment by the strings. There is also a crescendo whenever the music ceases its chromatic harmonies to modulate into a major triad, and other devices that impart a mannerism to the score that is almost perfunctory in effect, owing to the certainty with which they may be anticipated. Taken by itself, each of these compositions is abundant in beauty, but when heard one after the other, they sound singularly alike, particularly in their instrumentation and its dynamic coloring.

Then, too, it appeared as if Wagner were losing his freshness in his purely orchestral music, and that something resembling a worn out fashion was creeping slowly over him. Familiarity with his style which, not so very long ago was so striking in its originality, in its overturning of old methods and in its then unparalleled richness, has made it possible to listen to him with less of wonder at his daring and impressive innovations; the novelty has worn off, and the effects, so persistently repeated, are beginning to grow stale.

However, these considerations in no wise derogate from the magnificently brilliant performances of last night. Mr. Paur's readings were surprisingly flexible and sympathetic, and never has the masterly quality of his skill and intellectuality of his conducting been made more satisfyingly clear than by his efforts at this concert. The "Rienzi" overture, with its noise and the circus-recalling themes of its allegro, was given with exciting dramatic fire and gorgeousness of tone-color, and the crabbed "Faust" overture was interpreted with an intelligence and a force that for once made it not only clear, but interesting. Very beautiful was the reading of the "Waldweben," especially in its discreetly and effectively marked changes of temps, and the "Lohengrin" prelude was given with a dash and a vigor that aroused the audience to a prolonged demand for an encore, which, of course, was not accorded. In fact, the entire programme was nobly given, and it may be confidently said that Wagner was shown at his very best by the thoughtful and masterly treatment he received at the hands of Mr. Paur, who, more than ever, proved himself to be the right man in the right place.

Of the glorious playing of the orchestra too much cannot be written in the way of admiring tribute. Nothing finer or more perfect has been heard from it. A more brilliant evidence of its capacity and its discipline could not possibly be imagined.

The plaudits were frequent and stormy through the whole evening. Mr. Paur was greeted with prolong applause on his first appearance at the conductor's stand, and at the end of the concert was recalled again and again by way of a hearty and warmly appreciative leave-taking.

SYMPHONY SEASON IN BOSTON

Review of the Work of the Famous Orchestra.

The Music, the Composers and the Soloists — "Robin Hood," "The Huguenots" and Sousa's Band This Week's Musical Attractions — The "Pops" Soon to Begin Again.

With last night's concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, a notice of which will be found in another column, the 15th season of that organization ended. In point of interest it has been fully as strong as any of its predecessors, and the efficiency of the splendid orchestra has never reached a higher point. Mr. Paur has convincingly established himself as a conductor of the first rank, and has increased in favor with his public as a sympathetic interpreter of the great musical masterpieces. His programmes have not been invariably well selected, but the same may be said of all the conductors who came before him except Mr. Henschel, who seems to have had a special gift in this regard. The trouble seems to lie with the brief space of time within which it has become the rule to limit these concerts. It is not always easy to give the necessary variety in a performance that it has become an unwritten law to confine within an hour and a half. The modern symphony fills out the better part of an hour, and an instrumental solo absorbs the greater portion of the time remaining, and what is left for other music? Very little. Still, now and then the programmes have been unnecessarily monotonous, not to say dull, though this season has been an improvement on the last in this respect. Of the performances, however, it may be justly said that they have been, on the whole, of greater freedom, brilliancy and general perfection than ever before.

A new and strong interest would be imparted to the coming season, of which the opening concert is to take place Saturday evening, Oct. 7, if the programmes included a large choral work now and then. There is no reason why they should not include some of the great oratorios. Four such entertainments might be given, with the assistance of a picked chorus, numbering not more than 150, or at the most 200, singers. The works selected should be those which have not become hackneyed through too frequent performances here. It is scarcely open to doubt that such an innovation would be warmly welcomed by the patrons of these concerts, in the opportunities it would afford them to hear choral masterpieces properly presented, after such careful and thorough rehearsing as that which is the rule for the performances of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It is to be hoped that Mr. Higginson and Mr. Paur may take this suggestion into consideration in their plans for next season.

A list of the works performed this season is here given in the alphabetical order of their composers:

SYMPHONIES.

Beethoven. Symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67. Symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21. Symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastorale," opus 68. Symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92.
Berlioz. Symphony No. 3, "Harold en Italie," opus 16. Three movemnts from the "Romeo et Juliette" symphony, opus 17.
Brahms. Symphony No. 1, in C minor, opus 68. Symphony No. 4, in E minor, opus 98. Symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73.
Dvorak. Symphony No. 2, in D minor, opus 70.
Goetz. Symphony in F major, opus 9.
Goldmark. Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, "Landliche Hochzeit," opus 26.
Haydn. Symphony in G major, "Surprise."
Mendelsohn. Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," opus 53.
Mozart. Symphony in D major, "Parisian." Symphony in G minor (Kochel, No. 550).
Raff. Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," opus 117.
Rubinstein. Symphony No. 4, in D minor, "Dramatic," opus 95.
Schubert. Unfinished symphony in B minor.
Schumann. Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, opus 38.
Strube, G. Symphony in C minor, MS., opus 11.
Tschaikowsky. Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," opus 74 (twice).

SUITES.

Bach. Suite in D major.
Foote. Suite in D minor, opus 36.
Godard. Suite No. 1, from "Jocelyn."
Lalo. Suite, "Namouna."
MacDowell. Suite in A minor, opus 42. Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," opus 48.

OVERTURES AND SYMPHONIC POEMS.

D'Albert. Prelude to "Der Rubin."
Beethoven. Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72. Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," opus 124. Overture to "Egmont," opus 84. Overture to "Konig Stephan," opus 117.
Berlioz. Overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21.
Bizet. Overture, "Patrie."
Borodin. "Eine Steppen-Skizze aus Mittel-Asien."
Brahms. Tragische Ouverture, opus 81. Akademische Fest-Ouverture, opus 80.
Chadwick. Dramatic overture, "Melpomene."
Dvorak. Overture, "In der Natur," opus 91.
Goldmark. Overture to "Sakuntala," opus 13.
Liszt. Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso."
Mendelssohn. Overture to "Fingal's Cave," opus 26.
Reznicek. Overture to "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein. Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Saint-Saens. Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," opus 31.
Schumann. Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81.
Smetana. Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad."
Spohr. Overture to "Jessonda," opus 63.
Strauss, R. Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram."
Tschaikowsky. Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32. Overture-Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet." Overture, "1812," opus 49.
Volkmann. Festival Overture in F major, opus 50.
Wagner. Overture to "Der fliegende Hollander." Prelude to "Lohengrin." Overture to "Rienzi." Eine Faust-Overture. Prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin." Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde." Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."
Weber. Overture to "Oberon." Overture to "Abu Hassan."
Zollner, H. "Mitternacht bei Sedan."

CONCERTOS AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.

Beethoven. Concerto for violin, in D major, opus 61 (Franz Ondricek).
Brahms. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in B-flat major, opus 83 (Rafael Joseffy).
Bruch. Fantasia for violin on Scotch Folk-melodies, opus 46 (Timothee Adamowski).
Moszkowski. Concerto for violin, in C major, opus 30 (Emile Sauret).
Raff. Concerto for pianoforte, in C minor, opus 185 (Carl Faelten).
Saint-Saens. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22 (given twice: Martinus Sieveking and Antoinette Szumowska).
Schumann. Concerto for violoncello, in A minor, opus 129 (Leo Schulz).
Vieuxtemps. Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor, opus 31 (Marsick).
Viotti. Concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor (Franz Kneisel).

SCENAS, ARIAS, SONGS.

Bach. Aria. "Mein Glaubiges Herze (Caroline Gardner Clark).
Beethoven. Scena and Aria, "Ah! Perfido," opus 65 (Mme. De Vere-Sapio).
Delibes. "La Legende de la Fille du Paria," from "Lakme" (Mme. Melba).
Gounod. Aria from "La Reine de Saba" (Caroline Gardiner Clarke).
Handel. Recitative, "Deep and Deeper Still," and aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jeptha" (Ben Davies).
Henschel. Song, with orchestra, "Spring" (Mrs. Henschel). Ballad, with pianoforte, "Jung Dietrich," opus 45 (Georg Henschel).
Lang, M. R. Concert aria, "Armida," MS., opus 24 (Gertrude Franklin).
Liszt. Song, with orchestra, "Kennst du das Land?" (Mrs. Henschel).
Meyerbeer. Arioso, "Ah! mon fils," from "Le Prophete" (Rosa Olitzka).
Mozart. Aria, "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Rosa Olitzka).
Parry, Dr. C. H. "King Saul's Dream" (Georg Henschel).
Saint-Saens. Air, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila" (Kate Rolla).
Thomas, A. Ophelie's mad-scene from "Hamlet" (Mme. De Vere-Sapio).
Wagner. Elizabeth's Greeting, from "Tannhauser" (Mme. Melba); Walther's preislied, from "Die Meistersinger" (Ben Davies).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brahms. Three Hungarian dances, Nos. 15, 17, 21 (scored by Dvorak).
Dvorak. Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, opus 66.
Handel. Largo from "Serse" (arranged by Hellmesberber).
Humperdinck. Dream-Pantomime from "Hansel und Gretel."
Liszt. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (scored by Muller-Berghaus).
Mozart. Andante and variations in D minor, from Divertimento No. 3. Turkish march from Sonata in A major (scored by Herbeck).
Schubert. Fantasia in F minor (scored by Mottl). Trauer-Marschin E flat minor (scored by Liszt).
Strauss, R. "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche."
Wagner. Huldigungs-Marsch. Siegfried-Idyll. "Waldweben," from "Siegfried." Isoldens Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde."
Weber. Invitation a la Valse (scored by Berlioz).

Of resident composers, Mr. G. W. Chadwick, Mr. A. Foote, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Miss M. R. Lang, and Mr. G. Strube were represented. The soloists were, in alphabetical order: Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr Carl Faelten, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Georg Henschel. Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mr. M. Marsick. Mme. Melba, Miss Rosa Olitzka, Mr. Franz Ondricek, Mme. Kate Rolla, Mr. Emile Sauret, Mr. Leo Schulz, Mr. Martinus Sieveking, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mme. De Vere-Sapio.

Beethoven was represented by 10 compositions, and Wagner by 12. Brahms comes next with seven works, and Mozart and Tschaikowsky follow with five works each. Schubert and Schumann and Berlioz were each heard in three works. Hayden was heard in one! The total number of compositions given during the season was 105. Of these, omitting vocal solos, 17 were given for the first time, the most important being Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," Mr. Strube's symphony, Mr. MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Mr. Foote's suite and Mozart's andante and variations.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

Last Symphony Concert.

The last of this season's Symphony concerts in Music hall was given yesterday evening. The size of the audience was limited only by the capacity of the hall, and the heartiness of the applause bestowed upon Conductor Paur was pleasing evidence of the high regard which Bostonians have for this admirably equipped leader.

The program last evening was composed exclusively of works by Richard Wagner. The selections were:

Overture to "Rienzi"; A "Siegfried" Idyl; a "Faust" overture; prelude to act III of "Lohengrin"; "Forest Sounds," from "Siegfried," act II; prelude and "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."

Extended comment upon the performance of these works is quite unnecessary. Most of them have been played before by the Symphony orchestra, and the interpretations have been of unvarying excellence. The love music of "Tristan and Isolde" had not before been heard at these concerts, and the performance yesterday revealed more beauties in the score than was made evident by the orchestras of the several opera companies which have given the work here.

Mr Paur deserves to be warmly complimented for the able maner in which he has directed the Boston Symphony orchestra during the three years it has been in his charge. Under his intelligent direction the orchestra has attained a degree of excellence unapproached heretofore. The discipline of the organization has been perfect, and the results attained most gratifying.

During Mr Paur's first season in charge of the orchestra he had to overcome many obstacles, not the least discouraging of which was the non-support, even hindrance of certain influential people, whose devotion to a former conductor was so great that they refused to recognize any merit in his successor.

The real worth of the man as a musician, his conscientious performance of the duties assigned him, and his courteous and unassuming manners have gradually overcome the unreasonable prejudice against him, and he can now count among his most cordial supporters many of those who two years ago looked upon him with slight favor.

That Mr Paur shall continue in charge of the Symphony orchestra is the very evident desire of the majority of its patrons.

In the matter of program arrangement and selections Mr Paur has given general satisfaction, although there has naturally been a difference of opinion on this subject. It is impossible to satisfy the tastes of all.

His selections have been made from works of standard classic character, as a rule, but he has not denied recognition to new composers, neither has he refused to occasionally give his audience the pleasure of hearing a light and tuneful composition. His readings have been faithful to the composers, for Mr Paur is not one of those conceited conductors who endeavor to improve upon the original.

In yesterday's program were printed several interesting tabulations, compiled by Mr F. R. Comee, assistant manager of the Symphony.

In addition to the usual summary of works played during the year, Mr Comee publishes a list of all the soloists who have appeared in these concerts since the founding of the orchestra in 1881.

Piano soloists have been given chief recognition, for they have appeared at 103 of the concerts. Next among the instrumentalists come the violinists, with a record of 71 appearances. Soloists on the cello have been heard 22 times, the flute four times, the harp three times and the oboe, clarinet and horn once each. Among vocal soloists sopranos are far in the lead, having been heard at 79 concerts. The times that other vocalists appeared were: Altos 37, tenors 25 and basses 35. On five occasions readers have appeared instead of singers.

From the record of last year it is learned that 116 compositions were played, representing 46 composers. There were 23 symphonies, six serenades and suites, 37 preludes, overtures and symphonic poems, 10 concertos and instrumental solos, 16 vocal compositions, scenas, arias, etc, and 15 miscellaneous compositions. As in previous years Wagner was heard most frequently, 12 of his works having ben played. Beethoven comes next with 10 selections, then Brahms with seven and Mozart and Tschaikowsky with five each. There were 19 soloists.

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Gazette

BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 3.

The Symphony Concert.

The twenty-fourth and final concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last evening. The following is the programme, all the works being by Wagner:

Overture—"Rienzi."
Idyll—"Siegfried."
A "Faust" overture.
"Lohengrin"—Prelude to Act 3.
Waldweben—"Siegfried."
Prelude and Love Potion—"Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude—"Diemeistersinger."

Mr. Paur shows rare skill as an interpreter of Wagner's music, and it is doubtful if equally satisfactory readings by other conductors have been heard here. In the first place, there is an absence of affectation and a suggestion of ownership that mark the conducting of leaders like Mr. Seidl, and the works are approached from the viewpoint of music, and not from that of hero worship. The results are broadness, vigor, brilliancy, spirit, and a feeling that is without a trace of morbid sentimentalism. Wagner is no longer an experiment; the statue is securely niched in the temple of fame, and there is no longer need of making a laborious attempt to hold up the pedestal. It is undeniable that the music loses when separated from its eye-delighting accessories, and that a specimen instrumental brick is unsatisfactory as an illustration of Wagner's wonderful and complex tone palaces; but the specimens were of value and their high meaning was unmistakable. The selection from "Siegfried," the Waldweben, was delightfuly interpreted. In variety of tone colors, in fine contrasts, in finish of details it was faultless, and the dervading pastoral sentiment was admirably preserved. Throughout the programme the characteristic spirit of each selection was in full evidence, and the playing of the orchestva was as finished and as artistically satisfying as was the conducting.

The season ended brilliantly, and, casting a brief backward glance at the ground gone over, it is only common justice to congraatulate Mr. Paur and his orchestra on the fine art work they have done. One must always remember, in criticising the programmes, the restraints forced on the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. It is a fashionable tradition here that the limits of a classic concert must not exceed one hour and a half, and even this length of time is irksome to many lovers of instrumental music. Under the circumstances a greatly varied programme is not possible, especially when one of the items on the programme must be a symphony lasting three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Symphonies of value are not written every day, Tschaikowski's swan song being a rarity; and, despite the progress in musical taste, it is still profitable to hear and rehear what Mozart and Beethoven have bequeathed us in this line. Novelties, however, have not been wanting; with his liberal policy and sympathy with native talent. Mr. Paur produced the Symphony in C-minor, by Mr. Gustav Strube, and among the works marked "first time" there were Humperdinck's Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel and Gretel;" Tschaikowsky's "Francesca di Rimini;" Richard Strauss's preludes to acts I. and II. of "Guntran;" Eugen d'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby;" Dvorak's overture, "Nature;" Bizet's overture, "Patrie;" Rubinstein's overture to "Demetrius of the Don;" Mr. MacDowell's Suite, No. 2, in E minor; Benjamin Godard's Orchestral Suite from "Jocelyn"; Zollners orchestral fantasia "Midnight at Sedan"; Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspriegels Merry Pranks"; Mr. Arthur Foote's suite in D minor; Dr. Parry's scene and aria "King Saul's Dream"; and Smetana's Symphonic Poem "Vysehrad." The soloists were Miss Caroline Clark, Mr. Franz Ondricek, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Marrick, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Mr. Ben Davies, Mrs. Georg Henchel, Mr. Leo Schulz, Mr. Emil Sauret, Mme. Kate Rolla, Mme. Melba, Miss Rose Olitzka, Mr. M. Sieveking, Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mr. Carl Faelten and Mr. Georg Henschel.

There is variety enough here, and it is difficult to see how the selections could have been bettered. At least it may be safely asserted that during the present season, the Symphony orchestra reached the highest level of artistic excellence it has yet attained, and this is due not only to the skill of the musicians, but to the talents, taste, musicianly knowledge and wide experience of their conductor, Mr. Emil Paur; a conductor whose equal has yet to be seen in our good city of Boston.

The closing concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last evening, suggests the opening night of the Music Hall Promenade concerts, which is fixed for Monday evening, May 11th. It will be the 11th season of these very popular entertainments and the opening concert will be the 568th performance. A brief résumé of these concerts, showing their duration and the conductors by seasons may be of interest: 1885, July 11 to Oct. 3, Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 73 performances; 1886, June 5 to Sep. 25, Mr. John C. Mullaly, 97 performances; 1887, June 11 to Sept. 3, Mr. Wilhelm Reitzel and Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 73 performances; 1888, May 23 to Sept. 22, Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 102 performances; 1889, June 1 to July 6, Mr. Ad. Neuendorff, 31 performances; 1890, No concerts; 1891, June 1 to July 11, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. E. Gruenberg 36 performances; 1892, May 31 to July 9, Mr. T. Adamowski, 35 performances; 1893, June 3 to July 15, Mr. T. Admowski, 31 performances; 1894, May 12 to July 7, Mr. T. Adamowski, 45 performances; 1895, May 11 to July 6, Mr. A. De Novellis, 44 performances: If one should ask for an explanation of the continued and unquestioned popularity of these summer concerts, the answer would naturally be governed by the individual taste of the person to whom the query was addressed. The safe general assertion is that the admirable orchestra of 50 members selected from the ranks of the Symphony, the attractiveness of the programmes, which are within the reach of all, even those having a moderate knowledge of music and the general air of genteel Bohemia which pervades the whole entertainment, would be the most comprehensive explanation of the success that has attended these concerts ever since their beginning in 1885. The concerts will be conducted upon the same general plan as last season, and evenings will be devoted to special composers, request programmes and other equally attractive features. The conductor will be Mr. Max Zach, who has been for ten years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and who will be pleasantly remembered by patrons as the composer of several very popular waltzes and marches which have been played in the past season under his direction. Mr. Zach was born in 1864, at Lemberg, in Austria. His early musical education was received at home, under the direction of Prof. Czerwinski for the piano, and Prof. [illegible]ckman for the violin. Even while Mr. Zach was at school he was a member of the local Conservatory orchestra, which gave several Symphony concerts.

In 1880, upon determining to become a professional musician, Mr. Zach went to the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied the violin, first under Bachrich and later under Prof. Grun. While studying harmony with Prof. Robert Fuchs and counterpoint with Prof. Krenn, Mr. Zach also did military duty, serving in the band of the regiment, under A. Czibulka, up to the time of his joining the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1886. It is worthy of note that Mr. Zach will be the sixth conductor of the Promenade concerts to be taken from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and there is every reason to believe that the popular approval bestowed upon his predecessors will be extended to him.

In the absence of Manager C. A. Ellis in Europe, the concerts will be under the direction of Assistant Manager F. R. Comee.

— An interesting and instructive list of the soloists of the Symphony Concerts since their organization in 1881 was published last week. It was compiled by Mr. F. R. Comee (assistant manager of the orchestra), and some idea of its extent may be gained from the fact that it includes 387 names, divided as follows: Sopranos, 79; altos, 37; tenors, 25; bassos, 35; pianists, 103; violinists, 71; cellists, 22; flutists, 4; [illegible]ist 1; clarinetist, 1; horn solist, 1; harpists, 3 and [illegible]rs, 5.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Meare and their family, of Philadelphia, were guests at The Thorndike part of last week, en route to their summer home at Bar Harbor.

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

Twenty-fourth and Last Concert of the Fifteenth Season of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—A Wagner Program.

The program of the concert last evening was made up of these selections from the works of Wagner:

Overture to "Rienzi."
"Siegfried." Idyll.
Eine Faust Ouverture.
Prelude to act III. of "Lohengrin."
Waldweben, from "Siegfried," act II.
Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde."
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The seacon closed in a blaze of glory. A very large audience was applausive throughout the evening. Mr. Paur was welcomed heartily, and after the noble performance of the Meistersinger overture, he was recalled again and again.

It is not worth while to discuss now the artistic reasonableness or unreasonableness of a program devoted to the works of any man, whether the name be Wagner, or Beethoven, or Johann Strauss. It is the fashion to delight in "Wagner concerts," and as the fashion is of mighty power in concert as well as opera, no wonder that conductors yield to the demand. At the same time it is true that such programs are as a rule detrimental to the composer, and tiresome to the musician who knows the great value of contrasts. The arrangement of the program of last night calls for no special comment. The only cause of regret—after the reasonableness of a "Wagner concert" is granted—was that Mr. Paur should have included the bombastic and amazingly vulgar Rienzi overture. The true, sane admirer of Wagner regrets that he wrote it, as did Wagner himself.

The performance was one of exceeding beauty, brilliancy, and strength. Criticism is here synonymous with eulogy. Mr. Paur was happy in his readings, and his choice of tempi was admirable. Seldom, if ever, have I heard in German opera houses, where Wagnerian traditions are kept in cold storage, such a superb performance of the familiar prelude to the third act of Lohengrin, the Tristan prelude, or the Meistersinger overture. The solo passages, as well as the ensemble, throughout the concert were worthy of the great and deserved reputation of the orchestra.

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The pressure upon the columns of the Journal forbids a review of the season, nor is there space to consider carefully the list of soloists compiled by Mr. Comee. This review must be deferred until next Sunday.

The list of works performed last season is a matter of history. This list should be accurate. The program states that only one symphony of Haydn was given. The fact is that two symphonies were given: one in G, Dec 28; one in G, Feb. 8. These symphonies were not one and the same.

PHILIP HALE.

Summary of the Fifteenth Symphony Season.

StatisticsConcerningPrograms, Novelties and Soloists.

Notes and Comments on Players, Singers and Pieces.

The Symphony concert last evening was the final one of the 15th season. It was the 752d performance in Boston and the 1404th since the founding of the orchestra.

* * *

The pieces performed during the season of '95-'96 were as follows, arranged in the alphabetical order of the composers' names:

D'Albert, Eugen—Prelude to "The Ruby."
Bach, J. S.—Suite in D-major, "My heart ever faithful" (Miss Clarke).
Beethoven—Symphonies 1, 5, 6, 7. Overtures, "Lenore" No. 3, "Consecration of the House," "Egmont," "King Stephen;" violin concerto (Mr. Ondricek); "Ah perfido!" (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Berlioz—"Harold in Italy;" three movements from "Romeo and Juliet;" overture, "Corsair."
Bizet—Overture, "Patrie."
Borodin—A steppe sketch from Central Asia.
Brahms—Symphonies 1, 2, 4; Tragic overture; Academic overture; Hungarian dances 15, 17, 21; piano concerto No 2 (Mr. Joseffy).
Bruch—Scotch fantasia (Mr. T. Adamowski); concerto for violin No. 3, D-minor (Mr. Marsick, at public rehearsal).
Chadwick—Overture, "Melpomene."
Delibes—Legend from "Lakmé" (Mrs. Melba).
Dvorak—Symphony No. 2; overture, "Nature;" Scherzo capriccioso.
Foote—Suite, D-minor.
Godard—Suite No. 1 from "Jocelyn."
Götz—Symphony, F-major.
Goldmark—Symphony, "Rustic Wedding;" overture, "Sakuntala."
Gounod—Air from "Queen of Sheba" (Miss Clarke).
Handel—Largo from "Serse;" "Deeper and Deeper" and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah" (Mr. Davies).
Haydn—Symphonies, G major ("Surprise"); G major.
Henschel—Song, "Spring," with orchestra (Mrs. Henschel); ballad, with piano, "Jung Dietrich" (Mr. Henschel).
Humperdinck—Dream Pantomime Music from "Hänsel und Gretel."
Lalo—Suite, "Namouna."
Lang, M. R.—Air, "Armida" (Miss Franklin.)
Liszt—Tasso; second Hungarian Rhapsody (Müller-Berghaus); "Kennst du das Land" (Mrs. Henschel).
MacDowell—Suite A minor, No. 1; suite E minor No. 2.
Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 3 ("Scotch"); overture, "Fingal's Cave."
Meyerbeer—"Ah! mon fils" (Miss Olitzka).
Moszkowski—Concerto for violin (Mr. Sauret).
Mozart—Symphonies, G minor, D major ("Parisian"); andante and variations from Divertimento 17; Turkish march (Herbeck); "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Miss Olitzka).
Parry, C. H. H.—"King Saul's Dream" (Mr. Henschel).
Raff—Symphony, "Lenore;" piano concerto (Mr. Faelten).
Reznicek—Overture, "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, "Dramatic;" overture, "Dimitri Donskoi."
Saint-Saëns—[illegible] d'Omphale;" piano concerto, [illegible] (Mr. Sieveking, Miss Szumowska); [illegible] Ouverture" (Miss [illegible]).
Schubert—Symphony, "Unfinished;" fantasia, [illegible]; Funeral March, E-flat [illegible].
Schumann—[illegible] No. 1, B-flat major; [illegible] concerto [illegible].
Strube, Gustave—Symphony, C-minor.
Thomas, Ambroise—Ophelia's mad song (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (2); "Francesca da Rimini;" "Romeo and Juliet;" overture, "1812."
Vieuxtemps—Concerto No. 4, D-minor (Mr. Marsick).
Viotti—Concerto No. 23, A-minor (Mr. Kneisel).
Volkmann—Festival overture, op. 50.
Wagner—Overtures, "Rienzi," "Faust," "Meistersinger," "Tristan" (and love death), "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman;" prelude to act III., "Lohengrin;" "March of Homage," "Siegfried Idyll," "Waldweben," from "Siegfried;" "Elizabeth's Greeting" (Mrs. Melba), "Walter's Prize Song" (Mr. Davies).
Weber—Overtures, "Oberon," "Abu Hassan;" "Invitation to the Dance" (Berlioz).
Zöllner—"Midnight at Sedan."

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There were 12 performances of pieces by Wagner, 10 of Beethoven, 7 of Brahms, 5 of Mozart and Tschaikowsky, 4 of Saint Saëns, 3 of Berlioz, Liszt, Dvorak, Schubert, Schumann and Weber.

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One hundred and five pieces were performed; 27 German composers were represented, 8 French, 4 American, 3 Russian, 2 Bohemian, 1 Italian and 1 English.

Seventy-two of the pieces performed are by Germans, if you reckon d'Albert, Handel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski, and Reznicek as Germans. Thirteen are by Frenchmen, 8 by Russians, 5 by Americans, 4 by Bohemians, 1 by an Italian, 1 by an Englisman, 1 by a Belgian. Seventy-two German compositions against 33 pieces written by composers of other nationalities.

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Novelties.

The works produced for the first time at these concerts were:

D'Albert—Prelude to "The Ruby," Nov. 30.
Berlioz—Overture to "The Corsair," Jan. 11.
Bizet—Overture, "Patrie," Jan. 4.
Dvorak—Overture, "Nature," Dec. 7.
Foote—Suite, D minor (first performance), March 7.
Godard—Suite No. 1, "Jocelyn," Feb. 15.
Humperdinck—Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel und Gretel," Nov. 2.
Lalo—Suite, "Namouna," Jan. 4.
Lang, M. R.—Concert aria, "Armida" (first time), Jan. 11.
MacDowell—Suite No. 2, E minor, "Indian," Feb. 1.
Mozart—Andante with variations, D minor, from divertimento No. 17, Oct. 19.
Parry—Scene and Aria, "King Saul's Dream," April 18.
Reznicek—Overture to "Donna Anna," Dec. 7.
Rubinstein—Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi," Feb. 1.
Smetana—Symphonic poem, "Wyschehrad," April 25.
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I and II of "Guntram," Nov. 9; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Feb. 22.
Strube—Symphony, C minor (MS.) op. 11, (first performance), April 4.
Tschaikowsky—Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," Nov. 2.
Zöllner—Orchestral Fantasia, "Midnight at Sedan," Feb. 22.

Twenty novelties. Of these only one is a symphony. Seven of the pieces are by Germans, if d'Albert is a German; four are by Frenchmen, three by Americans, three by Russians, two by Bohemians and one by an Englishman.

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Soloists.

There were 19 soloists last season. Of these nine were singers, seven male and two female; five were violinists, four were pianists and there was one 'cellist.

The singers were as follows:

Clarke, Caroline—Nov. 23, air from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod; "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach.
Franklin, Gertrude—Jan. 11, concert aria, "Armida" (MS), M. R. Lang.
Henschel, Lillian—April 4, "Kennst du das Land," Liszt; "Spring," with orchestra, Henschel.
Melba, Nelly—Feb. 1, Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhäuser;" Legend from Delibe's "Lakmé."
Olitzka, Rosa (her first appearance at these concerts)—Jan. 4, "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito;" "Ah mon fils," from "The Prophet."
Rolla, Kate (her first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 15, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila."
De Vere-Sapio, Clementine (her first appearance at these concerts)—Oct. 26, Ophelia's mad scene, "Hamlet;" "Ah! Perfido!" Beethoven
Davies, Ben. (his first appearance at these concerts)—April 11, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah;" Walter's Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger."
Herschel, Georg—April 18, "King Saul's Dream," Parry; "Jung Dietrich," with piano accompaniment, Henschel.

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The pianists were:

Faelten, Carl—Nov. 9, Raff's concerto.
Joseffy, Rafael—Jan. 18, Brahms's concerto No. 2.
Sieveking, Martinus (his first appearance at these concerts)—Dec. 7, Saint-Saëns second concerto.
Szumowska, Antoinette—March 14, Saint-Saëns second concerto.

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The violinists were:

Adamowski, Timothee—Jan. 11, Bruch's Scotch Fantasia.
Kneisel, Franz—Nov. 30, concerto No. 22, A minor, Viotti.
Marsick, Martin (his first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 14, Bruch's third concerto; Feb. 15, Vieuxtemps' fourth concerto. He was announced for the week before, but did not appear on account of an accident to his hand.
Ondricek, Franz (his first appearance at these concerts)—Dec. 14, Beethoven's concerto.
Sauret, Emile (his first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 22, Moszkowski's concerto.

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There was one 'cellist:

Schulz, Leo, March 7, Schumann's concerto.

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Mr. Kneisel played the viola solos in the Childe Harold Symphony and the arrangement of the air from "Serse."

Mr. Léon Pourtau played the clarinet obbligato to the air of Mozart, sung by Miss Olitzka.

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Miss Marie Brema, contralto, announced for Nov. 23, did not appear.

Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, announced for April 25, did not appear.

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Of these 19 soloists four are of American birth. Three are members of the orchestra.

* * *

Comments on the past season will be found in the review of the concert of last night.

Philip Hale

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
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The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1896.

Symphony Concert—Close of the Orchestral Season of 1895-6.

The orchestral season of 1895-6 expired Saturday evening with a long drawn Wagnerian sigh. The programme, however, consisted of many kinds of Wagner; there was the melodic Wagner of the "Rienzi" epoch, there was the domestic Wagner with the "Siegfried Idyll" written for his wife's birthday, there was the abstrusely philosophic Wagner with the "Faust Overture" written in the dark Parisian days and presenting a Faust unaccompanied by any Marguerite, and there was, besides, the many-sided modern Wagner who was equally great in the myriad-voiced picture of forest life in "Waldesweben," the majesty and pomp of the Mastersingers, or the intense passion of Tristan and Isolde.

And all these diverse musical pictures were delineated by Mr. Paur with a sure hand and by the orchestra with a technique which they have never surpassed. It is fitting that, at the end of the season, we should sum up matters by again stating that our orchestra is at a point of technical perfection beyond which it has never gone, and of course, the thanks for this are to be given chiefly to the director. One may occasionally cavil at the makeup of this or that programme, one may disagree with the extreme force which is sometimes displayed, but one must, under all circumstances, heartily acknowledge the marked advance that has been made in the routine work, and the careful drill-mastership which has brought our orchestra to an equality to the greatest orchestras of the world. Nor has Mr. Paur's work been that of drill-master only; he has exhibited intelligence of the highest order in his readings, and we have had some interpretations of Brahms' and Wagner's works which have been the finest readings that have been yet vouchsafed to Boston. For all of which we say grace after the banquet.

That the public thought so too, was evidenced by an overwhelming attendance at this purely orchestral concert, and by the fact that when Mr. Paur came to the conductor's stand (which was decorated with flowers) he was received with a great outburst of applause, compelling him to bow again and again. After which the concert began.

The "Rienzi" overture is a sin of Wagner's youth; it is very noisy and the brasses are all the time blowing a hurricane; but it has some beautiful melodies nevertheless and a certain grandiose manner which belonged to Wagner even from his first productions. It was not unnatural therefore, to find the audience growing very enthusiastic over the work and applauding it to the echo.

Mrs. Wagner's birthday present, the "Siegfried Idyll," is not so popular a selection, but was splendidly played. Its themes are naturally of the most peaceful and happy character, since Wagner intended the work as a private picture of his domestic felicity in Switzerland and never thought of the composition reaching the public eye or ear. It is because of this that the work is very lightly scored. The two chief themes are the Melody of Peace and "Siegfried, the World's refuge," both from "Siegfried," and both united at the close of the work in a most beautiful augmentation, in accordance with the poem which Wagner gave to his wife (meaning always wife No. 2, poor Minna Planer never tasted any such triumphs, although she sacrificed much for Wagner) on the birthday occasion, ending

For him and thee in tones I now am praising,
What thanks for deeds of love could better be?
Within our souls the grateful song upraising
Which in this music I have now set free,
And in the cadence I have held united
Siegfried, our dearly cherished son and thee.

One cannot help feeling, however, that the work must have been infinitely better as a birthday surprise, with the orchestra standing on the staircase of the Villa Triebschen, than it can ever hope to be as a concert selection.

Faust, as represented in the overture which followed, was a horse of a different color. Wagner went hungry in Paris and therefore this Faust is a decidedly pessimistic party. It is an abstruse work even in the motto which Wagner put upon the score; here is the poetical index:—

Der Gott der mir im Busen wohnt
Kann tief mein Innerstes erregen;
Der ueber allen meinen Kraeften thront,
Er kann nach aussen nichts bewegen;
Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last,
Der Tod erwuenscht, das Leben mir verhasst.

A very Schopenhauery, sour and gloomy text, and leading into some very growling music, basstuba and contrabasses forming the portico to the dark edifice. No greater contrast to the preceding picture of felicity could well be imagined, and it was excellent taste in Mr. Paur to make these two compositions foils to each other. The work had one of the finest of readings, but of course could make no very great impression upon an audience not thoroughly steeped in philosophy and its Wagnerian elucidations.

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The concert ended with the great prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nuremburg." Its very first notes were an augury of an especial performance, for the pompous Mastersinger figure rang out with splendid effect, duly followed by the lofty theme of the march; there was plenty of caprice, too, and all the hurly-burly of a festival was portrayed with a freedom that was charming,—a noble ending to a season that has been eminently satisfactory to critics and public alike; and the latter then proceeded to show this by lingering in the hall and recalling Mr. Paur three times in the heartiest manner, spite of the fact that several of the musicians had rushed from the platform at the conclusion of the final cadence; some of these even, had the courtesy to return and join in the popular tribute to the man who has led them to victory.

Louis C. Elson.

Boston Courier.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1896.

Mr. Paur's final Symphony programme stood as we printed it last week—a skilful sequence of almost all the available orchestral deductions which can be made from Wagner's later operas, beginning with the early period "Rienzi" overture, and including that isolated work, the "Faust" overture, which, so far as the character and development of its motives are concerned, might do just about as well for Siegfried's woodland experiences with the trees, the bird and the dragon. The "Siegfried Idyl," the "Waldweben," the preludes to the third act of "Lohengrin," to the "Mastersingers" and to "Tristan and Isolde" (the latter coupled as usual to the "Isolde's Love Death" and sounding infinitely better without any struggling, screaming human voices), completed the assortment, which was as well contrasted and balanced as any half-dozen selections from Wagner could be expected to be.

Unquestionably Wagner understood the ranges, capacities, possibilities and combinations of orchestral instruments as well as any man except Berlioz, who possessed in a higher degree the art of being bizarre without eccentricity, grandiose without turgidity, emotional without excess, picturesque without extravagance and novel without being far-fetched. To play a full Wagner score so as to bring out all there is in it, is an almost crucial test of a leader and his orchestra. For the men must understand and command purity and perfection of tone, feel the proportions and degrees of dynamics, and make their groups as compact as a unit or else emerge singly in their obbligato sallies with just volume and individuality enough for distinction without personal display, must have the fine execution of virtuosi along with the fulness of common bandsmen and must be able to heat and grow as the swelling periods advance.

Such performance these Boston men now give—not in Wagner alone, although in some of his pages they have a chance to give exceptionally strong and vivid illustrations of their finesse and their prowess. There is neither scratch of string, blare of brass nor shrillness or hoarseness of wooden wind to mar the just equality of the several choirs, and no diversity of notion or of spirit militates against that entire symmetry and harmony which the composer and the conductor alike idealize and prescribe as the end to be attained. If there be better or greater playing in the world, we should like to hear it, and then confidently bid this home band to equal and excel it.

Yet, with even such superb playing, an hour and a half of Wagner becomes tiresome to us, who flatter ourselves that we admire and honor him rationally. His methods of building up his effects by adding element to element until the full brass and percussion bands are brought on to cap the climax, grow monotonous and tedious, and the perpetual return of the same figures, as in the almost interminable "Tristan" prelude, appear conventional, mannered and wearisome. If Wagner is to live and be loved in the concert-room, conductors must be chary of filling whole programmes with his writing. For even the Boston Symphony audience, devoted as it is supposed to be to him, had not more than moderate applause for any number, although it recalled Mr. Paur with enthusiasm for his good-byes and au revoirs.

Assistant Manager Comee has done a good thing for the Symphony patrons—and a nice bit of work it must have cost him!—by analyzing all the programmes from the first and inserting in this last house pamphlet of the season a complete list of all the soloists who have assisted the orchestra, which will be of value and interest for reference and comparison. Had we time we should like to make some extracts from it; but the reader must digest his copy for himself.

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[124]

Boston Journal.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

Twenty-fourth and Last Concert of the Fifteenth Season of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—A Wagner Program.

The program of the concert last evening was made up of these selections from the works of Wagner:

Overture to "Rienzi."
"Siegfried." Idyll.
Eine Faust Ouverture.
Prelude to act III. of "Lohengrin."
Waldweben, from "Siegfried," act II.
Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde."
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The seacon closed in a blaze of glory. A very large audience was applausive throughout the evening. Mr. Paur was welcomed heartily, and after the noble performance of the Meistersinger overture, he was recalled again and again.

It is not worth while to discuss now the artistic reasonableness or unreasonableness of a program devoted to the works of any man, whether the name be Wagner, or Beethoven, or Johann Strauss. It is the fashion to delight in "Wagner concerts," and as the fashion is of mighty power in concert as well as opera, no wonder that conductors yield to the demand. At the same time it is true that such programs are as a rule detrimental to the composer, and tiresome to the musician who knows the great value of contrasts. The arrangement of the program of last night calls for no special comment. The only cause of regret—after the reasonableness of a "Wagner concert" is granted—was that Mr. Paur should have included the bombastic and amazingly vulgar Rienzi overture. The true, sane admirer of Wagner regrets that he wrote it, as did Wagner himself.

The performance was one of exceeding beauty, brilliancy, and strength. Criticism is here synonymous with eulogy. Mr. Paur was happy in his readings, and his choice of tempi was admirable. Seldom, if ever, have I heard in German opera houses, where Wagnerian traditions are kept in cold storage, such a superb performance of the familiar prelude to the third act of Lohengrin, the Tristan prelude, or the Meistersinger overture. The solo passages, as well as the ensemble, throughout the concert were worthy of the great and deserved reputation of the orchestra.

* * *

The pressure upon the columns of the Journal forbids a review of the season, nor is there space to consider carefully the list of soloists compiled by Mr. Comee. This review must be deferred until next Sunday.

The list of works performed last season is a matter of history. This list should be accurate. The program states that only one symphony of Haydn was given. The fact is that two symphonies were given: one in G, Dec 28; one in G, Feb. 8. These symphonies were not one and the same.

PHILIP HALE.

Summary of the Fifteenth Symphony Season.

StatisticsConcerningPrograms, Novelties and Soloists.

Notes and Comments on Players, Singers and Pieces.

The Symphony concert last evening was the final one of the 15th season. It was the 752d performance in Boston and the 1404th since the founding of the orchestra.

* * *

The pieces performed during the season of '95-'96 were as follows, arranged in the alphabetical order of the composers' names:

D'Albert, Eugen—Prelude to "The Ruby."
Bach, J. S.—Suite in D-major, "My heart ever faithful" (Miss Clarke).
Beethoven—Symphonies 1, 5, 6, 7. Overtures, "Lenore" No. 3, "Consecration of the House," "Egmont," "King Stephen;" violin concerto (Mr. Ondricek); "Ah perfido!" (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Berlioz—"Harold in Italy;" three movements from "Romeo and Juliet;" overture, "Corsair."
Bizet—Overture, "Patrie."
Borodin—A steppe sketch from Central Asia.
Brahms—Symphonies 1, 2, 4; Tragic overture; Academic overture; Hungarian dances 15, 17, 21; piano concerto No 2 (Mr. Joseffy).
Bruch—Scotch fantasia (Mr. T. Adamowski); concerto for violin No. 3, D-minor (Mr. Marsick, at public rehearsal).
Chadwick—Overture, "Melpomene."
Delibes—Legend from "Lakmé" (Mrs. Melba).
Dvorak—Symphony No. 2; overture, "Nature;" Scherzo capriccioso.
Foote—Suite, D-minor.
Godard—Suite No. 1 from "Jocelyn."
Götz—Symphony, F-major.
Goldmark—Symphony, "Rustic Wedding;" overture, "Sakuntala."
Gounod—Air from "Queen of Sheba" (Miss Clarke).
Handel—Largo from "Serse;" "Deeper and Deeper" and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah" (Mr. Davies).
Haydn—Symphonies, G major ("Surprise"); G major.
Henschel—Song, "Spring," with orchestra (Mrs. Henschel); ballad, with piano, "Jung Dietrich" (Mr. Henschel).
Humperdinck—Dream Pantomime Music from "Hänsel und Gretel."
Lalo—Suite, "Namouna."
Lang, M. R.—Air, "Armida" (Miss Franklin.)
Liszt—Tasso; second Hungarian Rhapsody (Müller-Berghaus); "Kennst du das Land" (Mrs. Henschel).
MacDowell—Suite A minor, No. 1; suite E minor No. 2.
Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 3, ("Scotch"); overture, "Fingal's Cave."
Meyerbeer—"Ah! mon fils" (Miss Olitzka).
Moszkowski—Concerto for violin (Mr. Sauret).
Mozart—Symphonies, G minor, D major ("Parisian"); andante and variations from Divertimento 17; Turkish march (Herbeck); "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Miss Olitzka).
Parry, C. H. H.—"King Saul's Dream" (Mr. Henschel).
Raff—Symphony, "Lenore;" piano concerto (Mr. Faelten).
Reznicek—Overture, "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, "Dramatic;" overture, "Dimitri Donskoi."
Saint-Saëns—"Le rouet d'Omphale;" piano concerto, C minor (Mr. Sieveking, Miss Szumowski); "Mon coeur s'ouvre" (Miss Rolla).
Schubert—Symphony, "Unfinished;" fantasia, F-minor (Mottl); Funeral March, E-flat minor (Liszt).
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B-flat major; concerto, [illegible] 'cello concerto.
Smetana—Symphonic poem, "Wyschehrad."
Spohr—Overture, "Jessonda."
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I., II. of "Guntram;" "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."
Strube, Gustav—Symphony, C-minor.
Thomas, Ambroise—Ophelia's mad song (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (2); "Francesca da Rimini;" "Romeo and Juliet;" overture, "1812."
Vieuxtemps—Concerto No. 4, D-minor (Mr. Marsick).
Viotti—Concerto No. 23, A-minor (Mr. Kneisel).
Volkmann—Festival overture, op. 50.
Wagner—Overtures, "Rienzi," "Faust," "Meistersinger," "Tristan" (and love death), "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman;" prelude to act III., "Lohengrin;" "March of Homage," "Siegfried Idyll," "Waldweben," from "Siegfried;" "Elizabeth's Greeting" (Mrs. Melba), "Walter's Prize Song" (Mr. Davies).
Weber—Overtures, "Oberon," "Abu Hassan;" "Invitation to the Dance" (Berlioz).
Zöllner—"Midnight at Sedan."

* * *

There were 12 performances of pieces by Wagner, 10 of Beethoven, 7 of Brahms, 5 of Mozart and Tschaikowsky, 4 of Saint Saëns, 3 of Berlioz, Liszt, Dvorak, Schubert, Schumann and Weber.

* * *

One hundred and five pieces were performed; 27 German composers were represented, 8 French, 4 American, 3 Russian, 2 Bohemian, 1 Italian and 1 English.

Seventy-two of the pieces performed are by Germans, if you reckon d'Albert, Handel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski, and Reznicek as Germans. Thirteen are by Frenchmen, 8 by Russians, 5 by Americans, 4 by Bohemians, 1 by an Italian, 1 by an Englisman, 1 by a Belgian. Seventy-two German compositions against 33 pieces written by composers of other nationalities.

* * *

Novelties.

The works produced for the first time at these concerts were:

D'Albert—Prelude to "The Ruby," Nov. 30.
Berlioz—Overture to "The Corsair," Jan. 11.
Bizet—Overture, "Patrie," Jan. 4.
Dvorak—Overture, "Nature," Dec. 7.
Foote—Suite, D minor (first performance), March 7.
Godard—Suite No. 1, "Jocelyn," Feb. 15.
Humperdinck—Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel und Gretel," Nov. 2.
Lalo—Suite, "Namouna," Jan. 4.
Lang, M. R.—Concert aria, "Armida" (first time), Jan. 11.
MacDowell—Suite No. 2, Eminor, 'Indian," Feb. 1.
Mozart—Andante with variations, D minor, from divertimento No. 17, Oct. 19.
Parry—Scene and Aria, "King Saul's Dream," April 18.
Reznicek—Overture to "Donna Anna," Dec. 7.
Rubinstein—Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi," Feb. 1.
Smetana—Symphonic poem, "Wyschehrad," April 25.
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I and II of "Guntram," Nov. 9; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Feb. 22.
Strube—Symphony, C minor (MS.) op. 11, (first performance), April 4
Tschaikowsky—Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," Nov. 2.
Zöllner—Orchestral Fantasia, "'night at Sedan," Feb. 22.

Twenty novelties. Of these only one is a symphony. Seven of the pieces are by Germans, if d'Albert is a German; four are by Frenchmen, three by Americans, three by Russians, two by Bohemians and one by an Englishman.

* * *

Soloists.

There were 19 soloists last season. Of these nine were singers, seven male and two female; five were violinists, four were pianists and there was one 'cellist.

The singers were as follows:

Clarke, Caroline—Nov. 23, air from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod; "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach.
Franklin, Gertrude—Jan. 11, concert aria, "Armida" (MS), M. R. Lang.
Henschel, Lillian—April 4, "Kennst du das Land," Liszt; "Spring," with orchestra, Henschel.
Melba, Nelly—Feb. 1, Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhäuser;" Legend from Delibe's "Lakmé."
Olitzka, Rosa (her first appearance at these concerts)—Jan. 4, "Parto, Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito;" "Ah mon fils," from "The Prophet."
Rolla, Kate (her first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 15, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila."
De Vere-Sapio, Clementine (her first appearance at these concerts)—Oct. 26, Ophelia's mad scene, "Hamlet;" "Ah! Perfido!" Beethoven
Davies, Ben. (his first appearance at these concerts)—April 11, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah;" Walter's Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger."
Herschel, Georg—April 18, "King Saul's Dream," Parry; "Jung Dietrich," with piano accompaniment, Henschel.

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The pianists were:

Faelten, Carl—Nov. 9, Raff's concerto.
Joseffy, Rafael—Jan. 18, Brahms's concerto No. 2.
Sieveking, Martinus (his first appearance at these concerts)—Dec. 7, Saint-Saëns second concerto.
Szumowska, Antoinette—March 14, Saint-Saëns second concerto.

* * *

The violinists were:

Adamowski, Timothee—Jan. 11, Bruch's Scotch Fantasia.
Kneisel, Franz—Nov. 30, concerto No. 22, A minor, Viotti.
Marsick, Martin (his first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 14, Bruch's third concerto; Feb. 15, Vieuxtemps' fourth concerto. He was announced for the week before, but did not appear on account of an accident to his hand.
Ondricek, Franz (his first appearance at these concerts)—Dec. 14, Beethoven's concerto.
Sauret, Emile (his first appearance at these concerts)—Feb. 22, Moszkowski's concerto.

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There was one 'cellist:

Schulz, Leo, March 7, Schumann's concerto.

* * *

Mr. Kneisel played the viola solos in the Childe Harold Symphony and the arrangement of the air from "Serse."

Mr. Léon Pourtau played the clarinet obbligato to the air of Mozart, sung by Miss Olitzka.

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Miss Marie Brema, contralto, announced for Nov. 23, did not appear.

Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, announced for April 25, did not appear.

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Of these 19 soloists four are of American birth. Three are members of the orchestra.

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Comments on the past season will be found in the review of the concert of last night.

Philip Hale

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
Established 1813.
The Official Paper of the State.
The Official Paper of the City.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1896.

Symphony Concert—Close of the Orchestral Season of 1895-6.

The orchestral season of 1895-6 expired Saturday evening with a long drawn Wagnerian sigh. The programme, however, consisted of many kinds of Wagner; there was the melodic Wagner of the "Rienzi" epoch, there was the domestic Wagner with the "Siegfried Idyll" written for his wife's birthday, there was the abstrusely philosophic Wagner with the "Faust Overture" written in the dark Parisian days and presenting a Faust unaccompanied by any Marguerite, and there was, besides, the many-sided modern Wagner who was equally great in the myriad-voiced picture of forest life in "Waldesweben," the majesty and pomp of the Mastersingers, or the intense passion of Tristan and Isolde.

And all these diverse musical pictures were delineated by Mr. Paur with a sure hand and by the orchestra with a technique which they have never surpassed. It is fitting that, at the end of the season, we should sum up matters by again stating that our orchestra is at a point of technical perfection beyond which it has never gone, and of course, the thanks for this are to be given chiefly to the director. One may ocasionally cavil at the makeup of this or that programme, one may disagree with the extreme force which is sometimes displayed, but one must, under all circumstances, heartily acknowledge the marked advance that has been made in the routine work, and the careful drill-mastership which has brought our orchestra to an equality to the greatest orchestras of the world. Nor has Mr. Paur's work been that of drill-master only; he has exhibited intelligence of the highest order in his readings, and we have had some interpretations of Brahms' and Wagner's works which have been the finest readings that have been yet vouchsafed to Boston. For all of which we say grace after the banquet.

That the public thought so too, was evidenced by an overwhelming attendance at this purely orchestral concert, and by the fact that when Mr. Paur came to the conductor's stand (which was decorated with flowers) he was received with a great outburst of applause, compelling him to bow again and again. After which the concert began.

The "Rienzi" overture is a sin of Wagner's youth; it is very noisy and the brasses are all the time blowing a hurricane; but it has some beautiful melodies nevertheless and a certain grandiose manner which belonged to Wagner even from his first productions. It was not unnatural therefore, to find the audience growing very enthusiastic over the work and applauding it to the echo.

Mrs. Wagner's birthday present, the "Siegfried Idyll," is not so popular a selection, but was splendidly played. Its themes are naturally of the most peaceful and happy character, since Wagner intended the work as a private picture of his domestic felicity in Switzerland and never thought of the composition reaching the public eye or ear. It is because of this that the work is very lightly scored. The two chief themes are the Melody of Peace and "Siegfried, the World's refuge," both from "Siegfried," and both united at the close of the work in a most beautiful augmentation, in accordance with the poem which Wagner gave to his wife (meaning always wife No. 2, poor Minna Planer never tasted any such triumphs, although she sacrificed much for Wagner) on the birthday occasion, ending

For him and thee in tones I now am praising,
What thanks for deeds of love could better be?
Within our souls the grateful song upraising
Which in this music I have now set free,
And in the cadence I have held united
Siegfried, our dearly cherished son and thee.

One cannot help feeling, however, that the work must have been infinitely better as a birthday surprise, with the orchestra standing on the staircase of the Villa Triebschen, than it can ever hope to be as a concert selection.

Faust, as represented in the overture which followed, was a horse of a different color. Wagner went hungry in Paris and therefore this Faust is a decidedly pessimistic party. It is an abstruse work even in the motto which Wagner put upon the score; here is the poetical index:—

Der Gott der mir im Busen wohnt
Kann tief mein Innerstes erregen;
Der ueber allen meinen Kraeften thront,
Er kann nach aussen nichts bewegen;
Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last,
Der Tod erwuenscht, das Leben mir verhasst.

A very Schopenhauery, sour and gloomy text, and leading into some very growling music, basstuba and contrabasses forming the portico to the dark edifice. No greater contrast to the preceding picture of felicity could well be imagined, and it was excellent taste in Mr. Paur to make these two compositions foils to each other. The work had one of the finest of readings, but of course could make no very great impression upon an audience not thoroughly steeped in philosophy and its Wagnerian elucidations.

Then came something more tangible in the shape of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," (the first number of this opera which became popular, even in the early fifties) superbly played, with an abandon and fire wholly indescribable, and the audience went wild over it. At one time it seemed as if an encore would be forced, but Mr. Paur remained loyal to the rule of these concerts, more loyal than some of his soloists have been, and contented himself with half-a-dozen bows.

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Then followed "Isolde's Love-Death," also in a perfect performance. The climaxes were worked up to a white heat and the interpretation was probably the most passionate piece of work that the conductor and orchestra have yet given us. The woodwind, which has so much and such important work to do, deserves an especial word of commendation for its wonderful performance in this number.

The concert ended with the great prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nuremburg." Its very first notes were an augury of an especial performance, for the pompous Mastersinger figure rang out with splendid effect, duly followed by the lofty theme of the march; there was plenty of caprice, too, and all the hurly-burly of a festival was portrayed with a freedom that was charming,—a noble ending to a season that has been eminently satisfactory to critics and public alike; and the latter then proceeded to show this by lingering in the hall and recalling Mr. Paur three times in the heartiest manner, spite of the fact that several of the musicians had rushed from the platform at the conclusion of the final cadence; some of these even, had the courtesy to return and join in the popular tribute to the man who has led them to victory.

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Unquestionably Wagner understood the ranges, capacities, possibilities and combinations of orchestral instruments as well as any man except Berlioz, who possessed in a higher degree the art of being bizarre without eccentricity, grandiose without turgidity, emotional without excess, picturesque without extravagance and novel without being far-fetched. To play a full Wagner score so as to bring out all there is in it, is an almost crucial test of a leader and his orchestra. For the men must understand and command purity and perfection of tone, feel the proportions and degrees of dynamics, and make their groups as compact as a unit or else emerge singly in their obbligato sallies with just volume and individuality enough for distinction without personal display, must have the fine execution of virtuosi along with the fulness of common bandsmen and must be able to heat and grow as the swelling periods advance.

Such performance these Boston men now give—not in Wagner alone, although in some of his pages they have a chance to give exceptionally strong and vivid illustrations of their finesse and their prowess. There is neither scratch of string, blare of brass nor shrillness or hoarseness of wooden wind to mar the just equality of the several choirs, and no diversity of notion or of spirit militates against that entire symmetry and harmony which the composer and the conductor alike idealize and prescribe as the end to be attained. If there be better or greater playing in the world, we should like to hear it, and then confidently bid this home band to equal and excel it.

Yet, with even such superb playing, an hour and a half of Wagner becomes tiresome to us, who flatter ourselves that we admire and honor him rationally. His methods of building up his effects by adding element to element until the full brass and percussion bands are brought on to cap the climax, grow monotonous and tedious, and the perpetual return of the same figures, as in the almost interminable "Tristan" prelude, appear conventional, mannered and wearisome. If Wagner is to live and be loved in the concert-room, conductors must be chary of filling whole programmes with his writing. For even the Boston Symphony audience, devoted as it is supposed to be to him, had not more than moderate applause for any number, although it recalled Mr. Paur with enthusiasm for his good-byes and au revoirs.

Assistant Manager Comee has done a good thing for the Symphony patrons—and a nice bit of work it must have cost him!—by analyzing all the programmes from the first and inserting in this last house pamphlet of the season a complete list of all the soloists who have assisted the orchestra, which will be of value and interest for reference and comparison. Had we time we should like to make some extracts from it; but the reader must digest his copy for himself.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1896.

The program of the twenty-fourth and last concert of Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to Rienzi ..... }
A Siegfried Idyl..... }
A Faust overture..... }
Prelude to Act III. of Lohengrin..... } .....Wagner
Forest Sounds, from Siegfried, Act II..... }
Prelude and Isolde's Love Death, from Tristan and Isolde..... }
Prelude to The Master Singers of Nuremberg.... }

To me a program devoted exclusively to the works of any one composer is a detriment to the one supposedly honored. The greatest have their mannerisms, and mannerisms without the contrast of other mannerisms quickly fatigue. But it is the fashion to enjoy "grand Wagner concerts," and as conductors are children of this world, why should they pose as children of light?

The performance was one that provoked enthusiastic scenes, and not without good cause. Mr. Paur was most happy in his readings, and the orchestra gave an exhibition of finesse, thoughtfulness, dash, brilliancy and power that was often marvelous. The season closed in a blaze of glory.

* * *

Here is a summing up of the fifteenth Symphony season: The pieces performed were as follows, arranged in the alphabetical order of the composers' names:

D'Albert, Eugene—Prelude to The Ruby.
Bach, J. S.—Suite in D major, My Heart Ever Faithful (Miss Clarke).
Beethoven—Symphonies 1, 5, 6, 7. Overtures, Lenore, No. 3. Consecration of the House, Egmont, King Stephen; violin concerto (Mr. Ondricek), Ah Perfido! (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Berlioz—Harold in Italy, three movements from Romeo and Juliet; overture, Corsair.
Bizet—Overture, Patrie.
Borodin—A steppe sketch from Central Asia.
Brahms—Symphonies 1, 2, 4; Tragic overture; Academic overture; Hungarian dances, 15, 17, 21; piano concerto, No. 2 (Mr. Joseffy).
Bruch—Scotch fantasia (Mr. Adamowski); concerto for violin, No. 3, D minor (Mr. Marsick, at public rehearsal).
Chadwick—Overture, Melpomene.
Delibes—Legend from Lakmé (Mme. Melba).
Dvorák—Symphony No. 2; overture, Nature; scherzo capriccioso.
Foote—Suite, D minor.
Godard—Suite No. 1 from Jocelyn.
Göts—Symphony, F major.
Goldmark—Symphony, Rustic Wedding; overture, Sakuntala.
Gounod—Air from Queen of Sheba (Miss Clarke).
Händel—Largo from Serse, Deeper and Deeper, and Waft Her. Angels, from Jephthah (Mr. Davies).
Haydn—Symphonies, G major (Surprise), G major.
Henschel—Song, Spring, with orchestra (Mrs. Henschel); ballad, with piano, Jung Dietrich (Mr. Henschel).
Humperdinck—Dream pantomime music from Hänsel und Gretel.
Lalo—Suite, Namouna.
Lang, M. R.—Air, Armida (Miss Franklin).
Liszt—Tasso, second Hungarian rhapsody (Müller-Berghaus); Kennst du das Land (Mrs. Henschel).
MacDowell—Suite A minor, No. 1; suite E minor, No. 2.
Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 3 (Scotch); overture, Fingal's Cave.
Meyerbeer—Ah mon fils (Miss Olitzka).
Moszkowski—Concerto for violin (Mr. Sauret).
Mozart—Symphonies, G minor, D major (Parisian); andante and variations from Divertimento 17, Turkish march (Herbeck), Parto, Parto, from La Clemenza di Tito (Miss Olitzka).
Parry, C. H. H.—King Saul's Dream (Mr. Henschel).
Raff—Symphony, Lenore; piano concerto (Mr. Faelten).
Reznicek—Overture, Donna Diana.
Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, Dramatic; overture, Dimitri Donskoi.
Saint-Saëns—Le rouet d'Omphale; piano concerto, G minor (Mr. Sieveking, Miss Szumowska); Mon cœur s'ouvre (Miss Rolla).
Schubert—Symphony, Unfinished; fantasia, F minor (Mottl); Funeral March, E flat minor (Liszt).
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B flat major; overture, Genoveva; 'cello concerto (Mr. Schulz).
Smetana—Symphonic poem, Wyschehrad.
Spohr—Overture, Jessonda.
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I., II. of Guntram; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks.
Strube, Gustave—Sympnony, C minor.
Thomas, Ambroise—*Ophelia's* mad song (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Tschaikowsky—Symphony, No. 6, Pathétique (?); Francesca da Rimini; Romeo and Juliet; overture, 1812.
Vieuxtemps—Concerto, No. 4, D minor (Mr. Marsick).
Viotti—Concerto, No. 23, A minor (Mr. Kneisel).
Volkman—Festival overture, op. 50.
Wagner—Overtures, Rienzi, Faust, Meistersinger, Tristan (and love death), Lohengrin, Flying Dutchman; prelude to act III., Lohengrin; March of Homage, Siegfried Idyll, Waldweben, from Siegfried; *Elizabeth's* Greeting (Mme. Melba), *Walter's* Prize Song (Mr. Davies).
Weber—Overtures, Oberon, Abu Hassan; Invitation to the Dance (Berlioz).
Zöllner—Midnight at Sedan.

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There were 12 performances of pieces by Wagner, 10 of Beethoven, 7 of Brahms, 5 of Mozart and Tschaikowsky, 4 of Saint-Saëns, 3 of Berlioz, Liszt, Dvorák, Schubert, Schumann and Weber.

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One hundred and five pieces were performed; 27 German composers were represented, 8 French, 4 American, 3 Russian, 2 Bohemian, 1 Italian and 1 English.

Seventy-two of the pieces performed are by Germans, if you reckon d'Albert, Händel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski and Reznicek as Germans. If Moszkowski is of Polish origin, he was born at Breslau, and Reznicek is Viennese by birth. Thirteen of the pieces are by Frenchmen, eight by Russians, five by Americans, four by Bohemians, one by an Italian, one by an Englishman, one by a Belgian. Seventy two German compositions against thirty-three pieces written by composers of other nationalities.

The works produced for the first time at these concerts were:

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Godard—Suite No. 1, Jocelyn, February 15.
Humperdinck—Dream Pantomime from Hänsel and Gretel, November 2.
Lalo—Suite, Namouna, January 4.
Lang, M. R.—Concert aria, Armida (first time), January 11.
MacDowell—Suite No. 2, E minor, Indian, February 1.
Mozart—Andante with variations, D minor, from divertimento No. 17, October 19.
Parry—Scene and aria, King Saul's Dream, April 18.
Reznicek—Overture to Donna Anna, December 7.
Rubinstein—Overture to Dimitri Donskoi, February 1.
Smetana—Symphonic poem, Wyschehrad, April 25.
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I. and II. of Guntram, November 9; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, February 22.
Strube—Symphony, C minor (MS.), op. 11 (first performance), April 4.
Tschaikowsky—Fantasia, Francesca da Rimini, November 2.
Zöllner—Orchestral Fantasia, Midnight at Sedan, February 22.

Twenty novelties. Of these only one is a symphony. Seven of the pieces are by Germans, if d'Albert is a German; 4 are by Frenchmen, 3 by Americans, 3 by Russians, 2 by Bohemians and 1 by an Englishman.

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There were 19 soloists last season. Of these 9 were singers, 7 male and 2 female; 5 were violinists, 4 were pianists and there was 1 'cellist.

The singers were as follows:

Clarke, Caroline—November 23, air from Queen of Sheba, Gounod; My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach.
Franklin, Gertrude—January 11, concert aria, Armida (MS.), M. R. Lang.
Henschel, Lillian—April 4, Kennst du das Land, Liszt; Spring, with orchestra, Henschel.
Melba, Nelly—February 1, *Elizabeth's* Greeting from Tannhäuser; Legend from Delibes' Lakmé.
Olitzka, Rosa (her first appearance at these concerts)—January 4, Parto, Parto, from La Clemenza di Tito; Ah mon fils, from The Prophet.
Rolla, Kate (her first appearance at these concerts)—February 15, Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix, from Samson et Dalila.
De Vere-Sapio, Clementine—October 26, *Ophelia's* mad scene, Hamlet; Ah! Perfido! Beethoven.
Davies, Ben. (his first appearance at these concerts)—April 11, Deeper and Deeper Still and Waft Her Angels, from Jephthah; Walter's Prize Song, from Die Meistersinger.
Henschel, Georg—April 18, King Saul's Dream, Parry; Jung Dietrich, with piano accompaniment, Henschel.

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The pianists were:

Faelten, Carl—November 9, Raff's concerto.
Josefty, Rafael—January 18, Brahms' Concerto No. 2.
Sieveking, Martinus (his first appearance at these concerts)—December 7, Saint-Saëns' second concerto.
Szumowska, Antoinette—March 14, Saint-Saëns' second concerto.

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The violinists were:

Adamowski, Timothée—January 11, Bruch's Scotch Fantasia.
Kneisel, Franz—November 30, Concerto No. 22, A minor, Viotti.
Marsick, Martin (his first appearance at these concerts)—February 14, Bruch's third concerto; February 15, Vieuxtemps' fourth concerto. He was announced for the week before, but did not appear on account of an accident to his hand.
Ondricek, Franz (his first appearance at these concerts)—December 14, Beethoven's concerto.
Sauret, Emile (his first appearance at these concerts)—February 22, Moszkowski's concerto.

There was one 'cellist: Leo, Schulz, March 7, Schumann's concerto.

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Mr. Kneisel played the viola solos in the Childe Harold symphony and the arrangement of the air from "Serse."

Mr. Léon Pourtau played the clarinet obligato to the air of Mozart, sung by Miss Olitzka.

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Miss Marie Brema, contralto, announced for November 23, did not appear.

Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, announced for April 25, did not appear.

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Of these nineteen soloists four are of American birth. Three are members of the orchestra.

* * *

May 1896

THE SONG JOURNAL.

Last Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is a disgrace to New York and a bitter commentary on its boasted musical culture that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization the greatest of its kind in America if not in the whole world, plays here season after season to unprofitable business. On the evening of March 27 the orchestra gave its last concert of this season in the presence of a larger audience than usual, the largest indeed since that of the first concert last fall at which Melba was the soloist. The program was made up entirely from the works of Wagner commencing with the Rienzi overture and continuing with excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," "Meistersinger" and "Die Walkure," with the "Eine Faust" overture sandwiched in between.

If any additional proof were needed of the pre-eminence of the Boston Orchestra it was surely furnished on this occasion for more glorious playing was surely never listened to. The orchestra is like a great composite voice almost sympathetic enough to be human. The technic, too, is that of a great vocalist with every run, scale and trill given with clean-cut precision and crystalline purity. All the different parts stand out in beautiful relief and yet blended with the others into one magnificent homogeneous whole while so far are the strings from the faintest suspicion of scrapiness that the music they make seems as though floating in air. This orchestra is a living manifold lesson in concerted playing, and not only Boston but the entire country has every reason to feel proud of it.

The soloist of this last concert was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and the spring song from "Die Walkure," disclosing a voice of beautiful sympathetic quality and a free, wholesome method. It was a delight to listen to him and his success was unqualified.

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Boston Symphony Concert

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-fourth and last symphony concert of the season was given in Music Hall, last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

WAGNER PROGRAMME.

Overture to "Rienzi."
Siegfried-Idyll.
Eine Faust-Ouverture.
Introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin."
Waldweben, from "Siegfried," Act II.
Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde."
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

A most excellent programme, as Wagner programmes go! The only serious drawback—to our thinking—was the absence of a symphony. To be sure, it would not have been a Wagner programme, if there had been a symphony, unless Wagner's symphony had been given, which, thank heaven, it was not. But we cannot help finding a long succession of comparatively short pieces fatiguing; and, after two or three of them, we crave the mental repose of something in four movements.

Mr. Paur and the orchestra covered themselves with glory; the playing was of the very best—save that we found the brass somewhat too prominent in fortissimo passages throughout. Mr. Paur conducted with his usual painstaking, and even more than his usual vigor and vivacity.

The audience was enthusiastic in its reception of and farewell-au-revoir to the conductor, whose desk was tastefully ornamented with flowers and smilax.

Upon the whole, it was one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season. In summing up, we find that the following novelties have been given for the first time in Boston this season:

Berlioz: Overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21.
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie."
Dvorak: Overture, "In der Natur," opus 91.
Foote: Suite in D minor, opus 36.
Humperdinck: Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel und Gretel."
Lalo: Suite, "Namouna."
Lang, Margaret R.: Concert Aria, "Armida" (MS.), opus 24.
MacDowell: Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian" (MS.) opus 48.
Parry, Dr. C. H.: "King Saul's Dream."
Reznicek: Overture to "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein: Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad."
Strauss, R.: Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram," "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche."
Strube, G.: Symphony in C minor (MS.), opus 11.
Tschaikowsky: Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32.
Zöllner, H.: "Mitternacht bei Sedan."

Seventeen in all; a goodly number for twenty-four concerts. Yet we think the public could have stood more. In this connection is to be noted that three more novelties were promised, from time to time, but not given. These were:

Beethoven, Quartet in C-sharp minor, opus 131 (scored for orchestra by Müller-Berghaus).
Rimsky-Korsakoff: Symphony, "Antar."
Weber: Andante from Symphony No. 2.

We are heartily glad that two of these promised dainties were not given. The Müller-Berghaus score of Beethoven's great C-sharp minor quartet was buried some fifteen or twenty years ago beneath the contempt of two continents, and it was foolish even to think of hawking it up for revival in this year of grace. The Weber Andante—and many other things of its kind—died of euthanasia a good while ago. We repeat that we are glad these two things were not given; only they never ought to have been announced. Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," on the other hand, we should have been glad to hear, if only for once; to have it announced, and then withdrawn, was a disappointment. And this brings us to a point which, it seems to us, calls for some fault-finding. There have been eight changes of programme this season—irrespective of changes necessitated by the indisposition of solo performers; that is, on eight occasions has the programme been different from the one announced the week before—at just one-third of the concerts. This seems to us nothing but bad management. It is, moreover, exceedingly annoying to a goodly part of the audience; for not a few of the regular attendants at the symphony concerts habitually take the trouble to look up and study the compositions announced to be given, and take the scores with them to concerts and rehearsals. And it is not fair that this—artistically the best—part of the audience should be forced to take such trouble for nothing. We sincerely hope that this will be remedied next season.

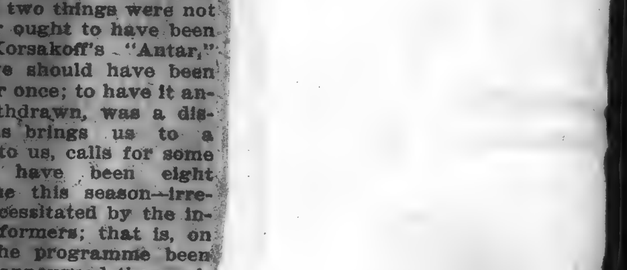
——An interesting, as well as instructive lists of the soloists who have appeared in the concerts by the Symphony orchestra in Boston since its founding in 1881 was published in the program of the closing concert last week. This list was compiled by Mr F. R. Comee, the assistant manager of the orchestra, and some idea of its extent may be gained from the fact that it contained a total of 386 names, divided as follows: Soprano 79, alto 37, tenor 25, bass 35, pianoforte 103, violin 71, violoncello 22, flute 4, clarinet 1, oboe 1, horn 1, harp 3, and reader 4.

Milwaukee Sentinel
May 17.

W. F. Apthorp, who writes the interesting analytical programmes for the Boston Symphony orchestra, gives a complete account of what has been done at the twenty-four concerts of the Boston season which closed on May 2, from which the following is summarized: In the number of compositions played Wagner leads (as always) with 12, Beethoven coming next with 10. Brahms had 7, Tchaikovsky and Mozart 5, Saint Saëns 4, Dvorák, Berlioz, Liszt, Schumann, Smetana, R. Strauss, 3, and so on, the number of composers represented being 46, of whom 21 were Germans, 8 French, 3 Russian, 3 Bohemian, 2 Hungarian, 4 American, 2 English, 1 Polish, 1 Belgian, 1 Italian. The whole number of compositions played was 99. The list of soloists at these concerts included Mmes. Clarke, Franklin, Henschel, Melba, Olitzka, Rolla, Szumowska, De Vere-Sapio, MM. Adamowski, Ben Davies, Faelten, G. Henschel, Joseffy, Kneisel, Marsick, Ondricek, Sauret, Schulz, Sieveking. Mr. Apthorp appends complete lists of all the soloists heard at these concerts since 1881. There are 387 in all, including 103 pianists (some names, of course, are repeated), 71 violinists, 22 'cellists, 4 flutists, 79 sopranos, 37 altos, 25 tenors, 35 basses, etc.

The Musical Courier

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.



PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9, 1896.

EUROPE may have some features in music not yet our own, but we surely have one thing that they have not—namely, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization of artists that may well be called perfect in every way. It is hardly possible to think of anything more beautiful in tone, more brilliant in execution, than the rendering of the program of the last Symphony concert. It consisted, aside from Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony (repeated by request), of selections from Wagner's works, most of them played at the New York concert which brought forth such unanimous praise and enthusiastic reports from the whole metropolitan press. The success of the last season must have been very gratifying to the management, as the attendance showed a marked increase over the previous year.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1896.

The program of the twenty-fourth and last concert of Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to Rienzi ..... }
A Siegfried Idyl ..... }
A Faust overture ..... }
Prelude to Act III. of Lohengrin ..... } .....Wagner
Forest Sounds, from Siegfried, Act II ..... }
Prelude and Isolde's Love Death, from Tristan and Isolde ..... }
Prelude to The Master Singers of Nuremberg .... }

To me a program devoted exclusively to the works of any one composer is a detriment to the one supposedly honored. The greatest have their mannerisms, and mannerisms without the contrast of other mannerisms quickly fatigue. But it is the fashion to enjoy "grand Wagner concerts," and as conductors are children of this world, why should they pose as children of light?

The performance was one that provoked enthusiastic scenes, and not without good cause. Mr. Paur was most happy in his readings, and the orchestra gave an exhibition of finesse, thoughtfulness, dash, brilliancy and power that was often marvelous. The season closed in a blaze of glory.

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Here is a summing up of the fifteenth Symphony season: The pieces performed were as follows, arranged in the alphabetical order of the composers' names:

D'Albert, Eugene—Prelude to The Ruby.
Bach, J. S.—Suite in D major, My Heart Ever Faithful (Miss Clarke).
Beethoven—Symphonies 1, 5, 6, 7. Overtures, Lenore, No. 3. Consecration of the House, Egmont, King Stephen; violin concerto (Mr. Ondricek), Ah Perfido! (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Berlioz—Harold in Italy, three movements from Romeo and Juliet; overture, Corsair.
Bizet—Overture, Patrie.
Borodin—A steppe sketch from Central Asia.
Brahms—Symphonies 1, 2, 4; Tragic overture; Academic overture; Hungarian dances, 15, 17, 21; piano concerto, No. 2 (Mr. Joseffy).
Bruch—Scotch fantasia (Mr. Adamowski); concerto for violin, No. 3, D minor (Mr. Marsick, at public rehearsal).
Chadwick—Overture, Melpomene.
Delibes—Legend from Lakmé (Mme. Melba).
Dvorák—Symphony No. 2; overture, Nature; scherzo capriccioso.
Foote—Suite, D minor.
Godard—Suite No. 1 from Jocelyn.
Götz—Symphony, F major.
Goldmark—Symphony, Rustic Wedding; overture, Sakuntala.
Gounod—Air from Queen of Sheba (Miss Clarke).
Händel—Largo from Serse, Deeper and Deeper, and Waft Her Angels, from Jephthah (Mr. Davies).
Haydn—Symphonies, G major (Surprise), G major.
Henschel—Song, Spring, with orchestra (Mrs. Henschel); ballad, with piano, Jung Dietrich (Mr. Henschel).
Humperdinck—Dream pantomime music from Hänsel und Gretel.
Lalo—Suite, Namouna.
Lang, M. R.—Air, Armida (Miss Franklin).
Liszt—Tasso, second Hungarian rhapsody (Müller-Berghaus); Kennst du das Land (Mrs. Henschel).
MacDowell—Suite A minor, No. 1; suite E minor, No. 2.
Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 3 (Scotch); overture, Fingal's Cave.
Meyerbeer—Ah mon fils (Miss Olitzka).
Moszkowski—Concerto for violin (Mr. Sauret).
Mozart—Symphonies, G minor, D major (Parisian); andante and variations from Divertimento 17, Turkish march (Herbeck), Parto, Parto, from La Clemenza di Tito (Miss Olitzka).
Parry, C. H. H.—King Saul's Dream (Mr. Henschel).
Raff—Symphony, Lenore; piano concerto (Mr. Faelten).
Reznicek—Overture, Donna Diana.
Rubinstein—Symphony No. 4, Dramatic; overture, Dimitri Donskoi.
Saint-Saëns—Le rouet d'Omphale; piano concerto, G minor (Mr. Sieveking, Miss Szumowska); Mon cœur s'ouvre (Miss Rolla).
Schubert—Symphony, Unfinished; fantasia, F minor (Mottl); Funeral March, E flat minor (Liszt).
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B flat major; overture, Genoveva; 'cello concerto (Mr. Schulz).
Smetana—Symphonic poem, Wyschehrad.
Spohr—Overture, Jessonda.
Strauss, Richard—Preludes to Acts I., II. of Guntram; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks.
Strube, Gustave—Sympnony, C minor.
Thomas, Ambroise—*Ophelia's* mad song (Mrs. de Vere-Sapio).
Tschaikowsky—Symphony, No. 6, Pathétique (2); Francesca da Rimini; Romeo and Juliet; overture, 1812.
Vieuxtemps—Concerto, No. 4, D minor (Mr. Marsick).
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May 1896

THE SONG JOURNAL.

Last Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is a disgrace to New York and a bitter commentary on its boasted musical culture that the Boston Symphony Orchestra an organization the greatest of its kind in America if not in the whole world, plays here season after season to unprofitable business. On the evening of March 27 the orchestra gave its last concert of this season in the presence of a larger audience than usual, the largest indeed since that of the first concert last fall at which Melba was the soloist. The program was made up entirely from the works of Wagner commencing with the Rienzi overture and continuing with excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," "Meistersinger" and "Die Walkure," with the "Eine Faust" overture sandwiched in between.

If any additional proof were needed of the pre-eminence of the Boston Orchestra it was surely furnished on this occasion for more glorious playing was surely never listened to. The orchestra is like a great composite voice almost sympathetic enough to be human. The technic, too, is that of a great vocalist with every run, scale and trill given with clean-cut precision and crystalline purity. All the different parts stand out in beautiful relief and yet blended with the others into one magnificent homogeneous whole while so far are the strings from the faintest suspicion of scrapiness that the music they make seems as though floating in air. This orchestra is a living manifold lesson in concerted playing, and not only Boston but the entire country has every reason to feel proud of it.

The soloist of this last concert was Mr. Ben Davies, who sang the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and the spring song from "Die Walkure," disclosing a voice of beautiful sympathetic quality and a free, wholesome method. It was a delight to listen to him and his success was unqualified.

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Boston Transcript

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1896.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-fourth and last symphony concert of the season was given in Music Hall, last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

WAGNER PROGRAMME.

Overture to "Rienzi."
Siegfried-Idyll.
Eine Faust-Ouverture.
Introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin."
Waldweben, from "Siegfried," Act II.
Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde."
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

A most excellent programme, as Wagner programmes go! The only serious drawback—to our thinking—was the absence of a symphony. To be sure, it would not have been a Wagner programme, if there had been a symphony, unless Wagner's symphony had been given, which, thank heaven, it was not. But we cannot help finding a long succession of comparatively short pieces fatiguing; and, after two or three of them, we crave the mental repose of something in four movements.

Mr. Paur and the orchestra covered themselves with glory; the playing was of the very best—save that we found the brass somewhat too prominent in fortissimo passages throughout. Mr. Paur conducted with his usual painstaking, and even more than his usual vigor and vivacity.

The audience was enthusiastic in its reception of and farewell-au-revoir to the conductor, whose desk was tastefully ornamented with flowers and smilax.

Upon the whole, it was one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season. In summing up, we find that the following novelties have been given for the first time in Boston this season:

Berlioz: Overture to "Le Corsaire," opus 21.
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie."
Dvorak: Overture, "In der Natur," opus 91.
Foote: Suite in D minor, opus 36.
Humperdinck: Dream Pantomime from "Hänsel und Gretel."
Lalo: Suite, "Namouna."
Lang, Margaret R.: Concert Aria, "Armida" (MS.), opus 24.
MacDowell: Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian" (MS.) opus 48.
Parry, Dr. C. H.: "King Saul's Dream."
Reznicek: Overture to "Donna Diana."
Rubinstein: Overture to "Dimitri Donskoi."
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vyschrad."
Strauss, R.: Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram," "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche."
Strube, G.: Symphony in C minor (MS.), opus 11.
Tschaikowsky: Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32.
Zöllner, H.: "Mitternacht bei Sedan."

Seventeen in all; a goodly number for twenty-four concerts. Yet we think the public could have stood more. In this connection is to be noted that three more novelties were promised, from time to time, but not given. These were:

Beethoven, Quartet in C-sharp minor, opus 131 (scored for orchestra by Müller-Berghaus).
Rimsky-Korsakoff: Symphony, "Antar."
Weber: Andante from Symphony No. 2.

We are heartily glad that two of these promised dainties were not given. The Müller-Berghaus score of Beethoven's great C-sharp minor quartet was buried some fifteen or twenty years ago beneath the contempt of two continents, and it was foolish even to think of hawking it up for revival in this year of grace. The Weber Andante—and many other things of its kind—died of euthanasia a good while ago. We repeat that we are glad these two things were not given; only they never ought to have been announced. Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," on the other hand, we should have been glad to hear, if only for once; to have it announced, and then withdrawn, was a disappointment. And this brings us to a point which, it seems to us, calls for some fault-finding. There have been eight changes of programme this season—irrespective of changes necessitated by the indisposition of solo performers; that is, on eight occasions has the programme been different from the one announced the week before—at just one-third of the concerts. This seems to us nothing but bad management. It is, moreover, exceedingly annoying to a goodly part of the audience; for not a few of the regular attendants at the symphony concerts habitually take the trouble to look up and study the compositions announced to be given, and take the scores with them to concerts and rehearsals. And it is not fair that this—artistically the best—part of the audience should be forced to take such trouble for nothing. We sincerely hope that this will be remedied next season.

——An interesting, as well as instructive lists of the soloists who have appeared in the concerts by the Symphony orchestra in Boston since its founding in 1881 was published in the program of the closing concert last week. This list was compiled by Mr F. R. Comee, the assistant manager of the orchestra, and some idea of its extent may be gained from the fact that it contained a total of 386 names, divided as follows: Soprano 79, alto 37, tenor 25, bass 35, pianoforte 103, violin 71, violoncello 22, flute 4, clarinet 1, oboe 1, horn 1, harp 3, and reader 4.

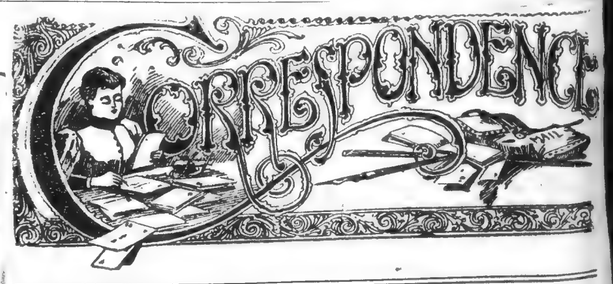
Milwaukee Sentinel May 17.

a book by Joseph Bennett.

W. F. Apthorp, who writes the interesting analytical programmes for the Boston Symphony orchestra, gives a complete account of what has been done at the twenty-four concerts of the Boston season which closed on May 2, from which the following is summarized: In the number of compositions played Wagner leads (as always) with 12, Beethoven coming next with 10. Brahms had 7, Tchaikovsky and Mozart 5, Saint Saëns 4, Dvorák, Berlioz, Liszt, Schumann, Smetana, R. Strauss, 3, and so on, the number of composers represented being 46, of whom 21 were Germans, 8 French, 3 Russian, 3 Bohemian, 2 Hungarian, 4 American, 2 English, 1 Polish, 1 Belgian, 1 Italian. The whole number of compositions played was 99. The list of soloists at these concerts included Mmes. Clarke, Franklin, Henschel, Melba, Olitzka, Rolla, Szumowska, De Vere-Sapio, MM. Adamowski, Ben Davies, Faelten, G. Henschel, Joseffy, Kneisel, Marsick, Ondricek, Sauret, Schulz, Sieveking. Mr. Apthorp appends complete lists of all the soloists heard at these concerts since 1881. There are 387 in all, including 103 pianists (some names, of course, are repeated), 71 violinists, 22 'cellists, 4 flutists, 79 sopranos, 37 altos, 25 tenors, 35 basses, etc.

The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.



PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9, 1896.

EUROPE may have some features in music not yet our own, but we surely have one thing that they have not—namely, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization of artists that may well be called perfect in every way. It is hardly possible to think of anything more beautiful in tone, more brilliant in execution, than the rendering of the program of the last Symphony concert. It consisted, aside from Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony (repeated by request), of selections from Wagner's works, most of them played at the New York concert which brought forth such unanimous praise and enthusiastic reports from the whole metropolitan press. The success of the last season must have been very gratifying to the management, as the attendance showed a marked increase over the previous year.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York

SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1896.

LIGHTENS TRAVEL'S BURDENS.

J. W. Stockton Is a Railroad Man Whom New England Men Have Cause to Know and Admire.

One of the men who has done much for the comfort of the vast army of summer travellers in and through New England this year is J. W. Stockton, the District Superintendent of the Pullman Palace Car Company. He is pleasant and genial, but his faith in system and order has done more to make his reputation as a successful railroad man than even his personal qualities. By his energy and good judgment he has greatly advanced the interests of the company he represents during the ten years he has been in Boston in his present position.

He began his career as a transportation officer with the Baltimore and Ohio in Pittsburg, and then went to Philadelphia, where he entered the service of the Pullman Company. They sent him to Boston ten years ago, and now all New Englanders who travel and thousands more who go the New England resorts in the summer know and like him.

Mr. Stockton is a native of New Jersey,

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and he was educated in Lindsley Institute, Wheeling, W. Va. He is a descendant of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and many of his ancestors were prominent officers in the Revolutionary War.

Work of the Symphony Orchestra.

All musical people who care for statistics will be interested in the figures recently compiled by F. R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the 752 concerts given in Boston by this now famous organization since its founding fifteen years ago, there have appeared a total of 387 soloists, divided as follows:

Soprano	79
Alto	37
Tenor	25
Bass	35
Pianoforte	103
Violin	71
Violoncello	22
Flute	4
Oboe	1
Clarinet	1
Horn	1
Harp	3
Reader	5
	387

All of the above solists made two appearances at each engagement, as two separate series are given each season—one on Friday afternoons, called public rehearsals; the other on the following Saturday evenings, the programme for both being identical

ill within a week, he was unable to do any systematic work in his office. Whatever work he did was spasmodic, and his hours were subject to fa[illegible]

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Has Given 1,339 Concerts Since Its Organization.

Since its inception, fourteen years ago, the Boston Symphony orchestra, in addition to its annual series of forty-eight concerts in Boston, has made seven Western trips, and in the past eleven years monthly trips of one week's duration to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has also visited all the principal New England cities. Including the second monthly trip of this season, which ends December 21, this now famous organization has given the remarkable total of 1,339 performances, thus establishing a record that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Some of the older European orchestras have been in existence many more years and the New York Philharmonic society, the parent orchestral organization of this country, can show more than fifty years to its credit; but the lesser number of concerts given annually so reduces the total number that the Boston Symphony orchestra undoubtedly heads the list. Seven hundred and nineteen performances have been given in Boston, and 620 in thirty-seven cities throughout the United States, from Maine to Minnesota. Cambridge, Mass., with a series of ninety-seven concerts, which began the first year of the orchestra's existence, and which are held under the auspices of Harvard college in their Memorial hall, heads the list of cities visited.

Assuming an average of five numbers to each concert, between 6,000 and 7,000 have been performed. Over 1,000 soloists have appeared. More than half of them have been singers and the remainder pianists, violinists and 'cellists. Ten members of the orchestra have been with it since its organization and more than one-half of the orchestra have been members for ten years. The Boston symphony was founded and is maintained by Mr. Higginson, one of the Hub's wealthy citizens.

There is one disappointing feature about the list of cities visited—the West is not sufficiently well represented. Kansas City has several times made liberal bids for a concert and each time has been denied.

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The Musical Courier.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1896.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE MUSICAL COURIER acknowledges with appreciation the receipt of a neatly bound volume which is a compilation of the programs played in Music Hall, Boston, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the past season, 1895–6. This series of twenty-four programs, accompanied by exhaustive explanatory notes by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, forms unusually interesting material for reference and reading. The programs bear no reference to the performances given in New York and the provinces, in which, however, the orchestral portions have been in some instances repeated in part, if not entire.

A backward survey discloses a superb amount of work in one season. The orchestra and Mr. Emil Paur have not saved themselves in difficulty or interesting variety of scope. The field has been comprehensively covered from Bach to Brahms, with excellent judgment on the part of Mr. Paur in the matter of due contrast. The best lights of the various schools have been included, nor has the orchestra failed in bringing forward for the first time works of recent composers, American and foreign, which have usually established their claim to critical selection.

The statistics in detail of the work done make an admirable showing. Forty-six composers have been represented in these twenty-four concerts, some of them, according to their popularity, being repeated numerous times. Wagner, for instance, has had twelve performances (the highest number), Beethoven ten, Brahms seven, Mozart and Tschaikowsky each five, Schubert and Schumann each three, and so on down to the single performances of many. One hundred and five compositions have been played in all. Of these twenty-three were the performances of symphonies, thirty-seven were given to overtures, preludes and symphonic poems, six were suites and serenades, ten were concertos and instrumental solos, sixteen were scenas, arias and songs and fifteen miscellaneous works. The orchestra was assisted separately at the different concerts by nineteen eminent soloists, including operatic and lyric singers, violinists, 'cellists and pianists.

The range embraced is of the profoundest musical interest, and those good people of Boston who had the fine fortune to follow the twenty-four concerts of this incomparable band will have laid by a volume of education and delight with cherishing. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has not its peer on this side the Atlantic, nor can it have its superior the world over. Further, at no period of its career has it been known to reach a finer, higher strung standard of interpretation and supreme finish than at its closing performances of this past season in New York, as also presumably in Boston.

The hard shell of academic inflexibility incrusting Mr. Paur, which characterized his early readings in this country, has gradually been dropping away. By such rapid degrees has it been disappearing this past season that Mr. Paur's original opponents have had to pause, take breath and carefully consider how they might most gracefully and consistently arrange to overcome their first views. The established spirit of the orchestra, when it came to his hands, the temperamental demands of the American people, the general atmosphere of romance and mobility in which he lived, rehearsed and conducted here, in opposition to the rigid angular Kapellmeister boundaries of his German musical life, have wakened up the hidden feeling in Mr. Paur. He began slowly to observe and adapt himself; he has ended rapidly and in such manner as would lead the American public to suppose that the original spirit of the musician was for a long time repressed, and has finally found its true abiding place.

We note that one of the most representative programs to be adduced in this connection was performed in Boston on May 1 and 2 and was subsequently given almost identically in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

It was a Wagner program, including the Rienzi and Eine Faust Overture, the Ride of the Valkyries, the Siegfried Idyl and Sounds from the Forest and the Prelude to the Meistersinger and to Act III. of Lohengrin. The performance of this program was a revelation to former faultfinders with Mr. Paur. His reading of the Faust overture was absolutely unsurpassable in sombre, virile passion and tragic force. Mr. Paur led his band through an interpretation which for intelligent mastery, sweep and glow will always remain memorable. The entire program caught a fire and abandon, a poetry and superb color from the director's inspiration which silenced emphatically all old resentment on the score of lack of temperament with Mr. Paur.

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The World

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THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

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Symphony Concert

The last of the Season—A Wagner Evening—An Enthusiatic Audience—Mr. Paur Receives an Ovation.

The tenth and last concert of the season was given in Sanders theatre on Thursday evening of last week with a strictly Wagnerian programme. The selections were as follows:

"Die Meistersinger" Prelude.
"Siegfried." Idyll.
"Lohengrin." Preludes to Acts I. and II.
"The Flying Dutchman." Overture.
"Siegfried." Waldweben
"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude and Love-Death
"Die Walkure." Ride of the Valkyries.

Mr. Paur has the distinction of being the only conductor who has given us an entire programme of Wagner, and the cordiality of his reception showed that the audience fully appreciated his efforts to give Cambridge a few of the advantages that Boston has so long enjoyed.

For once we have got the better of our Boston neighbors in the way of a programme, for the "Overture to The Flying Dutchman" and the thrilling "Ride of the wild Valkyries," weigh far more heavily in the balance than the somewhat hackneyed and decidedly non-Wagnerian Rienzi Overture which will be played on Saturday evening. In the prelude to the Meistersinger Wagner has followed out to the letter Gluck's precept that "the overture ought to prepare the audience for the action of the piece, and serve as a kind of argument to it." The melodies, as in all Wagner's overtures, are all drawn from the play, and one has only to turn to the score to find out what each phrase symbolizes, without the help of handbooks, which a witty German critic once called "musical Baedekers." The prelude was splendidly played, the mastersinger's march melody and Walther's "Prize Song" being given with a vigor in fine contrast to the more delicate treatment of the three melodies depicting the opposition to the notions of the old mastersingers. The beautiful and poetic Siegfried-Idyll was also played to perfection, the themes taken from the third act of the opera of Siegfried, representing Brunnhilde's great love scene, and also the fine motive from the Walkure, being worked up with splendid skill. The romantic prelude to Lohengrin, and the grand march which is the orchestral introduction to the third act of the opera supposed to be the festal music at Lohengrin and Elsa's wedding, were both superbly played. "The Flying Dutchman" Overture has been given here frequently before, and each time that we hear it, we are more convinced that it is too much of an orchestral tempest for Sanders theatre. Mr. Paur rode his forces furiously, in keeping with a great storm at sea, and showed his power of self control, by his fine descrescendo to the Andante of Senta's ballad. The Waldweben from Siegfried arranged by Wagner for concert performances is always heard with delight, for it requires no explanation to imagine the sights and sonnets of a whole forest, so graphic is the instrumentation descriptive of the bird's song, the rustling of leaves, together with Siegfried's horn-motive. The prelude and closing scene (Liebes-Tod) from Tristan and Isolde made a great impression, the wind instruments singing the beautiful melody with great expressiveness. The concert ended with a tremendous performance of the Ride of the Valkyries from the opening of the third act of "Die Walkure," the trombones playing for all that they were worth with the horns and trumpet against the agitating, whirling accompaniment of the orchestra. The audience was loud in its expression of delight and Mr. Paur must have felt well pleased with the success which crowned his efforts.

C. R.

Instruments.	Baireuth.	Philharmonic.
First violins	16	18
Second violins	16	18
Violas	12	14
Violoncellos	12	14
Double-basses	8	14
Flutes	3	3
Oboes	3	3
English horn	1	1
Clarinets	3	3
Basset-horn	1	0
Bassoons	3	3
Trumpets	3	3
Horns	8	4
Trombones	3	3
Tympani (pairs)	2	2
Bass trumpet	1	0
Tenor tubas	2	0
Bass tubas	2	1
Contra-bass tuba	1	0
Contra-bass trombone	1	0
Base drum	1	1
Cymbals	1	1
Harps	6	1

Tamb. Castanets - 1
Triangle - 1

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BOSTON EVE...
TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1896.

The Musical Courier.
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896.

Here are the soloists who have appeared in the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since its founding in 1881, compiled by Mr. F. R. Comee. The figures indicate the number of appearances of each artist, Mr. Franz Kneisel heading the list with a total of fifteen, closely followed by Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Baermann with thirteen each. Mr. T. Adamowski appeared ten times, and Miss Gertrude Franklin nine times. Eight concerts each are credited to Miss Emma Juch, Mrs. Georg Henschel and Miss Mary How. Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Fritz Giese each had seven appearances, and Mme. Fursch-Madi, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Theodore Toedt, Mr. Georg Henschel, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. Otto Roth and Mr. Alwin Schroeder each appeared five times. Annie Louise Cary was the soloist at the first concert.

SOPRANO.

Allen, Mrs. E. Humphrey, 3.
Baldwin, Miss Louise.
Beebe, Miss Henrietta.
Blauvelt, Miss Lillian.
Boema, Mme. Gabriella.
Clarke, Miss Caroline Gardner, 2.
Eames, Mme. Emma, 2.
Eaton, Mrs. Elene B.
Franklin, Miss Gertrude, 9.
Fursch-Madi, Mme., 5.
Hall, Miss Marguerite, 2.
Henschel, Mrs. Georg, 8.
Henson, Miss Medora.
Hunt, Miss Clara.
Jahn, Miss Marie.
Jahns, Mme. Steinbach.
Juch, Miss Emma, 8.
Kaschoska, Miss Felicia.
Kellogg, Miss Fanny.
Knowles, Mrs. H. F.
Lehmann, Mme. Lilli, 3.
Materna, Mme. Amalie.
Melba, Mme., 2.
Mielke, Mme. Antonia.
Nikisch, Mrs. Arthur, 3.
Nordica, Mme. Lillian, 4.
Olitzka, Miss Rosa.
Rolla, Miss Kate.
Sapio, Mme. De Vere.
Simms, Miss Hattie Louise.
Smith, Mrs. Marie Barnard, 2.
Stewart, Miss Rose.
Tavary, Mme. Basta.
Thursby, Miss Emma.
Trebelli, Miss Antoinette.
Van Arnheim, Miss Katharine, 2.
White, Miss Priscilla.
Whittier, Miss Harriet S.

ALTO.

Cary, Miss Annie Louise.
Drasdil, Miss Anna.
Edmands, Miss Gertrude, 3.
Glenn, Miss Hope.
How, Miss Mary H., 8.
Huntington, Miss Agnes.
Joachim, Mme. Amalie.
Leimer, Miss Louise, 2.
Little, Miss Lena.
Mitchell, Miss Annie.
Peakes, Miss Sara.
Phillips, Miss Mathilde.
Rollwagen, Miss Louise, 3.
Smith, Miss Lillian Carl.
Welsh, Miss Ita.
Whinnery, Miss Abbie.
Winant, Miss Emily, 5.
Wyman, Mrs. Julie M., 4.

TENOR.

Adams, Mr. Charles R., 4.
Davies, Mr. Ben.
Dippel, Mr. Andreas.
Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm.
Jordan, Mr. Jules.
Kalisch, Mr. Paul, 2.
Parker, Mr. George J., 2.
Schott, Mr. Anton.
Toedt, Mr. Theodore, 5.
Webber, Mr. Charles F.
Winch, Mr. William J., 7.

BASS.

Babcock, Mr. D. M., 2.
Benzing, Mr. Jacob.
Cirillo, Mr. V., 2.
Fischer, Mr. Emil, 4.
Harlow, Mr. A. F.
Hay, Mr. C. E., 3.
Heinrich, Mr. Max, 5.
Henschel, Mr. Georg, 5.
Hubbard, Mr. Eliot, 2.
Lamson, Mr. Gardner S.
Libby, Mr. J. A.
Martin, Mr. Carl E.
Meyn, Mr. Heinrich, 4.
Reichmann, Mr. Theodor.
Remmertz, Mr. Franz.
Sargent, Mr. Sullivan A.

PIANO.

d'Albert, Mr. Eugen.
Aus der Ohe, Miss Adele, 4.
Baermann, Mr. Carl, 13.
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., 5.
Bendix, Mr. Otto.
Burmeister, Mr. Richard.
Busoni, Mr. Ferruccio B., 3.
Clark, Mrs. Anna Steiniger, 2.
Carreño, Teresa.
Castellano, Miss Eugenia.
Faelten, Mr. Carl, 4.
Foote, Mr. Arthur.
Friedheim, Mr. Arthur.
Garlichs, Miss Mary E.
Grünfeld, Mr. Alfred.
Heimlicher, Miss Marie.
Henschel, Mr. Georg.
Hollins, Mr. Alfred.
Hopekirk, Mme. Helen, 2.
Huss, Mr. Henry Holden, 2.
Joseffy, Mr. Rafael, 4.
King, Mme. Julia Rivé, 2.
Lang, Mr. B. J., 5.
Lent, Mrs. Ernest.
Maas, Mr. Louis, 2.
MacDowell, Mr. E. A., 3.
Magrath, Mr. George.
Margulies, Miss Adele, 3.
Nowell, Mr. George, 2.
Obrion, Miss Mary E., 3.
De Pachmann, Mr. Vladimir.
Paderewski, Mr. Ignace J., 2.
Paur, Mrs. Emil.
Perabo, Mr. Ernst.
Preston, Mr. John A.
Radecki, Miss Olga von, 3.
Scharwenka, Mr. Xaver.
Schiller, Mme. Madeline, 3.
Sherwood, Mr. William H., 3.
Sieveking, Mr. Martinus.
Stasny, Mr. Carl.
Sumner, Mr. George W.
Szumowska, Miss Antoinette, 2.
Tucker, Mr. H. G., 3.
Utassi, Miss Etelka.
Whiting, Mr. Arthur.
Zeisler, Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield, 4.

VIOLIN.

Adamowski, Mr. T., 10.
Brodsky, Mr. Adolph.
Campanari, Mr. Leandro, 3.
De Seve, Mr. Alfred, 2.
Kneisel, Mr. Franz, 15.
Lichtenberg, Mr. Leopold.
Liebe, Mme. Therese.
Listemann, Mr. Bernhard, 4.
Loeffler, Mr. C. M., 13.
Mahr, Mr. Emil.
Marteau, Mr. Henri.
Marsick, Mr. M., 2.
Nowell, Mr. Willis.
Ondricek, Mr. Franz.
Powell, Miss Maud.
Roth, Mr. Otto, 5.
Sauret, Mr. Emil.
Schmidt, Mr. Louis, 2.
Schnitzler, Mr. Isidor, 2.
Thomson, Mr. César.
Urso, Mme. Camilla, 2.
Ysaye, Mr. Eugene.

VIOLONCELLO.

Bayrhoffer, Mr. Carl,
Giese, Mr. Fritz, 7.
Hekking, Mr. Anton, 2.
Liebe, Mr. Theodore.
Müller, Mr. Wilhelm, 2.
Schroeder, Mr. Alwin, 5.
Schultz, Mr. Leo, 4.

FLUTE.

Heindl, Mr. E. M., 2.
Molé, Mr. Chas., 2.

OBOE.

Sautet, Mr. A.

CLARINET.

Strasser, Mr. E.

HORN.

Reiter, Mr. Xaver.

HARP.

Freygang, Mr. [illegible]
Schuecker, Mr. Heinrich.

READERS.

Riddle, Mr. George, 3.
Ticknor, Mr. Howard Malcolm, 2.

List of Soloists Who Have Appeared in the Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston Since Its Founding in 1881

[Compiled by F. R. Comee.]

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Soprano—
Allen, Mrs. E. Humphrey, 3.
Baldwin, Miss Louise.
Beebe, Miss Henrietta.
Blauvelt, Miss Lillian.
Boema, Mme. Gabriella.
Clarke, Miss Caroline Gardner, 2.
Eames, Mme. Emma, 2.
Eaton, Mrs. Elene B.
Franklin, Miss Gertrude, 9.
Fursch-Madi, Mme., 5.
Hall, Miss Marguerite, 2.
Henschel, Mrs. Georg, 8.
Henson, Miss Medora.
Hunt, Miss Clara.
Jahn, Miss Marie.
Jahns, Mme. Steinbach.
Juch, Miss Emma, 8.
Kaschoska, Miss Felicia.
Kellogg, Miss Fanny.
Knowles, Mrs. H. F.
Lehmann, Mme. Lilli, 3.
Materna, Mme. Amalie.
Melba, Mme., 2.
Mielke, Mme. Antonia.
Nikisch, Mrs. Arthur, 3.
Nordica, Mme. Lillian, 4.
Olitzka Rosa, Miss.
Rolla, Miss Kate.
Sapio, Mme. De-Vere.
Simms, Miss Hattie Louise.
Smith, Mrs. Marie Barnard, 2.
Stewart, Miss Rose.
Tavary, Mme. Basta.
Thursby, Miss Emma.
Trebelli, Miss Antoinette.
Van Arnheim, Miss Katharine, 2.
White, Miss Priscilla.
Whittier, Miss Harriet S.

Alto—
Cary, Miss Annie Louise.
Drasdil, Miss Anna.
Edmands, Miss Gertrude, 3.
Glenn, Miss Hope.
How, Miss Mary H., 3.
Huntington, Miss Agnes.
Joachim, Mme. Amalie.
Leimer, Miss Louise, 2.
Little, Miss Lena.
Mitchell, Miss Annie.
Peakes, Miss Sara.
Phillips, Miss Mathilde.
Rollwagen, Miss Louise, 3.
Smith, Miss Lillian Carl.
Welsh, Miss Ita.
Whinnery, Miss Abbie.
Winant, Miss Emily, 5.
Wyman, Mrs. Julie M., 4.

Tenor—
Adams, Mr. Charles R., 4.
Davies, Mr. Ben.
Dippel, Mr. Andreas.
Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm.
Jordan, Mr. Jules.
Kalisch, Mr. Paul, 2.
Parker, Mr. George J., 2.
Schott, Mr. Anton.
Toedt, Mr. Theodore, 5.
Webber, Mr. Charles F.
Winch, Mr. William J., 7.

Bass—
Babcock, Mr. D. M., 2.
Benzing, Mr. Jacob.
Cirillo, Mr. V., 2.
Fischer, Mr. Emil, 4.
Harlow, Mr. A. F.
Hay, Mr. C. E., 3.
Heinrich, Mr. Max, 5.
Henschel, Mr. Georg, 5.
Hubbard, Mr. Eliot, 2.
Lamson, Mr. Gardner S.
Libby, Mr. J. A.
Martin, Mr. Carl E.
Meyn, Mr. Heinrich, 4.
Reichmann, Mr. Theodor.
Remmertz, Mr. Franz.
Sargent, Mr. Sullivan A.

Pianoforte—
D'Albert, Mr. Eugen.
Aus der Ohe, Miss Adele, 4.
Baermann, Mr. Carl, 13.
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., 5.
Bendix, Mr. Otto.
Burmeister, Mr. Richard.
Busoni, Mr. Ferruccio B., 3.
Clark, Mrs. Anna Steiniger, 2.
Carreno, Miss Teresa.
Castellano, Miss Eugenia.
Faelten, Mr. Carl, 4.
Foote, Mr. Arthur.
Friedheim, Mr. Arthur.
Garlichs, Miss Mary E.
Grünfeldt, Mr. Alfred.
Heimlicher, Miss Marie.
Henschel, Mr. Georg.
Hollins, Mr. Alfred.
Hopekirk, Mme. Helen, 2.
Huss, Mr. Henry Holden, 2.
Joseffy, Mr. Rafael, 4.
King, Mme. Julia Rivé, 2.
Lang, Mr. B. J., 5.
Lent, Mrs. Ernest.
Maas, Mr. Louis, 2.
MacDowell, Mr. E. A., 3.
Magrath, Mr. George.
Margulies, Miss Adele, 3.
Nowell, Mr. George, 2.
Obrion, Miss Mary E., 3.
De Pachmann, Mr. Vladimir.
Paderewski, Mr. Ignace J., 2.
Paur, Mrs. Emil.
Perabo, Mr. Ernst.
Preston, Mr. John A.
Radecki, Miss Olga von, 3.
Scharwenka, Mr. Xaver.
Schiller, Mme. Madeline, 3.
Sherwood, Mr. William H., 3.
Sieveking, Mr. Martinus.
Stasny, Mr. Carl.
Sumner, Mr. George W.
Szumowska, Miss Antoinette, 2.
Tucker, Mr. H. G., 3.
Utassi, Miss Etelka.
Whiting, Mr. Arthur.
Zeisler, Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield, 4.

Violin—
Adamowski, Mr. T., 10.
Brodsky, Mr. Adolph.
Campanari, Mr. Leandro, 3.
DeSeve, Mr. Alfred, 2.
Kneisel, Mr. Franz, 15.
Lichtenberg, Mr. Leopold.
Liebe, Mme. Therese.
Listemann, Mr. Bernhard, 4.
Loeffler, Mr. C. M., 13.
Mahr, Mr. Emil.
Marteau, Mr. Henri.
Marsick, Mr. M., 2.
Nowell, Mr. Willis.
Ondricek, Mr. Franz.
Powell, Miss Maud.
Roth, Mr. Otto, 5.
Sauret, Mr. Emil.
Schmidt, Mr. Louis, 2.
Schnitzler, Mr. Isidor, 2.
Thomson, Mr. César.
Urso, Mme. Camilla, 2.
Ysaye, Mr. Eugene.

Violoncello—
Bayrhoffer, Mr. Carl.
Giese, Mr. Fritz, 7.
Hekking, Mr. Anton, 2.
Liebe, Mr. Theodore.
Müller, Mr. Wilhelm, 2.
Schroeder, Mr. Alwin, 5.
Schultz, Mr. Leo, 4.

Flute—
Heindl, Mr. E. M., 2.
Molé, Mr. Charles, 2.

Oboe—
Sautet, Mr. A.

Clarinet—
Strasser, Mr. E.

Horn—
Reiter, Mr. Xaver.

Harp—

Symphony Concert

The last of the Season—A Wagner Evening—An Enthusiatic Audience—Mr. Paur Receives an Ovation.

The tenth and last concert of the season was given in Sanders theatre on Thursday evening of last week with a strictly Wagnerian programme. The selections were as follows:

"Die Meistersinger" Prelude.
"Siegfried." Idyll.
"Lohengrin." Preludes to Acts I. and II.
"The Flying Dutchman." Overture.
"Siegfried." Waldweben
"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude and Love-Death
"Die Walkure." Ride of the Valkyries.

Mr. Paur has the distinction of being the only conductor who has given us an entire programme of Wagner, and the cordiality of his reception showed that the audience fully appreciated his efforts to give Cambridge a few of the advantages that Boston has so long enjoyed.

For once we have got the better of our Boston neighbors in the way of a programme, for the "Overture to The Flying Dutchman" and the thrilling "Ride of the wild Valkyries," weigh far more heavily in the balance than the somewhat hackneyed and decidedly non-Wagnerian Rienzi Overture which will be played on Saturday evening. In the prelude to the Meistersinger Wagner has followed out to the letter Gluck's precept that "the overture ought to prepare the audience for the action of the piece, and serve as a kind of argument to it." The melodies, as in all Wagner's overtures, are all drawn from the play, and one has only to turn to the score to find out what each phrase symbolizes, without the help of handbooks, which a witty German critic once called "musical Baedekers." The prelude was splendidly played, the mastersinger's march melody and Walther's "Prize Song" being given with a vigor in fine contrast to the more delicate treatment of the three melodies depicting the opposition to the notions of the old mastersingers. The beautiful and poetic Siegfried-Idyll was also played to perfection, the themes taken from the third act of the opera of Siegfried, representing Brunnhilde's great love scene, and also the fine motive from the Walkure, being worked up with splendid skill. The romantic prelude to Lohengrin, and the grand march which is the orchestral introduction to the third act of the opera supposed to be the festal music at Lohengrin and Elsa's wedding, were both superbly played. "The Flying Dutchman" Overture has been given here frequently before, and each time that we hear it, we are more convinced that it is too much of an orchestral tempest for Sanders theatre. Mr. Paur rode his forces furiously, in keeping with a great storm at sea, and showed his power of self control, by his fine descrescendo to the Andante of Senta's ballad. The Waldweben from Siegfried arranged by Wagner for concert performances is always heard with delight, for it requires no explanation to imagine the sights and sonnets of a whole forest, so graphic is the instrumentation descriptive of the bird's song, the rustling of leaves, together with Siegfried's horn-motive. The prelude and closing scene (Liebes-Tod) from Tristan and Isolde made a great impression, the wind instruments singing the beautiful melody with great expressiveness. The concert ended with a tremendous performance of the Ride of the Valkyries from the opening of the third act of "Die Walkure," the trombones playing for all that they were worth with the horns and trumpet against the agitating, whirling accompaniment of the orchestra. The audience was loud in its expression of delight and Mr. Paur must have felt well pleased with the success which crowned his efforts.

C. R.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1896.

Instruments	Bairenth	B. S.	Philharmonic.
First violins	16	16.	18
Second violins	16	14.	18
Violas	12	10.	14
Violoncellos	12	8.	14
Double-basses	8	8.	14
Flutes	3	3.	3
Oboes	3	2.	3
English horn	1	1.	1
Clarinets	3	3.	3
Basset-horn	1	0.	0
Bassoons	3	3.	3
Trumpets	3	3.	3
Horns	8	4.	4
Trombones	3	3.	3
Tympani (pairs)	2	2.	2
Bass trumpet	1	0.	0
Tenor tubas	2	2.	0
Bass tubas	2	2.	1
Contra-bass tuba	1	1.	0
Contra-bass trombone	1	0.	0
Bass drum	1	1.	1
Cymbals	1	1.	1
Harps	6	1.	1

Tamb. Cast. Cymbals - 1.
Saxophone - 1.

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SOPRANO.

Allen, Mrs. E. Humphrey, 3.
Baldwin, Miss Louise.
Beebe, Miss Henrietta.
Blauvelt, Miss Lillian.
Boema, Mme. Gabriella.
Clarke, Miss Caroline Gardner, 2.
Eames, Mme. Emma, 2.
Eaton, Mrs. Elene B.
Franklin, Miss Gertrude, 9.
Fursch-Madi, Mme., 5.
Hall, Miss Marguerite, 2.
Henschel, Mrs. Georg, 8.
Henson, Miss Medora.
Hunt, Miss Clara.
Jahn, Miss Marie.
Jahns, Mme. Steinbach.
Juch, Miss Emma, 8.
Kaschoska, Miss Felicia.
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Knowles, Mrs. H. F.
Lehmann, Mme. Lilli, 3.
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Mielke, Mme. Antonia.
Nikisch, Mrs. Arthur, 3.
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Olitzka, Miss Rosa.
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Sapio, Mme. De Vere.
Simms, Miss Hattie Louise.
Smith, Mrs. Marie Barnard, 2.
Stewart, Miss Rose.
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Trebelli, Miss Antoinette.
Van Arnheim, Miss Katharine, 2.
White, Miss Priscilla.
Whittier, Miss Harriet S.

ALTO.

Cary, Miss Annie Louise.
Drasdil, Miss Anna.
Edmands, Miss Gertrude, 3.
Glenn, Miss Hope.
How, Miss Mary H., 8.
Huntington, Miss Agnes.
Joachim, Mme. Amalie.
Leimer, Miss Louise, 2.
Little, Miss Lena.
Mitchell, Miss Annie.
Peakes, Miss Sara.
Phillips, Miss Mathilde.
Rollwagen, Miss Louise, 3.
Smith, Miss Lillian Carl.
Welsh, Miss Ita.
Whinnery, Miss Abbie.
Winant, Miss Emily, 5.
Wyman, Mrs. Julie M., 4.

TENOR.

Adams, Mr. Charles R., 4.
Davies, Mr. Ben.
Dippel, Mr. Andreas.
Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm.
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Kalisch, Mr. Paul, 2.
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Harlow, Mr. A. F.
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PIANO.

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Sherwood, Mr. William H., 3.
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Schnitzler, Mr. Isidor, 2.
Thomson, Mr. César.
Urso, Mme. Camilla, 2.
Ysaye, Mr. Eugene.

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Giese, Mr. Fritz, 7.
Hekking, Mr. Anton, 2.
Liebe, Mr. Theodore.
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Schroeder, Mr. Alwin, 5.
Schultz, Mr. Leo, 4.

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Heindl, Mr. E. M., 2.
Molé, Mr. Chas., 2.

OBOE.

Sautet, Mr. A.

CLARINET.

Strasser, Mr. E.

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Reiter, Mr. Xaver.

HARP.

Freygang, Mr. A.
Schuecker, Mr. Heinrich.

READERS.

Riddle, Mr. George, 3.
Ticknor, Mr. Howard Malcolm, 2.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

List of Soloists Who Have Appeared in the Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston Since Its Founding in 1881

[Compiled by F. R. Comee.]

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Kellogg, Miss Fanny.
Knowles, Mrs. H. F.
Lehmann, Mme. Lilli, 3.
Materna, Mme. Amalie.
Melba, Mme., 2.
Mielke, Mme. Antonia.
Nikisch, Mrs. Arthur, 3.
Nordica, Mme. Lillian, 4.
Olitzka Rosa, Miss.
Rolla, Miss Kate.
Sapio, Mme. De-Vere.
Simms, Miss Hattie Louise.
Smith, Mrs. Marie Barnard, 2.
Stewart, Miss Rose.
Tavary, Mme. Basta.
Thursby, Miss Emma.
Trebelli, Miss Antoinette.
Van Arnheim, Miss Katharine, 2.
White, Miss Priscilla.
Whittier, Miss Harriet S.

Alto—
Cary, Miss Annie Louise.
Drasdil, Miss Anna.
Edmands, Miss Gertrude, 3.
Glenn, Miss Hope.
How, Miss Mary H., 8.
Huntington, Miss Agnes.
Joachim, Mme. Amalie.
Leimer, Miss Louise, 2.
Little, Miss Lena.
Mitchell, Miss Annie.
Peakes, Miss Sara.
Phillips, Miss Mathilde.
Rollwagen, Miss Louise, 3.
Smith, Miss Lillian Carl.
Welsh, Miss Ita.
Whinnery, Miss Abbie.
Winant, Miss Emily, 5.
Wyman, Mrs. Julie M., 4.

Tenor—
Adams, Mr. Charles R., 4.
Davies, Mr. Ben.
Dippel, Mr. Andreas.
Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm.
Jordan, Mr. Jules.
Kalisch, Mr. Paul, 2.
Parker, Mr. George J., 2.
Schott, Mr. Anton.
Toedt, Mr. Theodore, 5.
Webber, Mr. Charles F.
Winch, Mr. William J., 7.

Bass—
Babcock, Mr. D. M., 2.
Benzing, Mr. Jacob.
Cirillo, Mr. V., 2.
Fischer, Mr. Emil, 4.
Harlow, Mr. A. F.
Hay, Mr. C. E., 3.
Heinrich, Mr. Max, 5.
Henschel, Mr. Georg, 5.
Hubbard, Mr. Eliot, 2.
Lamson, Mr. Gardner S.
Libby, Mr. J. A.
Martin, Mr. Carl E.
Meyn, Mr. Heinrich, 4.
Reichmann, Mr. Theodor.
Remmertz, Mr. Franz.
Sargent, Mr. Sullivan A.

Pianoforte—
D'Albert, Mr. Eugen.
Aus der Ohe, Miss Adele, 4.
Baermann, Mr. Carl, 13.
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., 5.
Bendix, Mr. Otto.
Burmeister, Mr. Richard.
Busoni, Mr. Ferruccio B., 3.
Clark, Mrs. Anna Steiniger, 2.
Carreno, Miss Teresa.
Castellano, Miss Eugenia.
Faelten, Mr. Carl, 4.
Foote, Mr. Arthur.
Friedheim, Mr. Arthur.
Garlichs, Miss Mary E.
Grünfeldt, Mr. Alfred.
Heimlicher, Miss Marie.
Henschel, Mr. Georg.
Hollins, Mr. Alfred.
Hopekirk, Mme. Helen, 2.
Huss, Mr. Henry Holden, 2.
Joseffy, Mr. Rafael, 4.
King, Mme. Julia Rivé, 2.
Lang, Mr. B. J., 5.
Lent, Mrs. Ernest.
Maas, Mr. Louis, 2.
MacDowell, Mr. E. A., 3.
Magrath, Mr. George.
Margulies, Miss Adele, 3.
Nowell, Mr. George, 2.
Obrion, Miss Mary E., 3.
De Pachmann, Mr. Vladimir.
Paderewski, Mr. Ignace J., 2.
Paur, Mrs. Emil.
Perabo, Mr. Ernst.
Preston, Mr. John A.
Radecki, Miss Olga von, 3.
Scharwenka, Mr. Xaver.
Schiller, Mme. Madeline, 3.
Sherwood, Mr. William H., 3.
Sieveking, Mr. Martinus.
Stasny, Mr. Carl.
Sumner, Mr. George W.
Szumowska, Miss Antoinette, 2.
Tucker, Mr. H. G., 3.
Utassi, Miss Etelka.
Whiting, Mr. Arthur.
Zeisler, Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield, 4.

Violin—
Adamowski, Mr. T., 10.
Brodsky, Mr. Adolph.
Campanari, Mr. Leandro, 3.
DeSeve, Mr. Alfred, 2.
Kneisel, Mr. Franz, 15.
Lichtenberg, Mr. Leopold.
Liebe, Mme. Therese.
Listemann, Mr. Bernhard, 4.
Loeffler, Mr. C. M., 13.
Mahr, Mr. Emil.
Marteau, Mr. Henri.
Marsick, Mr. M., 2.
Nowell, Mr. Willis.
Ondricek, Mr. Franz.
Powell, Miss Maud.
Roth, Mr. Otto, 5.
Sauret, Mr. Emil.
Schmidt, Mr. Louis, 2.
Schnitzler, Mr. Isidor, 2.
Thomson, Mr. César.
Urso, Mme. Camilla, 2.
Ysaye, Mr. Eugene.

Violoncello—
Bayrhoffer, Mr. Carl.
Giese, Mr. Fritz, 7.
Hekking, Mr. Anton, 2.
Liebe, Mr. Theodore.
Müller, Mr. Wilhelm, 2.
Schroeder, Mr. Alwin, 5.
Schultz, Mr. Leo, 4.

Flute—
Heindl, Mr. E. M., 2.
Molé, Mr. Charles, 2.

Oboe—
Sautet, Mr. A.

Clarinet—
Strasser, Mr. E.

Horn—
Reiter, Mr. Xaver.

Harp—
Freygang, Mr. A.
Schuecker, Mr. Heinrich, 2.

Readers—
Riddle, Mr. George, 3.
Ticknor, Mr. Howard Malcolm, 2.

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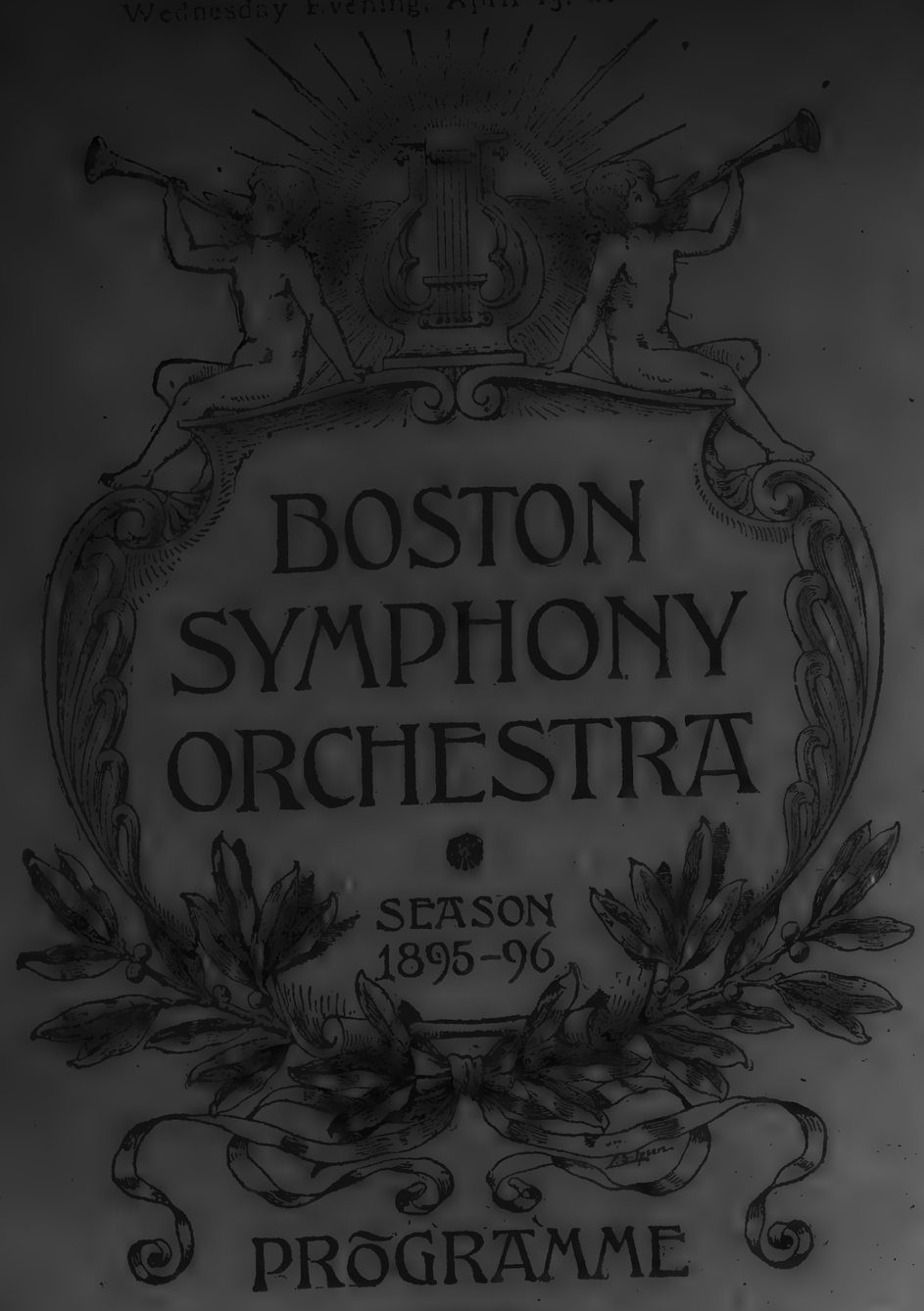
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

PORTLAND

CITY HALL,

Wednesday Evening, April 15, at 8 o'clock.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager. F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Half fare and late trains on M. C. R.R. and G. T. Ry. to all holding "Symphony" Tickets. Analytical Programmes sent to any address.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-THIRD PERFORMANCE.
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.	SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," op. 74 I. Adagio. — Allegro non troppo. II. Allegro con grazia. III. Allegro molto vivace. IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.
WAGNER.	"WALTHER'S PREISLIED," from "Die Meistersinger."
SAINT-SAËNS.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," op. 31
WAGNER.	"SPRING SONG," from "Die Walküre."
WAGNER.	OVERTURE. "Tannhaüser."

Soloist:

Mr. BEN DAVIES.

The Programme of the Tenth and last Concert, on Thursday Evening, April 30, will be composed entirely of Wagner selections.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

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Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

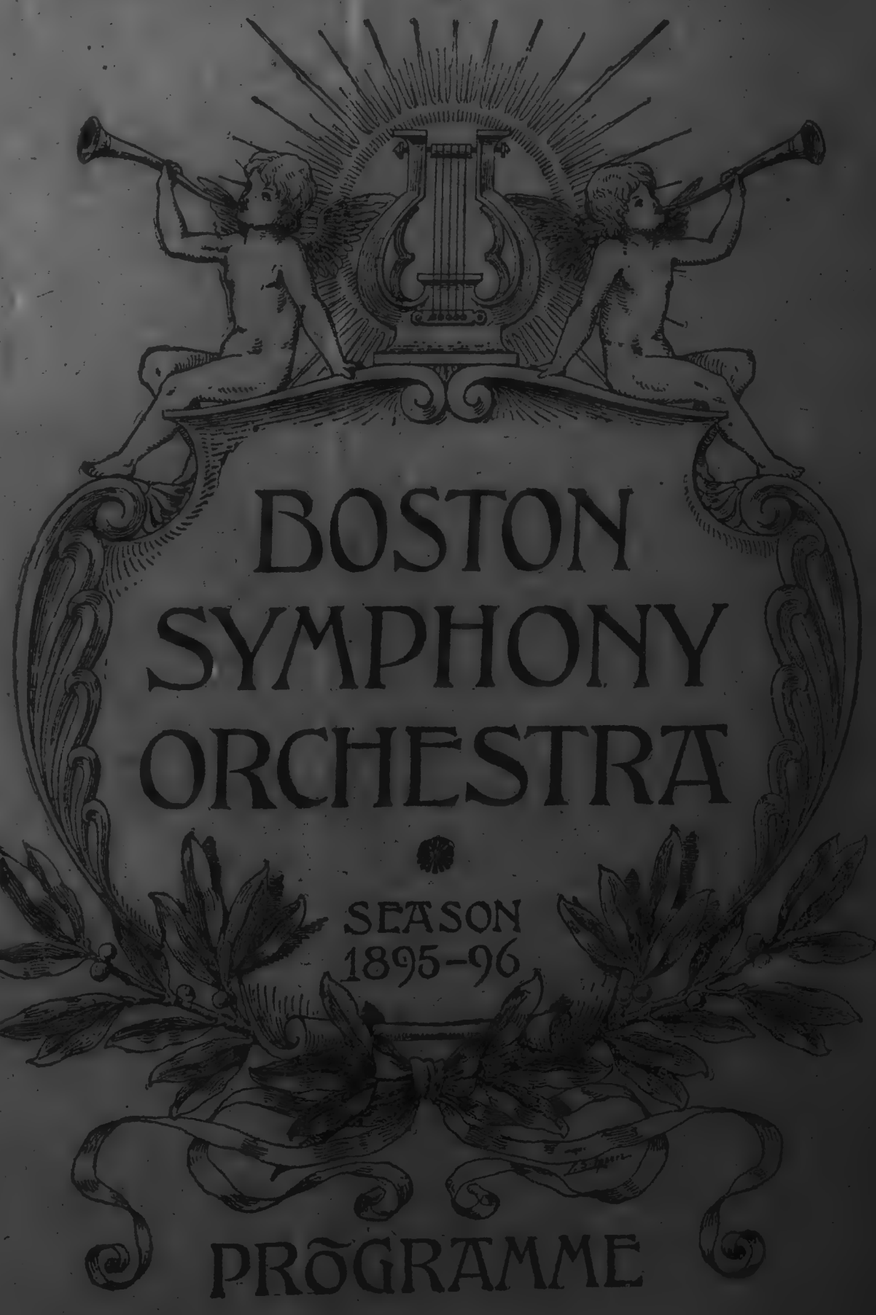
THURSDAY, APRIL 30, AT 7.45, P. M.

Wagner Programme.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."	PRELUDE.
"SIEGFRIED."	IDYLL.
"LOHENGRIN."	PRELUDES TO ACTS I. AND III.
"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."	OVERTURE.
"SIEGFRIED."	WALDWEBEN.
"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."	PRELUDE AND LOVE-DEATH.
"DIE WALKÜRE."	RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, April 22, at 8 o'clock precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Single tickets, at $1.25 each on sale at Infantry Hall.

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ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

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IX. CONCERT.

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X. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

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"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."	OVERTURE.
"SIEGFRIED."	WALDWEBEN.
"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."	PRELUDE AND LOVE-DEATH.
"DIE WALKÜRE."	RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, April 22, at 8 o'clock precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Single tickets, at $1.25 each on sale at Infantry Hall.

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, March 26, at 8.15 precisely.

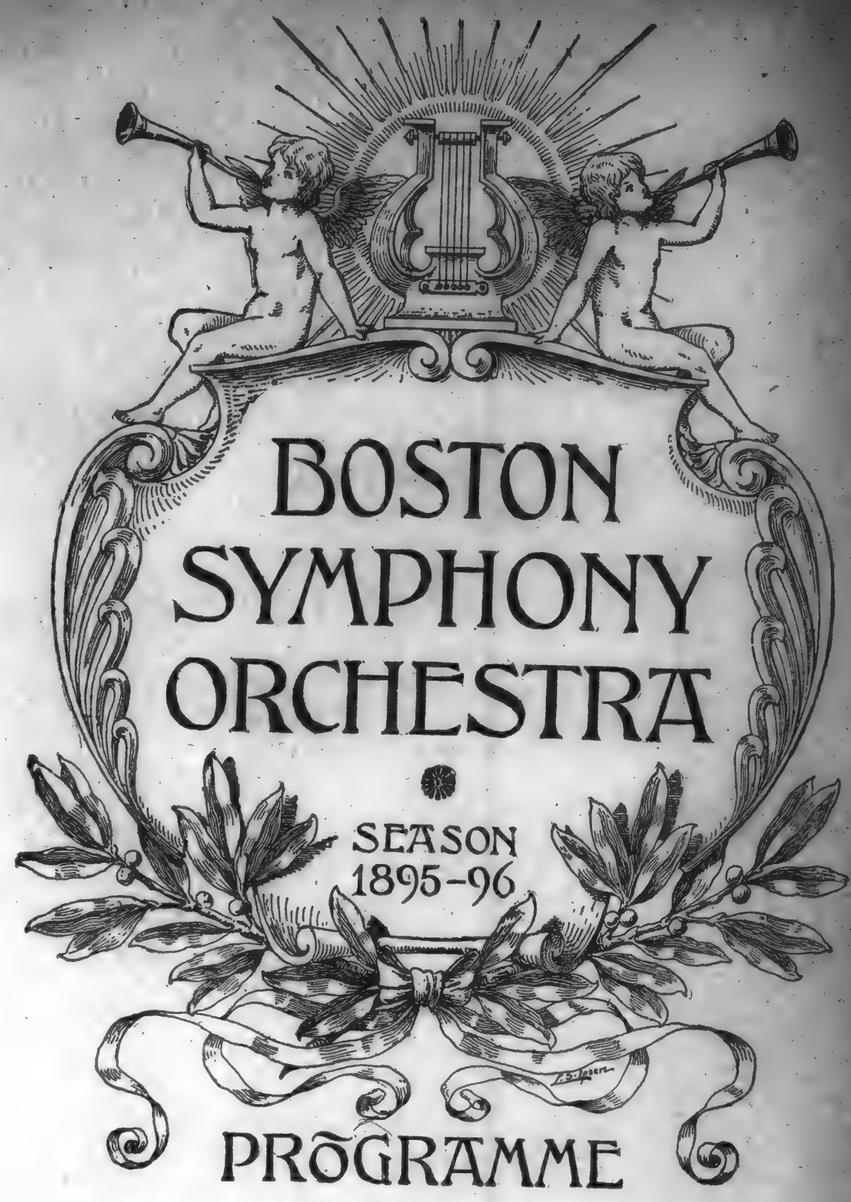
C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 5 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Copies of this Programme-book, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, can be obtained, free of charge, at Schuberth's Music Store, 23 Union Square.

Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, March 25, at 8.15 precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager. 5 Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles St.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Afternoon, March 28, at 2.30.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager. 5 Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... BROOKLYN.

Friday Evening, March 27, at 8.15 precisely.

Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager. 5 Tickets at the Brooklyn Institute and at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street.

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ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH PERFORMANCE.
ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 6, in F major, "Pastorale," op. 68.
I. ERWACHEN HEITERER EMPFINDUNGEN BEI DER ANKUNFT AUF DEM LANDE: Allegro ma non troppo.
II. SCENE AM BACH: Andante molto moto.
III. LUSTIGES ZUSAMMENSEIN DER LANDLEUTE: Allegro.
IV. GEWITTER, STURM: Allegro.
V. HIRTENGESANG. FROHE UND DANKBARE GEFÜHLE NACH DEM STURM: Allegretto.

ARTHUR WHITING. FANTASIE, B-flat minor, op. 11.
Moderato maestoso. — Allegro appassionata. — Pastorale. — Finale.

WAGNER. OVERTURE. "Rienzi."

Soloist:

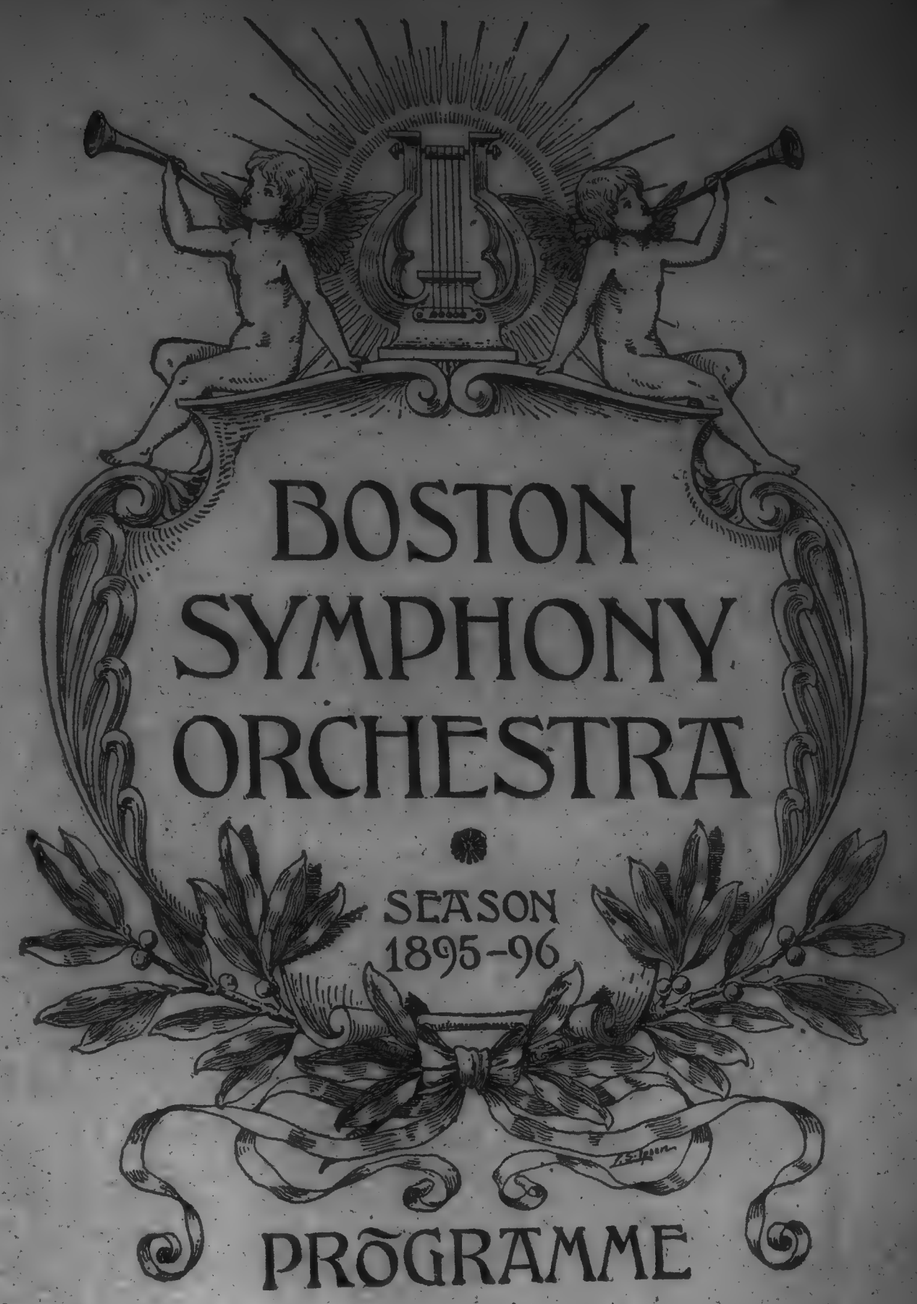
Mr. ARTHUR WHITING.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

Ninth Concert, Thursday, April 9, 1896.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 18, at 8 o'clock precisely.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
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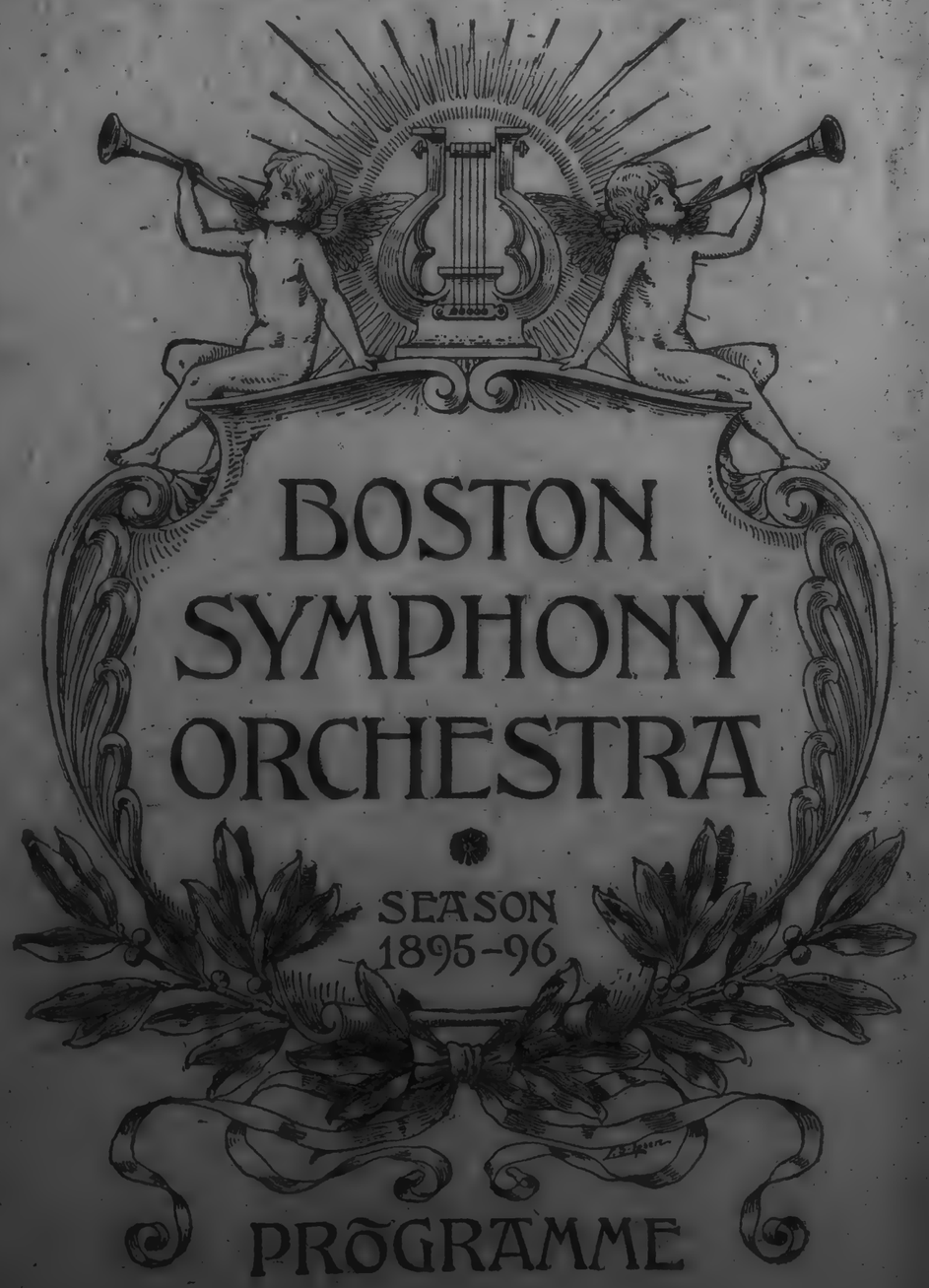

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, March 24, at 8.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895–96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH PERFORMANCE.
ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

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SEASON 1895–96

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MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, February 26, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

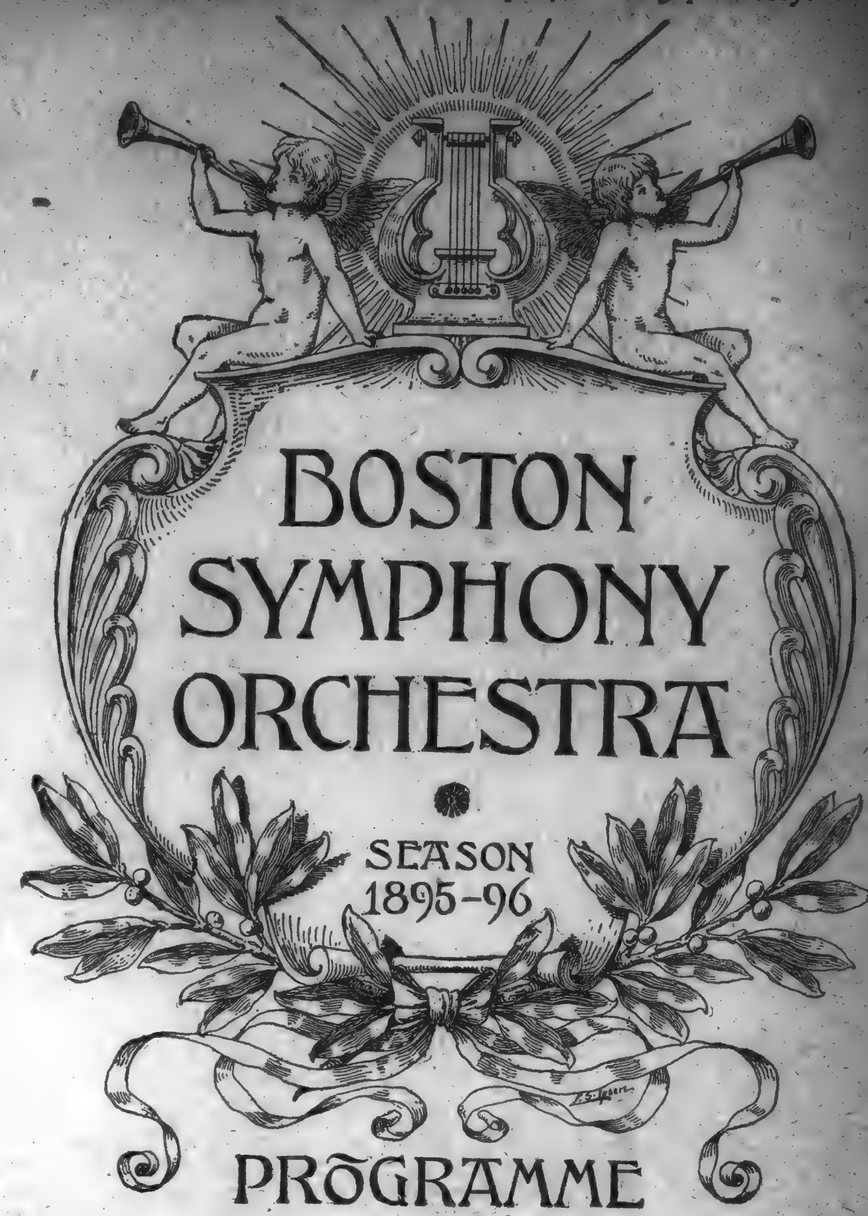
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles St.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, February 27, at 8.15 precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets at the Brooklyn Institute and at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Afternoon, February 29, at 2.30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

Academy of Music, Fall River.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIXTH PERFORMANCE.
ELEVENTH PERFORMANCE IN FALL RIVER.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER. OVERTURE. "Rienzi."

LACHNER. ARIA. "Vineta."

TSCHAIKOWSKY. SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," op. 74
I. Adagio. — Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

SONGS WITH PIANO.

a) MACKENZIE. "Spring Song."
b) MacDOWELL. "Thy Beaming Eyes."
c) CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS. "The Answer."

LISZT. HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY, No. 2.

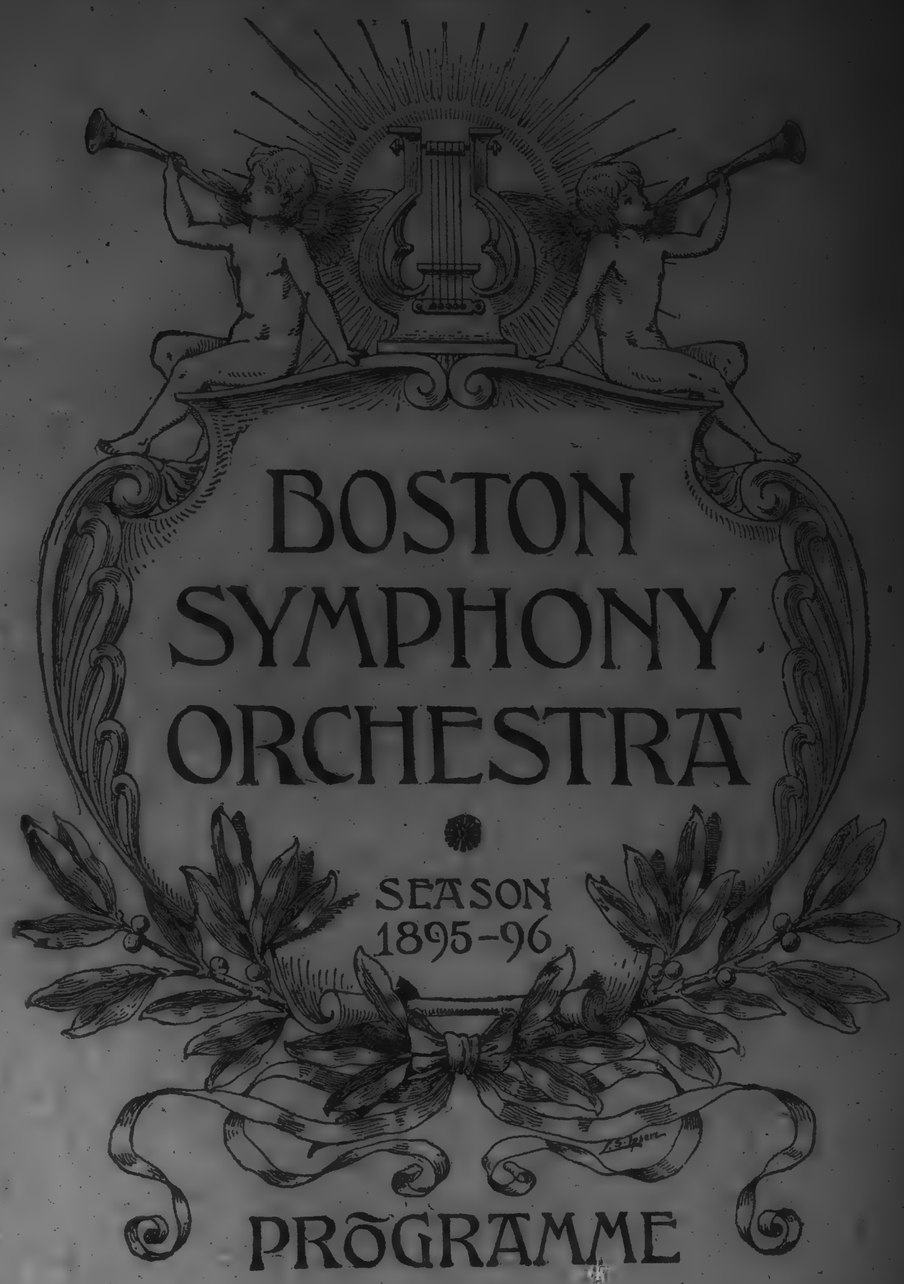
Soloist:

Miss CAROLINE GARDNER CLARKE.

The Piano is a Miller.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, January 8, at 8 o'clock precisely.



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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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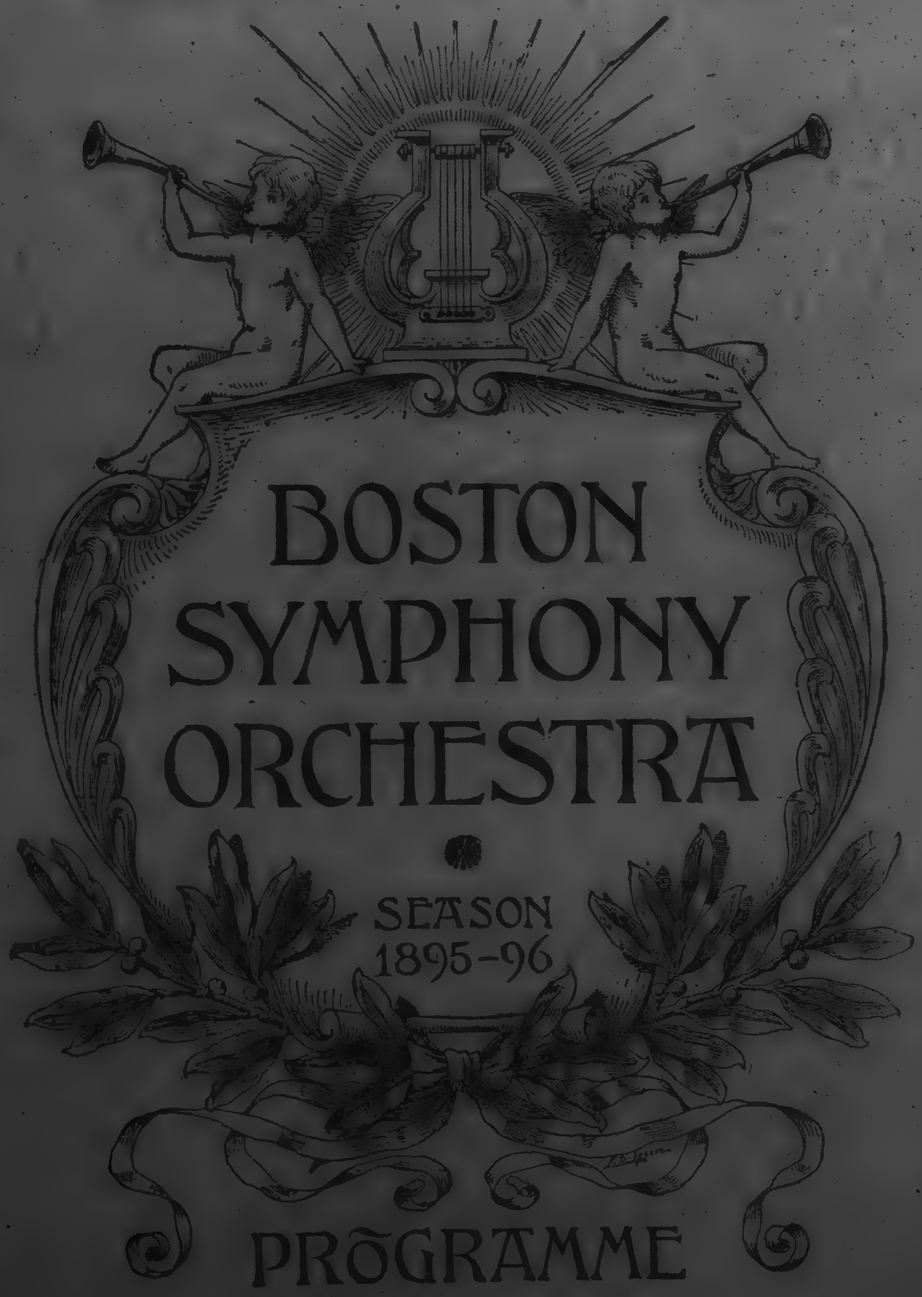
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, February 24, at 8.15 precisely.



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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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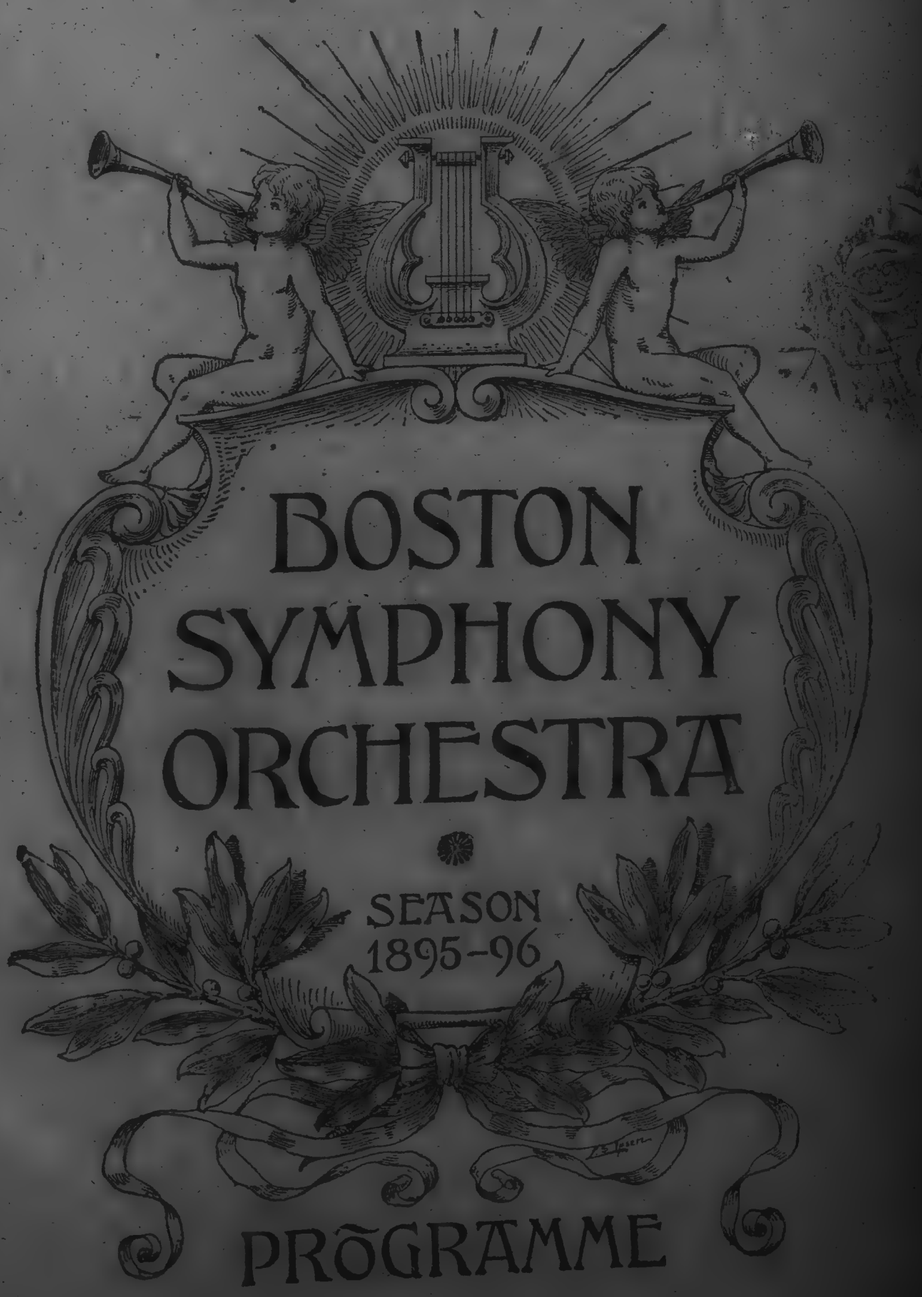
METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, February 25, at 8.



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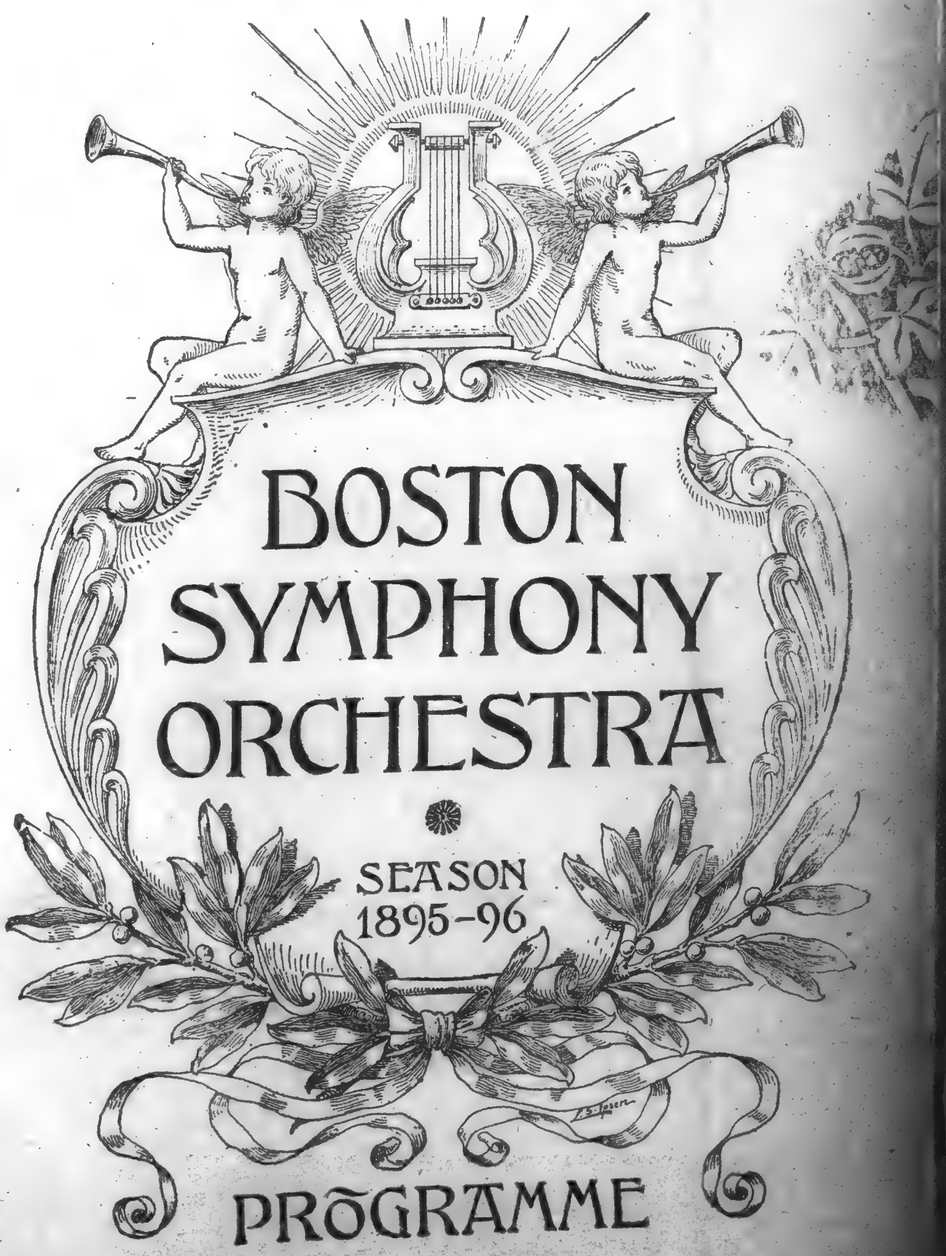
METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, February 25, at 8.



C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

Mr. Adamowski's Concert.

(Direction of C. A. ELLIS.)

Boston Theatre,
Sunday Evening, February 9, at 8.

The New York Symphony Orchestra

Mr. WALTER DAMROSCH, }
Mr. OTTO LOHSE, } Conductors.

(Only appearance in concert in Boston.)

Frau Klafsky

(Her only appearance in concert)

... AND ...

Mr. Adamowski

POPULAR PRICES.

Tickets, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, at Boston Theatre and at Music Hall.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST PERFORMANCE.
ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 7.45, P. M.

In Memory of MARTIN BRIMMER.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica." op. 55.
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. — Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

MOZART. TRAUERMUSIK.

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE. "Egmont."

The Orchestral Selections for the Seventh Concert, Thursday, February 20, 1896, will be Goldmark's Symphony, "Rustic Wedding" and Lalo, Suite, "Namouna."

- COVER ONLY -
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
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ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

GOLDMARK. SYMPHONY No. 1, in E flat major. "Ländliche Hochzeit," op. 26.
I. Hochzeits-Marsch: Moderato molto.
II. Brautlied: Allegretto.
III. Im Garten: Andante.
IV. Tanz: Allegro molto.

MOSZKOWSKI. CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in C major, op. 30.
I. Allegro commodo.
II. Andante.
III. Vivace.

GODARD. ORCHESTRAL SUITE from "Jocelyn," No. 1.
I. Prélude: Adagio.
II. Entr'acte, "Dans les Montagnes;" Moderato quasi Allegretto.
III. Entr'acte Gavotte: Andante.
IV. Carillon: Moderato.

Soloist:

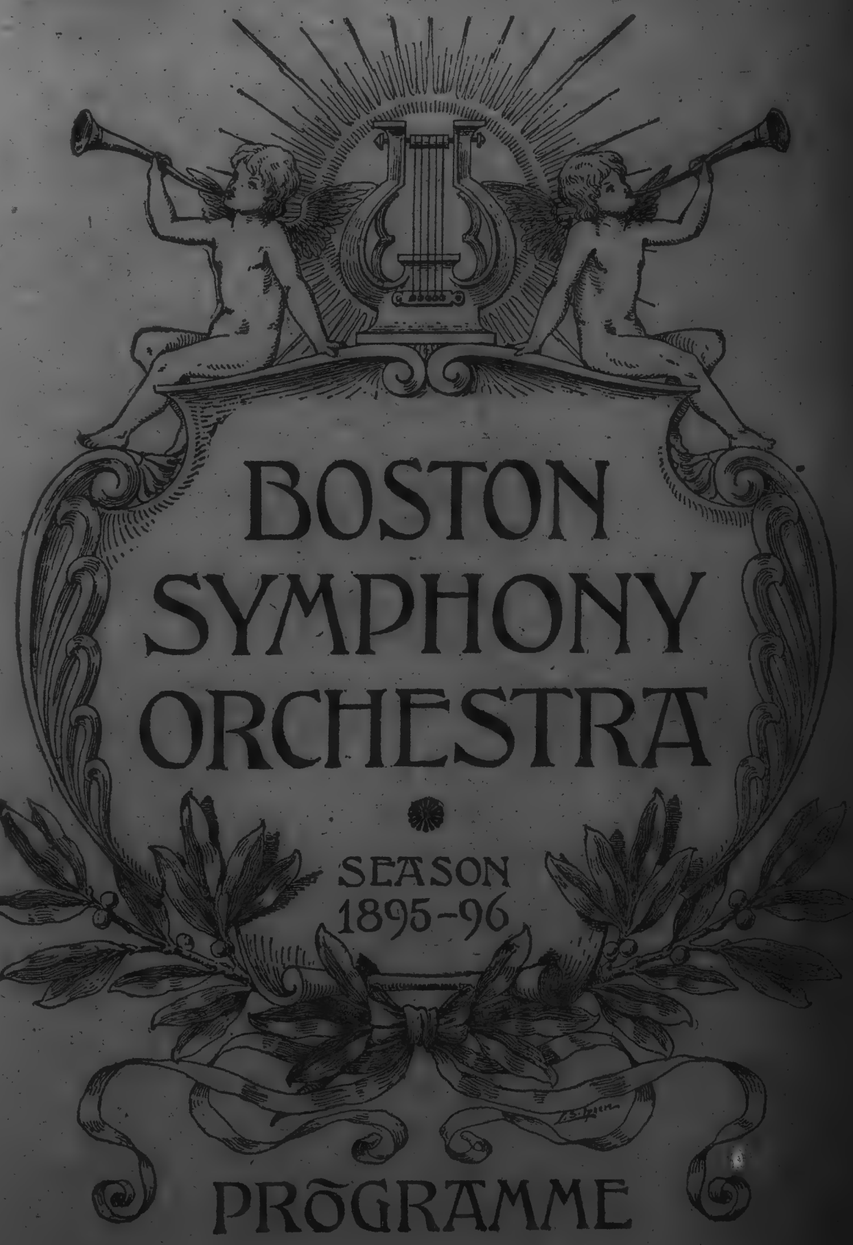
Mr. EMILE SAURET.

Eighth Concert, Thursday, March 12, 1896.

The Orchestral Selection for the next Concert will be the Beethoven Symphony No. 6, (Pastorale), and Wagner Overture, "Rienzi." Mr. Arthur Whiting will be the Soloist.

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

Single tickets, at $1.25 each [illegible] sale at Infantry Hall.

[135]

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Wednesday Evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

4

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[135]

.. Programme ..

OVERTURE, "Die Meistersinger" . . . . Wagner
ORCHESTRA.

FANTASIE FOR VIOLIN (on Scotch melodies) . Bruch
Mr. ADAMOWSKI.

ARIA from "Oberon" ("Ocean, thou mighty monster") Weber
Frau KLAFSKY.

SUITE, "Casse Noisette" (Nut Crackers) . Tschaikowsky
I. Ouverture miniature.
II. Danses caractéristiques.
III. Valse des fleurs.
ORCHESTRA.

AIRS RUSSE FOR VIOLIN . . . . Wieniawski
Mr. ADAMOWSKI.

SONGS WITH PIANO, { *a.* "The Young Nun" / *b.* "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel" } . Schubert
Frau KLAFSKY.

a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps, } from "The Damnation of Faust" Berlioz
b. Waltz of Sylphs, }
ORCHESTRA.

RONDO CAPRICCIOSO FOR VIOLIN . . . Saint-Saëns
Mr. ADAMOWSKI.

OVERTURE, "Sakuntala" . . . . . Goldmark
ORCHESTRA.

THE PIANO USED IS A STEINWAY.

"All the gifts and acquirements of a perfect violinist belong to Mr. damowski."— *St. James Gazette.*

"Very great taste and irreproachable technique."— *London Times.*

"He has great qualities of phrasing, a very fine tone, and that pose in style which qualifies him for a master of his art."— *London porting and Dramatic News.*

"He played with largeness of style, refinement of sentiment, and rm sincerity."— *Boston Herald.*

"Mr. Adamowski gave a delightful performance of the Scotch ntasia."— *Boston Journal.*

"Mr. Adamowski showed something so very like genius throughout s performance that we, for one, are quite willing to accept it for genius; d we are perfectly aware of what a very big word 'genius' is."— *Boston ranscript.*

"Most artistic and enjoyable violin playing; I have not heard tter, if indeed as good, this season."— *N.Y. World.*

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FIFTEENT
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BOSTON S

Mr.

THURSDAY,

In Memor

BEETHOVEN.
I.
II.
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IV.

MOZART.

BEETHOVEN.

The Orchestral Selections fo
be Goldmark's Symphony, "Rus

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FIFTEENTH
THIRTEEN HU
ONE HUNDRED 95–96.
XTY-SEVENTH PERFORMANCE.
RFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYM Y ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL P
Conductor.

VII. CON
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2
T 7.45, P. M.

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IV. Tanz: Allegro molto.

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IV. Carillon: Moderato.
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INFANTRY HALL,
Wednesday Evenin

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PR

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, January 23, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 3 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Copies of this Programme-book, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, can be obtained, free of charge, at Schuberth's Music Store, 23 Union Square.

Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN.

Friday Evening, January 24, at 8.15 precisely.

Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets at the Brooklyn Institute and at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street.

CITY HALL, SPRINGFIELD.

Tuesday Evening, January 28, 1896, at 8.

ONLY CONCERT THIS SEASON BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Tickets on sale at M. Steinert & Sons Company's, 422 Main St.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Afternoon, January 25, at 2.30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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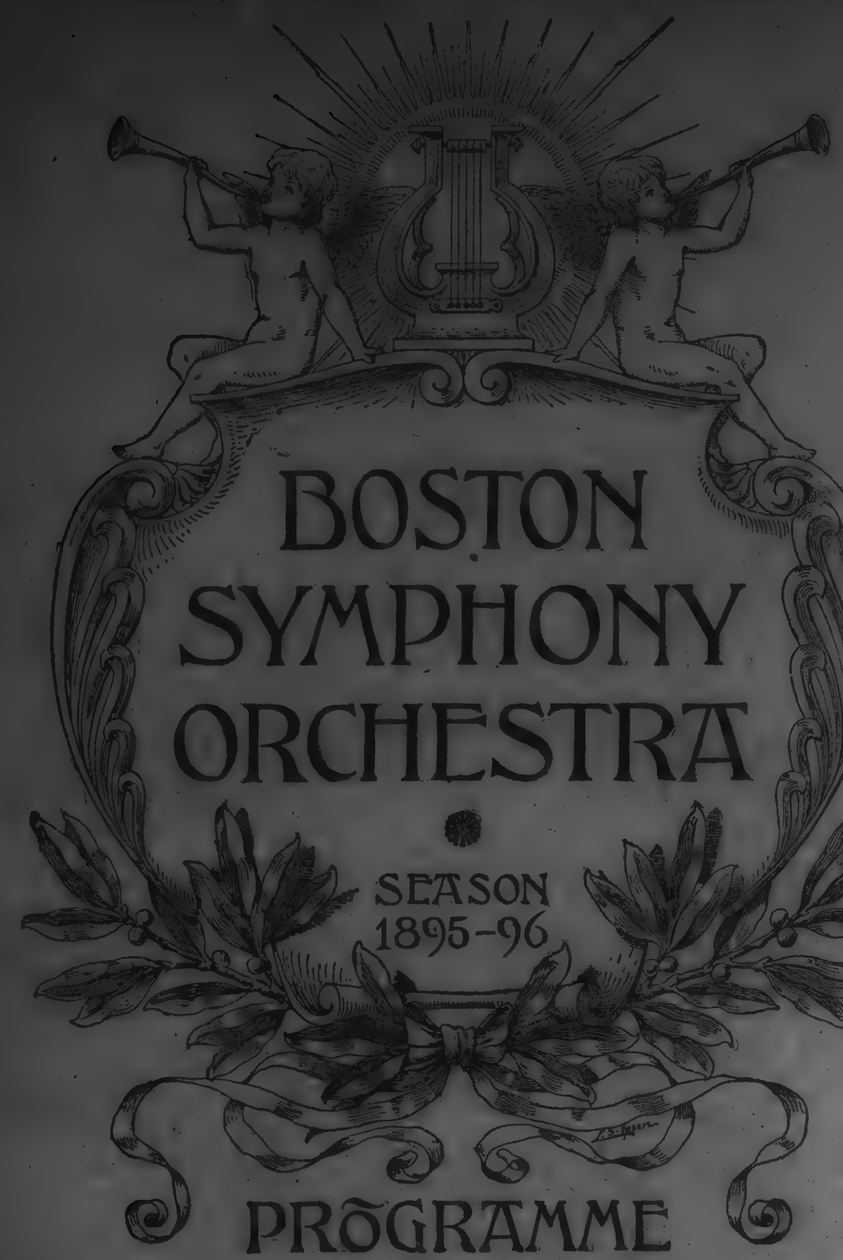
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, January 20, at 8.15 precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH PERFORMANCE.
NINETY-NINTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY. SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetique," op. 74

I. Adagio. — Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.
(First time at these Concerts.)

LISZT. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, No. 2 in A major.

I. Adagio sostenuto assai.
II. L'istesso tempo.
III. Allegro agitato assai.
IV. Allegro moderato.
V. Allegro deciso.
VI. Marziale.
VII. Stretto.

REZNICEK. OVERTURE. "Donna Diana."
(First time at these Concerts.)

Soloist:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

The Orchestral Selections for the Sixth Concert, Thursday, February 6, 1896, will be Schubert, "Unfinished Symphony"; Lalo, Suite, "Namouna"; and Rubinstein, Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi." Mrs. Kileski Bradbury will be the Soloist.

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, January 22, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

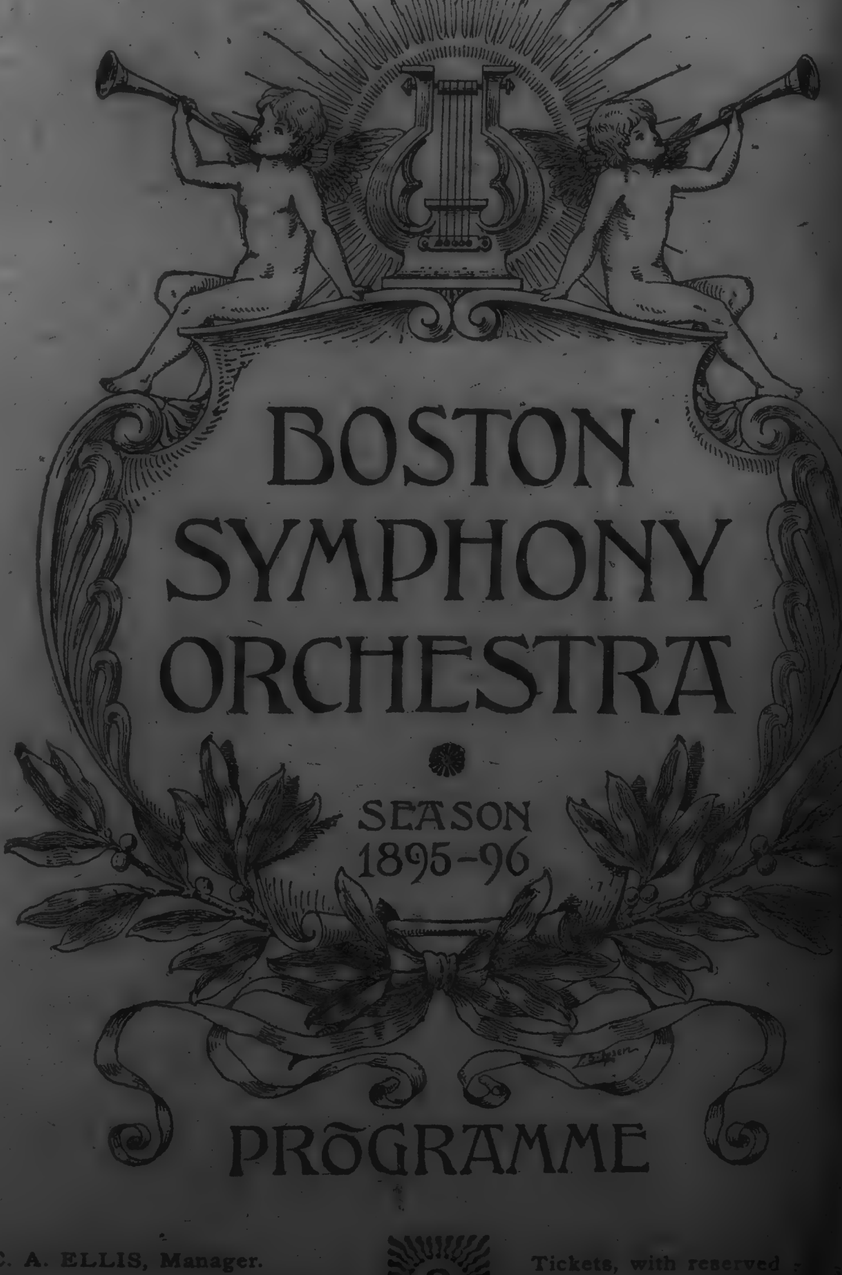
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles St.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, January 21, at 8.



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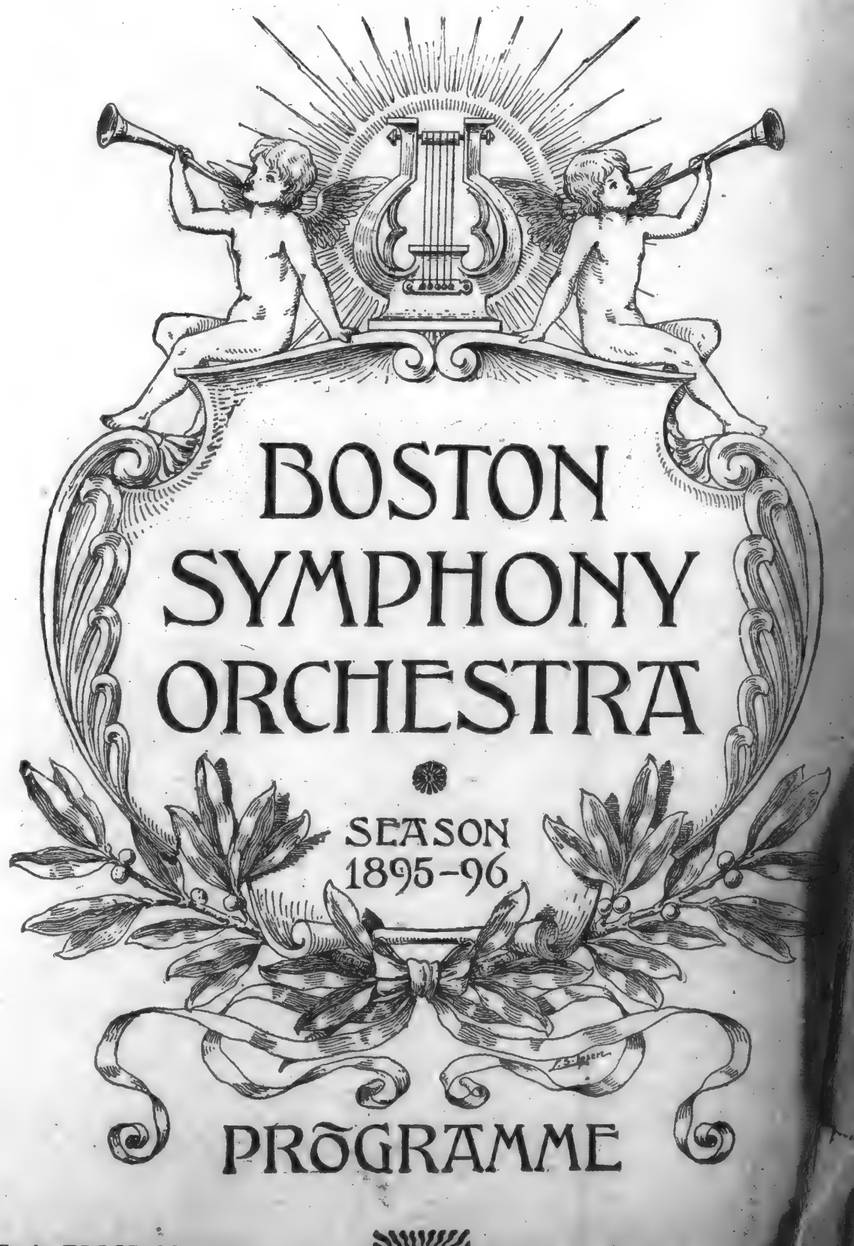

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
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NINETY-EIGHTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21.
I. Adagio molto. — Allegro con brio.
II. Andante cantabile con moto.
III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace. — Trio.
IV. Finale: Adagio. — Allegro molto e vivace.

DVOŘÁK. OVERTURE. "Nature."

VIOTTI. CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN.
I. Moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Agitato assai.
(Cadenza by MR. KNEISEL.)

LISZT. RHAPSODY No. 2.

Soloist:

Mr. FRANZ KNEISEL.

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, January 8, at 8 o'clock precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Single tickets, at $1.25 each, on sale at Infantry Hall.

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

BOSTON THEATRE

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1896.

GRAND CONCERT

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Its 1345th Performance, and 724th Performance in Boston.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Miss Gertrude Franklin,

and Mr. Paderewski,

In aid of the family of Mr. A. Goldstein, a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven . . Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Op. 72

Gounod . . . . . Ave Maria
(Violin obligato by Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.)
Miss FRANKLIN.

Paderewski . . . . . Fantasie Polonaise, op. 19
On original themes.
Allegro moderato.—Vivace non troppo, ma poi molto. accelerando.—Andante molto sostenuto.—
Allegro giocoso.
Mr. PADEREWSKI.

Lalo . . . . . Suite, "Namouna"

I.	Prelude: Andante (G major)	4-4
II.	Serenade: Allegro (D minor)	3-16
III.	Theme with Variations: Andante (E major)	3-4
IV.	a. Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor)	3-8
	b. Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major)	3-8

Gounod . . . . . "Repentir"
Miss FRANKLIN.

Franz Liszt . . . . . Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2
(Scored by KARL MÜLLER-BERGHAUS.)

Rossini . . . . . Overture, "William Tell"
Accompanist, Mr. MAX ZACH.

THE PIANO IS A STEINWAY.

Owing to a change in arrangements, Mr. Campanari, who was announced as soloist for this evening, is obliged to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and Miss Gertrude Franklin has kindly consented to appear.

CITY HALL, - - - SPRINGFIELD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Fifteenth Season, 1895-96.

1358th Performance. 7th Performance in Springfield.

Tuesday Evening, January 28, At Eight.

PROGRAMME.

Ludwig van Beethoven Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Op. 72

Hermann Goetz - - Scena: "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew"

Franz Schubert - - - - Unfinished Symphony in B minor

I.	Allegro moderato (B minor)	3-4
II.	Andante con moto (E major)	3-8

Robert Volkmann Serenade for String Orchestra, No 3, in D minor, Op. 69
Larghetto non troppo (D minor) - - - - 4-4
Solo Violoncello, Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Gounod - - - - - - - - - - "Repentir"

Hector Berlioz - - - - - a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps
b. Waltz of Sylphs
From "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24.

Richard Wagner - - - - - - Overture, "Rienzi"

Soloist, Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND PERFORMANCE.
NINETY-EIGHTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 7.45, P. M.

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, January 8, at 8 o'clock precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

3

Single tickets, at $1.25 each, on sale at Infantry Hall.

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BOSTON THEATRE

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1896.

GRAND CONCERT

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Its 1345th Performance, and 724th Performance in Boston.

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Miss Gertrude Franklin,

and Mr. Paderewski,

In aid of the family of Mr. A. Goldstein, a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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(Violin obligato by Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.)
Miss FRANKLIN.

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On original themes.
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Mr. PADEREWSKI.

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I. **Prelude: Andante (G major)** - - - - 4 4
II. **Serenade: Allegro (D minor)** - - - - 3-16
III. **Theme with Variations: Andante (E major)** - 3-4
IV. a. **Market-Day Shows: Allegro vivace (G minor)** 3-8
b. **Market-Day Festival: Presto (E-flat major)** - 3-8

Gounod . . . . . "Repentir"
MISS FRANKLIN.

Franz Liszt . . . . . Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2
(Scored by KARL MÜLLER-BERGHAUS.)

Rossini . . . . . Overture, "William Tell"
Accompanist, Mr. MAX ZACH.

THE PIANO IS A STEINWAY.

Owing to a change in arrangements, Mr. Campanari, who was announced as soloist for this evening, is obliged to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and Miss Gertrude Franklin has kindly consented to appear.

CITY HALL, = = = SPRINGFIELD.

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

Fifteenth Season, 1895-96.

1358th Performance. 7th Performance in Springfield.

Tuesday Evening, January 28, At Eight.

PROGRAMME.

Ludwig van Beethoven — Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Op. 72

Hermann Goetz — — Scena: "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew"

Franz Schubert — — — — Unfinished Symphony in B minor
I. Allegro moderato (B minor) - - - - 3-4
II. Andante con moto (E major) - - - - 3-8

Robert Volkmann — Serenade for String Orchestra, No 3, in D minor, Op. 69
Larghetto non troppo (D minor) - - - - 4-4
Solo Violoncello, Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Gounod — — — — — — — — — — "Repentir"

Hector Berlioz — — — — — a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps
b. Waltz of Sylphs
From "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24.

Richard Wagner — — — — — — Overture, "Rienzi"

Soloist, Miss GERTRUDE FRANKLIN.

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CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.

Wednesday Evening, December 18, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

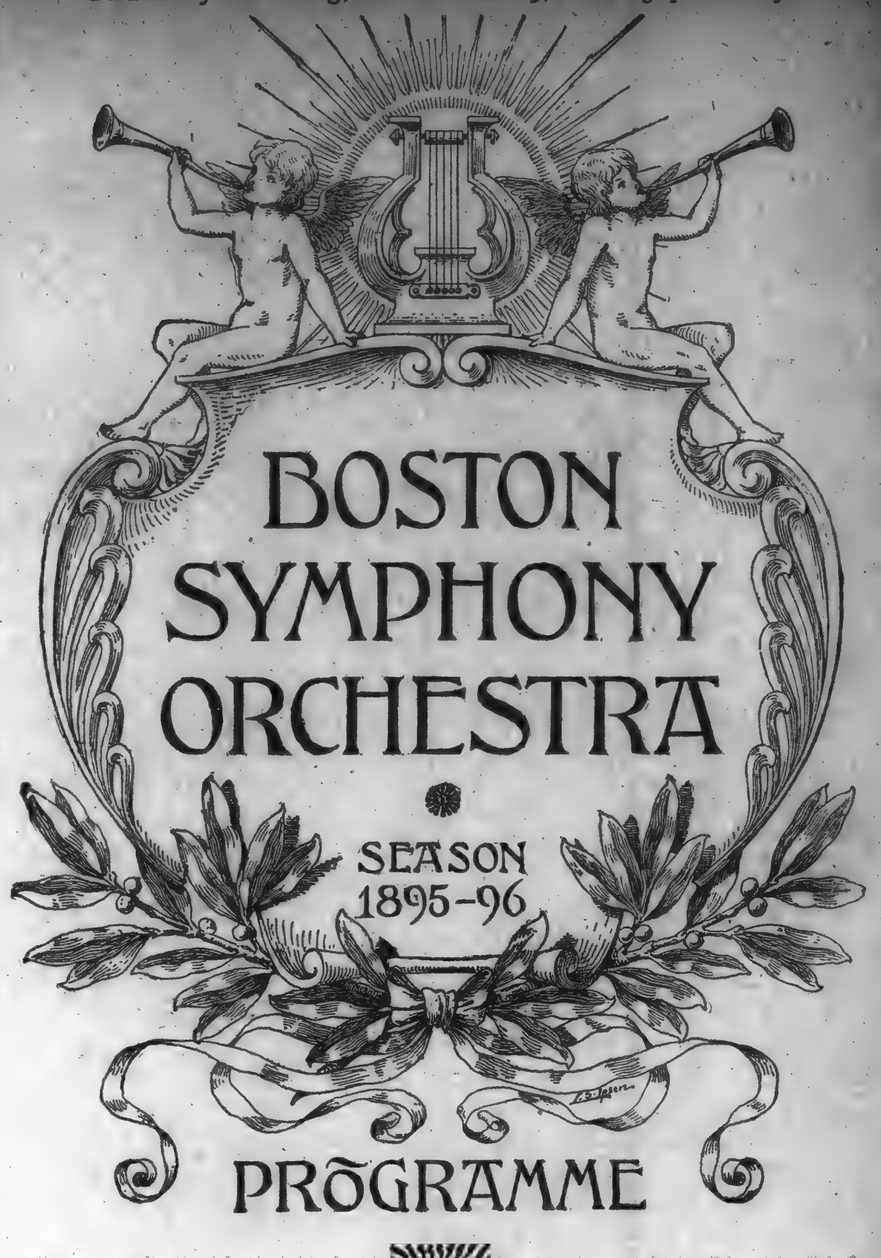
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles St.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, - NEW YORK.

Thursday Evening, December 19, at 8.15 precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

2

F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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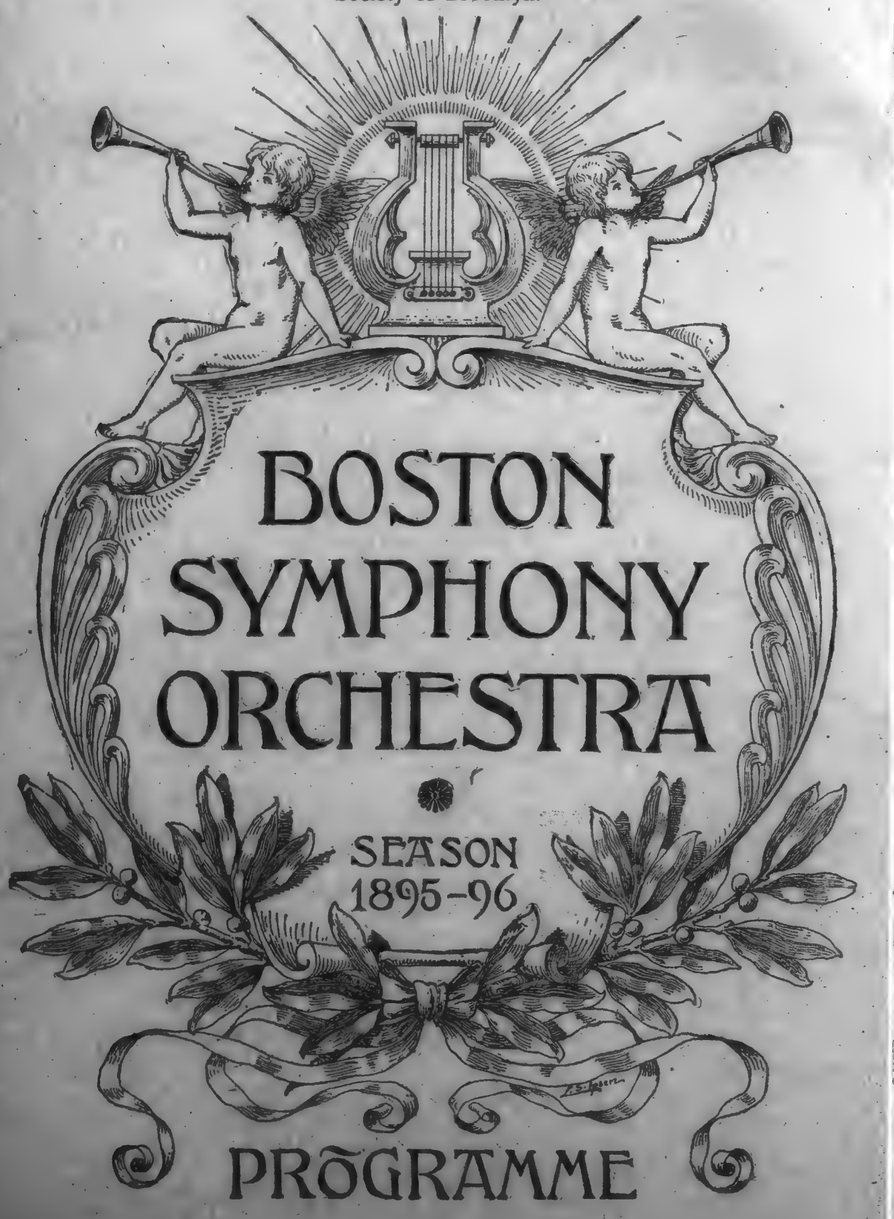
Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... BROOKLYN.

Friday Evening, December 20, at 8.15 precisely.

Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

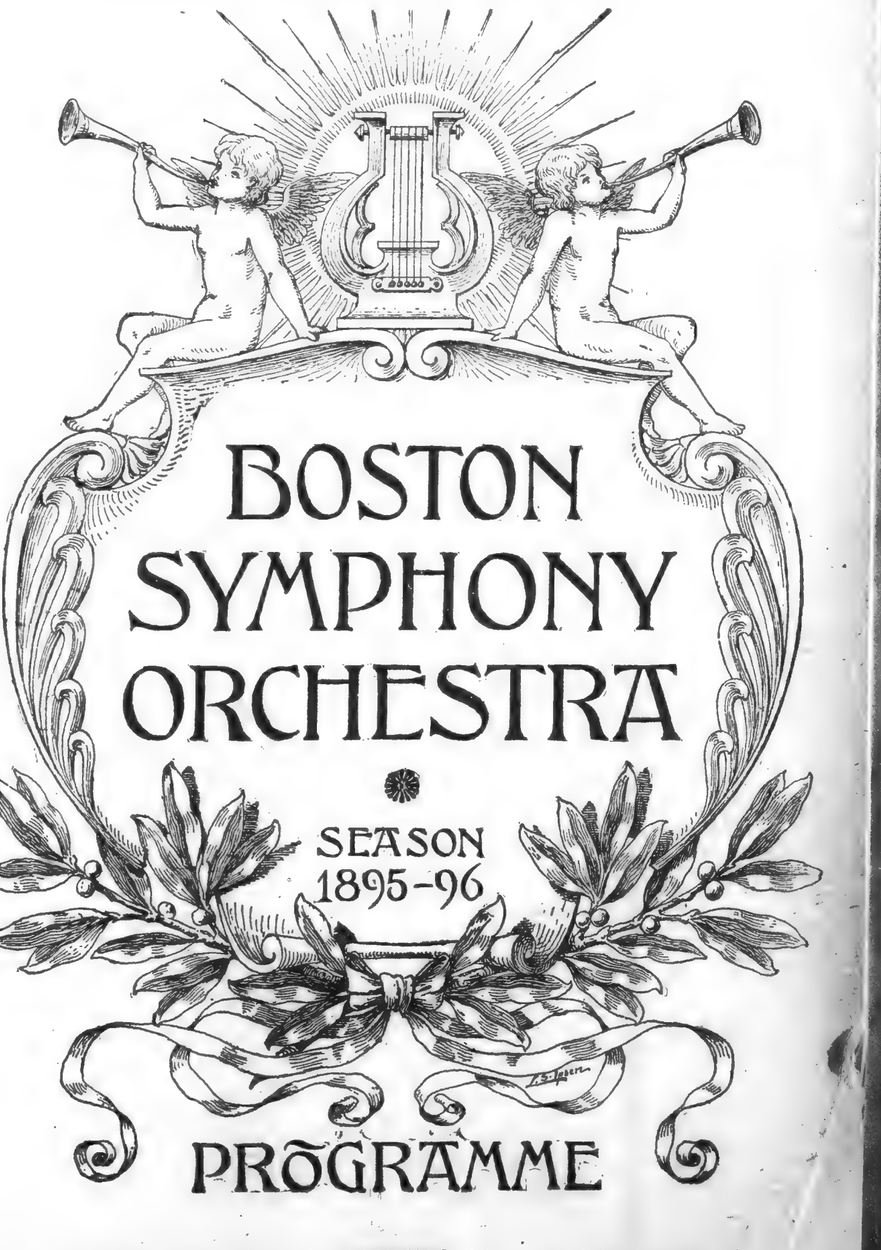
C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets at the Brooklyn Institute and at Chandler's Music Store, 300 Fulton Street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Afternoon, December 21, at 2.30.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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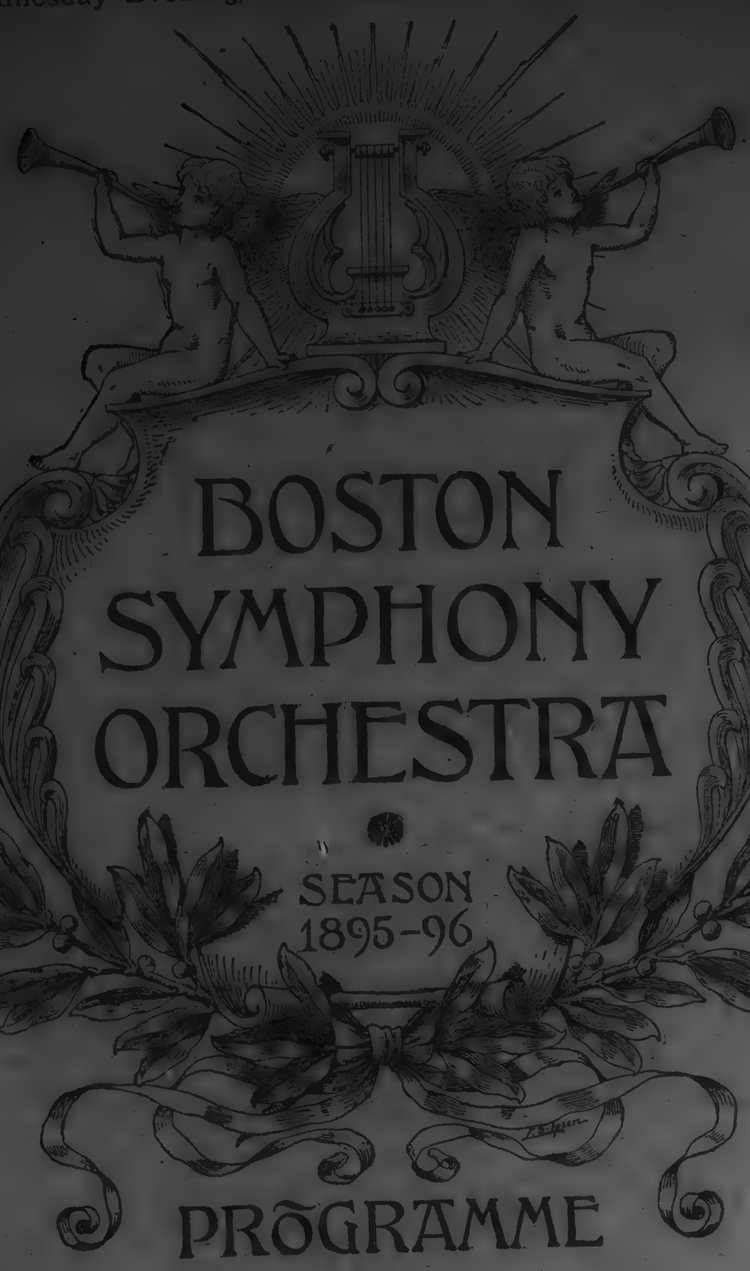
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

INFANTRY HALL, PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, November 27, at 8 o'clock precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Single tickets, at $1.25 each, on sale at Infantry Hall.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST PERFORMANCE.
NINETY-SEVENTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN. SYMPHONY No. 1, in B-flat major, op. 38.
I. Andante un poco maestoso. — Allegro molto vivace.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. — Trio I: Molto più vivace. — Trio II: Tempo primo.
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

BEETHOVEN. CONCERTO No. 1, in C major, op. 15.
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Largo.
III. Rondo. (Allegro scherzando.)
Cadenzas by L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

a) HANDEL. LARGO.

b) MOZART. TURKISH MARCH.

TSCHAIKOWSKY. FANTASIA for ORCHESTRA. "Francesca da Rimini." op. 32.

Soloist:

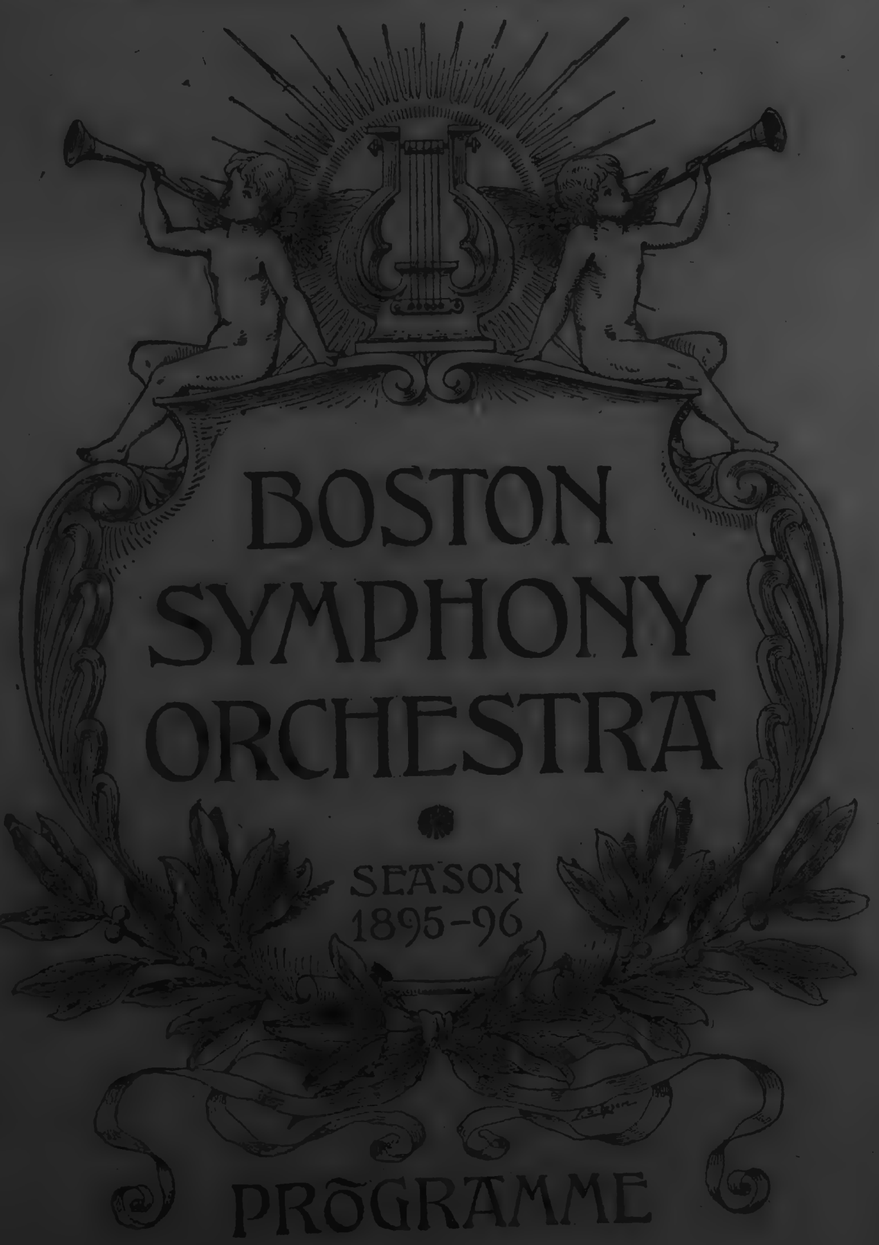
Miss MARIE GESELCHAP.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.

Fourth Concert, Thursday, January 2.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Monday Evening, December 16, at 8.15 precisely.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

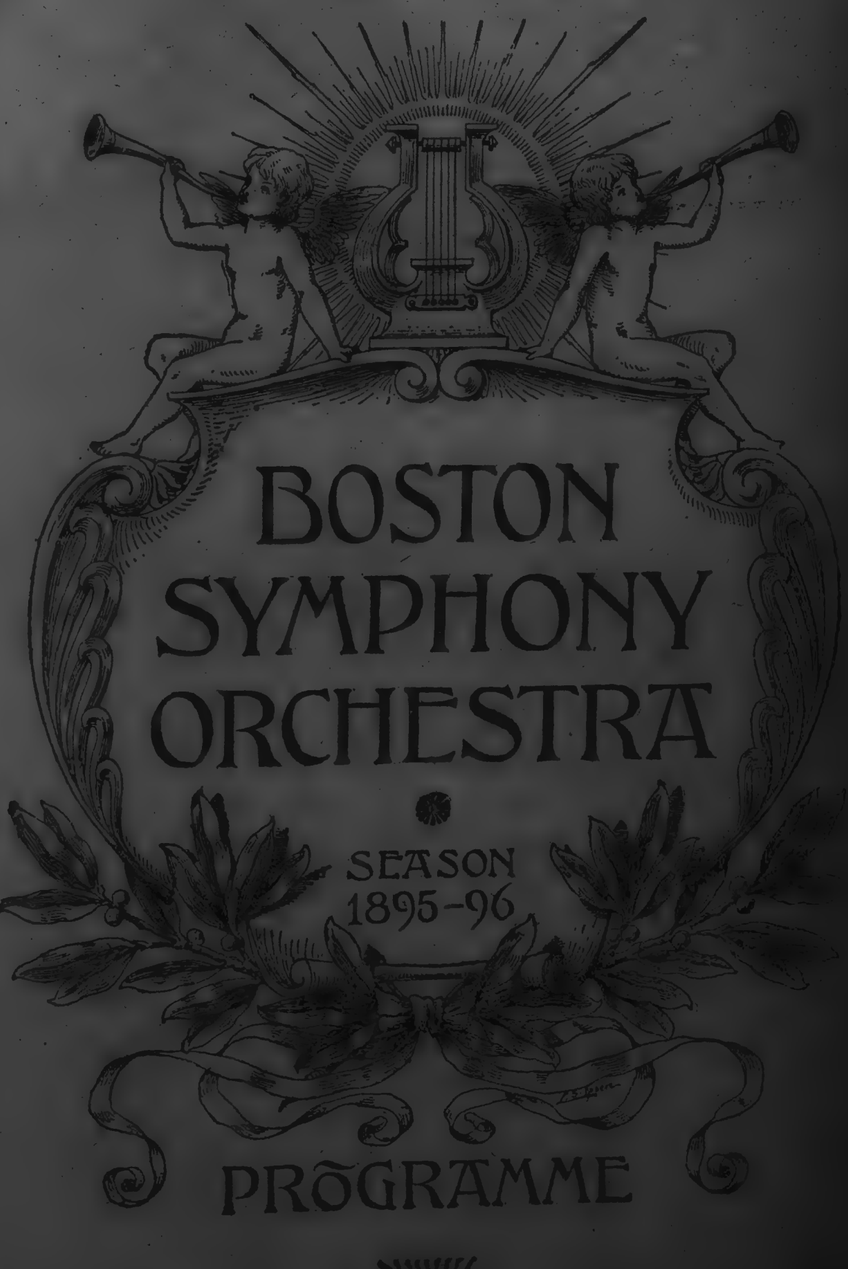
C. A ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . WASHINGTON.

Tuesday Evening, December 17, at 8.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

2

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store

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INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1895-96.
THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST PERFORMANCE.
NINETY-SEVENTH PERFORMANCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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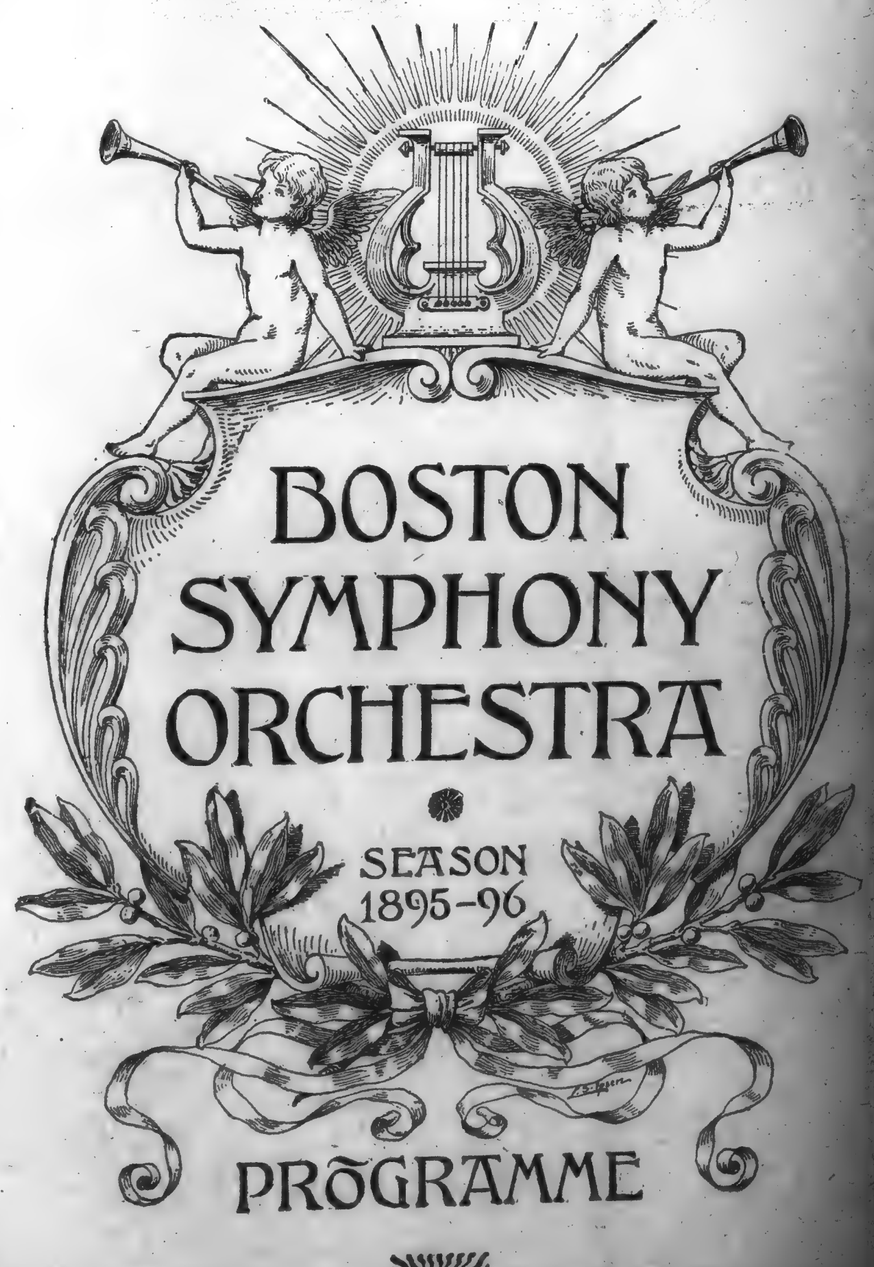

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, . . . NEW YORK.

Friday Evening, November 15, at 8.15 precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager. 1 F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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Tickets at Schuberth's and at the Metropolitan Opera House.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, . . . WASHINGTON

Thursday Evening, November 14, at 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Metzerott's Music Store.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1895-96.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN.	SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica." op. 55. I. Allegro con brio. II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai. III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. — Trio. IV. Finale: Allegro molto.
HANDEL.	AIR. "As when the dove." from "Acis and Galatea." (Additional accompaniments by OTTO DRESSEL.)
BERLIOZ.	*a*) "MENUET DES FOLLETS." *b*) "VALSE DES SYLPHES." From "La Damnation de Faust," op. 24.
VINCENZ LACHNER.	CONCERT ARIA for SOPRANO. "Vineta," op. 80.
RICHARD STRAUSS.	PRELUDES TO ACTS I. and II. of "Guntram," op. 25.

Soloist:

Miss CAROLINE GARDNER CLARKE.

The late arrival of the Steamer "Germanic" prevents Miss Brema's appearance this evening, and Miss Clarke has kindly consented to sing at a few hours notice.

Third Concert, Thursday, December 12.

[141]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, . . . PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Afternoon, November 16 at 2.30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96

PROGRAMME

C. A ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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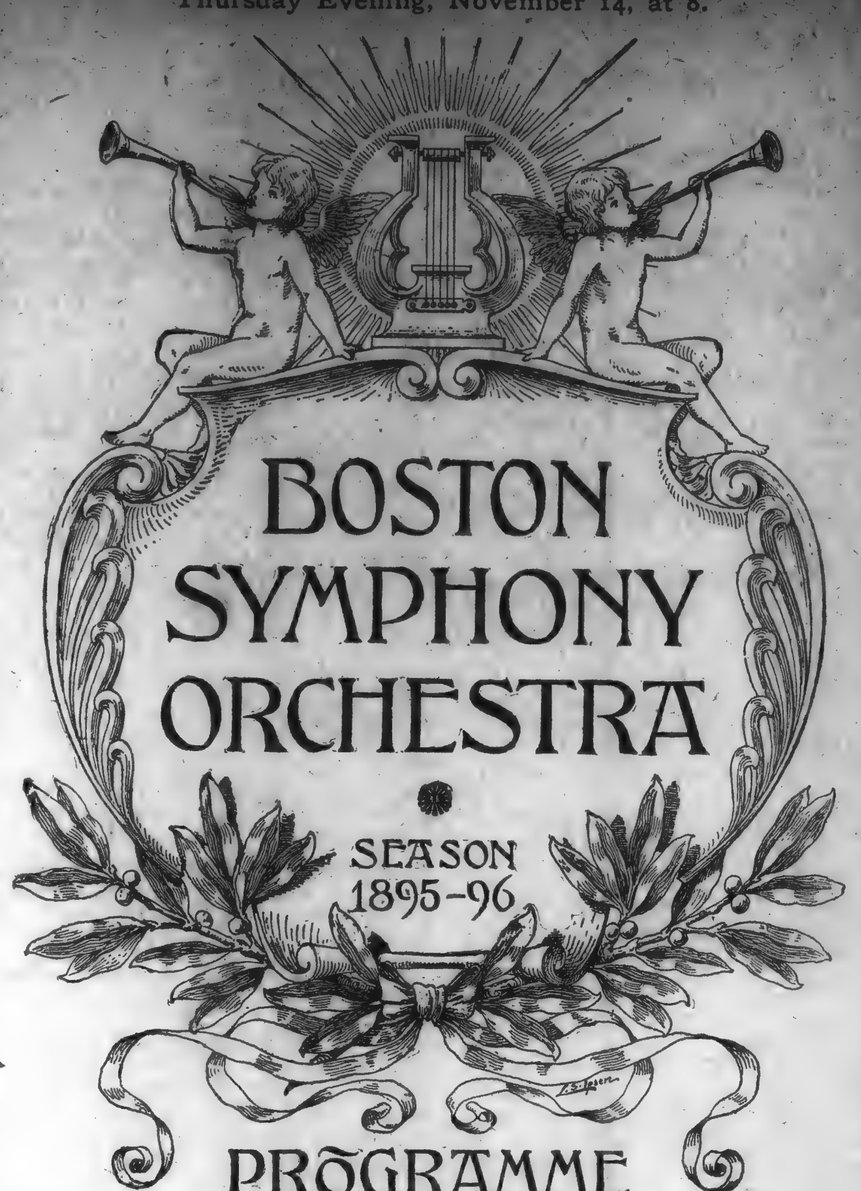

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[141]

Academy of Music Philadelphia

Fifteenth Season, 1895-96.
Eleventh Season in Philadelphia.
Forty-eighth Concert in Philadelphia.

First Popular Matinee

BY THE

Boston · Symphony · Orchestra

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor

ASSISTED BY

Mme. MELBA

Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto. **Sig. D'AUBIGNE,** Tenor
Sig. CAMPANARI, Baritone

Saturday, November 16, at 2.30

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE, "Carlo Broschi" . . . . . Auber
ORCHESTRA.
2. ARIA, "Lituani" . . . . . Ponchielli
(First time.)
Mr. CAMPANARI.
3. ARIA, "Che faro" (Orpheus) . . . . . Gluck
Mme. SCALCHI.
4. LUCIA, Mad Scene from "Lucia" . . . . . Donizetti
Mme. MELBA.
Flute Obligato, Mons. CH MOLE.
5. SUITE, "L'Arlésienne" . . . . . Bizet
ORCHESTRA.
6. ARIA, "Salve Dimora" (Faust) . . . . . Gounod
Mr. D'AUBIGNE.
7. WALTZ SONG, "Se saran Rose" . . . . . Arditi
(By request)
Mme. MELBA.
8. MONOLOGUE (Falstaff) . . . . . Verdi
Mr. CAMPANARI.
9 (*a*) PRELUDE, "Lohengrin," Act III. . . . . Wagner
(*b*) PRELUDE, "Tannhaeuser," Act III. . . . . Wagner
ORCHESTRA.
10. QUARTET from "Rigoletto" . . . . . Verdi
Mesdames MELBA, SCALCHI, Messrs. D'AUBIGNE and CAMPANARI.
11. OVERTURE, "Rienzi" . . . . . Wagner
ORCHESTRA.

Tickets on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut Street, Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 9 A.M.

MUSIC HALL, ... BALTIMORE.
Wednesday Evening, November 13, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Albert's, 13 No. Charles St.

[142]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ... PHILADELPHIA.
Monday Evening, November 11, at 8.15 precisely.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

Tickets, with reserved seats, on sale at Fischer's, 1221 Chestnut St.

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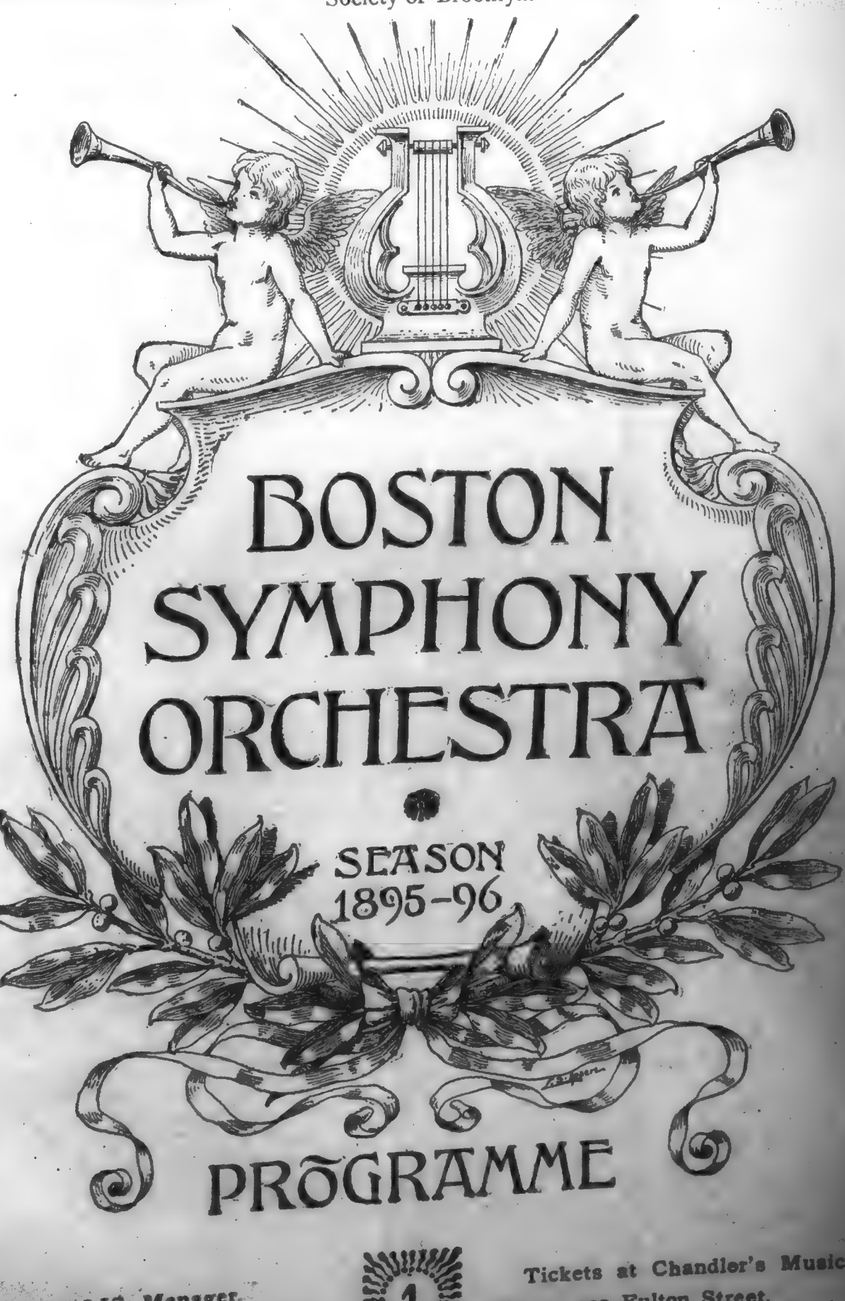
Tuesday Evening, November 12, at 8.15 precisely.
Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.



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F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

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ASSISTED BY

Mme. MELBA

Mme. SCALCHI, Contralto. **Sig. D'AUBIGNE,** Tenor
Sig. CAMPANARI, Baritone

Saturday, November 16, at 2.30

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE, "Carlo Broschi" . . . . . Auber
   ORCHESTRA.
2. ARIA, "Lituani" . . . . . Ponchielli
   (First time.)
   Mr. CAMPANARI.
3. ARIA, "Che faro" (Orpheus) . . . . . Gluck
   Mme. SCALCHI.
4. LUCIA, Mad Scene from "Lucia" . . . . . Donizetti
   Mme. MELBA.
   Flute Obligato, Mons. CH MOLE.
5. SUITE, "L'Arlésienne" . . . . . Bizet
   ORCHESTRA.
6. ARIA, "Salve Dimora" (Faust) . . . . . Gounod
   Mr. D'AUBIGNE.
7. WALTZ SONG, "Se saran Rose" . . . . . Arditi
   (By request)
   Mme. MELBA.
8. MONOLOGUE (Falstaff) . . . . . Verdi
   Mr. CAMPANARI.
9. (*a*) PRELUDE, "Lohengrin," Act III. . . . . Wagner
   (*b*) PRELUDE, "Tannhaeuser," Act III. . . . . Wagner
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10. QUARTET from "Rigoletto" . . . . . Verdi
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C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

1

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[142]

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Monday Evening, November 11, at 8.15 precisely.

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- COVER ONLY -
CONTENTS AVAILABLE
ELSEWHERE IN ARCHIVES

INFANTRY HALL, ... PROVIDENCE.

Wednesday Evening, October 23, at 8 o'clock precisely.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1895-96.

PROGRAMME

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.
F. R. COMEE, Ass't Manager.

Single tickets for the first concert, at $1.25 each, and season tickets at $5 each, now on sale at Infantry Hall.

INCOMPLETE

THE MELBA CONCERT.

The great Melba concert is a thing of the past, but its memory will live forever in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be present.

The programme opened with the overture "Semiramide" followed by the Toreador's song from Carmen, excellently sung by Sig. Campanari. Mme. Scalchi was warmly welcomed and sang with great effect Nobil Signor from Les Huguenots. Sig. D'Aubigne, a new comer with a fine tenor voice scored a success in "La Donna e mobile" from Rigoletto.

The sixth number of the programme which was allotted to Madame Melba had now been reached and a hush of expcetation spread through the hall. In a moment Mme. Melba appeared at the entrance and was greeted with an outburst of applause that evidently pleased the fair prima donna and left no doubt of the esteem in which she is held in Portland. Her first selection was the great Mad Scene from Donizetti's opera Lucia di Lammermoor which presents enormous difficulites for the singer. Mme. Melba's performance of this scene was such as to make any criticism ridiculous and in itself was quite sufficient to justify the statement so often made that she is today the greatest of living scpranos. Her voice is the loveliest heard in this generation. Such sweetness with such strength, such clearness and purity in every note from the lowest to the highest, and such beautiful phrasing surely were never known before. The singer was rewarded with a perfect storm of applause that continued for several minutes, she was recalled again and again and received some magnificent floral picees. She bowed rpeatedly but the audience refused to be quieted and the demand for an encore was so irresistable that she graciously responded and sung a brilliant waltz by Arditi.

The second part of the programme consisted of the third and fifth acts of Faust in costumes with scenery. At the hands of these fine artists it is needless to say that the melodious strains of Gounod's immortal work received a performance which left nothing to be desired. Mr. Landon Ronald who made his American debut on this occasion conducted the entire performance. He showed thorough knowledge of the scores and fully merited the warm recpetion accorded him by the audience.

PRIVATE NOTES.

About 6.30 last evening a well dressed

Press
Oct. 3 '95

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Melba Concert.

When Mme. Melba made her first appearance in Portland last spring it seemed as if it would be impossible to imagine a concert more satisfactory in every respect and one where the audience would be better pleased. Last night's concert, however, was more delightful to the immense audience that packed City Hall to its utmost capacity because it provided an opportunity to hear the great prima donna under extremely favorable conditions. The fact that Mme. Melba was to appear in two acts of that popular opera "Faust," supported by operatic singers of great ability, with the opera handsomely staged and costumed, and with an excellent orchestra, was sufficient to draw a great house. It was a sight to be remembered to look over the hall and see how people were wedged in. The people almost overran the orchestra and they perched in all sorts of spots where they could find an abiding place. The audience was by no means confined to Portland; there wasn't a city or large town in Maine, but sent representatives.

The programme was not the same as the one published some days ago. This is the concert programme:

Overture—"Semiramide," Rossini
Orchestra.
Toreador's Song from "Carmen," Bizet
Sig. Campanari.
Cavatina—"Nobil Signor", from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer
Mme. Scalchi.
Aria—"La Donna e mobile," from "Rigoletto," Verdi
Sig. D'Aubigne.
Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti
Lucia, Mme. Melba.
(Flute obligato, Mr. North.)
Aria from "Barber of Seville," Rossin
Sig. Campanari.
Overture—"Zampa," Herold
Orchestra.

FAUST.

Acts III and V.

Marguerite, Mme. Melba
Siebel, Mme. Scalchi
Martha, Mlle. Bauermeister
Faust, Sig. D'Aubigne
Mephistophiles, Sig. Campanari

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.

SEASON 1895-96.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 7.45, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART.	SYMPHONY No. 9, in D. Allegro assai. — Andante. — Allegro.
BEETHOVEN.	SCENA AND ARIA. "Ah! Perfido," op. 95.
BEETHOVEN.	OVERTURE. "Coriolanus."
THOMAS.	OPHÉLIE'S MAD SCENE, from "Hamlet."
GOLDMARK.	OVERTURE. "Sakuntala."

Soloist:

Mme. DeVERE-SAPIO.

Second Concert, Thursday, November 21.

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THE MELBA CONCERT.

The great Melba concert is a thing of the past, but its memory will live forever in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be present.

The programme opened with the overture "Semiramide" followed by the Toreador's song from Carmen, excellently sung by Sig. Campanari. Mme. Scalchi was warmly welcomed and sang with great effect Nobil Signor from Les Huguenots. Sig. D'Aubigne, a new comer with a fine tenor voice scored a success in "La Donna e mobile" from Rigoletto.

The sixth number of the programme which was allotted to Madame Melba had now been reached and a hush of expectation spread through the hall. In a moment Mme. Melba appeared at the entrance and was greeted with an outburst of applause that evidently pleased the fair prima donna and left no doubt of the esteem in which she is held in Portland. Her first selection was the great Mad Scene from Donizetti's opera Lucia di Lammermoor which presents enormous difficulites for the singer. Mme. Melba's performance of this scene was such as to make any criticism ridiculous and in itself was quite sufficient to justify the statement so often made that she is today the greatest of living scpranos. Her voice is the loveliest heard in this generation. Such sweetness with such strength, such clearness and purity in every note from the lowest to the highest, and such beautiful phrasing surely were never known before. The singer was rewarded with a perfect storm of applause that continued for several minutes, she was recalled again and again and received some magnificent floral picees. She bowed rpeeatedly but the audience refused to be quieted and the demand for an encore was so irresistable that she graciously responded and sung a brilliant waltz by Arditi.

The second part of the programme consisted of the third and fifth acts of Faust in costumes with scenery. At the hands of these fine artists it is needless to say that the melodious strains of Gounod's immortal work received a performance which left nothing to be desired. Mr. Landon Ronald who made his American debut on this occasion conducted the entire performance. He showed thorough knowledge of the scores and fully merited the warm recpetion accorded him by the audience.

POLICE NOTES.

About 6.30 last evening a well dressed

Portland Press Oct. 3 '95

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Melba Concert.

When Mme. Melba made her first appearance in Portland last spring it seemed as if it would be impossible to imagine a concert more satisfactory in every respect and one where the audience would be better pleased. Last night's concert, however, was more delightful to the immense audience that packed City Hall to its utmost capacity because it provided an opportunity to hear the great prima donna under extremely favorable conditions. The fact that Mme. Melba was to appear in two acts of that popular opera "Faust," supported by operatic singers of great ability, with the opera handsomely staged and costumed, and with an excellent orchestra, was sufficient to draw a great house. It was a sight to be remembered to look over the hall and see how people were wedged in. The people almost overran the orchestra and they perched in all sorts of spots where they could find an abiding place. The audience was by no means confined to Portland; there wasn't a city or large town in Maine, but sent representatives.

The programme was not the same as the one published some days ago. This is the concert programme:

Overture—"Semiramide," Rossini
Orchestra.
Toreador's Song from "Carmen," Bizet
Sig. Campanari.
Cavatina—"Nobil Signor", from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer
Mme. Scalchi.
Aria—"La Donna e mobile," from "Rigoletto," Verdi
Sig. D'Aubigne.
Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti
Lucia, Mme. Melba.
(Flute obligato, Mr. North.)
Aria from "Barber of Seville," Rossin
Sig. Campanari.
Overture—"Zampa," Herold
Orchestra.

FAUST.

Acts III and V.

Marguerite.	Mme. Melba
Siebel,	Mme. Scalchi
Martha,	Mlle. Bauermeister
Faust,	Sig. D'Aubigne
Mephistophiles,	Sig. Campanari

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Little Trixie.

"Little Trixie," commences a two nights' engagement at Portland ...

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